

A - BOOK - OF
AMERICAN
LITERATURE

Francis M. Kinch



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A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

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A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

SELECTED AND EDITED

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PREFACE

It is the aim of this book to represent the best in American poetry and prose from Colonial times to the present. More specifically, the selections here printed illustrate the personalities, ideas, and accomplishments of all our more important men of letters; the development of various literary types; and the status of our national thought and civilization at different epochs, as reflected in American literature.

Certain exclusions will be apparent at once: the drama; the novel, except in a few important cases where a short selection is at once significant, and typical of a writer's entire output; and many minor writers whose work differs but little from that of more important persons to whom adequate space has been given.

On the other hand, the major figures in American literature are here generously represented, and many less important persons have been included because of items of unique value. From the large and interesting field of political prose many selections have been admitted, for the adequate reason that they are as much part of our national literary tradition as of our history.

Teachers will find that the volume contains so much more reading than can be utilized in the ordinary year course, that by a mere process of exclusion they can suit the varied needs of many sorts of students. The Notes will be found to include biographies, bibliographies, and both explanatory and critical comment. This critical apparatus provides, furthermore, a means whereby advanced students can be guided into profitable fields of special study, such as an exhaustive consideration of any one of the major writers. Incidentally, it is the hope of the editors that the general bibliography, and the many special bibliographies, will prove of service to teachers who are rounding out collections of American literature in any but the larger libraries.

In the case of each selection, the editors have aimed to furnish the best available text. In the earlier sections of the book no attempt has been made to reproduce unusual and oftentimes fortuitous typographical peculiarities; rather, so far as capitalization, punctuation, use of italics and contractions, are concerned, these texts have been made to conform to more modern usage. Spelling, however, except for obvious misprints, has been left untouched.

To the many friends who from time to time have been of assistance, the editors express their cordial thanks: especially to Messrs. George E. Howes, James A. James, Rufus M. Jones, Raynor W. Kelsey, T. W. Koch, Dean P. Lockwood, O. F. Long, Arthur B. Perry, L. Arnold Post, and John A. Scott.

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A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE BEGINNINGS

JOHN SMITH (1580-1631)

From A TRUE RELATION

[SMITH'S CAPTURE BY THE INDIANS]

Kinde Sir, commendations remembered, etc. You shall understand that after many crosses in the Downes¹ by tempests, wee arrived safely uppon the southwest part of the great Canaries. Within foure or five daies after we set saile for Dominica, the 26 of Aprill. The first land we made, wee fell with Cape Henry, the very mouth of the Bay of Chissapiacke,² which at the present we little expected, having by a cruell storme bene put to the northward.

Anchoring in this Bay, twentie or thirtie went a shore with the captain, and in comming a board they were assalted with certaine Indians, which charged them within pistoll shot, in which conflict, Captaine Archer and Mathew Morton were shot. Whereupon Captaine Newport, seconding them, made a shot at them, which the Indians little respected; but having spent their arrowes retyred without harme. . . .

The two and twentie day of Aprill [May] Captain Newport and my selfe, with divers others to the number of twenty two persons, set forward to discover³ the river some fiftie or sixtie miles, finding it in some places broader, and in some narrower; the countrie (for the moste part) on each side plaine high ground, with many fresh springes, the people in all places kindly intreat-

ing us, dauncing, and feasting us with strawberries, mulberies, bread, fish, and other their countrie provisions, whereof we had plenty. For which Captaine Newport kindly requited their least favours with bels, pinnes, needles, beades, or glasses, which so contented them that his liberallitie made them follow us from place to place, and ever kindly to respect us. . . .

Shortly after Captaine Gosnold fell sicke, and within three weekes died; Captaine Ratcliffe being then also verie sicke and weake, and my selfe having also tasted of the extremitie thereof, but by God's assistance being well recovered. Kendall about this time for divers reasons deposed from being of the Councell; and shortly after it pleased God (in our extremitie) to move the Indians to bring us corne, ere it was halfe ripe, to refresh us, when we rather expected when they would destroy us.

About the tenth of September there were about 46 of our men dead, at which time Captaine Wingfield having ordered the affaires in such sort that he was generally hated of all, in which respect with one consent he was deposed from his presidiencie, and Captaine Ratcliffe according to his course was elected.

Our provision being now within twentie dayes spent, the Indians brought us great store both of corne and of bread ready made. And also there came such abundance of fowles into the rivers, as greatly refreshed our weake estates. Whereuppon many of our weake men were presently able to goe abroad. . . .

¹ English coastal waters

² Chesapeake Bay

³ explore

Having thus by God's assistance gotten good store of corne, notwithstanding some bad spirits, not content with God's providence, still grew mutinous, in so much that our president having occasion to chide the smith¹ for his misdemeanour, he not only gave him bad language, but also offered to strike him with some of his tooles. For which rebellious act the smith was by a jury condemned to be hanged. But being uppon the ladder, continuing very obstinate as hoping upon a rescue, when he saw no other way but death with him, he became penitent, and declared a dangerous conspiracy. For which Captaine Kendall, as principal, was by a jury condemned and shot to death.

This conspiracy appeased, I set forward for the discovery of the River Checka Hamania.² This third time I discovered the townes of Matapamient, Morinogh, Ascacap, Moysenock, Righkahaugh, Nechanicock, Mattalunt, Attamuspincke, and divers others. Their plenty of corne I found decreased, yet lading the barge, I returned to our fort.

Our store being now indifferently well provided with corne, there was much adoe for to have the pinace³ goe for England; against which Captaine Martin and myselfe stood chiefly against it. And in fine, after many debates *pro et contra*, it was resolved to stay a further resolution.

This matter also quieted, I set forward to finish this discovery which as yet I had neglected, in regard of the necessitie we had to take in provision whilst it was to be had.

40. miles I passed up the river, which for the most part is a quarter of a mile broad, and 3. fatham and a half deep, exceeding osey,⁴ many great low marshes, and many high lands, especially about the midst at a place called Moysonicke, a Peninsule of 4. miles ci[r]cuit, betwixt two rivers joynted to the main, by a neck of 40. or 50. yards, and 40. or 50 yards from the high water

marke. On both sides in the very necke of the maine are high hills and dales, yet much inhabited, the Ile declining in a plaine fertile corne field, the lower end a low marsh. More plentie of swannes, cranes, geese, duckes, and mallards, and divers sorts of fowles none would desire: more plaine fertile planted ground, in such great proportions as there, I had not seene, of a light blacke sandy mould, the cliffes commonly red, white and yellowe coloured sand, and under, red and white clay; fish great plenty, and people abundance; the most of their inhabitants in view of the neck of Land, where a better seat for a towne cannot be desired. At the end of forty miles this river environeth many low islands, at each high water drowned, for a mile, where it uniteth it selfe, at a place called Apokant, the highest Towne inhabited.

10. miles higher I discovered with the barge; in the mid way, a great tree hindred my passage which I cut in two. Heere the river became narrower, 8. 9 or 10. foote at a high water, and 6. or 7. at a lowe; the streame exceeding swift, and the bottom hard channell, the ground most part a low plaine, sandy soyle. This occasioned me to suppose it might issue from some lake or some broad ford, for it could not be far to the head, but rather then I would endanger the barge.⁵ Yet to have beene able to resolve this doubt, and to discharge the imputation of malicious tungs, that halfe suspected I durst not for so long delaying, some of the company as desirous as my self, we resolved to hier a canow, and returne with the barge to Apocant, there to leave the barge secure, and put our selves uppon the adventure: the country onely a vast and wilde wildernes, and but onely that towne. Within three or foure mile we hired a canow, and 2. Indians to row us the next day a fowling. Having made such provision for the barge as was needfull, I left her there to ride, with expresse charge not any to go ashore til my

¹ blacksmith² Chickahominy River³ small sailing vessel⁴ swampy⁵ text mutilated

returne. Though some wise men may condemn this too bould attempt of too much indiscretion; yet if they well consider, the friendship of the Indians in conducting me, the desolatenes of the country, the probabilitie of some lacke, and the malicious judges of my actions at home, as also to have some matters of worth to incourage our adventurers in England, might well have caused any honest minde to have done the like, as wel for his own discharge as for the publike good.

Having 2 Indians for my guide and 2 of our own company, I set forward, leaving 7 in the barge. Having discovered 20 miles further in this desert, the river stil kept his depth and bredth, but [was] much more combred with trees. Here we went ashore (being some 12 miles higher then the barge had bene) to refresh our selves, during the boyling of our viduals. One of the Indians I tooke with me, to see the nature of the soile, and to crosse the boughts of the river. The other Indian I left with Maister Robinson and Thomas Emry, with their matches light, and order to discharge a peece¹ for my retreat at the first sight of any Indian. But within a quarter of an houre I heard a loud cry, and a hollowing of Indians, but no warning peece. Supposing them surprised, and that the Indians had betraid us, presently I seized him and bound his arme fast to my hand in a garter, with my pistoll ready bent to be revenged on him. He advised me to fly, and seemed ignorant of what was done. But as we went discoursing, I was struck with an arrow on the right thigh, but without harme. Upon this occasion I espied 2 Indians drawing their bowes, which I prevented in discharging a French pistoll. By that I had charged² againe, 3 or 4 more did the like, for the first fell downe and fled; at my discharge they did the like. My hinde I made my barricado, who offered not to strive. 50 20. or 30. arrowes were shot at me, but short. 3 or 4 times I had discharged my pistoll ere the king of

Pamaunck, called Opeckankenough, with 200 men, invironed me, eache drawing their bowe, which done they laid them upon the ground, yet without shot. My hinde treated betwixt them and me of conditions of peace; he discovered me to be the capitaine; my request was to retire to the boat. They demanded my armes; the rest they saide were slaine; onely me they would reserve.

The Indian importuned me not to shoot. In retiring, being in the midst of a low quagmire, and minding them more then my steps, I stept fast into the quagmire, and also the Indian in drawing me forth. Thus surprised, I resolved to trie their mercies. My armes I caste from me, till which none durst approach me. Being ceazed on me, they drew me out and led me to the King. I presented him with a compasse diall, describing by my best meanes the use thereof, whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundnes of the earth, the course of the sunne, moone, starres and plannets.

With kinde speeches and bread he requited me, conducting me where the canow lay, and John Robinson slaine, with 20 or 30. arrowes in him. Emry I saw not. I perceived by the abundance of fires all over the woods.³ At each place I expected when they would execute me, yet they used me with what kindnes they could.

Approaching their towne, which was within 6 miles where I was taken, onely made as arbors and covered with mats, which they remove as occasion requires, all the women and children, being advertised of this accident, came forth to meet them, the King well guarded with 20 bowmen, 5 flank and rear, and each flank before him a sword and a peece, and after him the like, then a bowman; then I, on each hand a bowman, the rest in file in the reare, which reare led forth amongst the trees in a bishion,⁴ eache his bowe and a handfull of arrowes, a quiver at his back, grimly painted. On eache flank a sargeant, the one running

¹ fire a gun² loaded³ text mutilated⁴ military formation

alwaies towards the front, the other towards the reare, each a true pace and in exceeding good order. This being a good time continued, they caste themselves in a ring with a daunce, and so eache man departed to his lodging.

The captain conducting me to his lodging, a quarter of venison and some ten pound of bread I had for supper; 10 what I left was reserved for me, and sent with me to my lodging. Each morning 3. women presented me three great platters of fine bread; more venison then ten men could devour I had. My gowne, points, and garters, my compas and a tablet they gave me again. Though 8 ordinarily guarded me, I wanted not what they could devise to content me; and still our longer 20 acquaintance increased our better affection.

*From THE GENERAL HISTORIE
OF VIRGINIA*

[POCAHONTAS]

Our comedies never endured long 30 without a tragedie. Some idle exceptions being muttered against Captaine Smith, for not discovering the head of the Chickahamania river, and taxed by the Councell to be too slow in so worthy an attempt, the next voyage hee proceeded so farre that with much labour by cutting of trees insunder he made his passage; but when his barge could passe no farther, he left her in a broad 40 bay out of danger of shot, commanding none should go ashore till his returne. Himselfe with two English and two salvages went up higher in a canowe. But hee was not long absent, but¹ his men went ashore, whose want of government gave both occasion and opportunity to the salvages to surpris one George Cassen, whom they slew, and much failed not to have cut off the boat 50 and all the rest.

Smith little dreaming of that accident, being got to the marshes at the

¹ before

river's head, twentie myles in the desert, had his two men slaine (as is supposed) sleeping by the canowe, whilst himselfe by fowling sought them victuall. Who finding he was beset with 200 salvages, two of them he slew, still defending himselfe with the ayd of a salvage his guid, whom he bound to his arme with his garters, and used him as a buckler. Yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrowes that stuck in his cloathes, but no great hurt till at last they took him prisoner.

When this newes came to James towne, much was their sorrow for his losse, fewe expecting what ensued.

Sixe or seven weakes those barbarians kept him prisoner; many strange triumphes and conjurations they made of him. Yet hee so demeaned himselfe amongst them, as he not only diverted them from surprising the fort,² but procured his owne libertie, and got himselfe and his company such estimation amongst them that those salvages admired him more than their owne Quiyouckosucks.

Their order in conducting him was thus. Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the middest had all their peeces and swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great salvages, holding him fast by each arme, and on each side went six in fyle with their arrowes nocked. . . . Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirtie or fortie tall fel- 40 lowes did guard him; and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twentie men. I thinke his stomacke at that time was not very good. What he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and they did eate all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate, to defend him

² Jamestown

from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne, in requittal of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia.

At last they brought him to Mero-nocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of rarrowcun¹ skinn¹⁰, and all the tayles hanging by. On either side did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red. Many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds, but every one with something, and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

At his² entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of³⁰ feathers in stead of a towell to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held; but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan. Then as many as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines. Poca-⁴⁰hontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death. Whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of³ all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes,⁵⁰ shooes, bowes, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing as well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread,
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

From "MOURT'S RELATION"

A RELATION OR JOURNALL OF
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
PLANTATION SETLED AT PLI-
MOTH IN NEW ENGLAND

Wednesday the sixt of September, the wind comming east north east a fine small gale, we loosed from Plimoth,¹ having beene kindly inter-²⁰tained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling, and after many difficulties in boysterous stormes, at length by God's providence upon the ninth of November following, by breake of the day we espied land which we deemed to be Cape Cod, and so afterward it proved. And the appear-³⁰ance of it much comforted us, especially seeing so goodly a Land, and wooded to the brinke of the sea, it caused us to reioyce together, and praise God that had given us once againe to see Land. And thus wee made our course south south west, pur-⁴⁰posing to goe to a riuer ten leagues to the south of the cape; but at night the winde being contrary, we put round againe for the Bay of Cape Cod. And upon the 11. of November we came to an anchor in the Bay, which is a good harbour and pleasant Bay, circled round, except in the entrance, which is about foure miles over from land to land, compassed about to the very Sea with okes, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood; it is a harbour wherein 1000. saile of ships may safely ride. There we relieved our selves with wood and water, and refreshed our people, while our shallop² was fitted to coast the bay, to search for an habitation. There was the greatest store of fowle that ever we saw.

¹ racoon

² Smith's

³ skillful in

¹ the English Plymouth ² small sail boat

And every day we saw whales playing hard by us, of which in that place, if we had instruments and meanes to take them, we might have made a very rich returne, which to our great grieve we wanted. Our master and his mate, and others experienced in fishing, professed we might have made three or foure thousand pounds worth of oyle; they preferred it before Greenland whale-fishing, and purpose the next winter to fish for whale here; for cod we assayed, but found none. There is good store, no doubt, in their season. Neither got we any fish all the time we lay there, but some few little ones on the shore. We found great mussels, and very fat and full of sea pearle, but we could not eat them, for they made us all sicke that did eat, as well saylers²⁰ as passengers; they caused to cast and scoure, but they were soon well againe. The bay is so round and circling that before we could come to anchor, we went round all the points of the compasse. We could not come neare the shore by three quarters of an English mile, because of shallow water, which was a great prejudice to us; for our people going on shore were forced to³⁰ wade a bow shoot or two in going a-land, which caused many to get colds and coughs, for it was many times freezing cold weather.

The day before we came to harbour, observing some not well affected to unitie and concord, but gave some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement, that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and governours as we should by common consent agree to make and chose, and set our hands to this that followes word for word:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

"Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and Honour of our King and

countrie, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by vertue herof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the generall good of the colony: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnesse wherof we have here-under subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11. of November, in the yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the 18. and of Scotland the 54. Anno Domini 1620."

The same day so soon as we could we set ashore 15 or 16 men, well armed, with some to fetch wood, for we had none left; as also to see what the land was, and what inhabitants they could meet with. They found it to be a small neck of land; on this side where we lay is the bay, and the further side the sea; the ground or earth, sand hils, much like the downes¹ in Holland, but much better; the crust of the earth a spit's depth excellent blacke earth, all wooded with okes, pines, sassafras, juniper, birch, holly, vines, some ash, walnut; the wood for the most part open and without underwood, for either to goe² or ride in. At night our people returned, but found not any person, nor habitation, and laded their boat with juniper, which smelled very sweet and strong, and of which we burnt the most part of the time we lay there.

Munday the 13 of November we unshipped our shallop and drew her on land, to mend and repaire her, having bin forced to cut her downe in bestowing her betwixt the decks; and she was much opened with the people's lying in her, which kept us long there, for it was 16 or 17 dayes before the car-

¹ dunes² walk

penter had finished her. Our people went on shore to refresh themselves, and our women to wash, as they had great need. But whilst we lay thus still, hoping our shallop would be ready in five or six dayes at the furthest, but our carpenter made slowe work of it; so that some of our people, impatient of delay, desired for our better furtherance to travaile by land into the cuntry, (which was not without appearance of danger, not having the shallop with them, nor meanes to carry provision but on their backs,) to see whether it might be fit for us to seate¹ in or no, and the rather because as we sayled into the harbour, there seemed to be a river opening itself into the main land. The willingness of the persons was liked, but the thing it selfe, in regard of the danger, was rather permitted than approved. And so with cautions, directions, and instructions, sixteene men were set out, with every man his musket, sword, and corslet, under the conduct of Captaine Miles Standish, unto whom was adjoynd for counsell and advise William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley.

Wednesday the 15. of November they were set a shore, and when they had ordered themselves in the order of a single file, and marched about the space of a myle by the sea, they espyed five or sixe people, with a dogge, comming towards them, who were savages; who when they saw them ran into the wood and whisled the dogge after them, etc. First they supposed them to be master² Jones, the Master² and some of his men, for they were ashore, and knew of their comming; but after they knew them to be Indians they marched after them into the woods, least other of the Indians should lie in ambush. But when the Indians saw our men following them, they ran away with might and mayne, and our men turned out of the wood after them, for it was the way they intended to goe, but they could not come neare them. They followed them that night about ten miles

by the trace of their footings, and saw how they had come the same way they went, and at a turning perceived how they run up an hill, to see whether they followed them. At length night came upon them, and they were constrained to take up their lodging. So they set forth three sentinells; and the rest, some kindled a fire, and others fetched wood, and there held our randevous that night. In the morning so soone as we could see the trace we proceeded on our journey, and had the tracke untill we had compassed the head of a long creak, and there they tooke into another wood, and we after them, supposing to finde some of their dwellings. But we marched thorow boughes and bushes, and under hills and vallies, which tore our very armour in peeces, and yet could meete with none of them, nor their houses, nor finde any fresh water, which we greatly desired and stood in need off, for we brought neither beere nor water with us, and our victuals was onely bisket and holland cheese, and a little bottle of aquavite, so as we were sore a thirst. About ten a clocke we came into a³ deepe valley, full of brush, wood-gaile, and long grasse, through which we found little paths or tracts, and there we saw a deere, and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us downe and drunke our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunke drinke in all our lives.

Wednesday the sixt of December wee set out, being very cold and hard weather. Wee were a long while after we launched from the ship before we could get cleare of a sandie poynt which lay within lesse then a furlong of the same. In which time two were very sicke, and Edward Tilley had like to have sounded³ with the cold. The gunner was also sicke unto death, (but hope of trucking⁴ made him to goe) and so remained all that day, and the next night. At length we got cleare of the sandy poynt, and got up our

¹ settle

² master of the *Mayflower*

³ swooned

⁴ bartering

sayles, and within an houre or two we got under the weather shore, and then had smother water and better sayling. But it was very cold, for the water frose on our clothes and made them many time like coats of iron. Wee sayled sixe or seaven leagues by the shore but saw neither river nor creeke. At length wee met with a tongue of land, being flat off from the shore,¹⁰ with a sandy poynt. We bore up to gayne the poynt, and found there a fayre income¹ or rode, of a bay, being a league over at the narrowest, and some two or three in length; but wee made right over to the land before us, and left the discovery² of this income till the next day.

As we drew neare to the shore wee espied some ten or twelve Indians, very²⁰ busie about a blacke thing; what it was we could not tell, till afterwards they saw us, and ran to and fro, as if they had beene carrying some thing away. Wee landed a league or two from them, and had much adoe to put ashore anywhere, it lay so full of flat sands. When we came to shore we made us a baricado, and got fire wood, and set out our sentinells, and betooke³⁰ us to our lodging, such as it was. . . .

In the morning . . . we then directed our course along the sea-sands, to the place where we first saw the Indians. When we were there, we saw it was also a grampus which they were cutting up; they cut it into long rands or peeces, about an ell long and two handfull broad. Wee found here and there a peece scattered by the way, as⁴⁰ it seemed for haste. This place the most were minded we should call the Grampus Bay. . . .

Wee followed the tract of the Indians' bare feete a good way on the sands. At length we saw where they stricke into the woods by the side of a pond. As wee went to view the place, one sayd hee thought hee saw an Indian-house among the trees, so went up to⁵⁰ see. . . . All this while we saw no people. We went ranging up and downe till the sunne beganne to draw low, and

then we hasted out of the woods, that we might come to our shallop, which when we were out of the woods we espied a great way off, and called to them to come unto us, the which they did as soone as they could, for it was not yet high water. They were exceeding glad to see us (for they feared because they had not seene us in so long a time) thinking we would have kept by the shore-side. So being both weary and faint, for we had eaten nothing all that day, we fell to make our randevous and get fire wood, which always cost us a great deale of labour. By the time we had done, and our shallop come to us, it was within night, and we fed upon such victuals as we had, and betooke us to our rest, after we had set out our watch. About midnight we heard a great and hideous cry, and our sentinell cried "Arme, arme." So we bestirred ourselves and shot off a couple of muskets, and the noyse ceased. We concluded that it was a company of wolves or foxes, for one told us hee had heard such a noyse in New-found-land. About five a clocke in the morning wee began to be stirring, and two or three which doubted whether their peeces³ would goe off or no made tryall of them, and shot them off, but thought nothing at all. After prayer we prepared ourselves for brek-fast, and for a journey. And it being now the twilight in the morning, it was thought meet to carry the things downe to the shallop. Some sayd, it was not best to carry the armour⁴ downe; others sayd, they would be readier; two or three sayd they would not carry theirs till they went themselves, but mistrusting nothing at all. As it fell out, the water not being high enough, they layd the things downe upon the shore, and came up to brek-fast.

Anone, all upon a sudden, we heard a great and strange cry, which we knew to be the same voyces, though they varied their notes. One of our company being abroad came running in and cryed, "They are men; Indians,

¹ inlet² exploration³ guns

Indians;" and withall their arrowes came flying amongst us. Our men ran out with all speed to recover their armes, as by the good Providence of God they did. In the meane time Captain Miles Standish, having a snap-hance¹ ready, made a shot, and after him another. After they two had shot, other two of us were ready; but he wisht us not to shoot till we could take 10 ayme, for we knew not what need we should have, and there were foure only of us which had their armes there readie, and stood before the open side of our Baricado, which was first assaulted. They thought it best to defend it, least the enemie should take it and our stuffe, and so have the more vantage against us; our care was no lesse for the shallop, but we hoped all 20 the rest would defend it. We called unto them to know how it was with them, and they answered "Well, well, every one; and be of good courage." Wee heard three of their peeces goe off, and the rest called for a fire-brand to light their matches. One tooke a log out of the fire on his shoulder and went and carried it unto them, which was thought did not a little discourage our 30 enemies. The cry of our enemies was dreadfull, especially when our men ran out to recover their armes. Their note was after this manner: "Woach, woach ha ha hach woach." Our men were no sooner come to their armes, but the enemy was ready to assault them.

There was a lustie man, and no whit lesse valiant, who was thought to bee their captaine, stood behind a tree 40 within halfe a musket shot of us, and there let his arrowes fly at us. He was seene to shoote three arrowes, which were all avoyded; for he at whom the first arrow was ayimed saw it, and stooped downe, and it flew over him; the rest were avoyded also. He stood three shots of a musket. At length one tooke as he sayd full ayme at him, after which he gave an extraor- 50 dinary cry, and away they went all. Wee followed them about a quarter of a mile, but wee left sixe to keepe our

¹ flintlock musket

shallop, for we were carefull of our businesse. Then wee shouted all together two severall times, and shot off a couple of muskets and so returned. This wee did that they might see wee were not afrayed of them nor discouraged. Thus it pleased God to vanquish our enemies and give us deliverance. By their noyse we could not guesse 10 that they were lesse than thirty or forty, though some thought that they were many more; yet in the darke of the morning wee could not so well discern them among the trees, as they could see us by our fire-side. We took up 18 of their arrowes which we have sent to England by Master Jones, some whereof were headed with brasse, others with hart's horne, and others 20 with eagles' clawes. Many more no doubt were shot, for these we found were almost covered with leaves. Yet by the especiall providence of God, none of them either hit or hurt us, though many came close by us, and on every side of us, and some coates which hung up in our baricado were shot through and through. So after wee had given God thanks for our deliverance wee tooke our shallop and went on 30 our journey, and called this place, *The first Encounter*. From hence we intended to have sayled to the aforesayd theevish harbour, if wee found no convenient harbour by the way.

Having the wind good, we sayled all that day along the coast about 15 leagues, but saw neither river nor creeke to put into. After wee had 40 sayled an houre or two, it began to snow and raine, and to be bad weather. About the midst of the afternoone the winde increased and the seas began to be very rough, and the hinges of the rudder broke, so that we could steere no longer with it, but two men with much adoe were faine to serve with a couple of oares. The seas were growne so great that we were much troubled and in great danger, and night drew on. Anon Master Coppin bad us be of good cheere, he saw the harbour. As we drew neare, the gale being stiffe, and we bearing great sayle to get in, split

our mast in 3 pieces, and were like to have cast away our shallop. Yet by God's mercy recovering our selves, wee had the flood with us, and struck into the harbour.

Now he that thought that had beene the place was deceived, it being a place where not any of us had beene before. And comming into the harbour, he that was our Pilot did beare up northward, which if wee had continued wee had beene cast away. Yet still the Lord kept us, and we bare up for an iland before us. And recovering of that iland, being compassed about with many rocks, and darke night growing upon us, it pleased the Divine Providence that we fell upon a place of sandy ground, where our shallop did ride safe and secure all that night, and comming upon a strange iland kept our watch all night in the raine upon that iland. And in the morning we marched about it and found no inhabitants at all, and here wee made our randevous all that day, being Saturday. 10 of December, on the Sabbath day, wee rested, and on Munday we sounded the harbour, and found it a very good harbour for our shipping. We marched also into the land, and found divers corne fields, and little running brookes, a place very good for scituation. So we returned to our ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts.

WILLIAM BRADFORD (1589-1657)

From OF PLIMOTH PLANTATION

[CROSSING THE SEAS]

These troubles being blowne over, and now all being compacte together in one shipe, they put to sea againe with a prosperous winde, which continued diverse days together, which was some incouragmente unto them; yet according to the usual maner many were afflicted with sea-sicknes. And I may not omite hear a spetiall worke of God's providence. There was a proud

and very profane yonge man, one of the sea-men, of a lustie, able body, which made him the more haughty; he would allway be contemning the poor people in their sicknes, and cursing them dayly with greivous execrations, and did not let to ¹ tell them, that he hoped to help to cast halfe of them over board before they came to their journey's end, and to make mery with what they had; and if he were by any gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before they came halfe seas over, to smite this yong man with a greeveous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner, and so was himselfe the first that was throwne overbord. Thus his curses light on his owne head; and it was an astonishmente to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

After they had injoyed faire winds and weather for a season, they were incountred many times with crosse winds, and mette with many feiree stormes, with which the shipe was shroudly ² shaken, and her upper works made very leakie; and one of the maine beames in the middships was bowed and cracked, which put them in some fear that the shipe could not be able to performe the voiage. So some of the cheefe of the company, perceiving the mariners to fear the suffisiencie of the shipe, as appeared by their mutterings, they entred into serious consulltation with the master and other officers of the shipe, to consider in time of the danger; and rather to returne then to cast them selves into a desperate and inevitable perill. And truly ther was great distraction and differance of opinion amongst the mariners them selves; faine would they doe what could be done for their wages' sake, (being now halfe the seas over,) and on the other hand they were loath to hazard their lives too desperatly. But in examening of all opinions, the master and others affirmed they knew the ship to be stronge and firme under water; and for the buckling of the maine

¹ refrain from

² severely

beame, ther was a great iron scrue the passengers brought out of Holland, which would raise the beame into his place; the which being done, the carpenter and master affirmed that with a post put under it, set firme in the lower deck, and otherways bounde, he would make it sufficiente. And as for the decks and uper workes they would calke them as well as they could; and though with the workeing of the ship they would not longe keepe stanch, yet ther would otherwise be no great danger, if they did not overpress her with sails. So they committed them selves to the will of God, and resolved to proseeede. In sundrie of these stormes the winds were so feirce, and the seas so high, as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull, for diuerce days together. And in one of them as they thus lay at hull, in a mighty storme, a lustie yonge man (called John Howland) coming upon some occasion above the grattings,¹ was, with a seele² of the shipe throwne into sea; but it pleased God that he caught hould of the top-saile halliards, which hunge over board, and rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was halld up by the same rope to the brime of the water, and then with a boat hooke and other means got into the shipe againe, and his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and commone wealthe. In all this viage ther died but one of the passengers, which was William Butten, a youth, servant to Samuel Fuller, when they drew near the coast.

But to omite other things, (that I may be breefe,) after longe beating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made and certainly knowne to be it, they were not a litle joyfull. After some deliberation had amongst them selves and with the master of the ship, they tacked aboute and resolved to stande for the southward (the wind and

weather being faire) to finde some place aboute Hudson's river for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course aboute halfe the day, they fell amongst deangerous shoulds and roring breakers,³ and they were so farr intangled ther with as they conceived them selves in great danger; and the wind shrinking upon them withall, they resolved to bear up againe for the Cape, and thought them selves hapy to gett out of those dangers before night overtooke them, as by God's providence they did. And the next day they gott into the Cape-harbor wher they ridd in saffie.

A word or too by the way of this cape; it was thus first named by Capten Gosnole and his company, Anno 1602, and after by Capten Smith was caled Cape James; but it retains the former name amongst seamen. Also that pointe which first shewed those dangerous shoulds unto them, they called Pointe Care, and Tucker's Terrour; but the French and Dutch to this day call it Malabarr, by reason of those perilous shoulds, and the losses they have suffered there.

Being thus arived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the periles and miseries therof, againe to set their feete on the firme and stable earth, their proper elemente. And no marvell if they were thus joyefull, seeing wise Seneca was so affected with sailing a few miles on the coast of his owne Italy; as he affirmed that he had rather remaine twentie years on his way by land, then pass by sea to any place in a short time; so tedious and dreadfull was the same unto him.

But hear I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amased at this poore people's presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as

¹ hatches² plunge³ the Nantucket shoals

may be remembred by that which wente before), they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to the apostle and his shipwraaked company, that the barbarians shewed them no smale kindnes in refreshing them; 10 but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as after will appeare) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows then otherwise. And for the season, it was winter, and they that know the winters of that cuntrie know them to be sharp and violent, and subjecte to cruell and feirce stormes, dangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast.

Besides, what could they see but a hidious and desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and wildd men? And what multitudes ther might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, goe up to the tope of Pisgah, to vew from this wilddernes a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops; 1 for which way soever they turnd their eys (save upwards to the heavens) they could 30 have litle solace or contente in respecte of any outward objects.

For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a wether beaten face; and the whole cuntrie, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage heiw.² If they looked behind them, ther was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr and goulfe to separate 40 them from all the civill parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succour them, it is trew; but what heard they daly from the master and company, but that with speede they should looke out a place with their shallop, where they would be at some near distance. For the season was shuch as he would not stirr from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by 50 them wher they would be, and he might goe without danger; and that victells consumed apace, but he must and

would keepe sufficient for them selves³ and their returne. Yea, it was muttered by some, that if they gott not a place in time, they would turne them and their goods ashore and leave them.

Let it also be considered what weake hopes of supply and succoure they left behinde them, that might bear up their minds in this sade condition and trialls they were under, and they could not but be very smale. It is true, indeed, the affections and love of their brethren at Leyden was cordiall and entire towards them; but they had litle power to help them, or them selves; and how the case stood betweene them and the marchants at their coming away, hath allready been declared.

What could now sustaine them but 20 the spirite of God and his Grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: *Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wildderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie, etc. Let them therfore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure for ever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, shew how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressour. When they wandered in the deserte wilddernes out of the way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, and thirstie, their soule was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindnes, and his wonderfull works before the* 40 *sons of men.*

[TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS]

BOOK II, ANNO 1621

After the departure of this ship, (which stayed not above 14. days,) the Governor⁴ and his assistante haveing disposed these late commers into severall families, as they best could, tooke an exacte accounte of all their provisions in store, and proportioned the same to the number of persons, and

¹ hopes

² hue

³ the sailors

⁴ William Bradford

found that it would not hould out above 6. months at halfe allowance, and hardly that. And they could not well give less this winter time till fish came in againe. So they were presently put to half allowance, one as well as another, which begane to be hard; but they bore it patiently under hope of supply.

Sone after this ship's departure, the great people of the Narigansetts, in a braving maner, sente a messenger unto them with a bundle of arrows tyed aboute with a great sneak-skin; which their interpretours tould them was a threatening and a chaleng. Upon which the Governor, with the advice of others, sente them a round answere, that if they had rather have warre then peace, they might begine when they would; they had done them no wrong, neither did they fear them, or should they find them unprovided. And by another messenger sente the sneake-skin back with bullets in it; but they would not receive it, but sent it back againe. . . .

But this made them the more carefully to looke to them selves, so as they agreed to inclose their dwellings with a good strong pale, and make flankers in convenient places, with gates to shute, which were every night locked, and a watch kept; and when neede required ther was also warding in the day time. And the company was by the Captaine and the Governor's advise, devided into 4. squadrons, and every one had ther quarter apoynted them, unto which they were to repaire upon any suddene alarme. And if ther should be any crie of fire, a company were appointed for a gard, with muskets, whilst others quenchet the same, to prevent Indean treachery. This was accomplished very cherfully, and the towne impayled rounde by the beginning of March, in which evry family had a prety garden plote secured. And herewith I shall end this year.

Only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of waight. On the day called Christmas-day, the Governor caled them out to worke, (as

was used,) but the most of this new-company excused themselves and said it wente against their consciences to work on that day. So the Governor told them that if they made it a mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away the rest and left them. But when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in the streete at play, openly; some pitching the barr, and some at stooleball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play and others worke. If they made the keeping of it mater of devotion, let them keepe their houses; but ther should be no gameing or revelling in the streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly.

[AN ARGUMENT AGAINST SOCIALISM]

ANNO 1623

All this while no supply was heard of, neither knew they when they might expecte any. So they begane to thinke how they might raise as much corne as they could, and obtaine a beter crope then they had done, that they might not still thus languish in miserie. At length, after much debate of things, the Governor (with the advise of the cheefest amongst them) gave way that they should set corne every man for his owne perticuler, and in that regard trust to them selves; in all other things to goe on in the generell way as before. And so assigned to every family a parcell of land, according to the proportion of their number for that end, only for present use (but made no devission for inheritance), and ranged all boys and youth under some familie. This had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corne was planted then other waise would have bene by any means the Góvornor or any other could use, and saved him a great deall of trouble, and gave farr better contente. The women now wente willingly into

the feild, and tooke their little-ons with them to set corne, which before would aledge weaknes, and inability; whom to have compelled would have bene thought great tiranie and oppression.

The experience that was had in this commone course and condition, tried sundrie years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanitie of that conceite of Plato's and other ancients, applauded by some of later times, that the taking away of propertie, and bringing in communitie into a comone wealth, would make them happy and flourishing; as if they were wiser than God! For this communitie (so farr as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much employment that would have been to their benefite and comforte. For the yong men that were most able and fitte for labour and service did repine that they should spend their time and strength to worke for other men's wives and children, with out any recompence. The strong, or man of parts,¹ had no more in devisi-
 on of victails and cloaths, then he that was weake and not able to doe a quarter the other could; this was thought injustice. The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalised in labours, and victails, cloaths, etc., with the meaner and yonger sorte, thought it some indignte and disrespect unto them. And for men's wives to be commanded to doe servise for other men, as dressing their meate, washing their cloaths, etc., they deemd it a kind of
 40 slaverie; neither could many husbands all being to have alike, and all to doe alike, they thought themselves in the like condition, and one as good as another; and so, if it did not cut off those relations that God hath set amongst men, yet it did at least much diminish and take off the mutuall respects that should be preserved amongst them. And would have bene worse if they had been
 50 men of another condition. Let none object this is men's corruption, and nothing to the course it selfe. I answer,

¹ of special ability

seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in his wisdome saw another course fiter for them.

[TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS]

ANNO 1628

Aboute some 3. or 4. years before this time, ther came over one Captaine Wolastone, (a man of pretie parts,) and with him 3. or 4. more of some eminencie, who brought with them a great many servants, with provissions and other impliments for to begine a plantation; and pitched them selves in a place within the Massachusets, which they called, after their captain's name, Mount-Wollaston. Amongst whom was one Mr. Morton, who, it should seeme, had some small adventure (of his owne or other men's) amongst them; but had little respecte amongst them, and was sleighted by the meanest servants. Haveing continued ther some time, and not finding things to answer their expectations, nor profite to arise as they looked for, Captaine Wollaston takes a great part of the sarvants, and transports them to Virginia, wher he puts them of¹ at good rates, selling their time to other men; and writs back to one Mr. Rassdall, one of his cheefe partners, and accounted their marchant, to bring another parte of them to Virginia likewise, intending to put them of ther as he had done the rest. And he, with the consente of the said Rasdall, appoynted one Fitcher to be his Liveten-
 ante, and governe the remaines of the plantation, till he or Rasdall returned to take further order therabout. But this Morton abovesaid, haveing more craft then honestie, (who had been a kind of petiefogger, of Furnefell's Inne,) in the other's absence, watches an opportunitie, (commons² being but hard amongst them,) and gott some strong drinck and other junkats, and made them a feast; and after they were merie, he begane to tell them, he would give them good counsell. You see (saith he) that many of your fellows

¹ off

² food

are carried to Virginia; and if you stay till this Rasdall returne, you will also be carried away and sould for slaves with the rest. Therefore I would advise you to thurst out this Levetenant Fitcher; and I, having a parte in the plantation, will receive you as my partners and consociats; so may you be free from service, and we will converse, trad, plante, and live together as equals, and supporte and protecte one another, or to like effecte.

This counsell was easily received; so they tooke oppertunitie, and thrust Levetenante Fitcher out a dores, and would suffer him to come no more amongst them, but foret him to seeke bread to eate, and other releefe from his neighbours, till he could gett passages for England. After this they fell to great licenciousnes, and led a dissolute life, powering¹ out them selves into all profanenes. And Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained (as it were) a schoole of Athisme. And after they had gott some good into their hands, and gott much by trading with the Indeans, they spent it as vainly, in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong waters in great exsess, and, as some reported 10£. worth in a morning. They also set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days together, inviting the Indean women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together, (like so many fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practises. As if they had anew revived and celebrated the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beastly practises of the madd Bacchinalians. Morton likewise (to shew his poetrie) composed sundry rimes and verses, some tending to lasciviousnes, and others to the detraction and scandall of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idoll May-polle. They chainged also the name of their place, and in stead of calling it Mounte Wollaston, they call it Merie-mounte, as if this joylity would have lasted ever.

But this continued not long, for after Morton was sent for England, (as

follows to be declared,) shortly after came over that worthy gentlman, Mr. John Indecott, who brought over a patent under the broad seall, for ye govermente of the Massachusetts, who visiting those parts caused that May-polle to be cutt downe, and rebuked them for their profannes, and admonished them to looke ther should be better walking; so they now, or others, changed the name of their place againe, and called it Mounte Dagon.

Now to maintaine this riotous prodigallitie and profuse excess, Morton, thinking him selfe lawless,² and hearing what gaine the French and fisher-men made by trading of peeeces,³ powder, and shotte to the Indeans, he, as the head of this consortship, begane the practise of the same in these parts. And first he taught them how to use them, to charge and discharg, and what proportion of powder to give the peece, according to the sise or bigness of the same, and what shot to use for foule, and what for deare. And having thus instructed them, he imployed some of them to hunt and fowle for him, so as they became far more active in that employmente then any of the English, by reason of ther swiftness of foot and nimblnes of body, being also quick-sighted, and by continuall exercise well knowing the hants of all sorts of game. So as when they saw the execution that a peece would doe, and the benefite that might come by the same, they became madd, as it were, after them, and would not stick to give any prise they could attain to for them, accounting their bowes and arrowes but bables in comparison of them.

And here I may take occasion to bewaile the mischefe that this wicked man began in these parts, and which since base covetousnes prevailing in men that should know better, has now at length gott the upper hand, and made this thing commone, notwithstanding any laws to the contrary; so as the Indeans are full of peeeces all over, both fouling peeeces, muskets, pistols, etc. They have also their

¹ pouring

² subject to no law

³ guns

moulds to make shotte of all sorts, as muskett bullets, pistoll bullets, swane and gose shot, and of smaler sorts. Yea, some have seen them have their scruplats to make scrupins themselves, when they want them, with sundery other implements, wherewith they are ordinarily better fited and furnished then the English them selves. Yea, it is well knowne that they will have 10 powder and shott when the English want it, nor cannot gett it. . . . Yea, some (as they have acquainted them with all other things) have tould them how gunpowder is made, and all the materials in it, and that they are to be had in their owne land; and I am confident, could they attaine to make salt-peter, they would teach them to make powder. O the horiblnes of this 20 vilanie! How many both Dutch and English have been latly slaine by these Indeans thus furnished; and no remedie provided, nay, the evill more increased, and the bloud of their brethren sould for gaine, as is to be feared; and in what danger all these colonies are in is too well known. Oh! that princes and parlements would take some timly order to prevente this mischeefe, and at 30 length to suppress it, by some exemplerie punishmente upon some of these gaine thirstie murderers, (for they deserve no better title,) before their collonies in these parts be over throwne by these barbarous savages, thus armed with their owne weapons, by these evill instruments, and traytors to their neighbors and cuntrie.

But I have forgott my selfe, and have 40 been to longe in this digression; but now to returne. This Morton having thus taught them the use of peeces, he sould them all he could spare; and he and his consorts detirmined to send for many out of England, and had by some of the ships sente for above a score. The which being knowne, and his neighbours meeting the Indeans in the woods armed with guns in this sorte, it was a 50 terrour unto them who lived straglingly, and were of no strength in any place. And other places (though more remote) saw this mischeefe would

quietly spread over all, if not prevented. Besides, they saw they should keep no servants, for Morton would entertaine any, how vile soever, and all the scume of the countrie, or any discontented, would flock to him from all places, if this nest was not broken; and they should stand in more fear of their lives and goods (in short time) from this wicked and deboste¹ crue, then from the salvages them selves.

So sundrie of the cheefe of the stragling plantations, meeting together, agreed by mutuall consente to sollissite those of Plimoth (who were then of more strength then them all) to joyne with them, to prevente the further growth of this mischeefe, and suppress Morton and his consortes before they 20 grewe to further head and strength. Those that joyned in this accion (and after contributed to the charge of sending him for England) were from Pascataway, Namkeake, Winisimett, Weesagascusett, Natasco, and other places wher any English were seated. Those of Plimoth being thus sought too by their messengers and letters, and way- 30 ing both their reasons and the commone danger, were willing to afford them their help; though themselves had least cause of fear or hurte. So, to be short, they first resolved joyntly to write to him, and in a friendly and neighborly way admonish him to forbear these courses, and sent a messenger with their letters to bring his answer. But he was so highe as he scorned all advise, and asked who had to doe with him? He 40 had and would trade peeces with the Indeans in dispite of all, with many other scurillous termes full of disdaine.

They sente to him a second time, and bad him be better advised, and more temperate in his termes, for the countrie could not beare the injure he did; it was against their comone saftie, and against the king's proclamation. He answered in high terms as before, and 50 that the king's proclamation was no law; demanding what penaltie was upon it. It was answered, more than he could bear: his majestie's dis-

¹debauched crew

pleasure. But insolently he persisted, and said the king was dead and his displeasure with him, and many the like things; and threatened withall that if any came to molest him, let them looke to them selves, for he would prepare for them. Upon which they saw ther was no way but to take him by force; and having so farr proceeded, now to give over would make him farr more hautie¹⁰ and insolente.

So they mutually resolved to proceed, and obtained of the Govr. of Plimoth to send Captaine Standish, and some other aide with him, to take Morton by force. The which accordingly was done; but they found him to stand stiffly in his defence, having made fast his dors, armed his consorts, set diverse dishes of powder and bullets²⁰ ready on the table; and if they had not been over armed with drinke, more hurt might have been done. They somanamed him to yeeld, but he kept his house, and they could gett nothing but scofes and scorns from him; but at length, fearing they would doe some violence to the house, he and some of his crue came out, but not to yeeld, but to shoote, but they were so steeld with³⁰ drinke as their peecees were to heavie for them; him selfe with a carbine (over charged and allmost halfe fild with powder and shote, as was after found) had thought to have shot Captaine Standish; but he stept to him, and put by his peece, and tooke him. Neither was ther any hurte done to any of either side, save that one was so drunke that he rane his owne nose upon⁴⁰ the pointe of a sword that one held before him as he entred the house; but he lost but a litle of his hott blood. Morton they brought away to Plimoth, wher he was kepte, till a ship went from the Ile of Shols for England, with which he was sente to the Counsell of New-England; and letters written to give them information of his course and cariage; and also one was sent at their⁵⁰ commone charge to informe their Honours more perticulerly, and to prosecute against him. But he foold of the messenger, after he was gone from

hence, and though he wente for England, yet nothing was done to him, not so much as rebukte, for ought was heard; but returned the nexte year. Some of the worst of the company were disperst, and some of the more modest kepte the house till he should be heard from. But I have been too long aboute so unworthy a person, and bad a cause.

[RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES]

ANNO 1633

Mr. Roger Williams (a man Godly and zealous, having many precious parts,¹ but very unsettled in judgmente) came over first to the Massachusetts, but upon some discontente left that place, and came hither (wher he was friendly entertained, according to their poore abilitie,) and exercised his gifts amongst them, and after some time was admitted a member of the church; and his teaching well approved, for the benefite whereof I still blese God, and am thankfull to him, even for his sharpest admonitions and reproofs, so farr as they agreed with truth. He this year begane to fall into some strang opinions, and from opinion to practise; which caused some controversie betweene the church and him, and in the end some discontente on his parte, by occasion wherof he left them some thing abruptly. Yet afterwards sued for his dismissal to the church of Salem, which was granted, with some caution to them concerning him, and what care they ought to have of him.

But he soone fell into more things ther, both to their and the government's troble and disturbance. I shall not need to name perticulers; they are too well knownen to all, though for a time the church here wente under some hard censure by his occasion, from some that afterwards smarted them selves. But he is to be pitied and prayed for, and so I shall leave the matter, and desire the Lord to shew him his errors, and reduce him into the way of truth, and give him a settled judgment and

¹ great ability

constancie in the same. For I hope he belongs to the Lord, and that He will shew him mercie.

[THE PEQUOT WAR]

ANNO 1637

In the fore part of this year the Pequents¹ fell openly upon the English at Conightecute,² in the lower parts of the river, and slew sundry of them (as they were at work in the fields,) both men and women, to the great terrour of the rest; and wente away in great prid and triumph, with many high threats. They also assaltd a fort at the river's mouth, though strong and well defended; and though they did not prevaile, yet it struck them with much fear and astonishment to see their bould attempts in the face of danger; which made them in all places to stand upon their gard, and to prepare for resistance, and earnestly to solissite their freinds and confederats in the Bay of Massachusetts to send them speedy aide, for they looked for more forcible assaults. . . .

I shall not take upon me exactly to describe their proceedings in these things, because I expecte it will be fully done by them selves, who best know the carrage and circumstances of things; I shall therefore but touch them in generall. From Connightecute (who were most sencible of the hurt sustained, and the present danger), they sett out a partie of men, and an other partie mett them from the Bay, at the Narigansets,³ who were to joyne with them. The Narigansets were earnest to be gone before the English were well rested and refreshte, espetially some of them which came last. It should seeme their desire was to come upon the enemie sudenly, and undiscovered. Ther was a barke of this place, newly put in ther, which was come from Conightecutte, who did encourage them to lay hold of the Indeans' forwardnes, and to shew as

great forwardnes as they, for it would incorage them, and expedition⁴ might prove to their great advantage.

So they went on, and so ordered their march, as the Indeans brought them to a forte of the enimies (in which most of their cheefe men were) before day. They approached the same with great silence, and surrounded it both with English and Indeans, that they might not breake out; and so assaulted them with great courage, shooting amongst them, and entered the forte with all speed; and those that first entered found sharp resistance from the enemie, who both shott at and graped with them. Others rane into their howses, and brought out fire, and sett them on fire, which soone tooke in their matts, and standing close together, with the wind, all was quickly on a flame, and therby more were burnte to death then was otherwise slaine; it burnte their bowstrings, and made them unservisable. Those that scaped the fire were slaine with the sword; some hewed to peeces, others rune throw with their rapiers, so as they were quickly dispatchte, and very few escaped. It was conceived they thus destroyed about 400. at this time. It was a fearfull sight to see them thus frying in the fyer, and the streams of blood quenching the same, and horrible was the stinck and sente ther of; but the victory seemed a sweete sacrifice, and they gave the prays therof to God, who had wrought so wonderfully for them, thus to inclose their enimise in their hands, and give them so speedy a victory over so proud and insulting an enemie.

VERSES DESCRIPTIVE OF NEW ENGLAND

Almost ten years we lived here alone,
In other places there were few or none;
For *Salem* was the next of any fame,
That began to augment New England's

name;
But after multitudes began to flow,
More than well knew themselves where
to bestow;

⁴ haste

¹ Pequot Indians

² Connecticut

³ Narraganset Indians, enemies of the Pequots

Boston then began her roots to spread,
And quickly soon she grew to be the
head,

Not only of the *Massachusetts Bay*,
But all trade and commerce fell in her
way. 10

And truly it was admirable to know
How greatly all things here began to
grow.

New plantations were in each place
begun

And with inhabitants were filled soon.
All sorts of grain which our own land
doth yield 15

Was hither brought, and sown in every
field:

As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans,
and pease;

Here all thrive, and they profit from
them raise.

All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens
grow,

Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what
you'll sow, 20

Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,
Skirets, beets, coleworts, and fair cab-
bages.

Here grows fine flowers many, and
'mongst those

The fair white lily, and sweet fragrant
rose.

Many good wholesome berries here
you'll find, 25

Fit for men's use, almost of every kind.
Pears, apples, cherries, plums, quinces
and peach

Are now no dainties; you may have of
each.

Nuts and grapes of several sorts are
here,

If you will take the pains them to seek
for. 30

Cattle of every kind do fill the land;
Many now are kill'd, and their hides
tann'd,

By which men are supply'd with meat
and shoes,

Or what they can, though much by
wolves they lose.

Here store of cows, which milk and
butter yield, 35

And also oxen, for to till the field,
Of which great profit many now do
make,

If they have a fit place, and able pains
do take.

Horses here likewise now do multiply;
They prosper well, and yet their price
is high. 40

Here are swine, good store, and some
goats do keep,

But now most begin to get store of
sheep,

That with their wool their bodies may
be clad,

In time of straits, when things cannot
be had.

For merchants keep the price of cloth
so high, 45

As many are not able the same to buy.
And happy would it be for people here,
If they could raise cloth for themselves
to wear.

JOHN WINTHROP (1588-1649)

From his JOURNAL

1630

Thursday, July 1. The *Mayflower* and the *Whale* arrived safe in Charlton harbour. Their passengers were all in health, but most of their cattle dead (whereof a mare and horse of mine). Some stone horses came over in good plight.

Friday, 2. The *Talbot* arrived there. She had lost fourteen passengers.

My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem.

Saturday, 3. The *Hopewell*, and *William and Francis*, arrived.

Monday, 5. The *Trial* arrived at Charlton, and the *Charles* at Salem.

Tuesday, 6. The *Success* arrived. She had — goats and lost — of them, and many of her passengers were near starved, etc.

Wednesday, 7. The *Lion* went back to Salem.

Thursday, 8. We kept a day of Thanksgiving in all the plantation.

Thursday, August 18. Capt. Endecott and — Gibson were married by the governour¹ and Mr. Wilson.

¹ John Winthrop

Saturday, 20. The French ship called the *Gift* came into the harbour at Charlton. She had been twelve weeks at sea, and lost one passenger and twelve goats; she delivered six.

Monday we kept a court.

Friday, 27. We, of the congregation, kept a fast, and chose Mr. Wilson our teacher, and Mr. Nowell an elder, and Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspinwall, deacons. We used imposition of hands, but with this protestation by all, that it was only as a sign of election and confirmation, not of any intent that Mr. Wilson should renounce his ministry he received in England.

September 20. Mr. Gager died.

30. About two in the morning, Mr. Isaac Johnson died; his wife, the lady Arbella, of the house of Lincoln, being dead about one month before. He was a holy man, and wise, and died in sweet peace, leaving some part of his substance to the colony.

The wolves killed six calves at Salem, and they killed one wolf.

Thomas Mortan adjudged to be imprisoned, till he were sent into England, and his house burnt down, for his many injuries offered to the Indians, and other misdemeanours. Capt. Brook, Master of the *Gift*, refused to carry him.

Finch, of Watertown, had his wigwam burnt and all his goods.

Billington executed at Plimoth for murdering one.

Mr. Phillips, the minister of Watertown, and others, had their hay burnt.

The wolves killed some swine at Saugus.

A cow died at Plimouth, and a goat at Boston, with eating Indian corn.

October 23. Mr. Rossiter, one of the assistants, died.

25. Mr. Colburn (who was chosen deacon by the congregation a week before) was invested by imposition of hands of the minister and elder.

The governour, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and

wished others to do the like, so as it grew, by little and little, to disuse.

29. The *Handmaid* arrived at Plimouth, having been twelve weeks at sea, and spent all her masts, and of twenty-eight cows she lost ten. She had about sixty passengers, who came all well; John Grant, master.

Mr. Goffe wrote to me, that his ship-ping this year had utterly undone him.

She brought out twenty-eight heifers, but brought but seventeen alive.

November 11. The master came to Boston with Capt. Standish and two gentlemen passengers, who came to plant here, but having no testimony, we would not receive them.

10. — Firmin, of Watertown, had his wigwam burnt.

Divers had their hay-stacks burnt by burning the grass.

27. Three of the governour's servants were from this day to the 1 of December abroad in his skiff among the islands, in bitter frost and snow, being kept from home by the N. W. wind, and without victuals. At length they gat to Mount Wollaston, and left their boat there, and came home by land. Laus Deo.

December 6. The governour and most of the assistants, and others, met at Roxbury, and there agreed to build a town fortified upon the neck between that and Boston, and a committee was appointed to consider of all things requisite, etc.

14. The committee met at Roxbury, and upon further consideration, for reasons, it was concluded, that we could not have a town in the place aforesaid: 1. Because men would be forced to keep two families. 2. There was no running water; and if there were any springs, they would not suffice the town. 3. The most part of the people had built already, and would not be able to build again. So we agreed to meet at Watertown that day sen'night, and in the meantime other places should be viewed.

Capt. Neal and three other gentlemen came hither to us. He came in the bark *Warwick*, this summer, to Pasca-

taqua, sent as governour there for Sir Ferdinando Gorges and others.

21. We met again at Watertown, and there, upon view of a place a mile beneath the town, all agreed it a fit place for a fortified town, and we took time to consider further about it.

24. Till this time there was (for the most part) fair, open weather, with gentle frosts in the night; but this day 10 the wind came N. W., very strong, and some snow withal, but so cold as some had their fingers frozen, and in danger to be lost. Three of the governour's servants, coming in a shallop from Mistick, were driven by the wind upon Noddle's Island, and forced to stay there all that night, without fire or food; yet, through God's mercy, they came safe to Boston next day, but the 20 fingers of two of them were blistered with cold, and one swooned when he came to the fire.

26. The rivers were frozen up, and they of Charlton could not come to the sermon at Boston till the afternoon at high water.

Many of our cows and goats were forced to be still abroad for want of houses.

28. Richard Garrett, a shoemaker of Boston, and one of the congregation there, with one of his daughters, a young maid, and four others, went towards Plimouth in a shallop, against the advice of his friends; and about the Gurnett's Nose the wind overblew so much at N. W. as they were forced to come to a killock at twenty fathom; but their boat drave and shaken out the 40 stone, and they were put to sea, and the boat took in much water, which did freeze so hard as they could not free her. So they gave themselves for lost, and, commending themselves to God, they disposed themselves to die; but one of their company espying land near Cape Cod, they made shift to hoist up part of their sail, and by God's special providence were carried through the 50 rocks to the shore, where some gat on land; but some had their legs frozen into the ice, so as they were forced to be cut out.

Being come on shore they kindled a fire, but, having no hatchet, they could get little wood, and were forced to lie in the open air all night, being extremely cold. In the morning two of their company went towards Plimouth (supposing it had been within seven or eight miles, whereas it was near fifty miles from them). By the way they met with two Indian squaws, who, coming home, told their husbands that they had met two Englishmen. They thinking (as it was) that they had been shipwrecked, made after them, and brought them back to their wigwam, and entertained them kindly. And one of them went with them the next day to Plimouth, and the other went to find out their boat and the rest of their company, which were seven miles off; and having found them, he help them what he could, and returned to his wigwam, and fetched a hatchet, and built them a wigwam and covered it, and gat them wood (for they were so weak and frozen, as they could not stir).

And Garrett died about two days after his landing; and the ground being so frozen as they could not dig his 30 grave, the Indian hewed a hole about half a yard deep with his hatchet; and having laid the corpse in it, he laid over it a great heap of wood to keep it from the wolves.

By this time the Governour of Plimouth had sent three men to them with provisions; who being come, and not able to launch their boat (which with the strong N. W. wind was driven up to the high water mark,) the Indian returned to Plimouth and fetched three more. But before they came, they had launched their boat, and with a fair southerly wind were gotten to Plimouth, where another of their company died, his flesh being mortified with the frost. And the two who went towards Plimouth died also, one of them being not able to get thither, and the other had his feet so frozen as he died of it after.

The girl escaped best, and one Harwood, a godly man of the congregation of Boston, lay long under the surgeon's

hands; and it was above six weeks before they could get the boat from Plymouth; and in their returne they were much distressed. Yet their boat was very well manned, the want whereof before was the cause of their loss.

1631

March 26. The night before, alarm was given in divers of the plantations. It arose through the shooting off some pieces¹ at Watertown, by occasion of a calf, which Sir Richard Saltonstall had lost. And the soldiers were sent out with their pieces to try the wilderness from thence till they might find it.

April 14. An order was made last court that no man should discharge a²⁰ piece after sunset, except by occasion of alarm.

June 14. At this court one Philip Ratcliff, a servant of Mr. Cradock, being convict, *ore tenus*,² of most foul, scandalous invectives against our churches and government, was censured to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished the plantation. Which was presently executed.

October 11. The governour, being at his farm house at Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf, (for they came daily about the house, and killed swine and calves, etc.). And being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as, in coming home, he mistook his path, and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore⁴⁰ John, which was empty. There he stayed, and having a piece of match in his pocket, (for he always carried about him match and a compass, and in summer time snake-weed,) he made a good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old mats which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood.

It was (through God's mercy) a warm night; but a little before day it began to rain; and, having no cloak, he made

¹ guns² from his own utterance

shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she stayed there a great while essaying to get in. And at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having¹⁰ walked about, and shot off pieces, and halloed in the night, but he heard them not.

1632

January 27. The Governour, and some company with him, went up by Charles River about eight miles above Watertown, and named the first brook, on the north side of the river, (being a fair stream, and coming from a pond a mile from the river,) Beaver Brook, because the beavers had shorn down divers great trees there, and made divers dams across the river. Thence they went to a great rock, upon which stood a high stone, cleft in sunder, that four men might go through, which they called Adam's Chair, because the³⁰ youngest of their company was Adam Winthrop. Thence they came to another brook, greater than the former, which they called Masters' Brook, because the eldest of their company was one John Masters. Thence they came to another high pointed rock, having a fair ascent on the west side, which they called Mount Feake, from one Robert Feake, who had married the Governour's daughter-in-law. . . .

February 7. The Governour, Mr. Nowell, Mr. Eliot, and others, went over Mistick River at Medford, and going N. and by E. among the rocks about two or three miles, they came to a very great pond, having in the midst an island of about one acre, and very thick with trees of pine and beech; and the pond had divers small rocks, stand-⁵⁰ing up here and there in it, which they therefore called Spot Pond. They went all about it upon the ice. From thence (towards the N. W. about half a mile,) they came to the top of a very high

rock. . . . This place they called Cheese Rock, because, when they went to eat somewhat, they had only cheese, (the Governour's men forgetting, for haste, to put up some bread).

June 14. One Abraham Shurd, of Pemaquid, and one Capt. Wright, and others, coming to Pascataquack, being bound for this bay in a shallop with £200 worth of commodities, one of the 10 seamen, going to light a pipe of tobacco, set fire on a barrel of powder, which tare the boat in pieces. That man was never seen; the rest were all saved, but the goods lost.

The man that was blown away with the powder in the boat at Pascataquack was after found with his hands and feet torn off. This fellow, being wished by another to forbear to take any tobacco till they came to shore, which was hard by, answered, that if the devil 20 should carry him away quick,¹ he would take one pipe. Some in the boat were so drunk and fast asleep, as they did not wake with the noise.

July 5. At Watertown there was (in the view of divers witnesses) a great combat between a mouse and a snake; and, after a long fight, the mouse pre- 30 vailed, and killed the snake. The pastor of Boston, Mr. Wilson, a very sincere, holy man, hearing of it, gave this interpretation: that the snake was the devil; the mouse was a poor contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his kingdom.

1633

February 26. Two little girls of the Governour's family were sitting under a great heap of logs, plucking of birds; and the wind driving the feathers into the house, the Governour's wife caused them to remove away. They were no sooner gone, but the whole heap of logs fell down in the place, and had crushed 50 them to death, if the Lord, in his special providence, had not delivered them.

¹ alive

August 6. Two men, servants to one Moodye, of Roxbury, returning in a boat from the windmill, struck upon an oyster bank. They went out to gather oysters, and, not making fast their boat, when the flood came, it floated away, and they were both drowned, although they might have waded out on either side. But it was an evident judgment of God upon them, for they were wicked persons. One of them, a little before, being reproved for his lewdness, and put in mind of hell, answered that if hell were ten times hotter, he had rather be there than he would serve his master, etc. The occasion was, because he had bound himself for divers years, and saw that, if he had been at liberty, he might have 20 had greater wages, though otherwise his master used him very well.

1634

November 5. At the court of the assistants complaint was made by some of the country . . . that the ensign at Salem was defaced; viz. one part of the red cross taken out. Upon this, an at- 30 tachment was awarded against Richard Davenport, ensign-bearer, to appear at the next court to answer. Much matter was made of this, as fearing it would be taken as an act of rebellion, or of like high nature, in defacing the king's colours; though the truth were, it was done upon this opinion, that the red cross was given to the king of England by the pope, as an ensign of victory, and 40 so a superstitious thing, and a relique of antichrist.

1645

May 14. The court of elections was held at Boston. . . . The day appointed being come, the court assembled in the meeting house at Boston. Divers of the elders were present, and a great assembly of people. The deputy gover- 50 nour,² coming in with the rest of the magistrates, placed himself beneath, within the bar, and so sate uncovered.

² John Winthrop

Some question was in the court about his being in that place (for many both of the court and the assembly were grieved at it). But the deputy telling them that, being criminally accused, he might not sit as a judge in that cause; and if he were upon the bench, it would be a great disadvantage to him, for he could not take that liberty to plead the cause, which he ought to be allowed at the bar. Upon this the court was satisfied.

July 5. The deputies . . . sent to desire that six of themselves might come and confer with the magistrates; which being granted, they came, and at last came to this agreement, viz., the chief petitioners and the rest of the offenders were severally fined (all their fines not amounting to 50 pounds,) the rest of the petitioners to bear equal share to 50 pounds more towards the charges of the court . . . lieutenant Emes to be under admonition, the deputy governour to be legally and publicly acquitted of all that was laid to his charge.

According to this agreement, presently after the lecture the magistrates and deputies took their places in the meeting house, and the people being come together, and the deputy governour placing himself within the bar, as at the time of the hearing, etc., the governour read the sentence of the court, without speaking any more, for the deputies had (by importunity) obtained a promise of silence from the magistrates. Then was the deputy governour desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly. And the court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect: "I suppose something may be expected from me, upon this charge that is befallen me, which moves me to speak now to you; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons concerned therein. Only I bless God, that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I also acknowledge the justice of the court, and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied. I

was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before the God, who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations (and even in this affair) as calls me to be humble. For to be publicly and criminally charged in this court, is matter of humiliation, (and I desire to make a right use of it,) notwithstanding I be thus acquitted. If her father had spit in her face, (saith the Lord concerning Miriam,) should she not have been ashamed seven days? Shame had lien upon her, whatever the occasion had been.

"I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others.

"We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according

to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, etc., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness; for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, etc.; therefore you must run ¹⁰ the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear, also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will; it must be required of him. But if the case be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men ²⁰ of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

"For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man ³⁰ with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be ⁴⁰ worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentia deteriores*.¹ This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it.

"The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal; it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This is the proper end and object of authority,

¹ we are all weakened through license

and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority.

"Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her.

"On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke, and say, let us break their bands, etc.; we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be will-

ing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you."

THOMAS MORTON (?-1646)

From NEW ENGLISH CANAAN

[THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY]

In the moneth of June, anno salutis 1622, it was my chaunce to arrive in the parts of New England with 30. servants, and provision of all sorts fit for a plantation; and whiles our howses were building, I did indeavour to take a survey of the country. The more I looked, the more I liked it. And when I had more seriously considered of the bewty of the place, with all her faire indowments, I did not thinke that in all the knowne world it could be paralel'd; for so many goodly groves of trees, dainty fine round rising hillucks, delicate faire large plaines, sweete cristall fountaines, and cleare running streames that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweete a murmuring noise to heare as would even lull the sences with delight a sleepe, so pleasantly doe they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they doe meete and hand in hand runne downe to Neptune's Court, to pay the yearely tribute which they owe to him as soveraigne Lord of all the springs.

Contained within the volume of the land, fowles in abundance, fish in multitude; and discovered, besides, millions of turtledoves on the greene boughes, which sate pecking of the full ripe pleasant grapes that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitfull load did cause the armes to bend; while here and there dispersed, you might see lillies and of the Daphnean-tree; which made the land to mee seeme paradise. For in mine eie t'was Nature's masterpiece; her cheifest magazine of all

where lives her store. If this land be not rich, then is the whole world poore.

What I had resolved on, I have really performed; and I have endeavoured to use this abstract as an instrument, to bee the meanes to communicate the knowledge which I have gathered, by my many yeares residence in those parts, unto my countrymen; to the end that they may the better perceive their error, who cannot imagine that there is any country in the universall world which may be compared unto our native soyle. I will now discover unto them a country whose indowments are by learned men allowed to stand in a paralell with the Israelites' Canaan, which none will deny to be land farre more excellent then Old England, in her proper nature.

This I consider I am bound in duety (as becommeth a Christian man) to performe for the glory of God, in the first place; next (according to Cicero,) to acknowledge that, *Non nobis solum nati sumus, sed partim patria, partim parentes, partim amici vindicant.*

For which cause I must approve of the indeavoures of my countrymen, that have bin studious to enlarge the territories of his Majesties empire by planting colonies in America.

And of all other, I must applaude the judgement of those that have made choise of this part, (whereof I now treat,) being of all other most absolute, as I will make it appeare hereafter by way of paralell. Among those that have settled themselvs in new England, some have gone for their conscience sake, (as they professe,) and I wish that they may plant the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as becommeth them, sincerely and without scism or faction, whatsoever their former or present practises are, which I intend not to justifie. Howsoever, they have deserved (in mine opinion) some commendationes, in that they have furnished the country so commodiously in so short a time; although it hath bin but for their owne profit, yet posterity will taste the sweetnes of it, and that very sodainly.

[DIVERSIONS AT MA-RE MOUNT]

THE SONGE

The inhabitants of Pasonagessit (having translated the name of their habitation from that ancient salvage name to Ma-re Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages) did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemne manner with revels and merriment after the old English custome; prepared to sett up a Maypole upon the festivall day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrell of excellent beare, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheare, for all commers of that day. And because they would have it in a compleat forme, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with drummes, gunnes, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thether of purpose to see the manner of our revels. A goodly pine tree of 80. foote longe was reared up, with a peare of buckshorns nayled on, somewhat neare unto the top of it; where it stood as a faire sea marke for directions, how to finde out the way to mine hoste of Ma-re Mount. . . .

The setting up of this Maypole was a lamentable spectacle to the precise seperatists that lived at new Plim-mouth. They termed it an idoll; yea they called it the calfe of Horeb; and stood at defiance with the place, naming it Mount Dagon; threatning to make it a woefull mount and not a merry mount. . . .

There was likewise a merry song made, which (to make their revells more fashionable) was sung with a chorus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a daunce, hand in hand about the Maypole, whiles one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor like Gam-medes and Jupiter.

CHORUS.

Drinke and be merry, merry, merry boyes,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joyes,
Iô to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry Maypole take a roome.

Make greene garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet nectar freely about;
Uncover thy head, and feare no harme,
For her's good liquor to keepe it warme.
Then drinke and be merry, etc.

Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities owne minde,
To cure the hart opprest with greife,
And of good liquors is the cheife.
Then drinke, etc.

Give to the mellancolly man
A cup or two of 't now and than;
This physick will soone revive his bloud,
And make him be of a merrier moode.
Then drinke, etc.

Give to the nympe that's free from scorne,
No Irish stuff nor Scotch overorne,
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and day.
Then drinke, etc.

This harmeles mirth made by younge men (that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a laboure to make a voyage to fetch any over) was much distasted, of the precise Seperatists, that keepe much a doe about the tyth of Mint and Cummin; troubling their braines more then reason would require about things that are indifferent; and from that time sought occasion against my honest host of Ma-re Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and cleane. . . .

[THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONSTER]

The Seperatists, envying the prosperity and hope of the plantation at Ma-re Mount, (which they perceaved beganne to come forward, and to be in a good way for gaine in the beaver trade,) conspired together against mine host especially, (who was the owner of that plantation,) and made up a party against him; and mustred up what aide they could, accounting of him as of a great monster.

Many threatening speeches were given out both against his person and

his habitation, which they divulged should be consumed with fire. And taking advantage of the time when his company, (which seemed little to regard their threats,) were gone up into the inlands to trade with the salvages for beaver, they set upon my honest host at a place called Wessaguscus, where, by accident, they found him. The inhabitants there were in good hope ¹⁰ of the subversion of the plantation at Mare Mount, (which they principally aymed at;) and the rather because mine host was a man that indeavoured to aduance the dignity of the Church of England; which they, (on the contrary part,) would laboure to vilifie with uncivile termes; enveying against the sacred booke of common prayer, and mine host that used it in a laud-²⁰ able manner amongst his family, as a practise of piety.

There hee would be a meanes to bring sacks to their mill, (such is the thirst after beaver,) and helped the conspiratores to surprise mine host, (who was there all alone;) and they charged him, (because they would seeme to have some reasonable cause against him to sett a glosse upon their³⁰ mallice,) with criminall things; which indeede had beene done by such a person, but was of their conspiracy; mine host demaunded of the conspirators who it was that was author of that information, that seemed to be their ground for what they now intended. And because they answered they would not tell him, hee as peremptorily replied that hee would not say whether⁴⁰ he had or had not done as they had bin informed.

The answere made no matter, (as it seemed,) whether it had bin negatively or affirmatively made; for they had resolved that hee should suffer, because, (as they boasted,) they were now become the greater number. They had shaken off their shackles of servitude; and were become masters, and master-⁵⁰ les people.

It appears they were like beare's whelpes in former time, when mine host's plantation was of as much

strength as theirs; but now, (theirs being stronger,) they, (like overgrowne beares,) seemed monstereous. In breife, mine host must indure to be their prisoner untill they could contrive it so that they might send him for England, (as they said,) there to suffer according to the meritt of the fact which they intended to father upon him; supposing it would proove a hainous crime.

Much rejoycing was made that they had gotten their capitall enemy, (as they concluded him;) whome they purposed to hamper in such sort that hee should not be able to uphold his plantation at Ma-re Mount.

The conspirators sported themselves at my honest host, that meant them no hurt, and were so joccund that they²⁰ feasted their bodies, and fell to tippling as if they had obtained a great prize; like the Trojans when they had the custody of Hippeus' pinetree horse.

Mine host fained greefe, and could not be perswaded either to eate or drinke; because hee knew emptines would be a meanes to make him as watchfull as the geese kept in the Roman Cappitall; where on the contrary³⁰ part, the conspirators would be so drowsy that hee might have an opportunity to give them a slip, instead of a tester.

Six persons of the conspiracy were set to watch him at Wessaguscus. But hee kept waking; and in the dead of night, (one lying on the bed for further surety,) up gets mine Host and got to the second dore that hee was to passe; which, notwithstanding the lock, hee⁴⁰ got open, and shut it after him with such violence that it affrighted some of the conspirators.

The word, which was given with an alarme, was, O, he's gon, he's gon, what shall wee doe, he's gon! The rest, (halfe a sleepe,) start up in a maze, and, like rames, ran their heads one at another full butt in the darke.

Theire grande leader, Capitaine Shrimp,¹ tooke on most furiously and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest, and their bird gone.

¹ Miles Standish

The rest were eager to have torne their haire from their heads; but it was so short that it would give them no hold. Now Captaine Shrimp thought in the losse of this prize, (which hee accounted his master peece,) all his honor would be lost for ever.

In the meane time mine host was got home to Ma-re Mount through the woods, eight miles round about the head of the river Monatoquit that parted the two plantations, finding his way by the helpe of the lightening, (for it thundred as hee went, terribly;) and there hee prepared powther, three pounds dried, for his present imployment, and foure good gunnes for him and the two assistants left at his howse, with bullets of severall sizes, three hundred or thereabouts, to be used if the conspirators should pursue him thether. And these two persons promised their aides in the quarrell, and confirmed that promise with health in good *rosa solis*.

Now Captaine Shrimp, the first Captaine in the land, (as hee supposed,) must doe some new act to repaire this losse; and, to vindicate his reputation, who had sustained blemish by this oversight, begins now to study how to repaire or survive his honor. In this manner, callinge of councell, they conclude.

Hee takes eight persons more to him, and, (like the nine Worthies of New Canaan,) they imbarque with preparation against Ma-re Mount, where this monster of a man, as their phrase was, had his denne; the whole number, had the rest not bin from home, being but seaven, would have given Captaine Shrimpe, (a quondam drummer,) such a wellcome as would have made him wish for a drume as bigg as Diogenes' tubb, that hee might have crept into it out of sight.

Now the nine worthies are approached, and mine host prepared: having intelligence by a salvage, that hastened in love from Wessaguscus to give him notice of their intent.

One of mine host's men proved a craven; the other had proved his wits

to purchase a little valoure before mine host had observed his posture.

The nine worthies comming before the denne of this supposed monster, (this seaven headed hydra, as they termed him,) and began, like Don Quixote against the windmill, to beate a parly, and to offer quarter, if mine host would yeald; for they resolved to send him for England; and bad him lay by his armes.

But hee (who was the son of a souldier,) having taken up armes in his just defence, replied that hee would not lay by those armes, because they were so needful at sea, if hee should be sent over. Yet, to save the effusion of so much worthy blood, as would have issued out of the waynes of these 9 worthies of New Canaan, if mine host should have played upon them out at his port holes, (for they came within danger like a flock of wild geese, as if they had bin tayled one to another, as coult to be sold at a faier,) mine host was content to yeelde upon quarter, and did capitulate with them in what manner it should be for more certainty, because hee knew what Captaine Shrimpe was.

Hee expressed that no violence should be offered to his person, none to his goods, nor any of his household: but that hee should have his armes, and what else was requisit for the voyage; which, their herald retornes, it was agreed upon, and should be performed.

But mine host no sooner had set open the dore, and issued out, but instantly Captaine Shrimpe and the rest of the worthies stepped to him, layd hold of his armes, and had him downe. And so eagerly was every man bent against him, (not regarding any agreement made with such a carnall man,) that they fell upon him as if they would have eaten him. Some of them were so violent that they would have a slice with a scabbert, and all for haste. Untill an old souldier, (of the Queenes, as the Proverbe is,) that was there by accident, clapt his gunne under the weapons, and sharply rebuked these worthies for their unworthy practises.

So the matter was taken into more deliberate consideration.

Captaine Shrimpe, and the rest of the nine worthies, made themselves, (by this outrageous riot,) masters of mine host of Ma-re Mount, and disposed of what hee had at his plantation.

This they knew, (in the eye of the salvages,) would add to their glory, and diminish the reputation of mine honest host; whome they practised to be ridd of upon any termes, as willingly as if hee had bin the very hidra of the time.

THE "BAY PSALM BOOK"

PSALME I

O Blessed man, that in th' advice
of wicked doeth not walk;
Nor stand in sinner's way, nor sit
in chayre of scornful folk;
But in the law of Jehovah, 5
is his longing delight:
And in his law doth meditate,
by day and eke by night.

And he shall be like to a tree
planted by water-rivers: 10
That in his season yeilds his fruit,
And his leafe never withers.
And all he doth, shall prosper well;
the wicked are not so;
But they are like unto the chaffe 15
which winde drives to and fro.
Therefore shall not ungodly men,
rise to stand in the doome,
Nor shall the sinners with the just, 20
in their assemblie come.

PSALME 19

The heavens doe declare
the majesty of God;
Also the firmament shows forth
his handy-work abroad.
Day speaks to day; knowledge 5
night hath to night declar'd.
There neither speech nor language is
where their voyce is not heard.

Through all the earth their line
is gone forth, and unto 10
The utmost end of all the world
their speeches reach also.
A Tabernacle hee
in them pitcht for the Sun,
Who Bridegroom-like from 's cham- 15
ber goes
glad Giant's-race to run.
From heavens utmost end
his course and compassing;
To ends of it, and from the heat 20
thereof is hid nothing.

PSALME 23

The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
Hee in the folds of tender-grasse
doth cause mee downe to lie.
To waters calme me gently leads, 5
restore my soule doth hee;
He doth in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake leade mee.
Yea, though in valley of death's shade
I walk, none ill I 'le feare; 10
Because thou art with mee, thy rod
and staffe my comfort are.
For mee a table thou hast spread
in presence of my foes;
Thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flowses. 16
Goodnes and mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee;
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee. 20

PSALME 93

The Lord reigns, cloth'd with majesty:
God cloath'd with strength doth
gird
Himselfe: the world so stablisht is 5
that it cannot be stir'd.
Thy throne is stablished of old;
from aye thou art. Their voyce
The fouds lift up, Lord, fouds lift up,
the fouds lift up their noyse.
The Lord on high then ¹ waters noyse 10
more strong, then waves of sea.
Thy words most sure: Lord, holines
becomes thine house for aye.

¹ than

PSALME 100

Make yee a joyfull noyse unto
 Jehovah, all the earth;
 Serve ye Jehovah with gladnes,
 before him come with mirth.
 Know that Jehovah he is God; 5
 not wee our selves, but hee
 Hath made us; his people and sheep
 of his pasture are wee.
 O enter yee into his gates
 with prayse, and thankfulness 10
 Into his Courts: confesse to him,
 and his Name doe yee blesse.
 Because Jehovah he is good,
 his bounteous-mercy
 Is everlasting; and his truth 15
 is to eternity.

PSALME 121

I to the hills lift up mine eyes,
 from whence shall come mine aid;
 Mine help doth from Jehovah come,
 which Heav'n and earth hath made.
 Hee will not let thy foot be mov'd, 5
 nor slumber, that thee keeps;
 Loe, hee that keepeth Israell,
 hee slumbreth not, nor sleeps.
 The Lord thy keeper is, the Lord
 on thy right hand the shade; 10
 The sun by day, nor Moone by night,
 shall thee by stroke invade.
 The Lord will keep thee from all ill;
 thy soule hee keeps alway;
 Thy going out, and thy income, 15
 the Lord keeps now and aye.

ROGER WILLIAMS (1604-1683)

THE BLOODY TENENT¹ OF
PERSECUTION

From THE PREFACE

First, That the blood of so many hundred thousand souls of Protestants and Papists, spilt in the wars of present and former ages, for their respective consciences, is not required nor accepted by Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace.

Secondly, Pregnant scriptures and

¹ doctrine

arguments are throughout the worke proposed against the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience.

Thirdly, satisfactorie answers are given to scriptures, and objections produced by Mr. Calvin, Beza, Mr. Cotton, and the ministers of the New English churches, and others former and later, tending to prove the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience.

Fourthly, The doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience, is proved guilty of all the blood of the soules crying for vengeance under the altar.

Fifthly, All civill states with their officers of justice in their respective constitutions and administrations are proved essentially civill, and therefore not judges, governours or defendours of the spirituall or Christian state and worship.

Sixtly, It is the will and command of God, that (since the comming of his sonne, the Lord Jesus) a permission of the most paganish, Jewish, Turkish or antichristian consciences and worships, bee granted to all men in all nations and countries: and they are onely to bee fought against with that sword which is only (in soule matters) able to conquer, to wit, the sword of God's Spirit, the Word of God.

THE ANSWER OF MR. JOHN COTTON OF BOSTON IN NEW-ENGLAND, TO THE AFORESAID ARGUMENTS AGAINST PERSECUTION FOR CAUSE OF CONSCIENCE PROFESSEDLY MAINTAINING PERSECUTION FOR CAUSE OF CONSCIENCE

The question which you put, is, whether persecution for cause of conscience, be not against the doctrine of Jesus Christ the King of Kings.

Now by persecution for cause of conscience, I conceive you meane, either for professing some point of doctrine which you believe in conscience to be the truth, or for practising some worke which in conscience you believe to be a religious duty.

Now in points of doctrine some are fundamentall, without right believe

whereof a man cannot be saved; others are circumstantiall or lesse principall, wherein men may differ in judgement, without prejudice of salvation on either part.

In like sort, in points of practice, some concerne the waigtier duties of the law, as, what God we worship, and with what kinde of worship; whether such as, if it be right, fellowship with God is held; if corrupt, fellowship with Him is lost.

Againe, in points of doctrine and worship lesse principall: either they are held forth in a meeke and peaceable way, though the things be erroneous or unlawfull; or they are held forth with such arrogance and impetuoussnesse as tendeth and reacheth (even of it selfe) to the disturbance of civill peace.

Finally, let me adde this one distinction more: when we are persecuted for conscience sake, it is either for conscience rightly informed, or for erroneous and blind conscience.

These things premised, I would lay down mine answer to the question in certaine conclusions.

First, it is not lawfull to persecute any for conscience sake rightly informed; for in persecuting such, Christ himselfe is persecuted in them, Acts 9.4.

Secondly, for an erroneous and blind conscience, (even in fundamentall and weighty points) it is not lawfull to persecute any, till after admonition once or twice; and so the Apostle directeth, Tit. 3.10. and giveth the reason, that in fundamentall and principall points of doctrine or worship, the Word of God in such things is so cleare, that hee cannot but bee convinced in conscience of the dangerous error of his way, after once or twice admonition, wisely and faithfully dispensed. And then if any one persist, it is not out of conscience, but against his conscience, as the apostle saith, verse 11. He is subverted and sinneth, being condemned of himselfe; that is, of his owne conscience. So that if such a man after such admonition shall still persist

in the error of his way, and be therefore punished, he is not persecuted for cause of conscience, but for sinning against his owne conscience.

Thirdly, in things of lesser moment, whether points of doctrine or worship, if a man hold them forth in a spirit of Christian meeknesse and love (though with zeale and constancie) he is not to be persecuted, but tolerated, till God may be pleased to manifest his truth to him. Phil. 3. 17. Rom. 14. 1, 2, 3, 4.

But if a man hold forth or professe any error or false way, with a boisterous and arrogant spirit, to the disturbance of civill peace, he may justly be punished according to the qualitie and measure of the disturbance caused by him.

A REPLY TO THE AFORESAID ANSWER OF MR. COTTON IN A CONFERENCE BETWEENE TRUTH AND PEACE

CHAP. I

Truth. In what darke corner of the world (sweet Peace) are we two met? How hath this present evill world banished me from all the coasts and quarters of it? and how hath the righteous God in judgement taken thee from the earth? Rev. 6. 4.

Peace. 'Tis lamentably true (blessed Truth) the foundations of the world have long been out of course; the gates of earth and hell have conspired together to intercept our joyfull meeting and our holy kisses; with what a wearied, tyred wing have I flowne over nations, kingdomes, cities, townes, to finde out precious truth!

Truth. The like enquiries in my flights and travells have I made for peace, and still am told, she hath left the earth, and fled to heaven.

Peace. Deare Truth, what is the earth but a dungeon of darknesse, where Truth is not?

Truth. And what's the peace thereof but a fleeting dreame, thine ape and counterfeit?

Peace. O where's the promise of the

God of Heaven, that righteousnes and peace shall kisse each other?

Truth. Patience (sweet Peace); these heavens and earth are growing old, and shall be changed like a garment. Psal. 102. They shall melt away, and be burnt up with all the works that are therein; and the most high Eternall Creatour shall gloriously create new heavens and new earth, wherein dwells righteousness. 2. Pet. 3. Our kisses then shall have their endlesse date of pure and sweetest joyes. Till then both thou and I must hope, and wait, and beare the furie of the dragon's wrath, whose monstrous lies and furies shall with himselfe be cast into the lake of fire, the second death. Revel. 20.

Peace. Most precious Truth, thou knowest we are both pursued and laid for; mine heart is full of sighes, mine eyes with teares. Where can I better vent my full oppressed bosome, then into thine, whose faithfull lips may for these few houers revive my drooping wandering spirits, and here begin to wipe teares from mine eyes, and the eyes of my dearest children?

Truth. Sweet daughter of the God of peace, begin; powre out thy sorrowes, vent thy complaints. How joyfull am I to improve these precious minutes to revive our hearts, both thine and mine, and the hearts of all that love the truth and peace. Zach. 8.

Peace. Deare Truth, I know thy birth, thy nature, thy delight. They that know thee, will prize thee farre above themselves and lives, and sell themselves to buy thee. Well spake that famous Elizabeth to her famous attorney Sir Edward Coke: Mr. Attourney, goe on as thou hast begun, and still plead, not pro Domina Regina, but pro Domina Veritate.

Truth. 'Tis true, my crowne is high, my scepter's strong to breake down strongest holds, to throw down highest crownes of all that plead (though but in thought) against me. Some few there are, but oh how few are valiant for the Truth, and dare to plead my cause, as my witnesses in sack-cloth.

Revel. 11. While all men's tongues are bent like bowes to shoot out lying words against me!

Peace. O how could I spend eternall dayes and endlesse dates at thy holy feet, in listning to the precious oracles of thy mouth! All the words of thy mouth are truth, and there is no iniquity in them; thy lips drop as the hony-combe. But oh! since we must part anon, let us (as thou saidst) improve our minutes, and (according as thou promisedst) revive me with thy words, which are sweeter then the honey, and the honey-combe.

CHAP. II

Deare Truth, I have two sad complaints:

First, The most sober of thy witnessnes, that dare to plead thy cause, how are they charged to be mine enemies, contentious, turbulent, seditious.

Secondly, Thine enemies, though they speake and raile against thee, though they outrageously pursue, imprison, banish, kill thy faithfull witnesses, yet how is all vermillion'd o're for justice 'gainst the hereticks! Yea, if they kindle coales, and blow the flames of devouring warres, that leave neither spirituall nor civill state, but burn up branch and root, yet how doe all pretend an holy war? He that kills, and hee that's killed, they both cry out, it is for God, and for their conscience.

'Tis true, nor one nor other seldome dare to plead the mighty Prince Christ Jesus for their authour, yet both (both protestant and papist) pretend they have spoke with Moses and the prophets, who all, say they (before Christ came) allowed such holy persecutions, holy warres against the enemies of holy Church. . . .

Truth. Mine eares have long beene filled with a threefold dolefull outcry.

First, of one hundred forty foure thousand virgins (Rev. 14) forc'd and ravisht by emperours, kings, and governours to their beds of worship and religion, set up (like Absaloms) on high in their severall states and countries.

Secondly, the cry of those precious soules under the altar (Rev. 6.), the soules of such as have beene persecuted and slaine for the testimony and witness of Jesus, whose blood hath beene spilt like water upon the earth, and that because they have held fast the truth and witness of Jesus, against the worship of the states and times, compelling to an uniformity of state religion.

These cries of murdered virgins who can sit still and heare? Who can but run with zeale inflamed to prevent the deflowring of chaste soules, and spilling of the blood of the innocent? Humanity stirs up and prompts the sonnes of men to draw materiall swords for a virgin's chastity and life, against a ravishing murdurer! And piety and Christianity must needs awaken the sons of God to draw the spirituall sword (the word of God) to preserve the chastity and life of spirituall virgins, who abhorre the spiritual defilements of false worship. Rev. 14.

Thirdly, the cry of the whole earth, made drunke with the blood of its inhabitants, slaughtering each other in their blinded zeale, for conscience, for religion, against the Catholickes, against the Lutherans, etc.

What fearfull cries within these twenty years of hundred thousands men, women, children, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brethren, sisters, old and young, high and low, plundred, ravished, slaughtered, murdered, famished! And hence these cries, that men fling away the spirituall sword and spirituall artillery (in spirituall and religious causes) and rather trust for the suppressing of each other's God, conscience, and religion (as they suppose) to an arme of flesh, and sword of steele?

Truth. Sweet Peace, what hast thou there?

Peace. Arguments against persecution for cause of conscience.

Truth. And what there?

Peace. An answer to such arguments, contrarily maintaining such persecution for cause of conscience.

Truth. These arguments against

such persecution, and the answer pleading for it, written (as Love hopes) from godly intentions, hearts, and hands, yet in a marvellous different stile and manner. The arguments against persecution in milke, the answer for it (as I may say) in blood.

The authour of these arguments (against persecution) (as I have beene informed) being committed by some then in power, close prisoner to Newgate for the witness of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of pen and inke, wrote these arguments in milke, on sheets of paper, brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stopples of his milk bottle.

In such paper written with milk nothing will appeare, but the way of reading it by fire being knowne to this friend who received the papers, he transcribed and kept together the papers, although the author himselfe could not correct, nor view what himselfe had written.

It was in milke, tending to soule nourishment, even for babes and sucklings in Christ.

It was in milke, spiritually white, pure and innocent, like those white horses of the word of truth and meeknesse, and the white linnen or armour of righteousness, in the army of Jesus. Rev. 6 & 19.

It was in milke, soft, meeke, peaceable and gentle, tending both to the peace of soules, and the peace of states and kingdomes.

Peace. The answer (though I hope out of milkie pure intentions) is returned in blood; bloody & slaughterous conclusions; bloody to the souls of all men, forc'd to the religion and worship which every civil state or commonweale agrees on, and compells all subjects to in a dissembled uniformitie.

Bloody to the bodies, first of the holy witnesses of Christ Jesus, who testifie against such invented worship.

Secondly, of the nations and peoples slaughtering each other for their severall respective religions and consciences.

CHAP. III

Truth. In the answer Mr. Cotton first layes downe severall distinctions and conclusions of his owne, tending to prove persecution.

Secondly, answers to the Scriptures, and arguments proposed against persecution.

Peace. The first distinction is this: By persecution for cause of conscience,¹⁰ "I conceive you meane either for professing some point of doctrine which you beleve in conscience to be the truth, or for practising some worke which you beleve in conscience to be a religious dutie."

Truth. I acknowledge that to molest any person, Jew or Gentile, for either professing doctrine, or practising worship meerly religious or spirituall,²⁰ it is to persecute him, and such a person (what ever his doctrine or practice be, true or false) suffereth persecution for conscience.

But withall I desire it may bee well observed, that this distinction is not full and complete: For beside this that a man may be persecuted because he holdeth or practiseth what he beleeves in conscience to be a truth, (as Daniel³⁰ did, for which he was cast into the lyon's den, Dan. 6.) and many thousands of Christians, because they durst not cease to preach and practise what they beleved was by God commanded, as the Apostles answered (Acts 4 & 5.) I say besides this a man may also be persecuted, because hee dares not be constrained to yeeld obedience to such doctrines and worships as are by men⁴⁰ invented and appointed. So the three famous Jewes were cast into the fiery furnace for refusing to fall downe (in a nonconformity to the whole conforming world) before the golden image (Dan. 3. 21.) So thousands of Christ's witnesses (and of late in those bloudy Marian dayes) have rather chose to yeeld their bodies to all sorts of torments, then to subscribe to doctrines,⁵⁰ or practise worships, unto which the states and times (as Nebuchadnezzar to his golden image) have compelled and urged them.

NATHANIEL WARD (1578-1652)

From THE SIMPLE COBLER OF AGGAWAM

[CONCERNING RELIGIOUS TOLERATION]

Either I am in an appoplexie, or that man is in a lethargie, who doth not now sensibly feele God shaking the heavens over his head, and the earth under his feet; the Heavens so, as the sun begins to turne into darknesse, the moon into blood, the starres to fall down to the ground; so that little light of comfort or counsell is left to the sonnes of men; the earth so, as the foundations are failing, the righteous scarce know where to finde rest; the inhabitants stagger like drunken men: it is in a manner dissolved both in religions and relations. And no marvell; for they have defiled it by transgressing the lawes, changing the ordinances, and breaking the everlasting covenant. The truths of God are the pillars of the world, whereon States and Churches may stand quiet if they will; if they will not, Hee can easily shake them off into delusions, and distractions enough.

Sathan is now in his passions, he feeles his passion approaching; hee loves to fish in royled waters. Though that dragon cannot sting the vitals of the elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can fly-blow their intellectuals miserably. The finer religion grows, the finer hee spins his cobwebs; hee will hold pace with Christ so long as his wits will serve him. Hee sees himselfe beaten out of grosse idolatries, heresies, ceremonies, where the light breakes forth with power; he will therefore bestirre him to prevaricate evangelicall truths, and ordinances, that if they will needs be walking, yet they shall *laborare varicibus*,¹ and not keep their path; he will put them out of time and place; assascinating for his engineers, men of Paracelsian parts, well complexioned for honesty; for such are fittest to mountebanke his chimistrie into sick churches and weake judgements.

¹ walk hesitatingly

Nor shall hee neede to stretch his strength overmuch in this worke. Too many men having not laid their foundations sure, nor ballasted their spirits deepe with humility and feare, are prest¹ enough of themselves to evaporate their owne apprehensions. Those that are acquainted with story² know it hath ever been so in new editions of churches. Such as are least able, are¹⁰ most busie to pudder in the rubbish, and to raise dust in the eyes of more steady repayers. Civill commotions make roome for uncivill practises; religious mutations, for irreligious opinions; change of aire discovers corrupt bodies; reformation of religion, unsound mindes. Hee that hath any well-faced phansy in his crowne, and doth not vent it now, fears the pride of his²⁰ owne heart will dub him dunce for ever. Such a one will trouble the whole Israel of God with his most untimely births, though he makes the bones of his vanity sticke up, to the view and grieve of all that are godly wise. The devill desires no better sport then to see light heads handle their heels, and fetch their carrees in a time when the roofe of liberty stands open.

The next perplexed question, with pious and ponderous men, will be, what should bee done for the healing of these comfortlesse exulcerations? I am the unablest adviser of a thousand, the unworthiest of ten thousand; yet I hope I may presume to assert what follows, without just offence.

First, such as have given or taken any unfriendly reports of us New-Eng-⁴⁰lish, should doe well to recollect themselves. Wee have beene reputed a colluvies³ of wild opinionists, swarmed into a remote wildernes to find elbow-roome for our phanaticke doctrines and practices. I trust our diligence past, and constant sedulity against such persons and courses, will plead better things for us. I dare take upon me, to bee the herauld of New-England so⁵⁰ farre as to proclaime to the world, in the name of our colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and

other Enthusiasts, shall have free liberty to keep away from us; and such as will come to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the beter.

Secondly, I dare averre that God doth no where in his word tolerate Christian States to give tolerations to such adversaries of his truth, if they have power in their hands to suppress¹⁰ them.

Here is lately brought us an extract of a Magna Charta, so called, compiled between the sub-planters of a West-Indian Island; whereof the first article of constipulation firmly provides free stable-room and litter for all kinde of consciences, be they never so dirty or jadish; making it actionable, yea, treasonable, to disturbe any man in his religion, or to discommend it, whatever it be. Wee are very sorry to see such professed prophanenesse in English professors,⁴ as industriously to lay their religious foundations on the ruine of true religion; which strictly binds every conscience to contend earnestly for the truth; to preserve unity of spirit, faith and ordinances; to be all like-minded, of one accord; every man³⁰ to take his brother into his Christian care; to stand fast with one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel; and by no meanes to permit heresies or erroneious opinions. But God abhorring such loathsome beverages, hath in his righteous judgement blasted that enterprize, which might otherwise have prospered well, for ought I know; I presume their case⁴⁰ is generally knowne ere this.

If the devill might have his free option, I beleeeve he would ask nothing else but liberty to enfranchise all false religions, and to embondage the true. Nor should hee need: it is much to be feared, that laxe tolerations upon state-pretences and planting necessities, will be the next subtle stratagem he will spread to distate⁵ the truth of God and supplant the peace of the churches. Tolerations in things tolerable, exquisitely drawn out by the lines of the Scripture and pensill⁶ of the Spirit,

¹ ready² history³ collection⁴ Christians⁵ state wrongly⁶ pencil

are the sacred favours of truth, the due latitudes of love, the faire compartments of Christian fraternity. But irregular dispensations, dealt forth by the facilities of men, are the frontiers of error, the redoubts of schisme, the perillous irritants¹ of carnall and spirituall enmity.

My heart hath naturally detested foure things: the standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible; forrainers dwelling in my countrey, to crowd out native subjects into the corners of the earth; alchymized coines; tolerations of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes. He that willingly assents to the last, if he examines his heart by day-light, his conscience will tell him he is either an atheist, or an heretique, or an hypocrite, or at best a captive to some lust. Poly-piety is the greatest impiety in the world. True religion is *Ignis probationis*, which doth *congregare homogenea et segregare heterogenea*.

Not to tolerate things meerly indifferent to weak consciences, argues a conscience too strong; pressed uniformity in these, causes much disunity. To tolerate more than indifferents,² is not to deale indifferently with God; he that doth it, takes his scepter out of his hand, and bids him stand by. Who hath to doe to institute religion but God? The power of all religion and ordinances lies in their purity. Their purity in their simplicity; then are mixtures pernicious. I lived in a city, where a Papist preached in one church, a Lutheran in another, a Calvinist in a third; a Lutheran one part of the day, a Calvinist the other, in the same pulpit. The religion of that place was but motly and meagre, their affections leopard-like.

If the whole creature should conspire to doe the Creator a mischief, or offer him an insolency, it would be in nothing more than in erecting untruths against his truth, or by sophisticating his truths with humane medleyes. The removing of some one iota in Scripture may draw out all the life, and traverse

all the truth of the whole Bible; but to authorise an untruth by a toleration of state, is to build a sence³ against the walls of heaven, to batter God out of his chaire. To tell a practicall lye, is a great sin, but yet transient; but to set up a Theoricall untruth, is to warrant every lye that lyes from its root to the top of every branch it hath, which are not a few. . . .

Concerning Tolerations I may further assert:

That persecution of true religion, and toleration of false, are the Jannes and Jambres to the Kingdome of Christ, whereof the last is farre the worst. Augustine's tongue had not owed his mouth one penny-rent though it had never spake word more in it but this: *Nullum malum pejus libertate errandi*.

Frederick Duke of Saxon spake not one foote beyond the mark when he said he had rather the earth should swallow him up quick,⁴ then he should give a toleration to any opinion against any truth of God.

He that is willing to tolerate any religion, or discrepant way of religion, besides his own, unlesse it be in matters meerly indifferent, either doubts of his own, or is not sincere in it.

He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may also be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang God's Bible at the Devil's girdle.

Every toleration of false religions or opinions hath as many errors and sins in it, as all the false religions and opinions it tolerates, and one sound one more.

That State that will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion, must give liberty of conscience and conversation in their morall laws, or else the fiddle will be out of tune, and some of the strings cracke.

[ON FASHIONS]

Should I not keep promise in speaking a little to women's fashions, they would take it unkindly. I was loath

¹ irritants

² unimportant things

³ fortress

⁴ alive

to pester better matter with such stuffe; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quæ genus* in the grammer, being deficient, or redundants, not to be brought under any rule. I shall therefore make bold for this once to borrow a little of their loose tongued liberty, and mispend a word or two upon their long-wasted, but short-skirted patience; a little use of my stirrup will doe no harme.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet?

Gray gravity it selfe can well beteame,
That language be adopted to the theme.
Hee that to parrots speaks, must parrotise;
He that instructs a foole, may act th' unwise.

It is known more then enough, that I am neither nigard, nor cinick,¹ to the due bravery of the true gentry; if any man mislikes a bully mong drossock² more then I, let him take her for all mee. I honour the woman that can honour her self with her attire; a good text³ alwayes deserves a fair margin.⁴ I am not much offended if I see a trimme far trimmer than she that wears it. In a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure. But when I heare a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dresse the Queen is in this week, what the nudiustertian⁵ fashion of the Court, I meane the very newest; with egge to be in it in all hast, what ever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if shee were of a kickable substance, than either honoured or humoured.

To speak moderately, I truly confesse it is beyond the kin of my understanding to conceive how those women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant⁶ Egyptian hyeroglyphicks, or at the best

into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorne with her heeles. It is no marvell they weare drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few squirrills' braines, to help them frisk from one ill-favor'd fashion to another.

These whimm-crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
Are empty thin brain'd shells and fidling kits,

the very troublers and impovirishers of mankind. I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a lady living sometime with the queen of Bohemiah, I know not where she found it, but it is pitty it should be lost:

The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble.

The verses are even enough for such odde pegma's.⁶ I can make my selfe sick at any time, with comparing the dazeling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the gut-foundred goosdom, wherewith they are now surcingle and debauched. We have about five or six of them in our colony; if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phansie of them for a moneth after. I have been a solitary widdower almost twelve years, purposed lately to make a step over to my native country for a yoke-fellow; but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed⁷ themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes and the sea should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly,⁸ me thinkes it should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many goodly Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and no body relieves them.

¹ cynic

² untidy women

³ printed page

⁴ margin

⁵ present

⁶ inscriptions

⁷ "tripe-wigged;" i.e., made ridiculous

⁸ seriously

It is a more common then convenient saying, that nine taylers make a man. It were well if nineteene could make a woman to her mind. If taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like apes, by such mymick marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futilous women's phansies; which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblits of perquisquilian toyes. I am so charitable to think that most of that mistery¹ would worke the cheerfuller while they live, if they might be well discharged of the tiring slavery of mis-tyring women. It is no labour to be continually putting up English-women into out-landish²⁰ caskes; who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few moneths, grow too sowre for their husbands. What this trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of taylors' consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when

The joyning of the red rose with the white,
Did set our state into a damask plight.

But now our roses are turned to flore de lices, our carnations to tulips, our gilliflowers to pansies, our city-dames, to an indenominable quæmalry of overtureas'd things. Hee that makes coates for the moone, had need take measure every noone; and he that makes for women, every moone, to keepe them from lunacy.

I have often heard divers ladies vent⁴⁰ loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargable changes of fashions. I marvell themselves preferre not a bill of redresse. I would Essex ladies would lead the chore, for the honour of their county and persons; or rather the thrice honourable ladies of the court, whom it best beseems; who may wel presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober King, a *Les*⁵⁰ *Seigneurs ont assentus* from our prudent Peers, and the like *Assentus*, from our considerate, I dare not say wife-

worne Commons, who I beleewe had much rather passe one such bill, than pay so many taylors' bills as they are forced to doe.

Most deare and unparallel'd ladies, be pleased to attempt it. As you have the precellency² of the women of the world for beauty and feature, so assume the honour to give, and not take¹⁰ law from any, in matter of attire. If ye can transact so faire a motion among your selves unanimously, I dare say they that most renite,³ will least repent. What greater honour can your honors desire, then to build a promontory president to all foraigne ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English gentry present and to come, and to confute the opinion of²⁰ all the wise men in the world, who never thought it possible for women to doe so good a work?

If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously he is much mistaken. I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more then I ought. I confesse I veer'd my tongue to this kinde of language *de industria* though unwillingly,³⁰ supposing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rationall arguments.

I desire all ladies and gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as through necessary modesty to avoyd morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, shewing by their moderation that they rather draw contentment⁴⁰ with their hearts then put on by their examples.

I point my pen only against the light-heel'd beagles that lead that chase so fast, that they run all civility out of breath; against these ape-headed pullets, which invent antique foolefangles, meerly for fashion and novelty sake.

In a word, if I begin once to de-claime against fashions, let men and women look well about them, there is somewhat in the businesse; I confesse to the world, I never had grace enough

¹ trade

² pre-eminence

³ resist

to be strict in that kinde; and of late years, I have found syrrope of pride very wholesome in a due dose, which makes mee keep such store of that drugge by me, that if any body comes to me for a question-full or two about fashions, they never complain of me for giving them hard measure, or under-weight.

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672)

THE PROLOGUE

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
Of cities founded, common-wealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superiour things,
Or how they all or each their dates have run. 4
Let poets and historians set these forth;
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugar'd lines do but read o're,
Fool, I do grudg the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store; 10
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
But simple I, according to my skill.

From school-boye's tongue no rhet'rick we expect,
Nor yet a sweet consort ¹ from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect: 15
My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings;
And this to mend, alas, no art is able,
'Cause nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongu'd Greek ²
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain; 20

¹ agreement

² Demosthenes

By art he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his striving pain.
Art can do much; but this maxime's most sure:
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue 25
Who says my hand a needle better fits;
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits.
If what I do prove well, it won't advance;
They'll say it's stoln, or else it was by chance. 30

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our sexe why feigned they those Nine,
And poesy made Calliope's own child?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the arts divine.
But this weak knot they will full soon untie: 35
The Greeks did nought but play the fools and lye.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are;
Men have precedency and still excell.
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;
Men can do best, and women know it well. 40
Preheminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes 45
Give thyme or parsley wreath, I ask no bayes:
This mean and unrefined ore of mine,
Will make your glistring gold but more to shine.

From THE FOUR SEASONS OF
THE YEAR

SPRING

Another four I've left yet to bring
on,
Of four times four the last quater-
nion;
The Winter, Summer, Autumn, and the
Spring;
In season all these seasons I shall
bring.
Sweet spring, like man in his minority,
At present claim'd and had priority. 6
With smiling face and garments some-
what green,
She trim'd her locks which late had
frosted been;
Nor hot nor cold she spake, but with a
breath
Fit to revive the nummed earth from
death. 10
"Three months," quoth she, "are
'lotted to my share,
March, April, May, of all the rest most
fair.
Tenth of the first, Sol into Aries
enters,
And bids defiance to all tedious winters;
Crosseth the line and equals night and
day, 15
Stil adds to th' last til after pleasant
May,
And now makes glad the darkned
northern wights
Who for some months have seen but
starry lights.
Now goes the plow-man to his merry
toyle;
He might unloose his winter-locked
soyl; 20
The seeds-man too doth lavish out his
grain,
In hope the more he casts the more to
gain.
The gardner now superfluos branches
lops,
And poles erects for his young clam-
bring hops;
Now digs, then sowes his herbs, his
flowers, and roots, 25
And carefully manures his trees of
fruits.

The Pleiades their influence now give,
And all that seem'd as dead, afresh
doth live.
The croaking frogs, whom nipping win-
ter kil'd,
Like birds now chirp and hop about the
field; 30
The nightingale, the black bird, and the
thrush
Now tune their layes on sprayes of
every bush;
The wanton frisking kid and soft-
flecc'd lambs
Do jump and play before their feeding
dams.
The tender tops of budding grass they
crop, 35
They joy in what they have, but more
in hope;
For though the frost hath lost his bind-
ing power,
Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy
shower
Doth darken Sol's bright eye, makes us
remember
The pinching north-west wind of cold
December. 40
"My second moneth is April, green
and fair,
Of longer dayes, and a more temperate
air;
The sun in Taurus keeps his resi-
dence,
And with his warmer beams glanceth
from thence.
This is the month whose fruitful showrs
produces 45
All set and sown for all delights and
uses:
The pear, the plum, and apple-tree now
flourish,
The grass grows long the hungry beast
to nourish;
The primrose pale and azure violet
Among the virduous grass hath nature
set, 50
That when the sun on's love, the earth,
doth shine,
These might as lace set out her gar-
ment fine.
The fearfull bird his little house now
builds
In trees and walls, in cities and in
fields;

The outside strong, the inside warm
and neat, 55
A natural artificer compleat.
The clocking hen her chirping chickens
leads;
With wings and beak defends them
from the gleads.
"My next and last is fruitfull pleas-
ant May,
Wherein the earth is clad in rich
aray; 60
The Sun now enters loving Gemini.
And heats us with the glances of his
eye;
Our thicker rayment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be torrif'd.¹
All flowers the sun now with his beams
discloses, 65
Except the double pinks and matchless
roses.
Now swarms the busy, witty, honey-
bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from
more than me.
The cleanly huswife's dary's now in th'
prime,
Her shelves and firkins fill'd for winter
time. 70
The meads with cowslips, honey-
suckles, dight;
One hangs his head, the other stands
upright,
But both rejoyce at th' heaven's clear
smiling face,
More at her showers, which water them
a space.
For fruits my season yields the early
cherry, 75
The hasty peas, and wholesome cool
strawberry.
More solid fruits require a longer
time;
Each season hath his fruit, so hath each
clime;
Each man his own peculiar excellence,
But none in all hath that prehemi-
nence." 80
Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short
pittance fly;
Let some describe thee better then can I.
Yet above all this priviledg is thine:
Thy dayes still lengthen, without least
decline.

¹ burned

CONTEMPLATIONS

Some time now past in the autumnal
tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to
bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of
pride,
Were gilded o're by his rich golden
head;
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted,
but was true 5
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew;
Rapt were my senses at this delectable
view.
I wist not what to wish; "Yet sure,"
thought I,
"If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He that dwells on high,
Whose power and beauty by his works
we know! 11
Sure He is goodness, wisdom, glory,
light,
That hath this under-world so richly
dight."
More Heaven then Earth was here, no
winter and no night.
Then on a stately oak I cast mine
eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to
aspire. 16
"How long since thou wast in thine in-
fancy?
Thy strength and stature, more thy
years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou
wast born,
Or thousand since thou brakest thy
shell of horn? 20
If so, all these as nought eternity doth
scorn."
Then higher on the glistering sun I
gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leafie
tree.
The more I look'd the more I grew
amaz'd,
And softly said: "What glory's like to
thee, 25
Soul of this world, this universe's
eye?"

No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, alas, the same
had I.

"Thou as a bridegroom from thy cham-
ber rushes,
And as a strong man joyes to run a
race; 30
The morn doth usher thee with smiles
and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy
face;
Birds, insects, animals, with vegative,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth
revive,
And in the darksome womb of fruitful
nature dive. 35

"Thy swift annual and diurnal course,
Thy daily streight and yearly oblique
path,
Thy pleasing fervor and thy scorching
force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledg
hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence
night; 40
Quaternal seasons caused by thy
might.
Hail, creature full of sweetness, beauty,
and delight!

"Art thou so full of glory that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rayes once
to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so
high 45
As to approach it can no earthly mould?
How full of glory, then, must thy Crea-
tor be
Who gave this bright light luster unto
thee;
Admir'd, ador'd for ever be that maj-
esty!"

Silent, alone, where none or saw or
heard, 50
In pathless paths I lead my wandring
feet,
My humble eyes to lofty skyes I
rear'd.
To sing some song my mazed muse
thought meet;
My great Creator I would magnifie, 54

That nature had thus decked liberally;
But ah, and ah again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second
part;
They kept one tune and plaid on the
same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art. 60
Shall creatures abject thus their voices
raise,
And in their kind resound their Maker's
praise,
Whilst I as mute can warble forth no
higher layes?

When present times look back to ages
past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to
last, 66
And calls back moneths and years that
long since fled;
It makes a man more aged in conceit
Then was Methuselah or's grand-sire
great,
While of their persons and their acts
his mind doth treat. 70

Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be;
Sees glorious Adam there made lord
of all;
Fancies the apple dangle on the tree,
That turn'd his sovereign to a naked
thral,
Who like a miscreant's driven from that
place, 75
To get his bread with pain and sweat
of face,
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding
race.

Here sits our grandame in retirèd place,
And in her lap her bloody Cain new
born;
The weeping imp oft looks her in the
face, 80
Bewails his unknown hap and fate for-
lorn.
His mother sighs to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss to be more
wise,
Believing him that was and is father
of lyes.

Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice; 85
 Fruits of the earth and fatlings each do bring;
 On Abel's gift the fire descends from skies,
 But no such sign on false Cain's offering.
 With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes;
 Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes, 90
 Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks;
 His brother comes, then acts his fratricide.
 The virgin earth of blood her first draught drinks,
 But since that time she often hath been cloy'd. 95
 The wretch, with gastly face and dreadful mind,
 Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
 Though none on earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancies not his looks now at the barr?
 His face like death, his heart with horror fraught. 100
 Nor malefactor ever felt like warr
 When deep despair with wish of life hath fought.
 Branded with guilt and crusht with treble woes,
 A vagabond to land of Nod he goes;
 A city builds, that wals might him secure from foes. 105

Who thinks not oft upon the fathers' ages?
 Their long descent; how nephews' sons they saw;
 The starry observations of those sages,
 And how their precepts to their sons were law;
 How Adam sigh'd to see his progeny 110
 Cloath'd all in his black sinfull livery,
 Who neither guilt nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our life compare we with their length of dayes;
 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
 And though thus short, we shorten many wayes, 115
 Living so little while we are alive,
 In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight;
 So unawares comes on perpetual night,
 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime, 120
 And then the earth, though old, stil clad in green,
 The stones and trees insensible of time,
 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
 If winter come and greeness then do fade,
 A spring returns and they more youthful made; 125
 But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid:

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
 Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd;
 No sooner born but grief and care makes fall,
 That state obliterate he had at first; 130
 Nor youth nor strength nor wisdom spring again,
 Nor habitations long their names retain,
 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I, then, praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
 Because their beauty and their strength last longer? 135
 Shall I wish there or never to have birth,
 Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger?
 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade, and dye,
 And when unmade so ever shall they lye;
 But man was made for endless immortality. 140

Under the cooling shadow of a stately
elm,

Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did
overwhelm;

A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so
well, 145

Now thought the rivers did the trees
excel;

And if the sun would ever shine, there
would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine
eye,

Which to the long'd-for ocean held its
course,

I markt nor crooks nor rubs that there
did lye 150

Could hinder ought, but still augment
its force.

"O happy flood," quoth I, "that holds
thy race

Till thou arrive at thy beloved place;
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can ob-
struct thy pace.

"Nor is't enough that thou alone may'st
slide, 155

But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves
do meet;

So hand in hand along with thee they
glide

To Thetis' house, where all imbrace
and greet.

Thou emblem true of what I count the
best,

O could I lead my rivolets to rest, 160
So may we press to that vast mansion
ever blest!

"Ye fish which in this liquid region
bide,

That for each season have your habita-
tion,

Now salt, now fresh, where you think
best to glide

To unknown coasts to give a visita-
tion, 165

In lakes and ponds you leave your
numerous fry;

So nature taught, and yet you know
not why,

You watry folk that know not your
felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the
air,

Then to the colder bottome streight
they dive; 170

Eftsoon to Neptun's glassie hall repair,
To see what trade they great ones there

do drive,
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green
field

And take the trembling prey before it
yield,

Whose armour is their scales, their
spreading fins their shield." 175

While musing thus, with contemplation
fed,

And thousand fancies buzzing in my
brain,

The sweet-tongu'd philomel perchd ore
my head,

And chanted forth a most melodious
strain;

Which rapt me so with wonder and
delight 180

I judg'd my hearing better then my
sight,

And wisht me wings, with her a while
to take my flight.

"O merry bird," said I, "that fears no
snares,

That neither toyles nor hoards up in
thy barn,

Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating
cares 185

To gain more good or shun what might
thee harm;

Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is
every where,

Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water
cleer;

Reminds not what is past, nor what's
to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou
dost prevent,"¹ 190

Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered
crew;

So each one tunes his pretty instrument
And, warbling out the old, begin anew;

And thus they pass their youth in sum-
mer season,

¹ usher in

Then follow thee into a better region, 195
Where winter's never felt by that sweet
airy legion."

Man at the best a creature frail and
vain,
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but
weak,
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness,
pain;
Each storm his state; his mind, his body
break; 200
From some of these he never finds
cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexa-
tion;
Troubles from foes, from friends, from
dearest, near'st relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and
vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and
sorrow, 205
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with
pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long dura-
tion,
Can make him deeply groan for that
divine translation. 210

The mariner that on smooth waves doth
glide
Sings merrily and steers his barque with
ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great master of the
seas;
But suddenly a storm spoiles all the
sport, 215
And makes him long for a more quiet
port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may
serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of
pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th'
sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour, and
of treasure, 220
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for
heav'n's bower.

But sad affliction comes and makes him
see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor
safety:
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal
things, 225
That draws oblivion's curtains over
kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men
know them not;
Their names without a record are for-
got,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's
all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit nor gold nor buildings scape
time's rust: 230
But he whose name is grav'd in the
white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these
are gone.

THE AUTHOR TO HER BOOK

Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble
brain,
Who after birth didst by my side re-
main,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less
wise then¹ true,
Who thee abroad expos'd to publick
view,
Made thee in raggs, halting to the press
to trudg, 5
Where errors were not lessened (all
may judg),
At thy return my blushing was not
small,
My rambling brat (in print) should
mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection
would 11
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I
saw,
And rubbing off the spot, still made a
flaw.
I stretch thy joynts to make thee even
feet, 15

¹ than

Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than
is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my
mind,
But nought save home-spun cloth i' th'
house I find.
In this array mongst vulgars mayst
thou roam;
In critick's hands beware thou dost not
come; 20
And take thy way where yet thou art
not known.
If for thy father askt, say thou hadst
none;
And for thy mother, she, alas, is poor,
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out
of door.

TO MY DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND

If ever two were one, then surely we;
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then
thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if ye can!
I prize thy love more then¹ whole
mines of gold, 5
Or all the riches that the East doth
hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot
quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give
recompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I
pray. 10
Then when we live, in love let's so
persever
That when we live no more, we may
live ever.

ANOTHER

Phœbus, make haste; the day's too
long; be gone;
The silent night's the fittest time for
moan.
But stay this once, unto my suit give
ear,
And tell my griefs in either hemisphere;
And if the whirling of thy wheels don't
drown'd 5
The woful accents of my doleful sound,

¹ than

If in thy swift carreer thou canst make
stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the
way:
Commend me to the man more lov'd
then life;
Shew him the sorrows of his widdow'd
wife; 10
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my
brakish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubt-
ing fears.
And if he love, how can he there
abide?
My interest's more then all the world
beside.
He that can tell the starrs or ocean
sand, 15
Or all the grass that in the meads do
stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or
drops of rain,
Or in a corn-field number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sun-shine
hops,
May count my sighs and number all
my drops. 20
Tell him the countless steps that thou
dost trace
That once a day thy spouse thou mayst
imbrace;
And when thou canst not treat by lov-
ing mouth,
Thy rayes afar salute her from the
south.
But for one moneth I see no day, poor
soul, 25
Like those far scituate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy
arise;
O how they joy when thou dost light
the skyes.
O Phœbus, hadst thou but thus long
from thine
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved
shine, 30
At thy return, if so thou could'st or
durst,
Behold a chaos blacker then the first,
Tell him here's worse then a confused
matter—
His little world's a fathom under water;
Nought but the fervor of his ardent
beams 35

Hath power to dry the torrent of these
streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot
well:
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what
I say;
By all our loves conjure him not to
stay. 40

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH
(1631-1705)

From THE DAY OF DOOM

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER

Reader, I am a fool,
And have adventurèd
To play the fool this once for Christ,
The more his fame to spread.
If this my foolishness 5
Help thee to be more wise,
I have attainèd what I seek
And what I only prize.

* * * * *

The God of Heaven grant
These lines so well to speed 10
That thou the things of thine own peace
Through them may'st better heed;
And may'st be stirrèd up
To stand upon thy guard,
That Death and Judgment may not
come 15
And find thee unprepar'd.

Oh get a part in Christ,
And make the Judge thy friend,
So shalt thou be assurèd of
A happy, glorious end. 20
Thus prays thy real Friend
And Servant for Christ's sake,
Who, had he strength, would not refuse
More pains for thee to take.

Still was the night, serene and bright,
when all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
thought so 'twould last for ay.
"Soul, take thine ease; let sorrow cease;
much good thou hast in store:" 6
This was their song, their cups among,
the evening before.

Wallowing in all kind of sin,
vile wretches lay secure; 10
The best of men had scarcely then
their lamps kept in good ure.¹
Virgins unwise, who through disguise
amongst the best were number'd, 14
Had clos'd their eyes; yea, and the wise
through sloth and fraility slumber'd.

Like as of old, when men grew bold
God's threatnings to contemn,
Who stopt their ear and would not hear
when mercy warnèd them, 20
But took their course, without remorse,
till God began to powre
Destruction the world upon
in a tempestuous showre;

Who put away the evil day, 25
and drown'd their cares and fears,
Till drown'd were they, and swept away
by vengeance unawares:
So at the last, whilst men sleep fast
in their security, 30
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as cometh suddenly.

For at midnight breaks forth a light
which turns the night to day;
And speedily an hideous cry 35
doth all the world dismay.
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,
trembling their loins surpriseth;
Amaz'd with fear by what they hear,
each one of them ariseth. 40

They rush from beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this light, which shines more
bright
then doth the noon-day sun.
Straightway appears (they see 't with
tears) 45
the Son of God most dread,
Who with his train comes on amain
to judge both quick and dead.

Before his face the heav'ns gave place,
and skies are rent asunder, 50
With mighty voice and hideous noise
more terrible than thunder.
His brightness damps heav'n's glorious
lamps,
and makes them hide their heads;

¹ condition

As if afraid and quite dismay'd, 55
They quit their wonted steads.

"Ye sons of men that durst contemn
the threat'nings of God's word,
How cheer you now? Your hearts, I
trow,
are thrill'd as with a sword. 60
Now, Atheist blind, whose brutish mind
a God could never see,
Dost thou perceive, dost now believe,
that Christ thy Judge shall be?"
* * * * *

No heart so bold, but now grows cold, 65
and almost dead with fear;
No eye so dry but now can cry,
and pour out many a tear.
Earth's potentates and pow'ful states,
captains and men of might, 70
Are quite abasht, their courage dasht,
at this most dreadful sight.

Some hide themselves in caves and
delves,
in places under ground;
Some rashly leap into the deep, 75
to 'scape by being drown'd.
Some to the rocks (O senseless blocks!)
and woody mountains run,
That there they might this fearful sight
and dreaded presence shun. 80
* * * * *

His winged hosts flie through all coasts,
together gathering
Both good and bad, both quick and
dead,
and all to judgment bring.
Out of their holes those creeping moles
that hid themselves for fear 86
By force they take, and quickly make
before the Judge appear.
* * * * *

At Christ's right hand the sheep do
stand,
his holy martyrs, who 90
For his dear Name suffering shame,
calamity and woe,
Like champions stood, and with their
blood
their testimony sealèd;
Whose innocence without offence 95
to Christ their Judge appealèd.
* * * * *

At Christ's left hand the goats do stand,
all whining hypocrites
Who for self-ends did seem Christ's
friends,
but foster'd guileful sprites, 100
Who sheep resembled, but they dis-
sembled,
(their hearts were not sincere,)
Who once did throng Christ's lambs
among,
but now must not come near.
* * * * *

All silence keep both goats and sheep 105
before the Judge's throne;
With mild aspect to his elect
then spake the holy One:
"My sheep, draw near, your sentence
hear,
which is to you no dread, 110
Who clearly now discern and know
your sins are pardonèd."
* * * * *

The wicked are brought to the bar
like guilty malefactors
That oftentimes of bloody crimes 115
and treasons have been actors.
Of wicked men none are so mean
as there to be neglected,
Nor none so high in dignity
as there to be respected. 120
* * * * *

Nevertheless, they all express,
(Christ granting liberty,)
What for their way they have to say,
how they have liv'd, and why.
They all draw near and seek to clear 125
themselves by making pleas;
There hypocrites, false-hearted wights,
do make such pleas as these:

"Lord, in thy name and by the same
we devils dispossess. 130
We rais'd the dead, and ministrèd
succour to the distrest.
Our painful teaching and pow'ful
preaching
by thine own wondrous might
Did thoroughly ¹ win to God from sin 135
many a wretched wight."

"All this," quoth he, "may granted be,
and your case little better'd,
Who still remain under a chain

¹ thoroughly

and many irons fetter'd. 140
 You that the dead have quickenèd
 and rescu'd from the grave,
 Your selves were dead, yet ne'er needèd
 a Christ your souls to save."

* * * * *

Then at the bar arraignèd are 145
 an impudenter sort,
 Who, to evade the guilt that's laid
 upon them, thus retort:
 "How could we cease thus to transgress,
 how could we Hell avoid, 150
 Whom God's decree shut out from thee,
 and sign'd to be destroy'd?"

* * * * *

Christ readily makes this reply:
 "I damn you not because
 You are rejected or not elected, 155
 but you have broke my laws.
 It is but vain your wits to strain,
 the end and means to sever;
 Men fondly seek to part or break
 what God hath link'd together. 160

"Whom God will save, such he will have
 the means of life to use;
 Whom he'll pass by shall chuse to dy,
 and ways of life refuse.
 He that fore-sees and fore-decrees 165
 in wisdom order'd has
 That man's free will, electing ill,
 shall bring His will to pass."

* * * * *

Then to the bar all they drew near
 who dy'd in infancy, 170
 And never had or good or bad
 effected pers'nally,
 But from the womb unto the tomb
 were straightway carrièd
 (Or at the least e're they transgress);
 who thus began to plead: 176

"If for our own transgression
 or disobedience
 We here did stand at thy left hand,
 just were the recompence; 180
 But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt,
 his fault is charg'd upon us,
 And that alone hath overthrown
 and utterly undone us."

* * * * *

Then answerèd the Judge most dread:
 "God doth such doom forbid, 186

That men should die eternally
 for what they never did.
 But what you call old Adam's fall,
 and only his trespass, 190
 You call amiss to call it his;
 both his and yours it was."

* * * * *

"You sinners are, and such a share
 as sinners may expect;
 Such you shall have, for I do save 195
 none but my own elect.
 Yet to compare your sin with their
 who liv'd a longer time,
 I do confess yours is much less,
 though every sin's a crime. 200

"A crime it is; therefore in bliss
 you may not hope to dwell;
 But unto you I shall allow
 the easiest room in Hell."
 The glorious King thus answering, 205
 they cease, and plead no longer:
 Their consciences must needs confess
 his reasons are the stronger.

* * * * *

Unto the saints with sad complaints
 should they themselves apply? 210
 They're not dejected nor ought affected
 with all their misery.
 Friends stand aloof and make no proof
 what prayers or tears can do;
 Your Godly friends are now more
 friends 215
 to Christ than unto you.

Where tender love men's hearts did
 move
 unto a sympathy,
 And bearing part of others' smart
 in their anxiety, 220
 Now such compassion is out of fashion,
 and wholly laid aside:
 No friends so near, but saints to hear
 their sentence can abide.

One natural brother beholds another 225
 in his astonied fit,
 Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
 nor pities him a whit.
 The godly wife conceives no grief,
 nor can she shed a tear 230
 For the sad state of her dear mate
 when she his doom doth hear.

He that was erst a husband, pierc't
with sense of wife's distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part 235
of all her grievances,
Shall mourn no more as heretofore,
because of her ill plight,
Although he see her now to be
A damn'd forsaken wight. 240

The tender mother will own no other
of all her num'rous brood,
But such as stand at Christ's right hand
acquitted through his blood.
The pious father had now much rather
his graceless son should ly 246
In Hell with devils, for all his evils,
burning eternally,

Than God most High should injury
by sparing him sustain; 250
And doth rejoyce to hear Christ's voice
adjudging him to pain.
Who having all, both great and small,
convinc'd and silenc'd,
Did then proceed their doom to read, 255
and thus it utterèd:

*"Ye sinful wights and cursed sprights,
that work iniquity,
Depart together from me for ever
to endless misery; 260
Your portion take in yonder lake,
where fire and brimstone flameth:
Suffer the smart which your desert
as its due wages claimeth."*

* * * * *

They wring their hands, their caitiff-
hands, 265
and gnash their teeth for terror;
They cry, they roar, for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horror;
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry: 270
Depart to Hell; there may you yell
and roar eternally.

* * * * *

The saints behold with courage bold
and thankful wonderment,
To see all those that were their foes 275
thus sent to punishment.
Then do they sing unto their King
a song of endless praise;
They praise his name, and do proclaim
that just are all his ways. 280

Thus with great joy and melody
to Heav'n they all ascend,
Him there to praise with sweetest lays
and Hymns that never end;
Where with long rest they shall be blest,
and nought shall them annoy; 286
Where they shall see as seen they be,
and whom they love enjoy.

O glorious place! where face to face
Jehovah may be seen 290
By such as were sinners while here,
and no dark veil between!
Where the sunshine and light divine
of God's bright countenance
Doth rest upon them every one, 295
with sweetest influence!

O blessed state of the renate!
O wond'rous happiness,
To which they're brought, beyond what
thought
can reach or words express! 300
Grief's water-course and sorrow's source
are turn'd to joyful streams;
Their old distress and heaviness
are vanishèd like dreams.

For God above in arms of love 305
doth dearly them embrace,
And fills their sprights with such de-
lights
and pleasures in his grace,
As shall not fail, nor yet grow stale
through frequency of use; 310
Nor do they fear God's favor there
to forfeit by abuse.

For there the saints are perfect saints,
and holy ones indeed;
From all the sin that dwelt within 315
their mortal bodies freed;
Made kings and priests to God through
Christ's
dear love's transcendency,
There to remain and there to reign
with him eternally. 320

MARY ROWLANDSON

From A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY

On the tenth of February, 1675,
came the Indians with great numbers

upon Lancaster. Their first coming was about sunrise; hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house; the father and the mother and a sucking child they knockt on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garison upon some occasion, were set upon; one was knockt on the head, the other escaped. Another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him but knockt him in head, and stript him naked, and split open his bowels. Another seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murtherous wretches went on, burning and destroying before them,

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill. Some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind any thing that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defence about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished). They fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadfull hour come, that

I have often heard of (in time of war, as it was the case of others) but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stired out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves and one another, *Lord, what shall we do?* Then I took my children (and one of my sisters, hers) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the dore and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handfull of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir; though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him.

But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears and hatchets, to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his cloaths. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children, named William, had then his leg broken, which the Indians perceiving, they knockt him on head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those wofull sights, the infidels haling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood; and her elder son telling her that her son William was dead, and my self was

wounded, she said, "And, Lord, let me dy with them." Which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labours, being faithfull to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious 10 Scripture take hold of her heart. 2 Cor. 12.9. "And he said unto me my Grace is sufficient for thee." More then twenty years after I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: The Indians laid hold of me, pulling me one way, and the children another, and said, "Come go along with us." I told them they would kill me. They answered, 20 If I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

Oh the dolefull sight that now was to behold at this house! Come, behold the works of the Lord, what dissolations he has made in the Earth! Of thirty seven persons who were in this one house, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, Job. 1. 15. "And I 30 only am escaped alone to tell the news." There were twelve killed, some shot, some stab'd with their spears, some knock'd down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear friends, and relations ly bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopt into the head with a hatchet, 40 and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves. All of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out. Yet the Lord by his almighty power preserved a 50 number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said, that if

the Indians should come, I should chuse rather to be killed by them then taken alive; but when it came to the tryal my mind changed. Their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, then that moment to end my dayes; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity I shall particularly speak of the severall removes we had up and down the wilderness.

THE FIRST REMOVE

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts 20 no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians); I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered, "What, will you love English men still?" This was the dolefullest 30 sight that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring and singing and danceing and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the wast that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowl, some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boyling to feed our merciless ene- 40 mies; who were joyful enough though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condicion. All was gone; my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay; and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), 50 my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home and all our comforts within door and without; all was gone (except my life) and I knew not but the next moment that

might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, even those that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at Lancaster the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterward killed upon a week day, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-ey'd John, and Marlborough's praying Indians, which Capt. Mosely brought to Boston, as the Indians told me.

THE SECOND REMOVE

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me, in a wonderfull manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "I shall dy, I shall dy." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be exprest. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my armes till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap; and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhumane creatures laught, and rejoyced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our dayes, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power; yea, so

much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopt. And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap; and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound also growing so stiff, that I could scarce sit down or rise up; yet so it must be that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my armes, looking that every hour would be the last of its life, and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderfull power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction. Still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and mercifull Spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

THE THIRD REMOVE

The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got up upon a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it, what with my own wound, and my child's being so exceeding sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be easily judged what a poor feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths, from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. . . .

This day there came to me one Robbert Pepper (a man belonging to Roxbury) who was taken in Captain Beers his fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians, and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg in Cap-

tain Beers his fight, and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him; and he took oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again.

Then I took oaken leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought, I may say as it is in ¹⁰ Psal. 38. 5, 6, "My wounds stink and are corrupt; I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long." I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits of her; but in stead of that sometimes one Indian would come and tell me one hour, that your master will knock ²⁰ your child in the head; and then a second, and then a third, your master will quickly knock your child in the head. . . .

About two hours in the night my sweet babe like a lambe departed this life, on Feb. 18, 1675. . . . I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where; the third they would not let me come to. Me (as he said) ³⁰ have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also; all these things are against me. I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation which I knew not ⁴⁰ ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and shew me a token for good; and, if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of relief.

And indeed, quickly the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayers. For as I was going up and down mourning, and lamenting my condition, my son came to me, and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the town, and I knew not where he was,

till I was informed by himself that he was amongst a smaller percel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead, and told me he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. . . .

THE EIGHTH REMOVE

We travelled on till night; and in the morning we must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a-weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them. Although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight, but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one astonished. But now I may say, as Psal. 137. 1, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

There one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say, yet I answered they would kill me. "No," said he, "none will hurt you." Then came one of them and gave me ⁴⁰ two spoon-fulls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of pease; which was more worth than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke (a usual complement now adayes amongst saints and sinners); but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used to-
⁵⁰ bacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the Devil layes, to make men loose their precious time. I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or

three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is. But I thank God, he has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the Indians gather their forces to go against North-Hampton. Over-night one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. 10 Whereupon they fell to boyling of ground-nuts, and parching of corn (as many as had it) for their provision, and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place, Philip spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did, for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my master, but he bade me keep it; and with it I bought a piece of horse flesh. After- 20 wards he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fryed in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her sannup, for which she gave me a piece 30 of bear. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockins, for which she gave me a quart of pease. I boyled my pease and bear together, and invited my master and mistriss to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat upon the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so? He answered me, that he was not asleep, but at prayer; and lay so that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place (the sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the sun, and the 50 smoak of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blind, I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was here one Mary Thurston of

Medfield, who seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear. But as soon as I was gone, the squaw who owned that Mary Thurston came running after me, and got it away again. Here was the squaw that gave me one spoonfull of meal. I put it in my pocket to keep it safe; yet notwithstanding some body stole it, but put 10 five Indian corns in the room of it, which corns were the greatest provisions I had in my travel for one day.

THE NINETEENTH REMOVE

They said, when we went out, that we must travel to Wachuset this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, travelling now three dayes together, 20 without resting any day between. At last, after many weary steps, I saw Wachuset hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great swamp, through which we travelled up to the knees, in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tyred before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never gat out; but I may say, as in Psal. 94. 18. 30 "When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, Philip, who was in the company, came up and took me by the hand, and said, "Two weeks more and you shal be mistress again." I asked him, if he spake true. He answered, yes, and quickly you shal come to your master again, who had been gone from us three weeks. 40 After many weary steps we came to Wachuset, where he was, and glad I was to see him. He asked me, when I washt me? I told him not this month. Then he fetcht me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me the glass to see how I lookt; and bid his squaw give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of beans and meat, and a little ground-nut cake. I was wonder- 50 fully revived with this favour shewed me, Psal. 106. 46. "He made them also to be pittied, of all those that carried them captives."

My master had three squaws, living

sometimes with one, and sometimes with another one, this old squaw, at whose wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been those three weeks. Another was Wettimore, with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud dame she was; bestowing every day in dressing her self near as much time as any of the gentry of the land, powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed her self, her work was to make girdles of wampom and beads. The third squaw was a younger one, by whom he had two papooses. By that time I was refresht by the old squaw, with whom my master was, Wettimore's maid came to call me home, at which I fell a weeping. Then the old squaw told me, to encourage me, that if I wanted victuals, I should come to her, and that I should ly there in her wigwam. Then I went with the maid, and quickly came again and lodged there. The squaw laid a mat under me, and a good rugg over me; the first time I had any such kindness shewed me. I understood that Wettimore thought, that if she should let me go and serve with the old squaw, she would be in danger to loose not only my service, but the redemption-pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raised in my hopes, that in God's due time there would be an end of this sorrowfull hour. Then came an Indian, and asked me to knit him three pair of stockings; for which I had a hat and a silk handkerchief. Then another asked me to mak her a shift, for which she gave me an apron. . . .

I may well say as his Psal. 107. 12 "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies quietly and peaceably, and not a dog moving his tongue.

So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more then all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun going down, Mr. Hoar and my self, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbours, and now not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing. We went on to a farm house that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to ly on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow; joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbours. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me, if I knew where his wife was? Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; she being shot down by the house was partly burnt. So that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children amongst the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received; and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband; but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort each to other. . . .

Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of the world about me, my relations by me, my heart chearfull, and taking little care for any thing, and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before my self, under many tryals and

afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous least I should have my portion in this life, and that scripture would come to my mind, Heb. 12. 6. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and chasten me. 10 The portion of some is to have their afflictions by drops, now one drop and then another; but the dregs of the cup, the wine of astonishment, like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure (I thought) pressed down and running over; yet I see, when God calls a person to any thing, and through 20 never so many difficulties, yet He is fully able to carry them through and make them see, and say they have been gainers thereby. And I hope I can say in some measure, as David did, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The Lord hath shewed me the vanity of these outward things. That they are the vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit; that they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. That we must rely on God himself, and our whole dependance must be upon him. If trouble from smaller matters begin to arise in me, I have something at hand to check my self with, and say, why am I troubled? It was but the other day, that if I had had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to 40 have been a servant to a Christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as Moses said, Exod. 14. 13. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

INCREASE MATHER (1639-1723)

From the DISCOURSE CONCERNING PRAYER

It was a great word (and if rightly understood, a true word) which Luther

spake when he said, *Est quaedam precum omnipotentia*; there is a kind of omnipotency in prayer; and the reason is obvious, viz: in that the Almighty doth suffer himself to be prevailed upon and overcome by prayer. Had not Jacob in this respect power with God? Yea, when he made his supplication, he had power, and prevailed over the angel, even that angel who is the Lord of Hosts; the Lord is his memorial. Where do we find in all the books of God a more wonderfull expression, then that of the Lord to praying Moses: *Now let me alone?* That ever the eternal God should become thus a petitioner to a poor mortal man! *Ferendi licentiam petit a Mose qui fecit Mosen*. Prayer then is like the sword of Saul, or the bow of Jonathan, which never returned empty from the battle. Prayer is stronger than iron gates. At the prayers of the church the iron gates fly open, and the Apostle's fetters fall off. Sometimes the prayers of one man that hath an eminent interest in God are a means to preserve a whole town, yea a whole land, from destruction. Wel might the 30 antient say, *Homine probo orante nihil potentius*. How far did Abraham's prayers prevail for Sodom? Did not Elijah's prayers open and shut the windows of Heaven? Did they not bring down showers when the gasping earth was ready to dy for thirst? When a fiery drought had like to have devoured the land of Israel, and the prophet Amos prayed and cried to the 40 Lord, saying, *O Lord God, cease I beseech thee; by whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?* The Lord repented for this, and said this shall not be.

Wars, when justly undertaken, have been successful through the prevalency of prayer.

Moses in the mount praying is too strong for all the armies in the valley 50 fighting. When the Philistines went up against the children of Israel, Samuel ceased not to cry to the Lord for Israel, and the Lord thundered with a great thunder that day upon the Philistines,

and discomfited them, that they were smitten before Israel. Jehoshaphat, when surrounded by a multitude of heathen enemyes, by prayer overcame them. When Zera the Ethiopian came against the Lord's people with an host of a thousand thousand men, Asa by prayer and faith overcame them all. Hezekiah and Isaiah by their prayers brought an angel down from heaven, 10 who slew an hundred and fourscore and five thousand Assyrians in the host of Sennacherib in one night.

And besides these and many scriptural examples in ecclesiastical story, instances to this purpose are frequently observed. The history of the thundering legion is famously known. Thus it was.

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius going 20 to war against the Quads, Vandals, Sarmats and Germans, who were nine hundred seventy and five thousand fighting men, the imperialists were so cooped up by their numerous enemies, in strait, dry, and hot places, that the souldiers having been destitute of water for five days together, they were all like to have perished for thirst. In this extremity a legion of Christian souldiers, 30 being in the army, withdrew themselves apart from the rest, and falling prostrate on the earth, by ardent prayers prevailed with God that he immediately sent a most plentiful rain, whereby the army that otherwise had perished, was refreshed; and dreadfull lightings flashed in the faces of their enemies, so as that they were discomfited and put to flight. The effect 40 of which was, that the persecution which before that the Emperor designed against the Christians, was diverted; and that praying Legion did, afterwards bear the name of *κερυνόβολος*: the Lightning Legion.

Constantine the Great, being to join the battle with the heathen tyrant Licinius, singled out a number of godly ministers of Christ, and with them be- 50 took himself to earnest prayer and supplication; after which God gave him a notable and glorious victory over his enemies. But Licinius himself es-

caped at that time, and raised another army, which was pursued by Constantine; who, before he would engage with the enemy, caused a tent to be erected, wherein he did spend some time in fasting and prayer, being attended with a company of holy praying men round about him. After which, marching against his enemies, he fought them, and obtained a more glorious victory than the former, and the Grand Rebel Licinius was then taken prisoner. . . .

When England was invaded by the Danes under the conduct of their King Osrick, who encamped at Ashdon, King Ethelred betook himself to prayer; and marching against the Danish army, put them to flight, and slew the greatest part of them.

Gustavus Adolphus, the king of Sweden, no sooner landed in his enemies' territories, but he addressed himself to Heaven for victory, and encouraged his counsellors and commanders by saying the greater army of prayers is, the greater and more assured shall be our victory. Yea, it was his manner when the armyes were set in battle array, to lift up his eyes to 30 Heaven and say, "Lord prosper the battle of this day, according as thou seest my heart doth aim at thy glory, and the good of thy church." And how successful did God make that excellent prince to be!

But why need we go far to find examples confirming the truth of this assertion, that prayer is of wonderfull prevelancy, since our own eyes have 40 seen it? New England may now say, if the Lord (even the prayer-hearing God) had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up; then the proud waters had gone over our soul. And thus hath it been more than once or twice, especially since the late insurrection and rebellion of the heathen nations round about us. We cannot but acknowledge, 50 and posterity must know, that we were in appearance a gone and ruined people, and had been so ere this day, if the Lord had not been a God that heareth prayer.

SAMUEL SEWALL (1652-1730)

From his LETTER-BOOK

SAILING ORDERS TO NICHOLAS BOWE

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1687.

MR. NICHOLAS BOW.

You are to take the first opportunity of winds and weather to sail with the Ketch *Endeavour* (whereof you are Master) for the Iland of Snt. Christophers, where, when it shall please God to bring you, you are to gett in your freight mony and use diligence to procure so much freight for this place as with the effects of your freight mony and what you carry of the owners' may fill up the Ketch. And then you are with all convenient speed to direct your course homeward to Boston. Butt if you cannot neer fill up the Ketch, you may leave the freight mony in the hand of Thomas Marshall, to be sent home in some good Bottome, in goods fitt for this port. And then you may proceed for Saltt [to Tortuga] and there take in Loding of good fair saltt, free from shells and mother, and bring itt home with you. In all things you are to make all possible dispatch considering the dayly charge you're of [to your] owners which goe with you, viz: Thomas and Abraham Jones, whom you are to advise with in matters of difficulty. And seeing all preservation and success depends on the Blessing of God, you must take care thatt he be duly worshipped by your self and all your Company during the whole terme of the voyage; which thatt itt may be prosperouse is the desire and prayer of your friends and owners.

The above are a Coppy of my orders received from my owners, as wittnes my hand,

NICHOLAS BOWE.

SAMUEL SEWALL TO REV. EZEKIEL
CHEEVER

April 1, 1708.

Feria Quinta.

GENTLEMEN:

If stated anniversary days for solemn religious exercises are unwarrant-

able, without controversy anniversary days for sinfull vanities are damnable. If men are accountable for every idle word, what a reckoning will they have that keep up stated times to promote lying and folly! What an abuse is it of precious time; what a Profanation! What an affront to the Divine Bestower of it! I have heard a child of 10 six years old say within these 2 or 3 days, that one must tell a man his shoes were unbuckled (when they were indeed buckled), and then he would stoop down to buckle them; and then he was an April Fool.

Pray, Gentlemen, if you think it convenient, as I hope you will, insinuat into your Scholars the defiling and provoking nature of such a foolish practice, and take them off from it.

I am Gentlemen your Servant

S. S.

SAMUEL SEWALL TO HENRY FLINT

August 23, 1708.

SIR,

I thank you for your good sermon yesterday. The subject is excellent, and always reasonable, and now peculiarly so. Continue to pray that I may have the integrity and uprightness exhorted to, and that I may grow therein.

Upon this occasion you will allow me the freedom of speaking what I have lately been often thinking.

According to the simplicity of the 40 Gospel, the saying *Saint Luke*, and *Saint James*, etc., has been disused in New-England. And to take it up again, is distastefull to me, because it is a change for the worse. I have heard it from several; but to hear it from the Senior Fellow of Harvard College is more surprising, lest by his example he should seem to countenance and authorize inconvenient innovations.

50 Thus I reckon; but if, reckoning without my host, I reckon wrong, your adjusting the account will gratify,

Sir, your humble Servant,

SAMUEL SEWALL.

SAMUEL SEWALL TO SAMUEL STORKE

BOSTON, N. E., Feb. 20, 17¹⁹/₂₀.

MR. SAMUEL STORKE AND
LOVING COUSIN,—

I thank you for yours of the 11th June last, and the prints. As you then gave me an account of his Majesties imbarking for Holland that day, so I hope in your next you'll certify me of his safe return and prosperous reign.

I intreat you to endeavour that the severalls mentioned on the other side may be well bought. They are for my daughter Judith. Provide a well-made trunk to put them in, and cover it. Though the case-knives be the last mentioned, I would not have you fail sending them. . . .

I would have you send what I write for by the first good ship that you can conveniently. I am, Sir, your loving kinsman and humble servant,

S. S.

Item, a good box-iron to iron with.

Memoranda

To be bought

Curtains and vallens for a bed, with counterpane, head-cloth, and tester, of good yellow waterd worsted camlet, with trimming, well made; and bases, if it be the fashion.

A good fine large chintz quilt, well made.

A true looking-glass of black walnut frame of the newest fashion (if the fashion be good), as good as can be bought for five or six pounds.

A second looking-glass as good as can be bought for four or five pounds, same kind of frame.

A duzen of good black walnut chairs, fine cane, with a couch. A duzen of cane chairs of a different figure, and a great chair for a chamber; all black walnut.

One bell-metal skillet of two quarts; one ditto of one quart.

One good large warming-pan, bottom and cover, fit for an iron handle.

Four pair of strong iron dogs with

brass heads, about five or six shillings a pair.

A brass hearth for a chamber, with dogs, shovel, tongs, and fender of the newest style. (The fire is to ly upon iron.)

A strong brass mortar, that will hold about a quart, with a pestle.

Two pair of large brass sliding candlesticks, about four shillings a pair.

Two pair of large brass candlesticks, not sliding, of the newest fashion, about five or six shillings a pair.

Four brass snuffers, with stands.

Six small strong brass chafing-dishes, about four shillings a piece.

One brass basting ladle; one larger brass ladle.

One pair of chamber bellows, with brass noses.

One small hair broom, suitable to the bellows.

One duzen of large hard-metal pewter plates, new fashion, weighing about fourteen pounds.

One duzen hard-metal pewter porringers.

Four duzen of small glass salt-cellar, of white glass, smooth, not wrought, and without a foot.

And if there be any money over, send a piece of fine cambrick, and a ream of good writing paper.

A duzen of good ivory-hafted knives and forks.

SAMUEL SEWALL TO REV. SAMUEL
MATHER

BOSTON, N. E., March 6, 172⁸/₉.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

These are to acquaint you that if I live to the 28th of this moneth I shall compleat the 77th year of my age. And yet I am still praying that God wou'd mercifully rectify the disorders of my back, strengthen my weak hands, and confirm my feeble knees. Let me have your aid.

It is with pleasure that I call to mind your agreeable conversation in London, in the journey to Oxford; our

leaving the Doctor your father in Maidenhead while you and I footed it along the meadow to Bray Church; the kind reception Mr. Danson gave us at Abbington, and his conducting us after the Sabbath to Oxford, and shewing us Fryar Bacon's study on the bridge, which I observed was in that part of it that lay in Barkshire, and so, I presume, without the jurisdiction of the University.

It is high time for me with thankfulness to acknowledge your pleasant and obliging conversation in London, in travelling to Oxford, and afterwards in a coach that was to go and stay at our bidding; our viewing Saffron Walden and the buildings which the Doctor apprehended wou'd have served well for a College; and afterwards at Deale and Dover. . . .

The Rev. Mr. Solomon Stoddard of N. Hampton went well Home¹ the eleventh of February last, with very fixed and comfortable assurances. Capt. Ephraim Savage, a real Christian of the same class and not quite two years younger than Mr. Stoddard, is yet living and was an auditor at the lecture today. The Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather of Windsor, a solid and orthodox Divine, is also got to Heaven. There was the greater intimacy between us because we boarded together at Fessenden's, where I have seen his Grandfather Mather bring a load of grain to pay for his board. Only Mr. Taylor and I are now left alive, and he is quite superannuated.

I thank you for the favourable mention you make of me in your edition of your father's life.

Desiring prayers that to live unto me may be Christ, and to die gain, I take leave, who am, Reverend Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

SAMUEL SEWALL.

From THE DIARY

1676

Dec. 20. . . . Mrs. Usher lyes very sick of an inflammation in the throat,

^a died

which began on Monday. Called at her house coming home, to tell Mr. Fosterling's receipt, i. e, a swallow's nest (the inside) stamped and applied to the throat outwardly. . . .

1677

July 8. New Meeting House *mane*:¹ In sermon time there came in a female Quaker, in a canvas frock, her hair dishevelled and loose like a periwig, her face as black as ink, led by two other Quakers, and two other followed. It occasioned the greatest and most amazing uproar that I ever saw. Isaiah I. 12, 14.

1685

Friday May 22d. Had a private fast; the Magistrates of this town with their wives here. Mr. Eliot prayed, Mr. Willard preached: I am afraid of Thy judgments—Text Mother gave. Mr. Allen prayed; cessation half an hour. Mr. Cotton Mather prayed; Mr. Mather preached Ps. 79, 9. Mr. Moodey prayed about an hour and half. Sung the 79th Psalm from the 8th to the End; distributed some biskets, and beer, cider, wine. The Lord hear in Heaven his dwelling place.

Monday, July 6th. An Indian was branded in court and had a piece of his ear cut off for burglary. . . .

Thursday, Novr. 12. The Ministers of this Town come to the court and complain against a Dancing Master who seeks to set up here and hath mixt dances, and his time of meeting is Lecture-Day; and 'tis reported he should say that by one play he could teach more divinity than Mr. Willard or the Old Testament. Mr. Moodey said 'twas not a time for N.E. to dance. Mr. Mather struck at the root, speaking against mixt dances.

1686

Friday, Augt. 20. Read the 143, 144 Psalms *mane*,¹ and Sam read the 10th of Jeremiah. I was and am in great

¹ in the morning

exercise about the cross to be put into the colours, and afraid if I should have a hand in 't whether it may not hinder my entrance into the Holy Land.

1688

Wednesday, May 30. . . . Mr. Joseph Eliot here. Says the two days wherein he buried his wife and son, were the best that ever he had in the world.

Friday, Oct. 5. About 9. night, Thomas, an Indian and very usefull servant of Mr. Oliver, hang'd himself in the brewhouse.

Saturday, Oct. 6. The Coroner sat on him, having a jury, and ordered his burial by the highway with a stake through his grave.

1689

Sabbath, Jan. 12. Richard Dumer, a flourishing youth of 9 years old, dies of the small pocks. I tell Sam. of it and what need he had to prepare for death, and therefore to endeavour really to pray when he said over the Lord's Prayer. He seem'd not much to mind, eating an apple; but when he came to say, Our father, he burst out into a bitter cry; and when I askt what was the matter and he could speak he burst out into a bitter cry and said he was afraid he should die. I pray'd with him, and read Scriptures comforting against death, as, O death where is thy sting, etc. All things yours. Life and immortality brought to light by Christ, etc.

Sabbath-day, August the four and twentieth, 1690. I publish my little daughter's name to be Judith. Held her up for Mr. Willard to baptize her. She cried not at all, though a pretty deal of water was poured on her by Mr. Willard when he baptized her.

Sept. 20. . . . My little Judith languishes and moans, ready to die.

Sabbath, Sept. 21. About 2 *mane*,¹ 50 I rise, read some psalms and pray with my dear daughter. Between 7. and 8. (Mr. Moodey preaches in the fore-

¹ in the morning

noon) I call Mr. Willard, and he prays. Told Mr. Walter of her condition at the funeral, desiring him to give her a lift towards heaven. Mr. Baily sat with me in the afternoon. I acquainted him. Between 7. and 8. in the evening the child died, and I hope sleeps in Jesus.

1692

Augt. 19th. . . . This day George Burrough, John Willard, Jno. Procter, Martha Carrier and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, Hale, Noyes, Chiever etc. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather says they all died by a righteous sentence. Mr. Burrough by his speech, prayer, protestation of his innocence, did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed.

Monday, Sept. 19. About noon, at Salem, Giles Corey was press'd to death for standing mute. Much pains was used with him two days, one after another, by the Court and Capt. Gardner of Nantucket, who had been of his acquaintance; but all in vain.

1696

December 25. Elisha Cooke, Edw. Hutchinson, John Baily, and Josia Willard bear my little daughter to the tomb.

Note. Twas wholly dry, and I went 40 at noon to see in what order things were set; and there I was entertain'd with a view of, and converse with, the coffins of my dear Father Hull, Mother Hull, Cousin Quinsey, and my six children; for the little posthumous was now took up and set in upon that that stands on John's; so are three, one upon another twice, on the bench at the end. My Mother ly's on a lower bench, at the end, with head to her husband's head: and I order'd little Sarah to be set on her grandmother's feet. 'Twas an awfull yet pleasing treat. Having said, "The Lord knows who shall be

brought hether next," I came away.

Mr. Willard pray'd with us the night before; I gave him a ring worth about 20s. Sent the President one, who is sick of the gout. He pray'd with my little daughter. Mr. Oakes, the physician, Major Townsend, Speaker, of whoes wife I was a bearer, and was join'd with me in going to Albany, and has been civil and treated me several times. Left a ring at Madam Cooper's for the Governour. Gave not one pair of gloves save to the Bearers.

Copy of the bill I put up on the fast day; giving it to Mr. Willard as he pass'd by, and standing up at the reading of it, and bowing when finished; in the afternoon:

Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family; and being sensible, that as to the guilt contracted upon the opening of the late Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the order for this day relates) he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of; desires to take the blame and shame of it; asking pardon of men, and especially desiring prayers that God, who has an unlimited authority, would pardon that sin and all other his sins, personal and relative; and according to his infinite benignity, and sovereignty, not visit the sin of him, or of any other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the land; but that He would powerfully defend him against all temptations to sin, for the future; and vouchsafe him the efficacious, saving, conduct of his word and spirit.

1701

Tuesday, June 10th. Having last night heard that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a wig, I went to him this morning. Told his mother what I came about, and she call'd him. I enquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own hair, and put on a wig? He answered, none at all. But said that his hair was streight, and that it parted behinde. Seem'd to argue that men might as well shave

their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered men were men before they had hair on their faces, (half of mankind have never any). God seems to have ordain'd our hair as a test, to see whether we can bring our minds to be content to be at his finding: or whether we would be our own carvers, lords, and come no more at Him.

1704

Second-Day; Jan'y. 24. I paid Capt. Belchar £8-15-0. Took 24s in my pocket, and gave my wife the rest of my cash £4-3-8, and tell her she shall now keep the cash; if I want I will borrow of her. She has a better faculty than I at managing affairs. I will assist her; and will endeavour to live upon my salary; will see what it will doe. The Lord give his blessing.

Feria Sexta, Junii, 30. After dinner, about 3. p.m. I went to see the execution. . . . Many were the people that saw upon Broughton's Hill. But when I came to see how the river was cover'd with people, I was amazed: Some say there were 100 boats. 150 boats and canoes, saith Cousin Moody of York. He told¹ them. Mr. Cotton Mather came with Capt. Quelch and six others for execution from the prison to Scarlet's wharf, and from thence in the boat to the place of execution about the midway between Hanson's point and Broughton's warehouse. Mr. Bridge was there also. When the scaffold was hoisted to a due height, the seven malefactors went up; Mr. Mather pray'd for them, standing upon the boat. Ropes were all fasten'd to the gallows (save King, who was repriev'd). When the scaffold was let to sink, there was such a screech of the women that my wife heard it sitting in our entry next the orchard, and was much surprised at it; yet the wind was sou-west. Our house is a full mile from the place.

1708

Feria septima, Apr. 3. I went to Cous. Dumer's to see his News-Letter:

¹ counted

while I was there Mr. Nathl Henchman came in with his flaxen wigg. I wish'd him joy, i.e. of his wedding. I could not observe that he said a word to me; and generally he turn'd his back upon me, when none were in the room but he and I. This is the second time I have spoken to him in vain, as to any answer from him. First was upon the death of his wife, I cross'd the way ¹⁰ near our house, and ask'd him how he did. He only shew'd his teeth.

Augt. 26. Mr. Henry Flint, in the way from lecture, came to me and mention'd my letter, and would have discours'd about it in the street. I prevail'd with him to come and dine with me, and after that I and he discours'd alone.

He argued that saying *Saint Luke* ²⁰ was an indifferent thing; and twas commonly used; and therefore, he might use it. Mr. Brattle used it. I argued that 'twas not scriptural; that twas absurd and partial to *saint* Matthew, etc. and not to say *Saint* Moses, *Saint* Samuel etc. And if we said *Saint* we must goe thorough, and keep the Holy-days appointed for them, and turn'd to the order in the Common- ³⁰ Prayer Book.

1713

October. 22. I go to Salem, visit Mrs. Epes, Col. Hathorne. See Mr. Noyes marry Mr. Aaron Porter and Mrs. Susan Sewall, at my brother's. Was a pretty deal of company present; Mr. Hirst and wife, Mr. Blower, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Tuft senr. and junr, ⁴⁰ Madam Leverett, Foxcroft, Goff, Kitchen; Mr. Samuel Porter, father of the bridegroom, I should have said before. Many young gentlemen and gentlewomen. Mr. Noyes made a speech; said love was the sugar to sweeten every condition in the married relation. Pray'd once. Did all very well. After the sack-posset, etc., sung the 45th. Psalm from the 8th verse to ⁵⁰ the end, five staves. I set it to Windsor tune. I had a very good Turkey-leather Psalm-Book which I look'd in while Mr. Noyes Read; and then I gave

it to the bridegroom saying, "I give you this Psalm-Book in order to your perpetuating this song: and I would have you pray that it may be an introduction to our singing with the choir above."

1719

April, 1. Midweek. Col. Townsend and Mr. Wood dine with me. In the morning I dehorted Sam. Hirst and Grindal Rawson from playing idle tricks because 'twas first of April; They were the greatest fools that did so. N.E. men came hither to avoid anniversary days, the keeping of them, such as the 25th of Decr. How displeasing must it be to God, the giver of our time, to keep anniversary days to play the fool with ourselves and others.

1720

October 1. Satterday, I dine at Mr. Stoddard's; from thence I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of marrying again; however I came to this resolution, that I would not make my court to any person without first consulting with her. Had a pleasant discourse about 7 single persons sitting in the Fore-seat 7r. 29th, viz. Madm Rebekah Dudley, Catharine Winthrop, Bridget Usher, Deliverance Legg, Rebekah Loyd, Lydia Colman, Elizabeth Bel-
lingham. She propounded one and another for me, but none would do; said Mrs. Loyd was about her age.

October. 3. 2. Waited on Madam Winthrop again; 'twas a little while before she came in. Her daughter Noyes being there alone with me, I said, I hoped my waiting on her mother would not be disagreeable to her. She answer'd she should not be against that that might be for her comfort. . . . By ⁵⁰ and by in came Mr. Airs, Chaplain of the Castle, and hang'd up his hat, which I was a little startled at, it seeming as if he was to lodge there. At last Madam Winthrop came too. After a

considerable time, I went up to her and said, if it might not be inconvenient I desired to speak with her. She assented, and spake of going into another room; but Mr. Airs and Mrs. Noyes presently rose up, and went out, leaving us there alone. Then I usher'd in discourse from the names in the fore-seat; at last I pray'd that Katharine might be the person assign'd for me. 10 She instantly took it up in the way of denial, as if she had catch'd at an opportunity to do it, saying she could not do it before she was asked. Said that was her mind unless she should change it, which she believed she should not; could not leave her children. I express'd my sorrow that she should do it so speedily; pray'd her consideration, and ask'd her when I should wait 20 on her agen. She setting no time, I mention'd that day sennight. Gave her Mr. Willard's Fountain, open'd with the little print and verses, saying, I hop'd if we did well read that book, we should meet together hereafter, if we did not now. She took the book and put in her pocket. Took leave.

October 6th. A little after 6. p.m. I went to Madam Winthrop's. She was not within. I gave Sarah Chickering, the maid, 2s.; Juno, who brought in wood, 1s. Afterward the nurse came in, I gave her 18d, having no other small bill. After awhile Dr. Noyes came in with his mother; and quickly after his wife came in. They sat talking, I think till eight a-clock. I said I fear'd I might be some interruption to their business. Dr. Noyes reply'd 40 unpleasantly, he fear'd they might be an interruption to me; and went away. Madam seem'd to harp upon the same string. Must take care of her children; could not leave that house and neighbourhood where she had dwelt so long. I told her she might doe her children as much or more good by bestowing what she laid out in hous-keeping, upon them. Said her son would be of age 50 the 7th of August. I said it might be inconvenient for her to dwell with her daughter-in-law, who must be mistress of the house. I gave her a piece of

Mr. Belcher's cake and ginger-bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of paper. Told her of her father's kindness to me when treasurer, and I constable. My daughter Judith was gon from me and I was more lonesom—might help to forward one another in our journey to Canaan.

Mr. Eyre came within the door; I saluted him, ask'd how Mr. Clark did, and he went away. I took leave about 9 a'clock. I told her I came now to refresh her memory as to Monday-night; said she had not forgot it. In discourse with her, I ask'd leave to speak with her sister; I meant to gain Madm Mico's favour to persuade her sister. She seem'd surpris'd and displeas'd, and said she was in the same condition!

October 10th. In the evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with a great deal of curtesy; wine, marmalade.

October 11th. I writ a few lines to Madam Winthrop to this purpose: "Madam, These wait on you with Mr. Mayhew's sermon, and account of the state of the Indians on Martha's Vin-yard. I thank you for your unmerited favours of yesterday; and hope to have the happiness of waiting on you to-morrow before eight a-clock after noon. I pray God to keep you, and give you a joyfull entrance upon the two hundred and twenty ninth year of Christopher Columbus his discovery; and take leave, who am, Madam, your humble Servt. S. S."

Sent this by Deacon Green, who deliver'd it to Sarah Chickering, her mistress not being at home.

October 12. At Madm Winthrop's steps I took leave of Capt Hill, etc.

Mrs. Anne Cotton came to door (twas before 8.); said Madam Winthrop was within; directed me into the little room, where she was full of work behind a stand. Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam Winthrop pointed 50 to her to set me a chair. Madam Winthrop's countenance was much changed from what 'twas on Monday, look'd dark and lowering. At last, the work (black stuff or silk), was taken away. I

got my chair in place; had some converse, but very cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of rudeness if I drew off her glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her twas great odds between handling a dead goat, and a living lady. Got it off. I told her I had one petition to ask of her; that was, that she would take off the negative she laid on me the third of 10 October. She readily answer'd she could not, and enlarg'd upon it. She told me of it so soon as she could; could not leave her house, children, neighbours, business. I told her she might do som good to help and support me. She thank'd me for my book, (Mr. Mayhew's Sermon), but said not a word of the letter. When she insisted on the negative, I pray'd there might 20 be no more thunder and lightening; I should not sleep all night. I gave her Dr. Preston, The Church's Marriage and the Church's Carriage, which cost me 6s at the sale. The door standing open, Mr. Airs came in, hung up his hat, and sat down. After awhile, Madam Winthrop moving, he went out. Jno Eyre look'd in. I said, how do ye, or, your servant, Mr. Eyre; but heard 30 no word from him. Sarah fill'd a glass of wine; she drank to me, I to her. She sent Juno home with me with a good lantern. I gave her 6d. and bid her thank her mistress. In some of our discourse, I told her I had rather go to the stone-house¹ adjoining to her, than to come to her against her mind. Told her the reason why I came every other night was lest I should drink too 40 deep draughts of pleasure. She had talk'd of Canary; her kisses were to me better than the best Canary. Explained the expression concerning Columbus.

October 17. In the evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me courteously, but not in clean linen as sometimes. She said, she did not know whether I would come again, or no. I 50 ask'd her how she could so impute inconstancy to me. (I had not visited her since Wednesday night, being un-

able to get over the indisposition received by the treatment received that night.)

October 19. Midweek. Visited Madam Winthrop. Was courteous to me; but took occasion to speak pretty earnestly about my keeping a coach: I said 'twould cost £100. per annum; she said twould cost but £40. Spake 10 much against John Winthrop, his false-heartedness. Mr. Eyre came in and sat awhile; I offer'd him Dr. Incr. Mather's Sermons, whereof Mr. Appleton's ordination sermon was one; said he had them already. I said I would give him another. Exit. Came away somewhat late.

October 20. Madam Winthrop not being at lecture, I went thither first; found her very serene with her daughter Noyes, Mrs. Dering, and the widow Shipreev sitting at a little table, she in her arm'd chair. She drank to me, and I to Mrs. Noyes. After awhile pray'd the favour to speak with her. She took one of the candles, and went into the best room, clos'd the shutters, sat down upon the couch. She told me Madam Usher had been there, and said the coach must be set on wheels, and not by rusting. She spake something of my needing a wigg. Ask'd me what her sister said to me. I told her, she said, If her sister were for it, she would not hinder it. But I told her, she did not say she would be glad to have me for her brother. Said, I shall keep you in the cold, and asked her if she would be within to morrow night, for we had had but a running feat. She said she could not tell whether she should, or no. I took leave. As were drinking at the Governour's, he said: in England the ladies minded little more than that they might have money, and coaches to ride in. I said, and New-England brooks its name. At which Mr. Dudley smiled. Governour said they were not quite so bad here.

October 21. Friday. My Son, the Minister, came to me p.m. by appointment and we pray one for another in the old chamber; more especially respecting my courtship. About 6. a-clock

¹ cemetery

I go to Madam Winthrop's. Sarah told me her mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. I read the two first sermons; still no body came in. At last about 9. a-clock Mr. Jno Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped 10 my visiting his mother would not be disagreeable to him; he answered me with much respect. When twas after 9. a-clock he of himself said he would go and call her; she was but at one of his brothers. A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good while and clapping the garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I men- 20 tion'd somthing of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick. She said they were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my coat. She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her 30 that Juno might light me home. She open'd the shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came home by star-light as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five shillings. I writ Mr. Eyre his name in his book with the date Octobr. 21. 1720. It cost me 8s. Jehovah jireh!¹

Octobr. 22. Daughter Cooper visited 40 me before my going out of Town; staid till about sun set. I brought her going near as far as the Orange Tree. Coming back, near Leg's Corner, little David Jeffries' saw me, and looking upon me very lovingly, ask'd me if I was going to see his Grandmother? I said, not to-night. Gave him a penny, and bid him present my service to his Grandmother.

Octobr. 24. I went in the Hackny Coach through the Common, stop'd at Madam Winthrop's (had told her I

would take my departure from thence). Sarah came to the door with Katee in her arms: but I did not think to take notice of the child. Call'd her mistress. I told her, being encourag'd by David Jeffries loving eyes, and sweet words, I was come to enquire whether she could find in her heart to leave that house and neighbourhood, and go and dwell with 10 me at the South-end. I think she said softly, not yet. I told her it did not ly in my lands to keep a coach. If I should, I should be in danger to be brought to keep company with her neighbour Brooker, (he was a little before sent to prison for debt). Told her I had an antipathy against those who would pretend to give themselves; but nothing of their estate. I would a pro- 20 portion of my estate with my self. And I suppos'd she would do so.

As to a perriwig, my best and greatest Friend, I could not possibly have a greater, began to find² me with hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find in my heart to go to another. She commended the book I gave her, Dr. Preston, the Church Marriage; quoted him, saying 'twas inconvenient keeping 30 out of a fashion commonly used. I said the time and tide did circumscribe my visit. She gave me a dram of black-cherry brandy, and gave me a lump of the sugar that was in it. She wish'd me a good journey. I pray'd God to keep her, and came away. Had a very pleasant journey to Salem.

Novr. 2. Midweek. Went again, 40 and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of sugar almonds, cost 3s per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them; ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a hundred pounds per annum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to consider of it. She 50 said she heard as if I had given all to my children by deeds of gift. I told her 'twas a mistake; Point-Judith was mine, etc. That in England, I own'd,

¹ God will provide

² provide

my father's desire was that it should go to my eldest son; 'twas 20£ per annum. She thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seem'd to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a glass or two of Canary.

Novr. 4th. Friday. Went again about 7. a-clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's writing. Madam W. serv'd confections to us. After a-while a table was spread, and supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to crave a blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned neck-lace I should present her with. She said, none at all. I ask'd her whereabouts we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her. Ask'd her what she would give me. She said she could not change her condition; she had said so from the beginning; could not be so far from her children, the lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single life was better than a married. I answer'd that was for the present distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly. I said, you are the fitter to make me a Wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my rashness in making more haste than good speed. However, considering the supper, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long. Assented. She charg'd me with saying, that she must put away Juno, if she came to me. I utterly 40 denied it, it never came in my heart; yet she insisted upon it, saying it came in upon discourse about the Indian woman that obtained her freedom this court. About 10. I said I would not disturb the good orders of her house, and came away. She not seeming pleas'd with my coming away. Spake to her about David Jeffries; had not seen him.

Monday, Novr. 7th. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the cradle. I excus'd my coming so late (near eight). She set

me an arm'd chair and cuscheon; and so the cradle was between her arm'd chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my almonds. She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away. I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me. She said had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that twas a hindrance. The fire was come to one short brand besides the block, which brand was set up on end; at last it fells to pieces, and no recruit was made. She gave me a glass of wine. I think I repeated again that I would go home and bewail my rashness in making more haste than good speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to solicit her to do that which she could not consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a care. Treated me courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before. I did not bid her draw off her glove as sometime I had done. Her dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh!¹

Midweek, November. 9th. Dine at Bro Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M'm Winthrop; I answer'd, No.

1721

March, 5. Lord's Day, serene, and good but very cold, yet had a comfortable opportunity to celebrate the Lord's Supper. Mr. Prince, p.m. preach'd a funeral sermon from Psal. 90. 10. Gave Capt. Hill a good character. Just as I sat down in my seat, one of my fore-teeth in my underjaw came out, and I put it in my pocket. This old servant 50 and daughter of musick leaving me, does thereby give me warning that I must shortly resign my head: the Lord help me to do it cheerfully!

¹ God will provide

Satterday, July 15. I came home round. Visited my sons and daughters at Brooklin. Mr. Cooper preaches there tomorrow. Call, and sit awhile with Madame Ruggles. She tells me they had been up all night . . . I shew'd my willingness to resume my old acquaintance. She express'd her inability to be servicable. Gave me cider to drink. I came home.

Thursday, August 3. Went in the coach and visited Mrs. Ruggles after lecture. She seems resolved not to move out of that house.

1722

January 11th. Copy of a letter to Mrs. Mary Gibbs, Widow, at New-town.

"Madam,

Your removal out of town, and the severity of the winter, are the reason of my making you this epistolary visit. In times past (as I remember) you were minded that I should marry you, by giving you to your desirable Bridegroom. Some sense of this intended respect abides with me still, and puts me upon enquiring whether you be 30 willing that I should marry you now, by becoming your husband; aged, feeble, and exhausted as I am.

Your favorable answer to this enquiry, in a few lines, the candor of it will much oblige, Madam, your humble servant,

S. S."

Friday, January 19. I rode in Blake's coach, and visited Mrs. Mary Gibbs at Mr. Cotton's at Newton. Told 40 her that in my judgment she writ incomparably well. Ask'd her acceptance of a quire of paper to write upon. It was accompanied with a good leather ink horn, a stick of sealing wax, and 200 wafers¹ in a little box.

Friday, January 26. I rode to Newton in the coach, and visited Mrs. Gibbs. Spoke of the proposals I had intimated per Mr. H. Gibbs: for her 50 sons to be bound to save me harmless as to her administration, and to pay me £100 provided their mother died

¹gummed papers

before me; I to pay her £50 per annum during her life, if I left her a widow.

She said 'twas hard; she knew not how to have her children bound to pay that sum; she might dye in a little time. Mr. Cotton, whom she called, spake to the same purpose, spake of a joynture. I said I was peremptory as to the indemnifying bond; offered to 10 take up with that alone, and allow her £40 per annum. . . .

Had a very good legg of pork and a turkey for dinner. Mrs. Gibbs helped me on with my coat at coming away, and stood in the front door till the coach moved; then I pulled off my hat, and she curtesied. I had moved to be published next Thursday, to carry in our names to Col. Checkley.

20 February 15. Were published the first time; were more to hear it than usual.

March 29. Samuel Sewall and Mrs. Mary Gibbs were joined in marriage by the Reverend Mr. William Cooper. Mr. Sewall prayed once.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728)

From his DIARY

1681. August 9. This day I took my second degree, proceeding Master of Arts.

My Father was President, so that from his hand I received my degree.

Tis when I am gott almost half a year beyond eighteen, in my age.

And all the circumstances of my commencement were ordered by a very sensibly kind Providence of God.

My Thesis was, *Puncta Hebraica sunt Originis Divinae*.¹

December 28. This day our Church renewed their vote for the continuance of my public labours among them; adding that it should be in order to my settlement among them as their Pastor. And afterwards, voted mee a salary of 70 lb. annum.

1684. January 23. The young people of our congregation kept this as a

¹Hebrew vowels are of divine origin

day of Thanksgiving together, for the success of the Gospel here, and for the lives of my Father, and my wretched self, who dispense it.

The Lord helped me to preach unto them almost three hours (tho' I had little more than one hour's time to prepare for it) on Acts 11, 21. And a good day it was!

1685. May 4. Because my Ordination is to bee performed the next week, and because a Parliament is to sitt in England this very day, I now applied myself unto the exercises of a secret Fast before the Lord.

The Lord having assured mee that all controversie between Him and my Soul was done away, I solemnly thus renewed and subjected His Covenant, and gave up myself unto Him.

1686. In the month of March there befell mee an unexpected thing which was the occasion of my being shown unto Israel. A poor condemned Malefactor did . . . beg of mee to preach a suitable Sermon for him. . . . So in our Congregation at Boston I preached that morning to a vast concourse of people, with a great assistance of Heaven, on Isa. 45, 22. . . . Now it pleased God that the people throughout the cuntry very greedily desired the publication of my poor sermon, . . . and so my mean sermon came abroad. . . .

The book sold exceedingly; and, I hope, did a world of good. It is entitled, The Call of the Gospel.

1692. May. In the Spring of this year I preached a sermon on Temptations. And now, behold my poor Country entred quickly into Temptation.

The rest of the Summer was a very doleful time unto the whole Country.

The Divels, in a most preternatural manner, by the dreadful judgment of Heaven, took a *bodily possession* of many people in Salem, and the adjacent places; and the houses of the poor people began to bee filled with the horrid cries of people tormented by evil Spirits. It seemed an execrable *Witchcraft*, in the foundation of this wonderful affliction; and many persons, of di-

verse characters, were accused, apprehended, prosecuted, upon the *visions* of the afflicted.

For my own part, I was always afraid of proceeding to conviet and condemn any person as a *confederate* with afflicting *demons*, upon so feeble an evidence as *spectral representation*. Accordingly, I ever testified against it, both publicly and privately.

1696. December 20. Lord's-Day. This day, there being a violent storm arisen, I laid aside the discourse which I had prepared for my congregation, and with plentiful assistences from the Lord Jesus Christ I discoursed on the Lord Jesus Christ as a refuge from the storms of the Wrath of God. (My text was Isa. 25, 4.)

Before the sermon, as I was praying in the great congregation, it was very strongly imprinted on my mind that I must pray for some of our seafaring friends, who might at this instant bee in distress upon our coast. I did so with much particularitie, and with a particular faith for mercy to bee vouchsafed unto some such distressed neighbours.

Now within a few minutes after the Prayer was ended, the congregation heard several great guns fired by a vessel in the Bay, wanting help; and Heaven sent that help unto the poor people aboard, that the vessel, through extreme dangers, gott safely in.

1697. January 23. I attempted this day the exercises of a secret fast before the Lord. But so extremely cold was the weather, that in a warm room, on a great fire, the juices forced out at the end of short billets of wood, by the heat of the flame on which they were laid, yett froze into ice at their coming out. This extremity of the cold caused mee to desist from the purpose which I was upon; because I saw it impossible to serve the Lord without such distraction as was inconvenient.

1706. December 13. In the afternoon of this day I visited a society of devout women, who were keeping this as a day of private and solemn Thanksgiving unto God. I prayed with them,

and I preached to them on 1 Sam. 2. 1. It may be I am the only man in the world who has preached unto such an auditory!

This day a surprising thing befel me. Some gentlemen of our Church, understanding (without any application of mine to them for such a thing,) that I wanted a good servant, at the expence of between forty and fifty pounds I purchased for me a very likely Slave, a young man who is a Negro of a promising aspect and temper; and this day they presented him unto me.

1711. December 16. By the gracious Providence of God it is come to pass that the religious, ingenious, and sweet-spirited Isaac Watts hath sent me the new edition of his *Hymns*, wherein the interests of piety are most admirably suited. I receive them as a recruit and a supply sent in from Heaven for the devotions of my family. There I will sing them, and endeavour to bring my family in love with them. I would also procure our booksellers to send for a number of them, and perswade my well-disposed Neighbours to furnish themselves with them; and in this way promote piety among them.

1713. August 4. Perhaps by sending some agreeable things to the author of the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* there may be brought forward some services to the best interests in the nation.

1713. October 12. This day, in ships arriving from London, I receive letters from the Secretary of the Royal Society, who tells me that my *Curiosa Americana* being readd before that Society, they were greatly satisfied therewithal, and ordered the thanks of the Society to be returned unto me; they also signified their desire and purpose to admitt me as a member of their body. And, he assures me, that at their first lawful meeting for such purposes, I shall be made a Fellow of the Royal Society, whereof he expects then to send me the advice, and some other entertainments.

This is a marvellous favour of Heaven to me, a surprising favour, one that will much encourage me and

fortify me in my Essayes to do Good, and add unto the superiour circumstances wherein my gracious Lord places me above the contempt of envious men. Oh! what shall I render to the Lord?

1717. June 9. The poor man under sentence of death, having visited the other congregations, was to have been executed on the last Thursday. . . . My private labours for his good were what they were, and such a success thereof began to appear, that I obtained a reprieve of one week longer for them, which had a strangely happy consequence on the soul of the malefactor. All this while I had no share in those public appearances that might give me opportunities to do good unto many on this occasion. My mind sweetly acquiesced in the Will of God, and I took pleasure in His using of whom He pleased, and how.

But behold, without any seeking of mine, the greatest of all opportunities to do good, from the circumstances of the man, which are now grown very remarkable, are thrown into my hand. The man has a distinguishing regard unto me above all men. And he desires to be on this last Lord's-day of his life in my auditory, which proves one prodigiously vast; and the gracious Lord carries me comfortably thro' the Services before me. The man also by his desire procures it, that I must be the man who must preach the last sermon he shall hear, on next Thursday, just before his execution. Yea, and he assigns me a tremendous Text then to preach upon, even that Math. x. 28; *Fear him who can destroy both body and soul in Hell*. Such things as these animate me more and more to study the temper of mind which introduced them.

1717. November 15. There is good this day to be done, on a very solemn occasion.

Six Pirates were this day executed. I took a long and sad walk with them, from the prison to the place of execution. I successively bestowed the best instructions I could upon each of them.

Arriving to the tree of death, I prayed with them, and with the vast assembly of spectators, as pertinently and as profitably as I could.

1721. May 26. The grievous calamity of the small-pox has now entered the town. The practise of conveying and suffering the small-pox by *inoculation*, has never been used in America, nor indeed in our Nation. But how many lives might be saved by it, if it were practised? I will procure a consult of our physicians, and lay the matter before them.

June 22. I prepare a little treatise on the small-pox; first awakening the sentiments of Piety, which it calls for; and then exhibiting the best medicines and methods which the world has yett had for the managing of it; and finally adding the new discovery to prevent it, in the way of inoculation. It is possible that this essay may save the lives, yea, and the souls, of many people. Shall I give it unto the booksellers? I am waiting for Direction.¹

November 14. What an occasion, what an incentive, to have piety more than ever quickened and shining in my family, have I this morning been entertained withal!

My kinsman, the Minister of Roxbury, being entertained at my house, that he might there undergo the small-pox inoculated, and so return to the service of his Flock, which have the contagion begun among them;

Toward three a clock in the night, as it grew towards morning of this day, some unknown hands threw a fired granado into the chamber where my kinsman lay, and which uses to be my lodging-room. The weight of the iron ball alone, had it fallen upon his head, would have been enough to have done part of the business designed. But the granado was charged, the upper part with dried powder; the lower part with a mixture of oil of turpentine and powder and what else I know not, in such a manner that upon its going off it must have splitt, and have probably killed the persons

¹ divine guidance

in the room, and certainly fired the chamber, and speedily laid the house in ashes.

But this night there stood by me the Angel of the God, whose I am and whom I serve; and the merciful Providence of God my Saviour so ordered it that the granado, passing thro' the window, had by the iron in the middle of the casement such a turn given to it that in falling on the floor the fired wild-fire in the fuse was violently shaken out upon the floor, without firing the granado.

When the granado was taken up there was found a paper so tied with string about the fuse that it might outlive the breaking of the shell, which had these words in it: "Cotton Mather, you Dog, dam you: I'll inoculate you with this, with a pox to you."

From THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD

THE TRIAL OF BRIDGET BISHOP, ALIAS OLIVER

I. She was indicted for bewitching of several persons in the neighbourhood, the indictment being drawn up according to the Form in such cases usual. And pleading Not Guilty, there were brought in several persons, who had long undergone many kinds of miseries, which were preternaturally inflicted, and generally ascribed unto an horrible Witchcraft. There was little occasion to prove the Witchcraft, it being evident and notorious to all beholders. Now to fix the Witchcraft on the prisoner at the bar, the first thing used was the testimony of the Bewitched. Whereof several testify'd, that the shape of the prisoner did oftentimes very grievously pinch them, choak them, bite them, and afflict them; urging them to write their names in a book, which the said spectre called ours. One of them did further testify, that it was the shape of this prisoner, with another, which one day took her from her wheel, and carrying her to the river side, threatned there to drown

her, if she did not sign to the book mentioned; which yet she refused. Others of them did also testify that the said shape did in her threats brag to them, that she had been the death of sundry persons, then by her named; that she had ridden a man, then likewise named. Another testify'd the apparition of ghosts unto the spectre of Bishop, crying out, you murdered us! About the truth whereof, there was in the matter of fact but too much suspicion.

II. It was testify'd, That at the examination of the prisoner, before the Magistrates, the bewitched were extremely tortured. If she did but cast her eyes on them, they were presently struck down; and this in such a manner as there could be no collusion in the business. But upon the touch of her hand upon them, when they lay in their swoons, they would immediately revive; and not upon the touch of any one's else. Moreover, upon some special actions of her body, as the shaking of her head, or the turning of her eyes, they presently and painfully fell into the like postures. And many of the like accidents now fell out, while she was at the bar. One at the same time testifying, that she said, she could not be troubled to see the afflicted thus tormented.

III. There was testimony likewise brought in, that a man striking once at the place, where a bewitched person said the shape of this Bishop stood, the bewitched cryed out that he had tore her coat, in the place then particularly specify'd; and the woman's coat was found to be torn in that very place.

IV. One Deliverance Hobbs, who had confessed her being a witch, was now tormented by the spectres, for her confession. And she now testify'd that this Bishop tempted her to sign the book again, and to deny what she had confess'd. She affirmed, that it was the shape of this prisoner, which whipped her with iron rods, to compel her thereunto. And she affirmed that this Bishop was at a general meeting of

the witches, in a field at Salem Village, and there partook of a diabolical sacrament, in bread and wine then administered!

V. To render it further unquestionable, that the prisoner at the bar, was the person truly charged in this witchcraft, there were produced many evidences of other witchcrafts, by her perpetrated. For instance, John Cook testify'd that about five or six years ago, one morning, about sun-rise, he was in his chamber assaulted by the shape of this prisoner; which look'd on him, grin'd at him, and very much hurt him with a blow on the side of the head; and that on the same day, about noon, the same shape walked in the room where he was, and an apple strangely flew out of his hand into the lap of his mother, six or eight foot from him.

VI. Samuel Gray testify'd, that about fourteen years ago, he wak'd on a night, and saw the room where he lay, full of light; and that he then saw plainly a woman between the cradle and the bedside, which look'd upon him. He rose, and it vanished; tho' he found the doors all fast. Looking out at the entry-door, he saw the same woman, in the same garb again; and said, In God's name, what do you come for? He went to bed, and had the same woman again assaulting him. The child in the cradle gave a great screech, and the woman disappeared. It was long before the child could be quieted; and tho' it were a very likely thriving child, yet from this time it pined away, and after divers months dy'd in a sad condition. He knew not Bishop, nor her name; but when he saw her after this, he knew by her countenance, and apparel, and all circumstances, that it was the apparition of this Bishop, which had thus troubled him.

VII. John Bly and his wife testify'd, that he bought a sow of Edward Bishop, the husband of the prisoner; and was to pay the price agreed, unto another person. This prisoner, being angry that she was thus hindred from fingring

the money, quarrell'd with Bly. Soon after which the sow was taken with strange fits; jumping, leaping, and knocking her head against the fence; she seem'd blind and deaf, and would neither eat nor be suck'd. Whereupon a neighbour said, she believed the creature was over-looked,¹ and sundry other circumstances concurred which made the deponents belive that Bishop had bewitched it.

VIII. Richard Coman testify'd that eight years ago, as he lay awake in his bed, with a light burning in the room, he was annoy'd with the apparition of this Bishop, and of two more that were strangers to him; who came and oppressed him so that he could neither stir himself, nor wake any one else; and that he was the night after, molested again in the like manner; the said Bishop taking him by the throat, and pulling him almost out of the bed. His kinsman offered for this cause to lodge with him; and that night, as they were awake discoursing together, this Coman was once more visited by the guests which had formerly been so troublesome; his kinsman being at the same time strook speechless and unable to move hand or foot. He had laid his sword by him; which these unhappy spectres did strive much to wrest from him; only he held too fast for them. He then grew able to call the people of his house; but altho' they heard him, yet they had not power to speak or stirr, until at last, one of the people crying out, "What's the matter!" the spectres all vanished.

IX. Samuel Shattock testify'd that in the year 1680, this Bridget Bishop often came to his house upon such frivolous and foolish errands, that they suspected she came indeed with a purpose of mischief. Presently whereupon his eldest child, which was of as promising health and sense as any child of its age, began to droop exceedingly; and the oftener that Bishop came to the house, the worse grew the child. As the child would be standing at the door, he would be thrown and bruised

against the stones, by an invisible hand, and in like sort knock his face against the sides of the house, and bruise it after a miserable manner. Afterwards this Bishop would bring him things to dye, whereof he could not imagine any use; and when she paid him a piece of money, the purse and money were unaccountably conveyed out of a lock'd box, and never seen more. The child was immediately hereupon taken with terrible fits, whereof his friends thought he would have dyed: indeed he did almost nothing but cry and sleep for several months together: and at length his understanding was utterly taken away. Among other symptoms of an enchantment upon him, one was, that there was a board in the garden, whereon he would walk; and all the invitations in the world could never fetch him off. About seventeen or eighteen years after, there came a stranger to Shattock's house who, seeing the child, said, this poor child is bewitched; and you have a neighbour living not far off, who is a witch. He added, your neighbour has had a falling out with your wife; and she said in her heart, your wife is a proud woman, and she would bring down her pride in this child. He then remembred, that Bishop had parted from his wife in muttering and menacing terms, a little before the child was taken ill. The abovesaid stranger would needs carry the bewitched boy with him, to Bishop's house, on pretence of buying a pot of cyder. The woman entertained him in furious manner; and flew also upon the boy, scratching his face till the blood came, and saying, "Thou rogue, what? dost thou bring this fellow here to plague me?" Now it seems the man had said before he went, that he would fetch blood of her. Ever after the boy was follow'd with grievous fits, which the doctors themselves generally ascribed unto Witchcraft; and wherein he would be thrown still² into the Fire or the Water, if he were not constantly look'd after; and it was verily

¹ bewitched

² constantly

believed that Bishop was the cause of it.

X. John Louder testify'd, that upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowles, going well to bed, he did awake in the night by moon-light, and did see clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him unable to help him self, till near day. He told Bishop of this but she deny'd it, and threatned him very much. Quickly after this, being at home on a Lord's Day, with the doors shutt about him, he saw a black pig approach him; at which he going to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black thing jump in at the window, and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a mōnkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extreemly affrighted, that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him, and said, "I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me, you shall want for nothing in this world." Whereupon he endeavoured to clap his hands upon it; but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again, but immediately came in by the porch, though the doors were shut, and said, "You had better take my counsel!" He then struck at it with a stick, but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disenabled, and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back-door, and spied this Bishop, in her orchard, going toward her house; but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before; which goblin was now going to fly at him. Whereat he cry'd out, "The whole Armour of God be between me and you!" So it sprang back, and flew over the apple tree, shaking many apples off the tree, in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of

the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together. Upon the producing of this testimony, Bishop deny'd that she knew this deponent: yet their two orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together.

XI. William Stacy testified, that receiving money of this Bishop, for work done by him, he was gone but a matter of three rods from her, and looking for his money, found it unaccountably gone from him. Some time after, Bishop asked him whether his father would grind her grist for her? He demanded why? She reply'd, because folks count me a witch. He answered, no question but he will grind it for you. Being then gone about six rods from her, with a small load in his cart, suddenly the off-wheel slump't and sunk down into an hole upon plain ground, so that the deponent was forced to get help for the recovering of the wheel. But stepping back to look for the hole which might give him this disaster, there was none at all to be found. Some time after he was waked in the night; but it seem'd as light as day, and he perfectly saw the shape of this Bishop, in the room, troubling of him; but upon her going out, all was dark again. He charg'd Bishop afterwards with it; and she deny'd it not; but was very angry. Quickly after, this deponent having been threatned by Bishop, as he was in a dark night going to the barn, he was very suddenly taken or lifted from the ground, and thrown against a stone wall. After that, he was again hoisted up and thrown down a bank, at the end of his house. After this again, passing by this Bishop, his horse with a small load striving to draw, all the gears flew to pieces, and the cart fell down; and this deponent going then to lift a bag of corn, of about two bushels, could not budge it, with all his might.

Many other pranks, of this Bishop's, this deponent was ready to testify. He also testify'd. that he verily believed the said Bishop, was the instrument of his daughter Priscilla's death; of which

suspicion, pregnant reasons were assigned.

XII. To crown all, John Bly and William Bly testify'd, that being employ'd by Bridget Bishop to help take down the cellar-wall, of the old house, wherein she formerly lived, they did in holes of the said old wall, find several Poppets,¹ made up of rags, and hogs brussels, with headless pins in them,¹⁰ the points being outward. Whereof she could now give no account unto the Court, that was reasonable or tolerable.

XIII. One thing that made against the prisoner was her being evidently convicted of gross lying, in the court, several times, while she was making her plea. But besides this, a jury of women found a preternatural teat upon her body; but upon a second search,²⁰ within three or four hours, there was no such thing to be seen. There was also an account of other people whom this woman had afflicted. And there might have been many more, if they had been enquired for. But there was no need of them.

XIV. There was one very strange thing more, with which the Court was newly entertained. As this woman was under a guard, passing by the great and spacious Meeting-House of Salem, she gave a look towards the house. And immediately a dæmon invisibly entring the meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that tho' there were no person to be seen there, yet the people at the noise running in, found a board, which was strongly fastned with several nails, transported unto another quarter of the⁴⁰ house.

From MAGNALIA CHRISTI
AMERICANA

THE BOSTONIAN EBENEZER

... And oh! that the drinking-houses in the town might once come under a laudable regulation. The town⁵⁰ has an enormous number of them; will the haunters of those houses hear the counsels of Heaven? For you that are

¹ dolls

the town-dwellers, to be oft or long in your visits of the ordinary, 'twill certainly expose you to mischiefs more than ordinary. I have seen certain taverns, where the pictures of horrible devourers were hang'd out for the signs; and, thought I, 'twere well if such signs were not sometimes too, too significant. Alas, men have their estates devoured, their names devoured, their hours devoured, and their very souls devoured, when they are so besotted that they are not in their element, except they be tipling at such houses. When once a man is bewitched with the ordinary, what usually becomes of him? He is a gone man; and when he comes to die, he'll cry out as many have done, "Ale-houses are hell-houses! Ale-houses are hell-houses!"

But let the owners of those houses also now hear our counsels. Oh! hearken to me, that God may hearken to you another day! It is an honest, and a lawful, tho' it be not a very desireable employment, that you have undertaken. You may glorifie the Lord Jesus Christ in your employment if you will, and benefit the town considerably. There was a very godly man that was an innkeeper, and a great minister of God could say to that man, in 3 John 2, thy soul prospereth. O let it not be said of you, since you are fallen into this employment, thy soul withereth! It is thus with too many. Especially when they that get a License perhaps to sell drink out of⁴⁰ doors, do stretch their License to sell within doors. Those private houses, when once a professor of the gospel comes to steal a living out of them, it commonly precipitates them into abundance of wretchedness and confusion. But I pray God assist you that keep ordinaries, to keep the commandments of God in them. There was an inn at Bethlehem where the Lord Jesus Christ was to be met withal. Can Boston boast of many such? Alas, too ordinarily it may be said, There is no room for him in the inn! My friends, let me beg it of you, banish the unfruitful

works of darkness from your houses, and then the sun of righteousness will shine upon them. Don't countenance drunkenness, revelling, and mis-spending of precious time in your houses: Let none have the snares of death laid for them in your houses. You'll say, I shall starve then! I say, better starve than sin: But you shall not. It is the word of the Most High, trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed. And is not peace of conscience, with a little, better than those riches, that will shortly melt away, and then run like scalding metal down the very bowels of thy soul?

THE LIFE OF MR. THOMAS HOOKER

Mr. Hooker and Mr. Cotton were, for their different genius, the Luther and Melancthon of New England. At their arrival unto which country Mr. Cotton settled with the church of Boston, but Mr. Hooker with the church of New-Town, having Mr. Stone for his assistant. Inexpressible now was the joy of Mr. Hooker, to find himself surrounded with his friends, who were come over the year before, to prepare for his reception; with open arms he embraced them, and uttered these words, "Now I live, if you stand fast in the Lord." But such multitudes flocked over to New England after them, that the plantation of New Town became to straight for them; and it was Mr. Hooker's advice, that they should not incur the danger of a Sitna, or an Esek, where they might have a Rehoboth. Accordingly in the Month of June 1636, they removed an hundred miles to the westward, with a purpose to settle upon the delightful banks of Connecticut River. And there were about an hundred persons in the first company that made this removal; who not being able to walk above ten miles a day, took up near a fortnight in the journey; having no pillows to take their nightly rest upon, but such as their father Jacob found in the way to Padan-Aram. Here Mr. Hooker was

the chief instrument of beginning another colony, as Mr. Cotton, whom he left behind him, was, of preserving and perfecting that colony where he left him; for, indeed each of them were the oracle of their several colonies.

Tho' Mr. Hooker had thus removed from the Massachuset-Bay, yet he sometimes came down to visit the churches in that bay. But when ever he came, he was received with an affection like that which Paul found among the Galatians; yea, 'tis thought, that once there seemed some intimation from heaven, as if the good people had overdone in that affection; for on May 26, 1639, Mr. Hooker being here to preach that Lord's Day in the afternoon, his great fame had gathered a vast multitude of hearers from several other congregations, and among the rest, the governour himself, to be made partaker of his ministry. But when he came to preach, he found himself so unaccountably at a loss, that after some shattered and broken attempts to proceed, he made a full stop; saying to the assembly, That every thing which he would have spoken, was taken both out of his mouth, and out of his mind also; wherefore he desired them to sing a Psalm, while he withdrew about half an hour from them. Returning then to the Congregation, he preached a most admirable sermon, wherein he held them for two hours together in an extraordinary strain both of pertinency and vivacity.

That Reverend and excellent man, Mr. Whitfield, having spent many years in studying of books, did at length take two or three years to study men; and in pursuance of this design, having acquainted himself with the most considerable Divines in England, at last he fell into the acquaintance of Mr. Hooker; concerning whom, he afterwards gave this testimony: "That he had not thought there had been such a man on earth; a man in whom there shone so many excellencies, as were in this incomparable Hooker; a man in whom learning and wisdom were so tempered with zeal, holiness, and

watchfulness." And the same observer having exactly noted Mr. Hooker, made this remark, and gave this report more particularly of him, That he had the best command of his own spirit, which he ever saw in any man whatever. For though he were a man of a choleric disposition, and had a mighty vigour and fervour of spirit, which as occasion served, was wondrous useful unto him, yet he had ordinarily as much government of his choler, as a man has of a mastiff dog in a chain; he could let out his dog, and pull in his dog, as he pleased. And another that observed the heroical spirit and courage, with which this great man fulfilled his ministry, gave this account of him, He was a person who while doing his Master's work, would put a King in his pocket. . . .

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE

When David was driven from his friends into the wilderness, he made this pathological representation of his condition: 'Twas as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains. 30 Among the many worthy persons who were persecuted into an American wilderness, for their fidelity to the ecclesiastical kingdom of our true David, there was one that bore the name, as well as the state, of an hunted Partridge. What befel him, was, as Bede saith of what was done by Fœlix, Juxta nominis sui Sacramentum.¹

This was Mr. Ralph Partridge, who 40 for no fault but the delicacy of his good spirit, being distress'd by the ecclesiastical settlers, had no defence, neither of beak, nor claw, but a flight over the ocean.

The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony.

This Partridge had not only the innocency of the dove, conspicuous in his 50 blameless and pious life, which made him very acceptable in his conversation; but also the loftiness of an eagle,

¹ in keeping with his christening

in the great soar of his intellectual abilities. There are some interpreters, who understanding church officers by the living creatures, in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse, will have the Teacher to be intended by the eagle there, for his quick insight into remote and hidden things. The church of Duxbury had such an eagle in their Partridge, when they enjoy'd such a teacher.

By the same token, when the Platform of Church-Discipline was to be compos'd, the synod at Cambridge appointed three persons to draw up each of them, A Model of Church-Government, according to the Word of God; unto the end that out of those the synod might form what should be found most agreeable; which three persons were Mr. Cotton, and Mr. Mather, and Mr. Partridge. So that in the opinion of that reverend assembly, this person did not come far behind the first three, for some of his accomplishments.

After he had been forty years a faithful and painful² preacher of the gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his work by any bodily sickness, he dy'd in a good old age about the year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a weaned Spirit, whereby he signalized himself unto the churches of God. That was this: There was a time when most of the ministers in the colony of Plymouth left the colony, upon the discouragement which the want of a competent maintenance among the needy and froward inhabitants, gave unto them. Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being any thing that look'd like a bird wandring from his nest, that he remained with his poor people, till he took wing to become a bird of paradise, along with the winged seraphim of Heaven.

Epitaphium.
Avolavit!³

² painstaking

³ he has flown away

THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN ELIOT

PART III: ELIOT AS AN EVANGELIST

The natives of the country now possessed by the New-Englanders had been forlorn and wretched heathen ever since their first herding here; and tho' we know not when or how those Indians first became inhabitants of this mighty continent, yet we may guess that probably the Devil decoy'd those miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them. But our Eliot was in such ill terms with the Devil, as to alarm him with sounding the silver trumpets of Heaven in his territories, and make some noble and zealous attempts towards ousting him of his ancient possessions here. There were, I think, twenty several nations (if I may call them so) of Indians upon that spot of ground which fell under the influence of our three united colonies; and our Eliot was willing to rescue as many of them as he could, from that old usurping landlord of America, who is by the wrath of God, the prince of this world.

The first step which he judg'd necessary now to be taken by him, was to learn the Indian language; for he saw them so stupid and senseless, that they would never do so much as enquire after the religion of the strangers now come into their country; much less would they so far imitate us as to leave off their beastly way of living, that they might be partakers of any spiritual advantage by us, unless we could first address them in a language of their own. Behold, new difficulties to be surmounted by our indefatigable Eliot! He hires a native to teach him this exotick language, and with a laborious care and skill, reduces it into a Grammar which afterwards he published. There is a letter or two of our alphabet, which the Indians never had in theirs; tho' there were enough of the dog in their temper, there can scarce be found an R in their language; (any more

than in the language of the Chinese, or of the Greenlanders) save that the Indians to the northward, who have a peculiar dialect, pronounces an R where an N is pronounced by our Indians. But if their Alphabet be short, I am sure the words composed of it are long enough to tire the patience of any scholar in the world. They are sesquipedalia verba,¹ of which their linguo is composed; one would think they had been growing ever since Babel, unto the dimensions to which they had now extended. For instance, if my reader will count how many letters there are in this one word, Nummat-chekodtantamooonganunnonash, when he has done, for his reward I'll tell him it signifies no more in English, than "our lusts"; and if I were to translate, "our loves," it must be nothing shorter than Noowomantammooonkanunnonnash. Or, to give my reader a longer word than either of these, Kummogkodonattootummooetiteaongannunnonash, is in English, "our question." But I pray, sir, count the letters! Nor do we find in all this language the least affinity to or derivation from any European speech that we are acquainted with. I know not what thoughts it will produce in my reader, when I inform him, that once finding that the dæmons in a possessed young woman understood the Latin and Greek and Hebrew languages, my curiosity led me to make trial of this Indian language, and the dæmons did seem as if they did not understand it. This tedious language our Eliot (the anagram of whose name was Toile) quickly became a master of; he employ'd a pregnant and witty Indian, who also spoke English well, for his assistance in it; and compiling some discourses by his help, he would single out a word, a noun, a verb, and pursue it through all its variations. Having finished his grammar, at the close he writes, "Prayers and pains thro' faith in Christ Jesus will do any thing!" And being by his prayers and pains thus furnished, he set himself in the year 1646 to preach the Gospel of

¹ words of six syllables

our Lord Jesus Christ, among these
desolate outcasts.

From **THE NEW ENGLAND
PRIMER**

GOOD BOYS AT THEIR BOOKS

He who ne'er learns his A, B, C,
Forever will a Block-head be;
But he who to his Book's inclin'd,
Will soon a golden treasure find.

Children, like tender trees, do take the
Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always
grow;
For what we learn in Youth, to that
alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

Thy life to mend,
This Book attend.

The Cat doth play, 5
And after slay.

A Dog will bite
A Thief by night.

An Eagle's flight 10
Is out of sight.

The idle Fool
Is whipt at School.

As runs the Glass,
Man's life doth pass.

My Book and Heart 15
Shall never part.

Job feels the Rod,
Yet blesses God.

Kings should be good, 20
No men of blood.

The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.

The Moon gives light
In time of Night.

Nightingales sing 25
In time of Spring.

Young Obadiah,
David, Josiah,
All were pious.

Peter denies 30
His Lord and cries.

Queen Esther sues
And saves the Jews.

Rachel doth mourn 35
For her first-born.

Samuel anoints
Whom God appoints.

Time cuts down all,
Both great and small.

Uriah's beauteous wife 40
Made David seek his life.

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

Xerxes the Great did die, 45
And so must you and I.

Youth forward slips,
Death soonest nips.

Zaccheus he
Did climb the Tree
His Lord to see. 50

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span;
And cruel Death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.
Then sow the seeds of Grace whilst
young, 5
That when thou com'st to die
Thou may'st sing forth that triumph
song:
Death, where's thy victory?

Good children must:

Fear God all day, Love Christ alway,
Parents obey, In secret pray,
No false thing say, Mind little play,
By no sin stray, Make no delay

In doing good.

Learn these four lines by Heart:

Have communion with few,
Be intimate with ONE;
Deal justly with all,
Speak Evil of none.

Three choice Sentences:

1. Praying will make us leave Sin-
ning, or Sinning will make us leave
Praying.

2. Our Weakness and our Inabilities
break not the Bond of our Duties.

3. What we are afraid to speak be-
fore men, we should be afraid to think
before God.

SARAH KEMBLE KNIGHT
(1666-1727)

From her JOURNAL

Monday, Octb'r. the second, 1704.—
About three o'clock afternoon, I begun
my journey from Boston to New-
Haven; being about two hundred mile.
My kinsman, Capt. Robert Luist,
waited on me as farr as Dedham, where
I was to meet the western post.

[The MS. is mutilated and incom-
plete.]

Thus jogging on with an easy pace,
my guide telling mee it was dangero's
to ride hard in the night, (which his
horse had the sence to avoid,) hee en-
tertained me with the adventurs he
had passed by late rideing, and eminent
dangers he had escaped; so that, re-
membring the heros in Parismus and
the Knight of the Oracle, I didn't know

but I had mett with a prince disguis'd.

When we had ridd about an how'r,
wee come into a thick swamp, which
by reason of a great fogg, very much
startled mee, it being now very dark.
But nothing dismay'd John. Hee had
encountered a thousand and a thousand
such swamps, having a universall
knowledge in the woods; and readily
10 answered all my inquiries, which were
not a few.

In about an how'r, or something
more, after we left the swamp, we come
to Billinges, where I was to lodg. My
guide dismounted and very compla-
santly help't me down and shewd the
door, signing to me with his hand to
go in; which I gladly did; but had not
gone many steps into the room, ere I
20 was interogated by a young lady I
understood afterwards was the eldest
daughter of the family, with these, or
words to this purpose, (viz.): "Law for
mee—what in the world brings you
here at this time a night?—I never see
a woman on the rode so dreadfull late,
in all the days of my versall life. Who
are you? Where are you going? I'me
scar'd out of my witts"—with much
30 more of the same kind. I stood aghast,
prepareing to reply, when in comes my
guide. To him Madam turn'd, roeing
out: "Lawfull heart, John, is it you?
—how de do! Where in the world are
you going with this woman? Who is
she?" John made no answer, but sat
down in the corner, fumbled out his
black junk,¹ and saluted that instead
of Debb. She then turned agen to
mee and fell anew into her silly ques-
40 tions, without asking me to sitt down.

I told her shee treated me very
rudely, and I did not think it my duty
to answer her unmannerly questions.
But to get ridd of them, I told her I
come there to have the post's company
with me to-morrow on my journey, etc.
Miss star'd awhile, drew a chair, bid
me sitt, and then run up stairs and
putts on two or three rings, (or else I
had not seen them before,) and return-
ing, sett herself just before me, show-
ing the way to Reding, that I might see

¹ pipe

her ornaments, perhaps to gain the more respect. But her Granam's new rung sow, had it appeared, would affected me as much. I paid honest John with money and dram according to contract, and dismiss him, and pray'd Miss to shew me where I must lodg. Shee conducted me to a parlour in a little back lento,¹ which was almost fill'd with the bedstead, which 10 was so high that I was forced to climb on a chair to gitt up to the wretched bed that lay on it; on which having stretcht my tired limbs, and lay'd my head on a sad-colour'd pillow, I began to think on the transactions of the past day.

Tuesday, October the third, about 8 in the morning, I with the Post proceeded forward without observing any thing remarkable. And about two, 20 afternoon, arrived at the Post's second stage, where the western Post mett him and exchanged letters. Here, having called for something to eat, the woman bro't in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the bord, tugg'd for life to bring it into a capacity to spread, which having with great pains accomplished, shee 30 serv'd in a dish of pork and cabbage, I suppose the remains of dinner. The sause was of a deep purple, which I tho't was boild in her dye kettle; the bread was Indian, and every thing on the table service agreeable to these. I, being hungry, gott a little down; but my stomach was soon cloy'd, and what cabbage I swallowed serv'd me for a cudd the whole day after.

Having here discharged the ordinary ² for self and guide, (as I understood was the custom,) about three afternoon went on with my third guide, who rode very hard; and having crossed Providence ferry, we come to a river which they generally ride thro'. But I dare not venture; so the Post got a ladd and cannoo to carry me to tother side, and hee rid thro' and led my hors. The ⁵⁰ cannoo was very small and shallow, so that when we were in shee seem'd redy to take in water, which greatly

¹ lean-to² paid the bill

terrified mee, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodg my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth then tother, nor so much as think on Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have oversett our wherey. But was soon put out of this 10 pain, by feeling the cannoo on shore, which I as soon almost saluted with my feet; and rewarding my sculler, again mounted and made the best of our way forwards. The rode here was very even and the day pleasant, it being now near sunsett. But the Post told mee we had neer 14 miles to ride to the next stage, (where we were to lodg.) I askt him of the rest of the 20 rode, foreseeing wee must travail in the night. Hee told mee there was a bad river we were to ride thro' which was so very firc a hors could sometimes hardly stem it; but it was but narrow, and wee should soon be over. I cannot express the concern of mind this relation sett me in. No thoughts but those of the dang'ros river could entertain my imagination, and they were as formidable as varios, still tormenting me 30 with blackest ideas of my approaching fate; sometimes seeing my self drowning, otherwise drowned, and at the best like a holy Sister just come out of a spiritual bath in dripping garments. . .

Being come to Mr. Havens', I was very civilly received, and courteously entertained, in a clean comfortable house; and the good woman was very 40 active in helping off my riding clothes, and then ask't what I would eat. I told her I had some chocolett, if shee would prepare it; which with the help of some milk, and a little clean brass kettle, she soon effected to my satisfaction. I then betook me to my apartment, which was a little room parted from the kitchen by a single bord partition; where, after I had noted the occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which, tho' pretty hard, yet neet and handsome. But I could get no sleep, because of the clamor of some of the town tope-ers in next room, who

were entred into a strong debate concerning the signifcation of the name of their country, (viz.) *Narraganset*. One said it was named so by the Indians, because there grew a brier there, of a prodigious highth and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians *Narragansett*; and quotes an Indian of so barberous a name for his author, that I could not write it. His antagonist replied, no; it was from a spring it had its name, which hee well knew where it was; which was extreem cold in summer, and as hott as could be imagined in the winter, which was much resorted too by the natives, and by them called *Narragansett*, (hott and cold,) and that was the originall of their place's name—with a thousand impertinances not worth notice, which he utter'd with such a roeing voice and thundering blows with the fist of wickedness on the table, that it peirc'd my very head. I heartily fretted, and wish't 'um tongue tyed; but with as little succes as a freind of mine once, who was (as shee said) kept a whole night awake, on a jorny, by a country Left,¹ and a Sergeant, Insigne and a Deacon, contriving how to bring a tri-
 angle into a square. They kept calling for tother gill, which while they were swallowing, was some intermission. But presently, like oyle to fire, encreased the flame. I set my candle on a chest by the bed side, and setting up, fell to my old way of composing my resentments, in the following manner:

I ask thy aid, O potent Rum!
 To charm these wrangling topers dum.
 Thou hast their giddy brains possess—
 The man confounded with the beast—
 And I, poor I, can get no rest.
 Intoxicate them with thy fumes;
 O still their tongues till morning comes!

And I know not but my wishes took effect; for the dispute soon ended with 'tother dram; and so, good night!

Wednesday, Octobr 4th. About four in the morning we set out for Kingston
 (for so was the town called) with a French docter in our company. Hee and the Post put on very furiously, so

that I could not keep up with them, only as now and then they'd stop till they see mee. This rode was poorly furnished with accommodations for travellers, so that we were forced to ride 22 miles by the post's account, but neerer thirty by mine, before wee could bait² so much as our horses, which I exceedingly complained of. But the post encourag'd mee, by saying wee should be well accommodated anon at Mr. Devill's, a few miles further. But I questioned whether we ought to go to the Devil to be helpt out of affliction. However, like the rest of deluded souls that post to the infernal denn, wee made all posible speed to this Devil's habitation; where alliting, in full assurance of good accommodation, wee were going in. But meeting his two daughters, as I suposed twins, they so neerly resembled each other, both in features and habit, and look't as old as the Divel himselfe, and quite as ugly. We desired entertainm't, but could hardly get a word out of 'um, till with our importunity, telling them our necessity, etc. they call'd the old sophister, who was as sparing of his words as his daughters had bin, and no, or none, was the reply's hee made us to our demands. He differ'd only in this from the old fellow in to'ther Country: hee let us depart. . . . I ridd on very slowly thro' Stoningtoun, where the rode was very stony and uneven. I asked the fellow, as we went, divers questions of the place and way, etc. I being arrived at my country Saxtons, at Stonington, was very well accommodated both as to victuals and lodging, the only good of both I had found since my setting out. Here I heard there was an old man and his daughter to come that way, bound to N. London; and being now destitute of a guide, gladly waited for them, being in so good a harbour. And accordingly, Thirsday, Octobr the 5th, about 3 in the afternoon, I sat forward with neighbour Polly and Jemima, a girl about 18 years old, who hee said he had been to fetch out of the Narra-

¹ lieutenant

² feed

gansetts, and said they had rode thirty miles that day, on a sory lean jade, with only a bagg under her for a pillion, which the poor girl often complain'd was very uneasy. . . .

Friday, Octor 6th. I got up very early, in order to hire somebody to go with mee to New Haven, being in great parplexity at the thoughts of proceeding alone; which my most hospitable 10 entertainer observing, himselfe went, and soon return'd with a young gentleman of the town, who he could confide in to go with me. And about eight this morning, with Mr. Joshua Wheeler, my new guide, takeing leave of this worthy gentleman, wee advanced on towards Seabrook. . . .

Saturday, Oct. 7th, we sett out early in the morning, and being something 20 unaquainted with the way, having ask't it of some wee mett, they told us wee must ride a mile or two and turne down a lane on the right hand; and by their direction wee rode on. But not yet comeing to the turning, we meet a young fellow and ask't him how farr it was to the lane which turn'd down towards Guilford. Hee said wee must ride a little further, and turn down by 30 the corner of uncle Sam's lott. My guide vented his spleen at the lubber; and we soon after came into the rhode, and keeping still on, without any thing further remarkabell, about two a clock afternoon we arrived at New Haven, where I was received with all possible respects and civility. Here I discharged Mr. Wheeler with a reward to his satisfaction, and took some time to rest 40 after so long and toilsome a journey; and informe'd myselfe of the manners and customs of the place, and at the same time employed myselfe in the affair I went there upon.

JONATHAN EDWARDS
(1703-1758)

[SARAH PIERREPONT]

They say there is a young lady in [New Haven] who is beloved of that

Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him—that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up 10 out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

[A PERSONAL NARRATIVE]

I had a variety of concerns and exercises about my soul from my childhood; but had two more remarkable seasons of awakening, before I met with that change by which I was brought to those new dispositions, and that new sense of things, that I have since had. The first time was when I 50 was a boy, some years before I went to college, at a time of remarkable awakening in my father's congregation. I was then very much affected for many months, and concerned about the things

of religion, and my soul's salvation; and was abundant in duties. I used to pray five times a day, in secret, and to spend much time in religious talk with other boys; and used to meet with them to pray together. I experienced I know not what kind of delight in religion. My mind was much engaged in it, and had much self-righteous pleasure; and it was my delight to abound in religious duties. I with some of my schoolmates joined together, and built a booth in a swamp, in a very retired spot, for a place of prayer. And besides, I had particular secret places of my own in the woods, where I used to retire by myself, and was from time to time much affected. My affections seemed to be lively and easily moved, and I seemed to be in my element when engaged in religious duties. And I am ready to think, many are deceived with such affections, and such a kind of delight as I then had in religion, and mistake it for grace.

But in process of time, my convictions and affections wore off; and I entirely lost all those affections and delights and left off secret prayer, at least as to any constant performance of it; and returned like a dog to his vomit, and went on in the ways of sin. Indeed I was at times very uneasy, especially towards the latter part of my time at college; when it pleased God to seize me with a pleurisy, in which he brought me nigh to the grave, and shook me over the pit of hell. And yet, it was not long after my recovery, before I fell again into my old ways of sin. But God would not suffer me to go on with any quietness; I had great and violent inward struggles, till, after many conflicts with wicked inclinations, repeated resolutions, and bonds that I laid myself under by a kind of vows to God, I was brought wholly to break off all former wicked ways, and all ways of known outward sin; and to apply myself to seek salvation, and practice many religious duties; but without that kind of affection and delight which I had formerly experienced. My concern now wrought more by inward

struggles and conflicts, and self-reflections. I made seeking my salvation the main business of my life. But yet, it seems to me I sought after a miserable manner; which has made me sometimes since to question, whether ever it issued in that which was saving; being ready to doubt, whether such miserable seeking ever succeeded. I was indeed brought to seek salvation in a manner that I never was before; I felt a spirit to part with all things in the world, for an interest in Christ. My concern continued and prevailed, with many exercising thoughts and inward struggles; but yet it never seemed to be proper to express that concern by the name of terror.

From my childhood up, my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well, when I seemed to be convinced, and fully satisfied, as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men, according to his sovereign pleasure. But I never could give an account how, or by what means, I was thus convinced, not in the least imagining at the time, nor a long time after, that there was any extraordinary influence of God's Spirit in it; but only that now I saw further, and my reason apprehended the justice and reasonableness of it. However, my mind rested in it; and it put an end to all those cavils and objections. And there has been a wonderful alteration in my mind, with respect to the doctrine of God's sovereignty, from that day to this; so that I scarce ever have found so much as the rising of an objection against it, in the most absolute sense, in God's showing mercy to whom he will show mercy, and hardening whom he will. God's absolute sovereignty and justice, with respect to salvation and damnation, is what my mind seems to rest assured of, as much as of any

thing that I see with my eyes; at least it is so at times. But I have often, since that first conviction, had quite another kind of sense of God's sovereignty than I had then. I have often since had not only a conviction, but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has very often appeared exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet. Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God. But my first conviction was not so.

The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight in God and divine things that I have lived much in since, was on reading those words, I Tim. 1. 17, *Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.* As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense, quite different from any thing I ever experienced before. Never any words of Scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought with myself, how excellent a Being that was, and how happy I should be, if I might enjoy that God, and be rapt up to Him in heaven, and be as it were swallowed up in him forever! I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of Scripture to myself; and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him, and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thought, that there was any thing spiritual, or of a saving nature, in this.

From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times, came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace

in him. I found no books so delightful to me, as those that treated of these subjects. Those words, Cant. ii. 1. used to be abundantly with me, *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.* The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from time to time, an inward sweetness, that would carry me away, in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes, in a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet and gentle and holy majesty, and also a majestic sweetness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy, gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost

every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, and moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant forth my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

I felt then great satisfaction, as to my good state; but that did not content me. I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full, and ready to break; which often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist, Psal. cxix. 28, *My soul breaketh for the longing it hath*. I often felt a mourning and lamenting in my heart, that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed on divine things; almost perpetually in the contemplation of them. I spent most of my time in thinking of divine things, year after year; often walking alone in

the woods, and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God; and it was always my manner at such times, to sing forth my contemplations. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion, were of an exceeding different kind from those before mentioned, that I had when a boy; and what I had then no more notion of, than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colors. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart; and did not arise from any sight of the divine excellency of the things of God; or any taste of the soul-satisfying, and life-giving good there is in them.

My sense of divine things seemed gradually to increase, until I went to preach at New-York, which was about a year and a half after they began; and while I was there I felt them, very sensibly, in a much higher degree than I had done before. My longings after God and holiness were much increased. Pure and humble, holy and heavenly, Christianity appeared exceedingly amiable to me. I felt a burning desire to be in every thing a complete Christian; and conformed to the blessed image of Christ; and that I might live, in all things, according to the pure, sweet, and blessed rules of the gospel. I had an eager thirsting after progress in these things; which put me upon pursuing and pressing after them. It was my continual strife day and night, and constant inquiry, how I should be more holy, and live more holily, and more becoming a child of God, and a disciple of Christ.

... The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and living there in

perfect holiness, humility, and love; and it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The inward ardor of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine, love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the Gospel prescribes." It appeared to me that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness—a divine beauty; far purer than anything here upon earth; and that everything else was like mire and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low, and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness as humility, brokenness of heart, and pov-

erty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be all, that I might become as a little child. . . .

From

THE FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED UNAVOIDABLE AND INTOLERABLE

Ezekiel xxii. 14.—*Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee? I the Lord have spoken it, and will do it.*

DOCTRINE

Since God hath undertaken to deal with impenitent sinners, they shall neither shun the threatened misery, nor deliver themselves out of it, nor can they bear it.

In handling this doctrine, I shall, 1. Show what is implied in God's undertaking to deal with impenitent sinners. 2. That therefore they cannot avoid punishment. 3. That they cannot in any measure deliver themselves from it, or do anything for their own relief under it. 4. That they cannot bear it. 5. I shall answer an inquiry, and then proceed to the use. . . .

I come now,

III. To show that as impenitent sinners cannot shun the threatened punishment, so neither can they do any thing to deliver themselves from it, or to relieve themselves under it. This is implied in those words of the text, *Can thine hands be strong?* It is with our hands that we make and accomplish things for ourselves. But the wicked in hell will have no strength of hand to accomplish any thing at all for themselves, or to bring to pass any deliverance, or any degree of relief.

1. They will not be able in that conflict to overcome their enemy, and so to deliver themselves. God, who will then undertake to deal with them, and will gird himself with might to execute wrath, will be their enemy, and will

act the part of an enemy with a witness; and they will have no strength to oppose him. Those who live negligent of their souls under the light of the gospel, act as if they supposed that they should be able hereafter to make their part good with God. 1 Cor. x. 22. *Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? Are we stronger than he?*—But they will have no power, no might to resist that omnipotence, which will be engaged against them.

2. They will have no strength in their hands to do any thing to appease God, or in the least to abate the fierceness of his wrath. They will not be able to offer any satisfaction; they will not be able to procure God's pity. Though they cry, God will not hear them. They will find no price to offer to God, in order to purchase any favor, or to pay any part of their debt.

3. They will not be able to find any to befriend them, and intercede with God for them. They had the offer of a mediator often made them in this world; but they will have no offers of such a nature in hell. None will befriend them. They will have no friend in hell; all there will be their enemies. They will have no friend in heaven: none of the saints or angels will befriend them; or if they should, it would be to no purpose. There will be no creature that will have any power to deliver them, nor will any ever pity them.

4. Nor will they ever be able to make their escape. They will find no means to break prison and flee. In hell they will be reserved in chains of darkness forever and ever. Malefactors have often found means to break prison, and escape the hand of civil justice. But none ever escaped out of the prison of hell, which is God's prison. It is a strong prison; it is beyond any finite power, or the united strength of all wicked men and devils, to unlock, or break open the door of that prison. Christ hath the key of hell; "he shuts and no man opens."

5. Nor will they ever be able to find any thing to relieve them in hell. They

will never find any resting place there, any place of respite, any secret corner, which will be cooler than the rest, where they may have a little respite, a small abatement of the extremity of their torment. They never will be able to find any cooling stream or fountain, in any part of that world of torment; no, nor so much as a drop of water to cool their tongues. They will find no company to give them any comfort, or to do them the least good. They will find no place where they can remain and rest, and take breath for one minute; for they will be tormented with fire and brimstone; and will have no rest day nor night forever and ever.

Thus impenitent sinners will be able neither to shun the punishment threatened, nor to deliver themselves from it, nor to find any relief under it.

I come now,

IV. To show, that neither will they be able to bear it. Neither will their hands be strong to deliver themselves from it, nor will their hearts be able to endure it. It is common with men, when they meet with calamities in this world, in the first place to endeavor to shun them. But if they find that they cannot shun them, then after they are come they endeavor to deliver themselves from them as soon as they can; or at least, to order things so as to deliver themselves in some degree. But if they find that they can by no means deliver themselves, and see that the case is so that they must bear them, then they set themselves to bear them. They fortify their spirits, and take up a resolution that they will support themselves under them as well as they can. They clothe themselves with all the resolution and courage they are masters of, to keep their spirits from sinking under their calamities.

But it will be utterly in vain for impenitent sinners to think to do thus with respect to the torments of hell. They will not be able to endure them, or at all to support themselves under them; the torment will be immensely beyond their strength. What will it signify for a worm, which is about to

be pressed under the weight of some great rock, to be let fall with its whole weight upon it, to collect its strength, to set itself to bear up the weight of the rock, and to preserve itself from being crushed by it? Much more in vain will it be for a poor damned soul to endeavor to support itself under the weight of the wrath of Almighty God. What is the strength of man, who is but a worm, to support himself against the power of Jehovah, and against the fierceness of his wrath? What is man's strength, when set to bear up against the exertions of infinite power? Matt. xxi. 44, *Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*

When sinners hear of hell torments, they sometimes think with themselves, well, if it shall come to that, that I must go to hell, I will bear it as well as I can; as if by clothing themselves with resolution and firmness of mind, they would be able to support themselves in some measure; when, alas! they will have no resolution, no courage at all. However they shall have prepared themselves and collected their strength, yet as soon as they shall begin to feel that wrath, their hearts will melt and be as water. However before they may seem to harden their hearts, in order to prepare themselves to bear, yet the first moment they feel it, their hearts will become like wax before the furnace. Their courage and resolution will all be gone in an instant; it will vanish away like a shadow in the twinkling of an eye. The stoutest and most sturdy will have no more courage than the feeblest infant; let a man be an infant or a giant, it will all be one. They will not be able to keep alive any courage, any strength, any comfort, any hope at all.

I come now as was proposed,

V. To answer an inquiry which may naturally be raised concerning these things.

INQUIRY. Some may be ready to say, If this be the case, if impenitent sinners can neither shun future punish-

ment, nor deliver themselves from it, nor bear it, then what will become of them?

ANSWER. They will wholly sink down into eternal death. There will be that sinking of heart, of which we now cannot conceive. We see how it is with the body when in extreme pain. The nature of the body will support itself for a considerable time under very great pain, so as to keep from wholly sinking. There will be great struggles, lamentable groans and panting, and it may be convulsions. These are the strugglings of nature to support itself under the extremity of pain. There is, as it were, a great lothness in nature to yield to it; it cannot bear wholly to sink.

But yet sometimes pain of body is so very extreme and exquisite, that the nature of the body cannot support itself under it; however loth it may be to sink, yet it cannot bear the pain; there are a few struggles, and throes, and pantings, and it may be a shriek or two, and then nature yields to the violence of the torments, sinks down; and the body dies. This is the death of the body. So it will be with the soul in hell; it will have no strength or power to deliver itself; and its torment and horror will be so great, so mighty, so vastly disproportioned to its strength, that having no strength in the least to support itself, although it be infinitely contrary to the nature and inclination of the soul utterly to sink, yet it will sink, it will utterly and totally sink, without the least degree of remaining comfort, or strength, or courage, or hope. And though it will never be annihilated, its being and perception will never be abolished; yet such will be the infinite depth of gloominess that it will sink into, that it will be in a state of death, eternal death.

The nature of man desires happiness; it is the nature of the soul to crave and thirst after well-being; and if it be under misery, it eagerly pants after relief; and the greater the misery is, the more eagerly doth it struggle

for help. But if all relief be withholden, all strength overborne, all support utterly gone, then it sinks into the darkness of death.

We can conceive but little of the matter; we cannot conceive what that sinking of the soul in such a case is. But to help your conception, imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven, all of a glowing heat, or into the midst of a glowing brick-kiln, or of a great furnace, where your pain would be as much greater than that occasioned by accidentally touching a coal of fire, as the heat is greater. Imagine also that your body were to lie there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal of fire, all the while full of quick sense; what horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace! And how long would that quarter of an hour seem to you! If it were to be measured by a glass, how long would the glass seem to be running! And after you had endured it for one minute, how overbearing would it be to you to think that you had it to endure the other fourteen!

But what would be the effect on your soul, if you knew you must lie there enduring that torment to the full for twenty-four hours! And how much greater would be the effect, if you knew you must endure it for a whole year; and how vastly greater still if you knew you must endure it for a thousand years! Oh then, how would your heart sink, if you thought, if you knew, that you must bear it forever and ever! That there would be no end! That after millions of millions of ages, your torment would be no nearer to an end than ever it was; and that you never, never, should be delivered.

But your torment in hell will be immensely greater than this illustration represents. How then will the heart of a poor creature sink under it! How utterly inexpressible and inconceivable must the sinking of the soul be in such a case!

This is the death threatened in the law. This is dying in the highest sense of the word. This is to die sensibly;

to die and know it; to be sensible of the gloom of death. This is to be undone; this is worthy of the name of destruction. This sinking of the soul under an infinite weight, which it cannot bear, is the gloom of hell. We read in Scripture of the blackness of darkness; this is it, this is the very thing. We read in Scripture of sinners being lost, and of their losing their souls. This is the thing intended; this is to lose the soul; they that are the subjects of this are utterly lost.

From
**SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN
ANGRY GOD**

Deuteronomy xxxii. 35.—*Their foot
shall slide in due time.*

APPLICATION

The use may be of awaking to unconverted persons in this congregation. This that you have heard is the case of every one of you that are out of Christ. That world of misery, that lake of burning brimstone, is extended abroad under you. *There* is the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God; there is hell's wide gaping mouth open; and you have nothing to stand upon, nor any thing to take hold of; there is nothing between you and hell but the air; 'tis only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up.

You probably are not sensible of this; you find you are kept out of hell, but don't see the hand of God in it, but look at other things, as the good state of your bodily constitution, your care of your own life, and the means you use for your own preservation. But indeed these things are nothing; if God should withdraw his hand, they would avail no more to keep you from falling, than the thin air to hold up a person that is suspended in it.

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and, if God should let you go, you would immediately sink,

and swiftly descend and plunge into the bottomless gulf; and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. Were it not that so is the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans with you; the creature is made subject to the bondage of your corruption, not willingly; the sun don't willingly shine upon you, to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth don't willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts, nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air don't willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals, while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good, and were made for men to serve God with, and don't willingly subserve to any other purpose, and groan when they are abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spue you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of him who hath subjected it in hope. There are the black clouds of God's wrath now hanging directly over your heads, full of the dreadful storm, and big with thunder; and, were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God for the present stays his rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury, and your destruction would come like a whirlwind, and you would be like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopt, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. 'Tis true, that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been with-

held; but your guilt in the mean time is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are continually rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back that are unwilling to be stopt, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the flood-gate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest, devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string; and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood.

Thus are all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the spirit of God upon your souls; all that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new, and before altogether unexperienced light and life. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the house of God, and may be strict in it, you are thus in the hands of an angry God; 'tis nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by and by you will be fully convinced of it. Those that are gone from being in the like circumstances with you, see that it was so with them; for destruction came suddenly upon most of them, when they expected nothing of it, and

while they were saying, *peace and safety*. Now they see, that those things that they depended on for peace and safety, were nothing but thin air and empty shadows.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times so abominable in his eyes as the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet 'tis nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. 'Tis to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropt into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you haven't gone to hell since you have sat here in the House of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship; yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you don't this very moment drop down into hell.

O Sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in. 'Tis a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever

have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment. . . .

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath, and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious they may otherwise be. Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think, that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing would it be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out; and it would be no wonder if some person that now sits here in some seat of this meeting-house, in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning.

From

GREAT GUILT NO OBSTACLE TO THE PARDON OF THE RE- TURNING SINNER

Psalm xxv. 11.—*For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great.*

The mercy of God is as sufficient for the pardon of the greatest sins as for

the least; and that because his mercy is infinite. That which is infinite, is as much above what is great, as it is above what is small. Thus God being infinitely great, he is as much above kings as he is above beggars; he is as much above the highest angel, as he is above the meanest worm. One finite measure doth not come any nearer to the extent of what is infinite than another. . . . Therefore I observe,

That the *satisfaction of Christ* is as sufficient for the removal of the greatest guilt as for the least. . . . God may, through Christ, pardon the *greatest sinner* without any prejudice to the honor of his majesty. . . .

APPLICATION

The proper *use* of this subject is, to encourage sinners whose consciences are burdened with a sense of guilt, immediately to go to God through Christ for mercy. If you go in the manner we have described, the arms of mercy are open to embrace you. You need not be at all the more fearful of coming because of your sins, let them be ever so black. If you had as much guilt lying on each of your souls as all the wicked men in the world, and all the damned souls in hell, yet if you came to God for mercy, sensible of your own vileness, and seeking pardon only through the free mercy of God in Christ, you would not need to be afraid; the greatness of your sins would be no impediment to your pardon. Therefore, if your souls be burdened, and you are distressed for fear of hell, you need not fear that burden and distress any longer. If you are but willing, you may freely come and unload yourselves, and cast all your burdens on Christ, and rest in him.

But here I shall speak to some objections which some awakened sinners may be ready to make against what I now exhort them to.

Some may be ready to object, I have spent all my youth and all the best of my life in sin, and I am afraid God will not accept of me, when I offer him

only mine old age. To this I would answer, Hath God said anywhere that he will not accept of *old sinners* who come to him? God hath often made offers and promises in universal terms; and is there any such exception put in? Doth Christ say, All that thirst, let them come to me and drink, *except old sinners*? Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, *except old sinners*, and I will give you rest? Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out, *if he be not an old sinner*? Did you ever read any such exception anywhere in the Bible? And why should you give way to exceptions which you make out of your own heads, or rather which the devil puts into your heads, and which have no foundation in the Word of God? Indeed it is more rare that old sinners are willing to come than others; but if they do come, they are as readily accepted as any whatever. . . .

But had I not better stay till I shall have made myself better, before I presume to come to Christ? . . . In answer to this,

1. Consider how unreasonably you act. You are striving to set up yourselves for your own saviours; you are striving to get something of your own, on the account of which you may the more readily be accepted. So that by this it appears that you do not seek to be accepted only on Christ's account. And is not this to rob Christ of the glory of being your only Saviour? Yet this is the way in which you are hoping to make Christ willing to save you.

2. You can never come to Christ at all, unless you first see that he will not accept of you the more readily for any thing that you can do. You must first see that it is utterly in vain for you to try to make yourselves better on any such account. You must see that you can never make yourselves any more worthy, or less unworthy, by any thing which you can perform.

3. If ever you truly come to Christ, you must see that there is enough in him for your pardon, though you be no better than you are. If you see not the

sufficiency of Christ to pardon you, without any righteousness of your own to recommend you, you never will come so as to be accepted of him. The way to be accepted is to come; not on any such encouragement that now you have made yourselves better and more worthy, or not so unworthy, but on the mere encouragement of Christ's worthiness, and God's mercy.

4. If ever you truly come to Christ, you must come to him to make you better. You must come as a patient comes to his physician, with his diseases or wounds to be cured. Spread all your wickedness before him, and do not plead your goodness; but plead your badness, and your necessity on that account. And say, as the psalmist in the text, not Pardon mine iniquity, 20 for it is not so great as it was; but, Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

From the TREATISE ON THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL

Part II, Section 3: Whether any event whatsoever, and volition in particular, can come to pass without a cause for its existence.

. . . I assert that nothing ever comes to pass without a Cause. What is self-existent must be from eternity, and must be unchangeable; but as to all things that begin to be, they are not self-existent, and therefore must have some foundation of their existence without themselves. That whatsoever begins to be, which before was not, must have a Cause why it then begins 40 to exist, seems to be the first dictate of the common and natural sense which God hath implanted in the minds of all mankind, and the main foundation of all our reasonings about the existence of things, past, present, or to come.

And this dictate of common sense equally respects substances and modes, or things and the manner and circumstances of things. Thus if we see a body which has hitherto been at rest, start out of a state of rest and begin to move, we do as naturally and necessarily suppose there is some Cause or

reason of this new mode of existence, as of the existence of a body itself which had hitherto not existed. And so if a body, which had hitherto moved in a certain direction, should suddenly change the direction of its motion; or if it should put off its old figure, and take a new one; or change its color; the beginning of these new modes is a 10 new event, and the mind of mankind necessarily supposes that there is some Cause or reason of them.

If this grand principle of common sense be taken away, all arguing from effects to Causes ceaseth, and so all knowledge of any existence, besides what we have by the most direct and immediate intuition. Particularly, all our proof of the being of God ceases. We argue his being from our own being and the being of other things, which we are sensible once were not, but have begun to be; and from the being of the world, with all its constituent parts, and the manner of their existence; all which we see plainly are not necessary in their own nature, and so not self-existent, and therefore must have a Cause. But if things, not in 30 themselves necessary, may begin to be without a Cause, all this arguing is vain. . . .

But if once this grand principle of common sense be given up, that what is not necessary in itself must have a Cause, and we begin to maintain that things may come into existence and begin to be, which heretofore have not been, of themselves without any Cause; 40 all our means of ascending in our arguing from the creature to the Creator, and all our evidence of the Being of God, is cut off at one blow. In this case, we cannot prove that there is a God, either from the being of the world, and the creatures in it, or from the manner of their being, their order, beauty and use. For if things may come into existence without any Cause 50 at all, then they doubtless may without any Cause answerable to the effect. Our minds do alike naturally suppose and determine both these things; namely, that what begins to be has a

Cause, and also that it has a Cause proportionable and agreeable to the effect. The same principle which leads us to determine that there cannot be anything coming to pass without a Cause, leads us to determine that there cannot be more in the effect than in the Cause.

Yea, if once it should be allowed, that things may come to pass without a Cause, we should not only have no proof of the Being of God, but we should be without evidence of the existence of anything whatsoever but our own immediately present ideas and consciousness. For we have no way to prove any thing else, but by arguing from effects to causes; from the ideas now immediately in view, we argue other things not immediately in view; from sensations now excited in us, we infer the existence of things without us, as the Causes of these sensations; and from the existence of these things, we argue other things which they depend on, as effects on Causes. We infer the past existence of ourselves, or anything else, by memory; only as we argue that the ideas, which are now in our minds, are the consequences of past ideas and sensations. We immediately perceive nothing else but the ideas which are this moment extant in our minds. We perceive or know other things only by means of these, as necessarily connected with others, and dependent on them. But if things may be without Causes, all this necessary connection and dependence is dissolved, and so all means of our knowledge is gone. If there be no absurdity nor difficulty in supposing one thing to start out of non-existence into being of itself without a Cause, then there is no absurdity nor difficulty in supposing the same of millions of millions. For nothing, or no difficulty multiplied, still is nothing, or no difficulty; nothing multiplied by nothing does not increase the sum.

And indeed, according to the hypothesis I am opposing, of the acts of the will coming to pass without a Cause, it is the case in fact, that mil-

lions of millions of events are continually coming into existence contingently, without any cause or reason why they do so, all over the world, every day and hour, through all ages. So it is in a constant succession, in every moral agent. This contingency, this efficient nothing, this effectual No Cause, is always ready at hand, to produce this sort of effects, as long as the agent exists, and as often as he has occasion.

If it were so, that things only of one kind, viz., acts of the will, seemed to come to pass of themselves, but those of this sort in general came into being thus, and it were an event that was continual, and that happened in a course, wherever were capable subjects of such events; this very thing would demonstrate that there was some cause of them, which made such a difference between this event and others, and that they did not really happen contingently. For contingency is blind, and does not pick and choose for a particular sort of events. Nothing has no choice. This No Cause, which causes no existence, cannot cause the existence which comes to pass, to be of one particular sort only, distinguished from all others. Thus, that only one sort of matter drops out of the heavens, even water, and that this comes so often, so constantly and plentifully, all over the world, in all ages, shows that there is some Cause or reason of the falling of the water out of the heavens; and that something besides mere contingency has a hand in the matter.

If we should suppose nonentity to be about to bring forth, and things were coming into existence without any Cause or antecedent on which the existence or kind or manner of existence depends; or which could at all determine whether the things should be stones, or stars, or beasts, or angels, or human bodies, or souls, or only some new motion or figure in natural bodies, or some new sensation in animals, or new ideas in the human understanding, or new volitions in the will; or anything else of all the infinite number of

possibles: then certainly it would not be expected, although many millions of millions of things are coming into existence in this manner, all over the face of the earth, that they should be only of one particular kind, and that it should be thus in all ages; and that this sort of existences should never fail to come to pass where there is room for them, or a subject capable of them, 10 and that constantly whenever there is occasion for them.

If any should imagine, there is something in the sort of event that renders it possible for it to come into existence without a Cause, and should say that the free acts of the will are existences of an exceeding different nature from other things, by reason of which they may come into existence without any 20 previous ground or reason of it, though other things cannot; if they make this objection in good earnest, it would be an evidence of their strangely forgetting themselves; for they would be giving an account of some ground of the existence of a thing, when at the same time they would maintain there is no ground of its existence. Therefore I would observe, that the particular 30 nature of existence, be it ever so diverse from others, can lay no foundation for that thing's coming into existence without a Cause; because to suppose this, would be to suppose the particular nature of existence to be a thing prior to the existence; and so a thing that makes way for existence, with such a circumstance; namely, without a Cause or reason for existence. But that which 40 in any respect makes way for a thing's coming into being, or for any manner or circumstance of its first existence, must be prior to the existence. The distinguished nature of the effect, which is something belonging to the effect, cannot have influence backward, to act before it is. The peculiar nature of that thing called volition, can do nothing, can have no influence, while it is 50 not. And afterwards it is too late for its influence; for then the thing has made sure of existence already; without its help.

So that it is indeed as repugnant to reason, to suppose that an act of the will should come into existence without a Cause, as to suppose the human soul, or an angel, or the globe of the earth, or the whole universe, should have come into existence without a Cause. And if once we allow, that such a sort of effect as a volition may come to pass without a Cause, how do we know but that many other sorts of effects may do so too? It is not the particular kind of effect that makes the absurdity of supposing it has been without a Cause, but something that is common to all things that ever began to be; viz., that they are not self-existent, or necessary in the nature of things.

CONCLUSION

As it has been demonstrated that the futurity of all future events is established by previous necessity, either natural or moral; so it is manifest that the Sovereign Creator and Disposer of the world has ordered this necessity by ordering his own conduct, either in designedly acting or forbearing to act. For, as the being of the world is from God, so the circumstances in which it had its being at first, both negative and positive, must be ordered by him in one of these ways; and all the necessary consequences of these circumstances must be ordered by him. And God's active and positive interpositions, after the world was created, and the consequences of these interpositions; also every instance of his forbearing to interpose, and the sure consequences of this forbearance, must all be determined according to his pleasure. And therefore every event, which is the consequence of any thing whatsoever, or that is connected with any foregoing thing or circumstance, either positive or negative, as the ground or reason of its existence, must be ordered of God; either by a designed efficiency and interposition, or a designed forbearing to operate or interpose. But, as has been proved, all events whatsoever are necessarily connected with

something foregoing, either positive or negative, which is the ground of their existence. It follows, therefore, that the whole series of events is thus connected with something in the state of things, either positive or negative, which is original in the series; i.e., something which is connected with nothing preceding that, but God's own immediate conduct, either his acting or forbearing to act. From whence it follows, that as God designedly orders his own conduct, and its connected consequences, it must necessarily be that he designedly orders all things.

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1772)

From the JOURNAL

[EARLY YEARS]

I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints of my experience of the Goodness of God; and pursuant thereto, in the 36 year of my age, I begin this work.

I was born in Northampton, in Burlington county, in West Jersey, in the year of our Lord 1720; and before I was seven years old I began to be acquainted with the operations of Divine Love. Through the care of my parents I was taught to read near as soon as I was capable of it, and as I went from school one seventh-day, I remember while my companions went to play by the way I went forward out of sight; and setting down, I read the twenty-second chapter of Revelations: "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb," etc.; and in the reading of it, my mind was drawn to seek after that pure habitation which I then believed God had prepared for his servants. The place where I sat, and the sweetness that attended my mind, remain fresh in my memory. . . .

My parents, having a large family of children, used frequently on first-days after meeting to put us to read in the Holy Scriptures, or some religious

books, one after another, the rest sitting by without much conversation, which I have since often thought was a good practice. From what I had read, I believed there had been in past ages people who walked in uprightness before God in a degree exceeding any that I knew or heard of now living; and the apprehension of there being less steadiness and firmness amongst people in this age than in past ages, often troubled me while I was still young. . . .

Having attained the age of sixteen, I began to love wanton company; and though I was preserved from profane language or scandalous conduct, still I perceived a plant in me which produced much wild grapes. Yet my Merciful Father forsook me not utterly, but at 20 times through his grace I was brought seriously to consider my ways, and the sight of my backsliding affected me with sorrow; but for want of rightly attending to the reproofs of instruction, vanity was added to vanity, and repentance. Upon the whole my mind was more and more alienated from the truth, and I hastened towards destruction. While I meditate on the gulf towards which I traveled, and reflect on my youthful disobedience, my heart is affected with sorrow. . . .

I lived with my parents and wrought on the plantation, and having had schooling pretty well for a planter, I used to improve winter evenings and other leisure times. And being now in the twenty-first year of my age, a man in much business at shopkeeping and baking asked me if I would hire with him to tend shop and keep books. I acquainted my father with the proposal, and after some deliberation it was agreed for me to go. I had for a considerable time found my mind less given to husbandry than heretofore, having often in view some other way of living.

At home I had lived retired, and now 50 having a prospect of being much in the way of company, I felt frequent and fervent cries in my heart to God the Father of Mercies, that he would preserve me from all taint and corruption;

that in this more public employ I might serve Him, my gracious Redeemer, in that humility and self denial with which I had been in a small degree exercised in a very private life. . . .

[ANTI-SLAVERY ACTIVITIES]

My employer, having a negro woman, sold her, and directed me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who had bought her. The thing was sudden, and though the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow creatures felt uneasy, yet I remembered I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her. So through weakness I gave way, and wrote it; but at the executing I was so afflicted in my mind that I said before my master and the friend that I believed slave-keeping to be inconsistent with the Christian religion. This in some degree abated my uneasiness; yet as often as I reflected seriously upon it I thought I should have been clearer if I had desired to be excused from it as a thing against my conscience, for such it was. And some time after this a young man of our Society spake to me to write an instrument of slavery, he having lately taken a Negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it, for though many people kept slaves in our society as in others, I still believed the practice was not right, and desired to be excused from doing the writing. I spoke to him in good will, and he told me that keeping slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind, but that the slave being a gift made to his wife, he had accepted of her. . . .

About this time an ancient man of good esteem in the neighborhood came to my house to get his will wrote; he had young negroes, and I asking him privately how he purposed to dispose of them, he told me. I then said, "I cannot write thy will without breaking my own peace," and respectfully gave him my reasons for it. He signified that he had a choice that I should have wrote

it, but as I could not consistent with my conscience he did not desire it, and so he got it wrote by some other person. And a few years after, there being great alterations in his family, he came again to get me to write his will. His negroes were yet young, and his son, to whom he intended to give them, was, since he first spoke to me, from a libertine become a sober young man; and he supposed that I would have been free on that account to write it. We had much friendly talk on the subject, and then deferred it. And a few days after he came again and directed their freedom; and so I wrote his will. . . .

[TRADE AND BUSINESS]

Until the year 1756 I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a tailor; about which time I grew uneasy on account of my business growing too cumbersome. I began with selling trimmings for garments, and from thence proceeded to sell cloths and linens; and at length, having got a considerable shop of goods, my trade increased every year, and the road to large business appeared open; but I felt a stop in my mind.

Through the mercies of the Almighty I had in a good degree learned to be content with a plain way of living. I had but a small family; my outward affairs had been prosperous; and on serious reflection I believed Truth did not require me to engage in much cumbersome affairs. It had generally been my practice to buy and sell things really useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people, I was not easie to trade in; seldom did it, and whenever I did, I found it weaken me as a Christian.

The increase of business became my burthen, for though my natural inclination was towards merchandize, yet I believed Truth required me to live more free from outward cumbers. There was now a strife in my mind betwixt the two; and in this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a

heart resigned to his holy will. I then lessened my outward business, and as I had opportunity told my customers of my intention, that they might consider what shop to turn to. And so in a while I wholly laid down merchandize, following my trade as a tailor, myself only, having no prentice. I also had a nursery of apple trees, in which I spent a good deal of time, hoeing, grafting,¹⁰ trimming, and inoculating.

In merchandize it is the custom, where I lived, to sell chiefly on credit; and poor people often get in debt, and when payment is expected have not wherewith to pay, and so their creditors often sue for it at law. Having often observed occurrences of this kind, I found it good for me to advise poor people to take such as were most use-²⁰ful and not costly.

In the time of trading I had an opportunity of seeing that a too liberal use of spirituous liquors, and the custom of wearing too costly apparel, led some people into great inconveniences; and these two things appear to be often connected one with the other. For by not attending to that use of things which is consistent with universal³⁰ righteousness, there is a necessary increase of labour which extends beyond what our Heavenly Father intends for us. And by great labour, and often by much sweating in the heat, there is, even among such who are not drunkards, a craving of some liquor to revive the spirits; that partly by the wanton, luxurious living of some, and partly by the drinking of others, led to it through⁴⁰ immoderate labour, very great quantities of rum are annually expended in our colonies, of which we should have no need, did we steadily attend to pure wisdom. . . .

[PASSIVE OBEDIENCE]

The fourth day of the fourth month, 1758, orders came to some officers in Mount Holly, to prepare quarters a⁵⁰ short time for about one hundred soldiers; and an officer and two other men, all inhabitants of our town, came to my house; and the officer told me

that he came to speak with me to provide lodging and entertainment for two souldiers, there being six shillings a week per man allowed as pay for it. The case being new and unexpected, I made no answer suddenly, but sat a time silent, my mind being inward. I was fully convinced that the proceedings in wars are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian religion, and to be hired to entertain men who were under pay as soldiers was a difficulty with me. I expected they had legal authority for what they did; and after a short time I said to the officer, "If the men are sent here for entertainment, I believe I shall not refuse to admit them into my house; but the nature of the case is such that I expect I can not keep them on hire." One of the men intimated he thought I might do it consistent with my religious principles, to which I made no reply, as believing silence at that time best for me.

Though they spake of two, there came only one, who tarried at my house about two weeks, and behaved himself civilly; and when the officer came to pay me, I told him I could not take pay for it, having admitted him into my house in a passive obedience to authority. . . .

[THE USE OF DYED CLOTHING]

From my early acquaintance with truth, I have often felt an inward distress, occasioned by the striving of a spirit in me, against the operation of the heavenly principle; and in this circumstance have been affected with a sense of my own wretchedness, and in a mourning condition felt earnest longing for that divine help which brings the soul into true liberty. Retiring into private places, the spirit of supplication hath been given me; and under a heavenly covering have asked my gracious Father to give me a heart in all things resigned to the direction of his wisdom, and in uttering language like this, the thoughts of my wearing hats and garments dyed with a dye injurious to them, has made lasting impressions on me.

In visiting people of note in the Society who had slaves, and labouring with them in brotherly love on that account, I have seen, and the sight has affected me, that a conformity to some customs, distinguishable from pure wisdom, has entangled many; and the desire of gain to support these customs, greatly opposed the work of truth. And sometimes when the prospect of the work before me has been such that in bowedness of spirit I have been drawn into retired places, and besought the Lord with tears that he would take me wholly under his direction, and shew me the way in which I ought to walk, it hath revived with strength of conviction, that if I would be his faithful servant, I must in all things attend to his wisdom, and be teachable; and so cease from all customs contrary thereto, however used amongst religious people.

As He is the perfection of power, of wisdom, and of goodness, so I believe He hath provided that so much labour shall be necessary for men's support in this world, as would, being rightly divided, be a suitable employment of their time; and that we cannot go into superfluities, or grasp after wealth in a way contrary to his wisdom, without having connection with some degree of oppression, and with that spirit which leads to self-exaltation and strife, and which frequently brings calamities on countries, by parties contending about their claims.

Being thus fully convinced, and feeling an increasing desire to live in the spirit of peace; being often sorrowfully affected with the thinking on the unquiet spirit in which wars are generally carried on, and with the miseries of many of my fellow-creatures engaged therein; some suddenly destroyed; some wounded, and after much pain remain crippled; some deprived of all their outward substance, and reduced to want; and some carried into captivity; thinking often on these things, the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful,

grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure wisdom. The apprehension of being singular¹ from my beloved friends was a strait upon me; and thus I remained in the use of some things contrary to my judgment.

On the thirty-first day of the fifth month, 1761, I was taken ill of a fever; and after having it near a week, I was in great distress of body. And one day there was a cry raised in me, that I might understand the cause why I was afflicted, and improve under it; and my conformity to some customs, which I believed were not right, was brought to my remembrance; and in the continuation of this exercise, I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being; and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisement, feeling the necessity of further purifying. There was now no desire in me for health, until the design of my correction was answered; and thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit. And as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature; and from that time forward I grew better.

Though I was thus settled in my mind in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy to wear my garments heretofore made; and so continued about nine months. Then I thought of getting a hat the natural colour of the fur; but the apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity, felt uneasy to me. And here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, became great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity. While that singularity was only for his sake, on this account, I was under close exercise of mind in the time of our General spring meeting, 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed. And at a time when one of my dear brethren was concerned in humble supplication, I, being then

¹ different

deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, was made willing, in case I got safe home, to speak for a hat of the natural colour of the fur; and did so.

In attending publick meetings, this singularity was a trial upon me, and more especially at this time, white hats being in use amongst some who were fond of following the changeable modes of dress; and as some Friends, 10 who knew not on what motives I wore it, carried shy of me, I felt my way for a time shut up in the ministry; and in this condition, my mind being turned toward my heavenly Father, with fervent cries that I might be preserved to walk before him in the meekness of wisdom, my heart was often tender in meetings, and I felt an inward consolation, which to me was very precious 20 under those difficulties.

I had several dyed garments fit for use, which I believed it best to wear, till I had occasion of new ones: and some friends were apprehensive, that my wearing such a hat savoured of an affected singularity. Such who spake with me in a friendly way, I generally informed in a few words, that I believed my wearing it, was not in my own will. 30 I had at times been sensible that a superficial friendship had been dangerous to me; and many Friends being now uneasy with me, I had an inclination to acquaint some with the manner of my being led into these things; yet, upon a deeper thought, I was for a time most easy to omit it, believing the present dispensation was profitable; and trusting, that if I kept my place, the Lord 40 in his own time would open the hearts of Friends toward me. Since which, I have had occasion to admire his goodness and loving-kindness, in leading about and instructing, and opening and enlarging my heart in some of our meetings.

[UNNECESSARY ADORNMENTS]

Memorandum of my proceedings to 50 take a passage for England on a religious visit.

My beloved friend Saml. Emlen, junior, having taken a passage for him-

self in the cabbin of the ship called *Mary and Elizabeth*, James Sparks, Master, and John Head, of the city of Philadelphia, the owner; and I, feeling a draft in my mind toward the steorage of the same ship, went first of all and opened to Samuel the feeling I had concerning it.

My beloved friend wept when I spake to him, and appeared glad that I had thoughts of going in the vessel with him, though my prospect was toward the steorage; and he offering to go with me, we went on board, first into the cabbin, a commodious room, and then into the steorage, where we sat down on a chest, the sailors being busy about us. The owner of the ship also came and sat down with us. Here my mind was turned towards Christ, the Heavenly Counsellor; and feeling at this time my own will subjected, my heart was contrite before him. A motion was made by the owner to go and sit in the cabin, as a place more retired; but I felt easy to leave the ship, and, making no agreement as to a passage in her, told the owner if I took a passage in the ship I believed it would be in the steorage; but did not say much as to my exercise in that case.

After I went to my lodgings, and the case was a little known in town, a Friend laid before me the great inconvenience attending that steorage, which for a time appeared very discouraging to me.

I soon after went to bed, and my mind was under a deep exercise before the Lord, whose helping hand was manifested to me as I slept that night, and his love strengthened my heart. In the morning I went with two Friends on board the vessel again, and after a short time spent therein, I went with Samuel Emlen to the house of the owner, to whom, in the hearing of Samuel only, I opened my exercise in substance as follows, in relation to a scruple I felt with regard to a passage in the cabin.—

I told the owner that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery, and that in the

cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment hath some relation to the expense of furnishing it to please the minds of such as give way to a conformity to this world; and that in this case, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers 10 are calculated to answer every expense relating to their passage, and amongst the rest the expense of these superfluities. And that in this case I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses. . . .

After this I agreed for a passage in the steerage; and hearing that Joseph White had a mind to see me, I went to his house, and next day home, where I 20 tarried two nights. And then early in the morning I parted with my family, under a sense of the humbling hand of God upon me; and going to Philadelphia, had opportunity with several of my beloved friends, who appeared to be concerned for me on account of the unpleasant situation of that part of the vessel in which I was likely to lodge. In these opportunities my mind, 30 through the mercies of the Lord, was kept low, in an inward waiting for his help; and Friends having expressed their desire that I might have a more convenient place than the steerage, did not urge it, but appeared disposed to leave me to the Lord.

[A VISION]

In a time of sickness with the 40 pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy colour, between the south and the east; and was informed, that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that 50 henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice, more pure

and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before, and I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were, *John Woolman is dead*. I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman; and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean.

I believed, beyond doubting, that it was the voice of an holy angel; but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians; and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious.

Then I was informed, that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and in the morning, my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them, if they knew who I was. And they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed; for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one; but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery.

My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak; and then I said, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Then the mystery was opened; and I perceived there was joy in Heaven over a sinner who had repented; and that that language, *John Woolman is dead*, meant no more than the death of my own will.

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(1706-1790)

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN

TO MY FRIEND, A. B.: As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor and goes abroad or sits idle one-half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again it is seven and threepence, and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat¹ a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a

¹ four pence

hundred pounds. So much in stock briskly turned by an industrious man produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night heard by a creditor makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it, in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling, expenses mount up to large sums; and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become rich, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

COURTEOUS READER:

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for tho' I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacks annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with, as *Poor Richard* says, at the end on't. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopt my

horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue² of merchant goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company call'd to a plain clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and reply'd, "If you'd have my advice, I'll give it you in short, for *A word to the wise is enough*, and *many words won't fill a bushel*, as *Poor Richard* says." They all join'd in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," says he, "and neighbours, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as *Poor Richard* says, in his Almanack of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the used key is always bright*, as *Poor Richard* says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of*, as *Poor Richard* says. How much more than is necessary do we

² sale

spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as *Poor Richard* says.

"If Time be of all things the most precious, wasting of time must be, as *Poor Richard* says, the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy*, as *Poor Richard* says; and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night*; while *laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him*, as we read in *Poor Richard*, who adds, *Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times. We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish*, as *Poor Richard* says, and *he that lives upon hope will die fasting.* There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands, or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And, as *Poor Richard* likewise observes, *He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor*; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for *industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them*, says *Poor Richard*.

"What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy; *diligence is the mother of good-luck*, as *Poor Richard* says, and *God gives all things to industry.* Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep,

says *Poor Dick*. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow, which makes *Poor Richard* say, *One to-day is worth two to-morrows*, and farther, *Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? do it to-day.* If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle*, as *Poor Dick* says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious King, be up by peep of day; *Let not the sun look down and say, inglorious here he lies.* Handle your tools without mittens; remember that *The cat in gloves catches no mice*, as *Poor Richard* says. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily; and you will see great effects, for constant dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks, as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanack, the year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, *must a man afford himself no leisure?* I will tell thee, my friend, what *Poor Richard* says: *employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful: this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as *Poor Richard* says, *a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.* Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labour? No, for as *Poor Richard* says, *trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease.* Many without labour would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect; *fly pleasures, and they'll follow you.* The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow; all which is well said by *Poor Richard*.

"But with our industry, we must

likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for as *Poor Richard* says,

*I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that
settled be.*

And again, *three removes is as bad as a fire*; and again, *keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; and again, *if you would have your business done, go; if not, send*. And again,

*He that by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *the eye of a master will do more work than both his hands*; and again, *want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge*; and again, *not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open*. Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the Almanack says, *in the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it*; but a man's own care is profitable; for saith *Poor Dick*, *learning is to the studious, and riches to the careful, as well as, power to the bold, and Heaven to the virtuous*. And farther, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself*. And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes, *a little neglect may breed great mischief*; adding, *for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail*.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will, as *Poor Richard* says; and

*Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, says he in another Almanack, think of saving as well as of getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as *Poor Dick* says,

*Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great.*

And farther, *what maintains one vice, would bring up two children*. You may think perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Many a little makes a mickle*; and farther, *beware of little expences; a small leak will sink a great ship*; and again, *who dainties love, shall beggars prove*; and moreover, *fools make feasts, and wise men eat them*.

"Here you are all got together at this vendue of fineries and knickknacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities*. And again, *at a great pennyworth pause a while*. He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths*. Again, *Poor Richard* says, 'tis foolish

to lay out money in a purchase of repentance; and yet this folly is practised every day at vendues, for want of minding the Almanack. *Wise men, as Poor Dick says, learn by others' harms; fools scarcely by their own; but felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. *Silks* 10 *and sattins, scarlet and velvet, as Poor Richard says, put out the kitchen fire.*

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural, and, as *Poor Dick* says, *for one poor person, there are an* 20 *hundred indigent.* By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as Poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small es- 30 *tate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'tis day, and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; a child and a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent; but always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom; as Poor Dick says, when the* 40 *well's dry, they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice; *If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for, he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.* *Poor Dick* farther advises, and says,

*Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
E'er fancy you consult, consult your purse.*

And again, *pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but *Poor Dick* says, *'Tis easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

*Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.*

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for, *pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt, as Poor Richard* says. And in another place, *pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.* And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

*What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
The gaudy fop's his picture just,*

as *Poor Richard* says.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this vendue, six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty! If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *the second vice is lying; the first is running* 50 *in debt.* And again, to the same purpose, *lying rides upon debt's back.* Whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty

often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue: *'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright, as Poor Richard truly says.*

"What would you think of that prince, or that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, ¹⁰ have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority at his pleasure to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or to sell you for a servant, if you should not be able ²⁰ to pay him! When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but *creditors, Poor Richard* tells us, *have better memories than debtors*; and in another place says, *creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or if you bear ³⁰ your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, saith Poor Richard, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* Then since, as he says, *the borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor*; disdain the chain, preserve your freedom; and maintain your independency; be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

For age and want, save while you may;

No morning sun lasts a whole day, ⁵⁰ as *Poor Richard* says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expence is constant and certain; and *'tis easier to build two chim-*

nies, than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says. So, rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get, hold;

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,

as *Poor Richard* says. And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, *experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that*; for it is true, *we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct*, as *Poor Richard* says. However, remember this, *they that won't be counselled, can't be helped*, as *Poor Richard* says; and farther, that, *if you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles.*"

Thus the old Gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on these topicks during the course of five and twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the

better for the echo of it! and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. *I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,*

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And he arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him;

14. And returned with him to his tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away in the morning with gifts.

15. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.

16. But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

PROPOSED NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE

TO THE PRINTER OF . . .
SIR,

It is now more than one hundred and seventy years since the translation of our common English Bible. The language in that time is much changed, and the style, being obsolete, and thence less agreeable, is perhaps one reason why the reading of that excellent book is of late so much neglected. I have therefore thought it would be well to procure a new version, in which, preserving the sense, the turn of phrase and manner of expression should be modern. I do not pretend to have the necessary abilities for such a work myself; I throw out the hint for the consideration of the learned; and only venture to send you a few verses of the first chapter of Job, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend.

A. B.

PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF JOB
MODERNIZED

OLD TEXT

Verse 6. Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also amongst them.

7. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

8. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

9. Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?

10. Hast thou not made an hedge about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

11. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

NEW VERSION

Verse 6. And it being *levée* day in heaven, all God's nobility came to court, to present themselves before him; and Satan also appeared in the circle, as one of the ministry.

7. And God said to Satan, You have been some time absent; where were you? And Satan answered I have been at my country-seat, and in different places visiting my friends.

8. And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoiding every thing that might offend me.

9. And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?

10. Have you not protected him, and heaped your benefits upon him, till he is grown enormously rich?

11. Try him;—only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places, and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in the opposition.

tions when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to learn the circumstances of *my* life, many of which you are unacquainted with, and expecting the enjoyment of a few weeks' uninterrupted leisure, I sit down to write them. Besides, there are some other inducements that excite me to this undertaking. From the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and in which I passed my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of affluence and some degree of celebrity in the world. As constant good fortune has accompanied me even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed, and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me. They may also deem them fit to be imitated, should any of them find themselves in similar circumstances.

This good fortune, when I reflect on it (which is frequently the case), has induced me sometimes to say that if it were left to my choice I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to the end; requesting only the advantage authors have of correcting in a second edition the faults of the first. So would I also wish to change some incidents of it for others more favorable. Notwithstanding, if this condition was denied I should still accept the offer recommencing the same life. But as this repetition is not to be expected, that which resembles most living one's life over again seems to be to recall all the circumstances of it, and, to render this remembrance more durable, to record them in writing.

In thus employing myself, I shall yield to the inclination, so natural to old men, of talking of themselves and their own actions; and I shall indulge it without being tiresome to those who, from respect to my age, might conceive themselves obliged to listen to me, since they will be always free to read me or not. And lastly (I may as well confess it, as the denial of it would be believed

From the AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[HIS REASONS FOR WRITING IT]

I have ever had a pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my rela-

by nobody), I shall perhaps not a little gratify my own vanity. Indeed, I never heard or saw the introductory words, "Without vanity I may say," etc., but some vain thing immediately followed. Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of ¹⁰ good to the possessor and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his *vanity* among the other comforts of life.

And now I speak of thanking God, I desire with all humility to acknowledge that I attribute the mentioned happiness of my past life to His divine providence, which led me to the means I used and gave the success. My belief of this induces me to *hope*, though I must not *presume*, that the same goodness will still be exercised toward me in continuing that happiness or enabling me to bear a fatal reverse, which I may experience as others have done; the complexion of my future fortune being known to Him only in whose power it ³⁰ is to bless us, even in our afflictions.

[LEARNING TO WRITE]

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument and very desirous of confuting one another; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my ⁵⁰ father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally

men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me on the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, having a greater plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, I was vanquished more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered and I replied. Three or four letters on a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the subject in dispute, he took occasion to talk to me about my manner of writing; observed that though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing¹ (which he attributed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to my manner of writing and determined to endeavor to improve my style. At this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and ⁴⁰ over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and

¹ punctuation

corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching 10 for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the *Spectator* and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them 20 into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve 30 the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at 40 public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford time to practice it.

[FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA]

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was

in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up

the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

[EXPERIENCES IN A LONDON PRINTING-HOUSE]

At my first admission into the printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of type in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer! We had an ale-house boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another pint when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of

bread; and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor, an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the press-room; a new *bien venu* for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid one to the pressman; the master thought so too and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private malice practiced on me, by mixing my sorts, transposing and breaking my matter, etc., etc., if ever I stepped out of the room, and all ascribed to the *chapel ghost*, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money; convinced of the folly of being on ill-terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in the *chapel* laws and carried them against all opposition. From my example a great many of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot-water gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three halfpence. This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with their beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the ale-house, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday

night and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being estimated a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a *St. Monday*) recommended me to the master, and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

[INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY]

I now opened a small stationer's shop. I had in it blanks of all kinds, the correctest that ever appeared among us. I was assisted in that way by my friend Breintnal. I had also paper, parchment, chap-men's books, etc. One Whitemarsh, a compositor I had known in London, an excellent workman, now came to me and worked with me constantly and diligently; and I took an apprentice, the son of Aquila Rose.

I began now gradually to pay off the debt I was under for the printing-house. In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid the appearances to the contrary. I dressed plain and was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a-fishing or shooting; a book indeed sometimes debauched me from my work, but that was seldom, was private, and gave no scandal; and to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores through the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteemed an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom, others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on prosperously. In the mean time, Keimer's credit and business declining

daily, he was at last forced to sell his printing-house, to satisfy his creditors. He went to Barbadoes and there lived some years in very poor circumstances.

His apprentice, David Harry, whom I had instructed while I worked with him, set up in his place at Philadelphia, having bought his materials. I was at first apprehensive of a powerful rival in Harry, as his friends were very able and had a good deal of interest. I therefore proposed a partnership to him, which he fortunately for me rejected with scorn. He was very proud, dressed like a gentleman, lived expensively, took much diversion and pleasure abroad, ran in debt, and neglected his business; upon which all business left him, and finding nothing to do, he followed Keimer to Barbadoes, taking the printing-house with him. There this apprentice employed his former master as a journeyman; they quarreled often, and Harry went continually behindhand; and at length was obliged to sell his types and return to country work in Pennsylvania. The person who bought them employed Keimer to use them, but a few years after he died.

There remained now no other printer in Philadelphia but the old Bradford; but he was rich and easy, did a little in the business by straggling hands, but was not anxious about it. However, as he held the post-office, it was imagined he had better opportunities of obtaining news, his paper was thought a better distributor of advertisements than mine, and therefore had many more; which was a profitable thing to him and a disadvantage to me. For though I did, indeed, receive and send papers by the post, yet the public opinion was otherwise; for what I did send was by bribing the riders, who took them privately, Bradford being unkind enough to forbid it, which occasioned some resentment on my part; and I thought so meanly of the practice that when I afterward came into his situation I took care never to imitate it.

[FOUNDING A LIBRARY]

About this time our club, meeting not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me that since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them all together where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books in a common library we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected, and though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature—that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and by the help of my friends in the Junto procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterward obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred. This was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous; it is become a great thing itself and continually goes on increasing. The libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges.

This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each

day, and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house, I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had two competitors to contend with for business who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "*Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men,*" I thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction which encouraged me—though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

[MORAL PERFECTION]

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not *always* do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my attention was taken up and care employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded at length that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous

was not sufficient to prevent our slipping, and that the contrary habits must be broken and good ones acquired and established before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore tried the following method.

In the various enumerations of the *moral virtues* I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. *Temperance*, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking; while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mentally, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

The names of *virtues*, with their precepts, were:

1. **TEMPERANCE**.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. **SILENCE**.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. **ORDER**.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. **RESOLUTION**.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. **FRUGALITY**.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. **INDUSTRY**.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. **SINCERITY**.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. **JUSTICE**.—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. **MODERATION**.—Avoid extremes;

forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve.

10. **CLEANLINESS**.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. **TRANQUILLITY**.—Be not disturbed at trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. **CHASTITY**.—Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. **HUMILITY**.—Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on *one* of them at a time; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another; and so on till I should have gone through the thirteen. And as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with the view as they stand above. *Temperance* first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up and a guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, *silence* would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ear than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and jesting, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *silence* the second place. This and the next, *order*, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. *Resolution*, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues; *frugality* and *industry* relieving me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of *sincerity* and *justice*, etc.,

etc. Conceiving, then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his "Golden Verses," daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method of conducting that examination.

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues; on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

FORM OF THE PAGES

TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation

	Sun.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.
Tem.							
Sil.	*	*		*		*	
Ord.	*	*			*	*	*
Res.		*				*	
Fru.		*				*	
Ind.			*				
Sinc.							
Jus.							
Mod.							
Clea.							
Tran.							
Chas.							
Hum.							

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus in the first week my great guard was to avoid every day the least offense against *temperance*; leaving other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus if in the

first week I could keep my first line, marked Tem., clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could get through a course complete in thirteen weeks and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and having accomplished the first proceeds to the second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots; till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

[POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC]

In 1732 I first published my almanac, under the name of Richard Saunders; it was continued by me about twenty-five years and commonly called "Poor Richard's Almanac." I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the almanac of 1757 as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in France, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

[THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES]

I had begun in 1733 to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance who was also learning it used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterward, with a little painstaking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also.

I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an

acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined; which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it, and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way.

[WHITEFIELD'S PREACHING]

In 1739, arrived among us from Ireland the Reverend Mr. Whitefield who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was a matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them they were naturally *half beasts and half devils*. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street.

And it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner proposed, and persons appointed to receive contributions, than sufficient sums were soon received to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected. Both house and ground were vested in trustees, expressly for the use of *any preacher of any religious*

persuasion who might desire to say something to the people at Philadelphia, the design in building being not to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us, he would find a pulpit at his service.

Mr. Whitefield, on leaving us, went ¹⁰ preaching all the way through the colonies to Georgia. The settlement of that province had been lately begun; but instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen accustomed to labor, the only people fit for such an enterprise, it was with families of broken shopkeepers and other insolvent debtors; many indolent and idle habits, taken out of the jails, ²⁰ who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for. The sight of their miserable situation inspired the benevolent heart of Mr. Whitefield with the idea of building an orphan house there, in which they might be supported and educated. Re- ³⁰ turning northward, he preached up this charity and made large collections; for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance.

I did not disapprove of the design, but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and ⁵⁰ I silently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in

gold. As he proceeded I began to soften and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

Some of Mr. Whitefield's enemies affected to suppose that he would apply these collections to his own private emolument; but I, who was intimately acquainted with him, being employed in printing his sermons and journals, never had the least suspicion of his integrity, but am to this day decidedly of opinion that he was in all his conduct a perfectly *honest man*; and methinks my testimony in his favor ought to have the more weight, as we had no religious connection. He used, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but he never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides, and lasted to his death.

The following instance will show the terms on which we stood. Upon one of his arrivals from England at Boston he wrote to me that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but knew not where he could lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was: "You know my house;

if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome." He replied that if I made that kind offer for *Christ's* sake I should not miss of a reward. And I returned: "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for *Christ's* sake, but for *your* sake." One of our common acquaintance jocosely remarked that knowing it to be the custom of the saints when they received any favor to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders and place it in heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth.

The last time I saw Mr. Whitefield was in London, when he consulted me about his orphan house concern and his purpose of appropriating it to the establishment of a college.

He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. He preached one evening from the top of the court-house steps, which are in the middle of Market Street and on the west side of Second Street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were filled with his hearers to a considerable distance. Being among the hindmost in Market Street, I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard by retiring backward down the street toward the river; and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front Street, when some noise in that street obscured it. Imagining then a semi-circle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to each of whom I allowed two square feet, I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the history of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted.

By hearing him often I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels.

His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed that without being interested in the subject one could not help being pleased with the discourse; a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music. This is an advantage itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals.

["WHEAT, OR OTHER GRAIN"]

My being many years in the Assembly, a majority of which was constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them by order of the crown to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government, on the one hand, by a direct refusal, and their friends, the body of the Quakers, on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; using a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and modes of disguising the compliance when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was to grant money under the phrase of its being "*for the king's use*," and never to inquire how it was applied.

But if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. Thus when powder was wanted (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg) and the government at New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urged on the House by Governor Thomas, they would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war, but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hand of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or other grain. Some of the Council, desirous

of giving the House still further embarrassment, advised the governor not to accept that provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he replied, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; *other grain* is gunpowder"; which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

It was in allusion to this fact that, when in our fire company we feared the success of our proposal in favor of the lottery, and I had said to a friend of mine, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that; and then, if you nominate me and I you as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire engine*."—"I see," said he, "you have improved by being so long in the Assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or *other grain*."

[BRADDOCK'S CAMPAIGN]

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides and scouts if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," said he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time, and I suppose it will; for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days, and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolved

in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French who invaded the Illinois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say:

"To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, the fort, though completely fortified and assisted with a very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from the ambuscades of the Indians, who by constant practice are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which from their distance cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance and replied: "These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over) and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advance-guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through

wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank. The officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people; and, though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight towards the settlements, and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, that he would post his troops on the frontier, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the

prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their last march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Captain Orme, who was one of the general's aides-de-camp, and, being grievously wounded, was brought off with him, and continued with him to his death, which happened in a few days, told me that he was totally silent all the first day, and at night only said, "*Who would have thought it?*" That he was silent again the following day, saying only at last, "*We shall better know how to deal with them another time*"; and died in a few minutes after.

RULES BY WHICH A GREAT EMPIRE MAY BE REDUCED TO A SMALL ONE

An ancient sage boasted that though he could not fiddle, he knew how to make a *great city of a little one*. The science that I, a modern simpleton, am about to communicate, is the very reverse.

I address myself to all ministers who have the management of extensive dominions, which from their very greatness are become troublesome to govern, because the multiplicity of their affairs leaves no time for fiddling.

I. In the first place, gentlemen, you are to consider that a great empire, like a great cake, is most easily diminished at the edges. Turn your attention, therefore, first to your remotest

provinces, that, as you get rid of them, the next may follow in order.

II. That the possibility of this separation may always exist, take special care the provinces are never incorporated with the mother country; that they do not enjoy the same common rights, the same privileges in commerce; and that they are governed by severer laws, all of your enacting, without allowing them any share in the choice of the legislators. By carefully making and preserving such distinctions, you will (to keep to my simile of the cake) act like a wise ginger-bread-baker, who, to facilitate a division, cuts his dough half through in those places where, when baked, he would have it broken to pieces.

III. Those remote provinces have perhaps been acquired, purchased, or conquered, at the sole expence of the settlers, or their ancestors, without the aid of the mother country. If this should happen to increase her strength, by their growing numbers, ready to join in her wars; her commerce, by their growing demand for her manufactures; or her naval power, by greater employment for her ships and seamen, they may probably suppose some merit in this, and that it entitles them to some favour; you are therefore to forget it all, or resent it, as if they had done you injury. If they happen to be zealous whigs, friends of liberty, nurtured in revolution principles, remember all that to their prejudice, and resolve to punish it; for such principles, after a revolution is thoroughly established, are of no more use; they are even odious and abominable.

IV. However peaceably your colonies have submitted to your government, shewn their affection to your interests, and patiently borne their grievances, you are to suppose them always inclined to revolt, and treat them accordingly. Quarter troops among them, who by their insolence may provoke the rising of mobs, and by their bullets and bayonets suppress them. By this means, like the husband who uses his wife ill from suspicion, you may in

time convert your suspicions into realities.

V. Remote provinces must have Governors and Judges, to represent the Royal Person, and execute everywhere the delegated parts of his office and authority. You ministers know that much of the strength of government depends on the opinion of the people; and much of that opinion on the choice of rulers placed immediately over them. If you send them wise and good men for governors, who study the interest of the colonists, and advance their prosperity, they will think their King wise and good, and that he wishes the welfare of his subjects. If you send them learned and upright men for judges, they will think him a lover of justice. This may attach your provinces more to his government. You are therefore to be careful whom you recommend for those offices. If you can find prodigals who have ruined their fortunes, broken gamblers or stockjobbers, these may do well as governors; for they will probably be rapacious, and provoke the people by their extortions. Wrangling proctors and pettifogging lawyers, too, are not amiss; for they will be forever disputing and quarrelling with their little parliaments. If withal they should be ignorant, wrong-headed, and insolent, so much the better. Attornies' clerks and Newgate solicitors will do for chief justices, especially if they hold their places during your pleasure; and all will contribute to impress those ideas of your government that are proper for a people you would wish to renounce it.

VI. To confirm these impressions, and strike them deeper, whenever the injured come to the capital with complaints of maladministration, oppression, or injustice, punish such suitors with long delay, enormous expence, and a final judgment in favour of the oppressor. This will have an admirable effect every way. The trouble of future complaints will be prevented, and governors and judges will be encouraged to farther acts of oppression and injustice; and thence the people may

become more disaffected, and at length desperate.

VII. When such governors have crammed their coffers, and made themselves so odious to the people that they can no longer remain among them with safety to their persons, recall and reward them with pensions. You may make them baronets too, if that respectable order should not think fit to resent it. All will contribute to encourage new governors in the same practice, and make the supreme government detestable.

VIII. If, when you are engaged in war, your colonies should vie in liberal aids of men and money against the common enemy, upon your simple requisition, and give far beyond their abilities, reflect that a penny taken from them by your power is more honourable to you, than a pound presented by their benevolence; despise therefore their voluntary grants, and resolve to harass them with novel taxes. They will probably complain to your parliaments that they are taxed by a body in which they have no representative, and that this is contrary to common right. They will petition for redress. Let the parliaments flout their claims, reject their petitions, refuse even to suffer the reading of them, and treat the petitioners with the utmost contempt. Nothing can have a better effect in producing the alienation proposed; for though many can forgive injuries, none ever forgave contempt.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT

Midnight, October 22, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another who never takes any.

FRANKLIN. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the

beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of a man of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Savoy—places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all of which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amid my instructions I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge—and that!

FRANKLIN. Oh! eh! oh! oh-h-h! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections!

GOUT. No, sir, no. I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good; therefore—

FRANKLIN. Oh! eh-h-h! It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

GOUT. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By ob-

serving the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by the fire. Flatter yourself then no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids in the very action of transporting you from place to place, observe, when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight of being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and by a return of this weight this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors alternated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil, a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day and leaves indolence and its concomitant maladies to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil you must have your carriage, though it is no further

from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

FRANKLIN. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

GOUT. I stand corrected. I will be be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! oh-h! Talk on, I pray you!

GOUT. No, no. I have a good num-¹⁰ber of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

FRANKLIN. What, with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! eh! Can no one bear it for me?

GOUT. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

FRANKLIN. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

GOUT. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offenses against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

FRANKLIN. Read it, then.

GOUT. It is too long a detail, but I will briefly mention some particulars.

FRANKLIN. Proceed. I am all attention.

GOUT. Do you remember how often³⁰ you have promised yourself the following morning a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the Garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased, when in truth it was too nothing but your inseparable love of ease?

FRANKLIN. That, I confess, may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

GOUT. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

FRANKLIN. Is it possible?

GOUT. So possible that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know M. Brillon's⁵⁰ gardens and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of a hundred steps which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You

have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

FRANKLIN. I cannot immediately answer that question.

GOUT. I will do it for you. Not once.

FRANKLIN. Not once?

GOUT. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you and entertain you with²⁰ their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfy yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health without any interposition!

FRANKLIN. I am convinced now of the justness of Poor Richard's remark that "our debts and our sins are always⁴⁰ greater than we think for."

GOUT. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims and fools in your conduct.

FRANKLIN. But do you charge among my crimes that I return in a carriage from M. Brillon's?

GOUT. Certainly; for having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want, therefore, the relief of a carriage.

FRANKLIN. What, then, would you have me do with my carriage?

GOUT. Burn it if you choose: you

would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you: observe the poor peasants who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, etc.; you may find every day among these deserving creatures four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years and too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and at the same time after your visit to the Brillons, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There!

FRANKLIN. Oh-h-h! What a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy one or other of which would have done for you long ago but for me?

FRANKLIN. I submit and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for in my mind one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint that I have also not been unfriendly to you. I never feed physician or quack of any kind to enter the list against you; if, then, you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful, too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as an objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy? But to our business; there!

FRANKLIN. Oh! oh! for heaven's sake leave me, and I promise faithfully

never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair, but after a few months of good health you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us, then, finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your real friend.

LETTERS

TO MRS. JANE MECOM

NEW YORK, 19th April, 1757.

20 DEAR SISTER: I wrote a few lines to you yesterday, but omitted to answer yours relating to sister Douse. As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that as well as in anything else. When they have long lived in a house it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, 'tis ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them we shall have a right to receive them in our turn.

40 And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death may make that person tender and careful of her and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so they are put to the best use they possibly can be.

I hope you visit sister as often as your affairs will permit, and afford her what assistance and comfort you can

in her present situation. Old age, infirmities, and poverty, joined, are afflictions enough. The neglect and slights of friends and near relations should never be added. People in her circumstances are apt to suspect this, sometimes without cause; appearances should, therefore, be attended to in our conduct toward them, as well as realities. I write by this post to Cousin Williams to continue his care, which I doubt not he will do.

We expect to sail in about a week, so that I can hardly hear from you again on this side of the water; but let me have a line from you now and then while I am in London. I expect to stay there at least a twelvemonth. Direct your letters to be left for me at the Pennsylvania Coffee-house, Burchin Lane, London.

My love to all, from, dear sister,
Your affectionate brother,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S.—April 25. We are still here and perhaps may be here a week longer. Once more adieu, my dear sister.

TO MISS MARY STEVENSON

PARIS, 14th September, 1767.

DEAR POLLY: I am always pleased with a letter from you, and I flatter myself you may be sometimes pleased in receiving one from me, though it should be of little importance, such as this, which is to consist of a few occasional remarks made here and in my journey hither.

Soon after I left you in that agreeable society at Bromley, I took the resolution of making a trip with Sir John Pringle into France. We set out on the 28th past. All the way to Dover we were furnished with post-chaises, hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country; which being one of my great pleasures, I was engaged in perpetual disputes with the innkeepers, hostlers, and postilions about getting the straps taken up a hole or two be-

fore and let down as much behind, they insisting that the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows reluctance. They added other reasons that were no reasons at all, and made me, as upon a hundred other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

At Dover, the next morning, we embarked for Calais with a number of passengers who had never before been at sea. They would previously make a hearty breakfast, because if the wind should fail we might not get over till supper-time. Doubtless they thought that when they had paid for their breakfast they had a right to it, and that when they had swallowed it they were sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an hour before the sea laid claim to it, and they were obliged to deliver it up. So that it seems there are uncertainties, even beyond those between the cup and the lip. If ever you go to sea, take my advice and live sparingly a day or two beforehand. The sickness, if any, will be lighter and sooner over. We got to Calais that evening.

Various impositions we suffered from boatmen, porters, and the like, on both sides the water. I know not which are the most rapacious, the English or French; but the latter have, with their knavery, the most politeness.

The roads we found equally good with ours in England; in some places paved with smooth stones, like our new streets, for many miles together, and rows of trees on each side, and yet there are no turnpikes. But then poor peasants complained to us grievously that they were obliged to work upon the roads fully two months in the year, without being paid for their labor.

Whether this is truth, or whether, like Englishmen, they grumble, cause or no cause, I have not yet been able to fully inform myself.

The women we saw at Calais, on the road, at Boulogne, and in the inns and villages, were generally of dark complexions; but arriving at Abbeville we found a sudden change, a multitude of both women and men in that place¹⁰ appearing remarkably fair. Whether this is owing to a small colony of spinners, wool-combers, and weavers brought hither from Holland with the woolen manufactory about sixty years ago, or to their being less exposed to the sun than in other places, their business keeping them much within doors, I know not. Perhaps, as in some other cases, different causes may club in producing the effect; but the effect itself is certain. Never was I in a place of greater industry, wheels and looms going in every house.

As soon as we left Abbeville the swarthiness returned. I speak generally; for there are some fair women at Paris, who, I think, are not whitened by art. As to rouge, they don't pretend to imitate nature in laying it on. There³⁰ is no gradual diminuation of the color, from the full bloom in the middle of the cheek to the faint tint near the sides, nor does it show itself differently in different faces. I have not had the honor of being at any lady's toilette to see how it is laid on, but I fancy I can tell you how it is or may be done. Cut a hole of three inches in diameter in a piece of paper; place it on the side⁴⁰ of your face in such a manner as that the top of the hole may be just under the eye; then with a brush dipped in the color paint face and paper together; so when the paper is taken off there will remain a round patch of red exactly the form of the hole. This is the mode, from the actresses on the stage upward, through all ranks of ladies to the princesses of the blood; but it stops⁵⁰ there, the queen not using it; having in the serenity, complacence, and benignity that shine so eminently in, or rather through, her countenance,

sufficient beauty, though now an old woman, to do extremely well without it.

You see I speak of the queen as if I had seen her; and so I have, for you must know I have been at court. We went to Versailles last Sunday and had the honor of being presented to the king; he spoke to both of us very graciously and very cheerfully; is a handsome man, has a very lively look, and appears younger than he is. In the evening we were at the *Grand Concert*, where the family sup in public. The table was half a hollow square, the service gold. When either made a sign for drink the word was given by one of the waiters: *A boir pour le roi* or *a boir pour la reine*. Then two persons came from within, the one with wine and the other with water in *carafes*; each drank a little glass of what he brought, and then put both the *carafes* with a glass on a salver and then presented it. Their distance from each other was such that other chairs might have been placed between any two of them. An officer of the court brought us up through the crowd of spectators, and placed Sir John so as to stand between the queen and Madame Victoire. The king talked a good deal to Sir John, asking many questions about our royal family, and did me too the honor of taking some notice of me; that is saying enough, for I would not have you think me so much pleased with this king and queen as to have a whit less regard than I used to have for ours. No Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own king and queen the very best in the world and the most amiable.

Versailles has had infinite sums laid out in building it and supplying it with water. Some say the expenses exceeded eighty millions sterling. The range of buildings is immense; the garden front most magnificent, all of hewn stone; the number of statues, figures, urns, etc., in marble and bronze of exquisite workmanship, is beyond conception. But the waterworks are out of repair, and so is a great part of the front next the

town, looking with its shabby, half-brick walls and broken windows not much better than the houses in Durham Yard. There is, in short, both at Versailles and Paris, a prodigious mixture of magnificence and negligence, with every kind of elegance except that of cleanliness and what we call tidiness; though I must do Paris the justice to say that in two points of cleanliness¹⁰ they exceed us. The water they drink, though from the river, they render as pure as that of the best spring by filtering it through cisterns filled with sand, and the streets with constant sweeping are fit to walk in, though there is no paved footpath. Accordingly many well-dressed people are constantly seen walking in them. The crowds of coaches and chairs for this reason is²⁰ not so great. Men as well as women carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain or too much sun; and a man with an umbrella not taking up more than three foot square or nine square feet of the street, when, if in a coach, he would take up two hundred and forty square feet, you can easily conceive that though the streets here are narrow, they may be less in-³⁰ cumbered. They are extremely well paved, and the stones, being generally cubes, when worn on one side may be turned and become new.

The civilities we everywhere receive give us the strongest impressions of French politeness. It seems to be a point settled here universally that strangers are to be treated with respect; and one has just the same deference⁴⁰ shown one here by being a stranger as in England by being a lady. The custom-house officers at Port St. Denis, as we entered Paris, were about to seize two dozen of excellent Bordeaux wine given us at Boulogne, and which we brought with us; but as soon as they found we were strangers it was immediately remitted on that account. At the Church of Notre Dame, where we went⁵⁰ to see a magnificent illumination, with figures, etc., for the deceased dauphiness, we found an immense crowd, who were kept out by guards; but the officer

being told that we were strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, accompanied and showed us everything. Why don't we practice this urbanity to Frenchmen? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in anything?

Here is an exhibition of painting, like ours in London, to which multitudes flock daily. I am not connoisseur enough to judge which has most merit. Every night, Sundays not excepted, here are plays or operas; and though the weather has been hot and the houses full, one is not incommoded by the heat so much as with us in winter. They must have some way of changing the air that we are not acquainted with. I shall inquire into it.

Traveling is one way of lengthening life, at least in appearance. It is but about a fortnight since we left London, but the variety of scenes we have gone through makes it seem equal to six months' living in one place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater change, too, in my own person than I could have done in six years at home. I had not been here six days before my tailor and per-
ruquier had transformed me into a Frenchman. Only think what a figure I make in a little bag-wig and with naked ears! They told me I was become twenty years younger and looked very gallant.

This letter shall cost you a shilling, and you may consider it cheap when you reflect that it has cost me at least fifty guineas to get into the situation that enables me to write it.

⁴⁰ Besides, I might, if I had stayed at home, have won perhaps two shillings of you at cribbage. By the way, now I mention cards, let me tell you that quadrille is now out of fashion here, and English whist all the mode at Paris and the court.

And pray look upon it as no small matter that, surrounded as I am by the glories of the world and amusements of all sorts, I remember you and Dolly and all the dear, good folks at Bromley. 'Ts true I can't help it, but must and ever shall remember you all with pleasure.

Need I add that I am particularly,
my dear, good friend,

Yours most affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.

TO MADAME BRILLON

THE EPHEMERA

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy 10 day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who 20 appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could 30 make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto*; in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly 40 under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will like- 50 wise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemerae will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemera, and now, and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante*.

B. FRANKLIN

TO MADAME BRILLON

THE WHISTLE

PASSY, Nov. 10, 1779.

I received my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday, one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, 20 the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles if I do not contribute to the correspondence obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening, as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and 30 in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise and with your plan of living there, and I approve much of your conclusion that in the mean time we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evils, if we would take 40 care not to give too much for whistles. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to 50 a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily

offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind what good things I might have 10 bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to myself, don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one, too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, this 30 man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, he pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor 40 man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, mistaken man, 50 said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture,

fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle!

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for a whistle!

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people when I consider that with all this wisdom of which I am boasting there are certain things in the world so tempting; for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put up to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the whistle.

B. FRANKLIN.

TO BENJAMIN WEBB

PASSY, 22d April, 1784.

I received yours of the 15th instant, and the memorial it enclosed. The account they give of your situation grieves me. I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country with a good character, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money.

I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a little. With best wishes for the success of your memorial, and your future prosperity, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL MATHER

PASSY, May 12th, 1784.

I received your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the people of the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy I met with a book entitled "Essays to Do Good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth year; we are growing old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam

overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly toward him, when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop!" I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me: "You are young and have the world before you; stoop as you go ¹⁰ through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.

Yours with esteem,

B. FRANKLIN.

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16, 1789.

DEAR SIR:

My malady renders my sitting up to write rather painful to me; but I cannot let my son-in-law Mr. Bache part for New York without congratulating you by him on the recovery of your health, so precious to us all, and on the growing strength of our new government under your administration. For my own personal ease, I should have died two years ago; but tho' those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am pleased that I have lived them, since they have brought me to see our present situation. I am now finishing my 84th year, and probably with it my career in this life; but in whatever state of existence I am placed ³⁰ hereafter, if I retain any memory of what has passed here, I shall with it retain the esteem, respect, and affection with which I have long been, my dear friend,

Yours most sincerely,

B. FRANKLIN.

TO EZRA STILES

PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1790.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

I received your kind letter of January 28, and am glad you have at

length received the portrait of Governor Yale from his family, and deposited it in the College Library. He was a great and good man, and had the merit of doing infinite service to your county by his munificence to that institution. The honour you propose doing me by placing mine in the same room with his, is much too great for ¹⁰ my deserts; but you always had a partiality for me, and to that it must be ascribed. I am, however, too much obliged to Yale College, the first learned society that took notice of me and adorned me with its honors, to refuse a request that comes from it thro' so esteemed a friend. But I do not think any one of the portraits you mention, as in my possession, worthy

²⁰ of the place and company you propose to place it in. You have an excellent artist lately arrived. If he will undertake to make one for you, I shall cheerfully pay the expence, but he must not delay setting about, or I may slip thro' his fingers, for I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and very infirm. . . .

You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have ³⁰ been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed.

I believe in one God, creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul ⁴⁰ of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental principles of all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and his ⁵⁰ religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present dissenters in

England, some doubts as to his divinity; tho' it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as it probably has, of making his doctrines more re-¹⁰spected and better observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that being in conducting me prosperously thro' a long life. I have no²⁰ doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter enclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from a zealous religionist, whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather³⁰ impertinent caution. I send you also the copy of another letter, which will shew something of my disposition relating to religion. With great and sincere esteem and affection, I am,

Your obliged old friend and most obedient humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. Had not your college some pres-⁴⁰ent of books from the King of France? Please to let me know, if you had an expectation given you of more, and the nature of that expectation. I have a reason for the enquiry.

I confide that you will not expose me to criticism and censure by publishing any part of this communication to you. I have ever let others enjoy their religious sentiments, without reflecting⁵⁰ on them for those that appeared to me unsupportable and even absurd. All sects here, and we have a great variety, have experienced my good will in as-

sisting them with subscriptions for building their new places of worship; and as I have never opposed any of their doctrines, I hope to go out of the world in peace with them all.

JOHN DICKINSON (1732-1808)

LETTERS FROM A FARMER IN PENNSYLVANIA

LETTER I

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

I am a Farmer, settled, after a variety of fortunes, near the banks of the river Delaware, in the province of Pennsylvania. I received a liberal education, and have been engaged in the busy scenes of life; but am now convinced that a man may be as happy without bustle, as with it. My farm is small; my servants are few, and good; I have a little money at interest; I wish for no more; my employment in my own affairs is easy; and with a contented grateful mind, undisturbed by worldly hopes or fears relating to myself, I am completing the number of³⁰ days allotted to me by divine goodness.

Being generally master of my time, I spend a good deal of it in a library, which I think the most valuable part of my small estate; and being acquainted with two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning, who honor me with their friendship, I have acquired, I believe, a greater knowledge in history, and the laws and constitution of my country, than is generally attained by men of⁴⁰ my class, many of them not being so fortunate as I have been in the opportunities of getting information.

From my infancy I was taught to love humanity and liberty. Enquiry and experience have since confirmed my reverence for the lessons then given me, by convincing me more fully of their truth and excellence. Benevolence towards mankind excites wishes for their welfare, and such wishes endear the means of fulfilling them. These can be found in liberty only, and therefore her sacred cause ought to be es-

poused by every man, on every occasion, to the utmost of his power. As a charitable but poor person does not withhold his mite, because he cannot relieve all the distresses of the miserable, so should not any honest man suppress his sentiments concerning freedom, however small their influence is likely to be. Perhaps he "may touch some wheel" that will have an effect 10 greater than he could reasonably expect.

These being my sentiments, I am encouraged to offer to you, my countrymen, my thoughts on some late transactions, that appear to me to be of the utmost importance to you. Conscious of my own defects, I have waited some time, in expectation of seeing the subject treated by persons much better 20 qualified for the task; but being therein disappointed, and apprehensive that longer delays will be injurious, I venture at length to request the attention of the public, praying that these lines may be read with the same zeal for the happiness of British America, with which they were wrote.

With a good deal of surprise I have observed that little notice has been 30 taken of an act of parliament, as injurious in its principle to the liberties of these colonies, as the Stamp-Act was: I mean the act for suspending the legislation of New-York.

The assembly of that government complied with a former act of parliament, requiring certain provisions to be made for the troops in America, in every particular, I think, except the ar- 40 ticles of salt, pepper and vinegar. In my opinion they acted imprudently, considering all circumstances, in not complying so far as would have given satisfaction, as several colonies did. But my dislike of their conduct in that instance, has not blinded me so much, that I cannot plainly perceive that they have been punished in a manner pernicious to American freedom, and justly 50 alarming to all the colonies.

If the British parliament has a legal authority to issue an order that we shall furnish a single article for the

troops here, and to compel obedience to that order, they have the same right to issue an order for us to supply those troops with arms, cloaths, and every necessary; and to compel obedience to that order also; in short, to lay any burthens they please upon us. What is this but taxing us at a certain sum, and leaving to us only the manner of raising it? How is this mode more tolerable than the Stamp-Act? Would that act have appeared more pleasing to Americans, if being ordered thereby to raise the sum total of the taxes, the mighty privilege had been left to them of saying how much should be paid for an instrument of writing on paper, and how much for another on parchment?

An act of parliament commanding us to do a certain thing, if it has any validity, is a tax upon us for the expence that accrues in complying with it; and for this reason, I believe, every colony on the continent, that chose to give a mark of their respect for Great-Britain, in complying with the act relating to the troops, cautiously avoided the mention of that act, lest their conduct should be attributed to its supposed ob- 50 ligation.

The matter being thus stated, the assembly of New-York either had, or had not, a right to refuse submission to that act. If they had, and I imagine no American will say they had not, then the parliament had no right to compel them to execute it. If they had not this right, they had no right to punish them for not executing it; and therefore no right to suspend their legislation, which is a punishment. In fact, if the people of New-York cannot be legally taxed but by their own representatives, they cannot be legally deprived of the privilege of legislation, only for insisting on that exclusive privilege of taxation. If they may be legally deprived in such a case, of the privilege of legislation, why may they not, with equal reason, be deprived of every other privilege? Or why may not every colony be treated in the same manner, when any of them shall dare to deny their assent to any impositions, that shall be di-

rected? Or what signifies the repeal of the Stamp-Act, if these colonies are to lose their other privileges, by not tamely surrendering that of taxation?

There is one consideration arising from this suspension, which is not generally attended to, but shews its importance very clearly. It was not necessary that this suspension should be caused by an act of parliament. The crown might have restrained the governor of New-York even from calling the assembly together, by its prerogative in the royal governments. This step, I suppose, would have been taken, if the conduct of the assembly of New-York had been regarded as an act of disobedience to the crown alone; but it is regarded as an act of "disobedience to the authority of the British legislature." This gives the suspension a consequence vastly more affecting. It is a parliamentary assertion of the supreme authority of the British legislature over these colonies, in the point of taxation, and is intended to compel New-York into a submission to that authority. It seems therefore to me as much a violation of the liberties of the people of that province, and consequently of all these colonies, as if the parliament had sent a number of regiments to be quartered upon them till they should comply. For it is evident that the suspension is meant as a compulsion; and the method of compelling is totally indifferent. It is indeed probable, that the sight of red coats, and the hearing of drums, would have been most alarming; because people are generally more influenced by their eyes and ears than by their reason. But whoever seriously considers the matter, must perceive that a dreadful stroke is aimed at the liberty of these colonies. I say, of these colonies; for the cause of one is the cause of all. If the parliament may lawfully deprive New-York of any of her rights, it may deprive any, or all the other colonies of their rights; and nothing can possibly so much encourage such attempts, as a mutual inattention to the interests of each other. To divide, and thus to destroy, is the first political maxim in attacking those who are powerful by their union. He certainly is not a wise man, who folds his arms, and reposes himself at home, viewing with unconcern the flames that have invaded his neighbour's house, without using any endeavours to extinguish them. When Mr. Hampden's ship money cause, for three shillings and four-pence, was tried, all the people of England, with anxious expectation, interested themselves in the important decision; and when the slightest point, touching the freedom of one colony, is agitated, I earnestly wish that all the rest may, with equal ardor, support their sister. Very much may be said on this subject; but I hope more at present is unnecessary.

With concern I have observed, that two assemblies of this province have sat and adjourned, without taking any notice of this act. It may perhaps be asked, what would have been proper for them to do? I am by no means fond of inflammatory measures; I detest them. I should be sorry that any thing should be done which might justly displease our sovereign or our mother country. But a firm, modest exertion of a free spirit should never be wanting on public occasions. It appears to me that it would have been sufficient for the assembly to have ordered our agents to represent to the King's ministers their sense of the suspending act, and to pray for its repeal. Thus we should have borne our testimony against it; and might therefore reasonably expect that, on a like occasion, we might receive the same assistance from the other colonies.

Concordia res parvæ crescunt.

Small things grow great by concord.

A FARMER.

LETTER III

BELOVED COUNTRYMEN:

I rejoice to find that my two former letters to you have been generally received with so much favour by such of

you whose sentiments I have had an opportunity of knowing. Could you look into my heart, you would instantly perceive an ardent affection for your persons, a zealous attachment to your interests, a lively resentment of every insult and injury offered to your honour or happiness, and an inflexible resolution to assert your rights to the utmost of my weak power, to be the only motives that have engaged me to address you. I am no further concerned in anything effecting America than any one of you; and when Liberty leaves it, I can quit it much more conveniently than most of you. But while Divine Providence, that gave me existence in a land of freedom, permits my head to think, my lips to speak, and my hand to move, I shall so highly and gratefully value the blessing received, as to take care that my silence and inactivity shall not give my implied assent to any act degrading my brethren and myself from the birthright where-with heaven itself "hath made us free."

Sorry I am to learn that there are some few persons shake their heads with solemn motion, and pretend to wonder what can be the meaning of these letters. "Great Britain," they say, "is too powerful to contend with; she is determined to oppress us; it is in vain to speak of right on one side, when there is power on the other; when we are strong enough to resist, we shall attempt it; but now we are not strong enough, and therefore we had better be quiet; it signifies nothing to convince us that our rights are invaded, when we cannot defend them; and if we should get into riots and tumults about the late act, it will only bring down heavier displeasure upon us."

What can such men design? What do their grave observations amount to, but this—"that these colonies, totally regardless of their liberties, should commit them, with humble resignation, to chance, time, and the tender mercies of ministers."

Are these men ignorant that usurpations, which might have been successfully opposed at first, acquire strength

by continuance, and thus become irresistible? Do they condemn the conduct of these colonies concerning the Stamp-Act? Or have they forgot its successful issue? Ought the colonies at that time, instead of acting as they did, to have trusted for relief to the fortuitous events of futurity? If it is needless "to speak of rights" now, it was as needless then. If the behaviour of the colonies was prudent and glorious then, and successful too, it will be equally prudent and glorious to act in the same manner now, if our rights are equally invaded, and may be as successful. Therefore it becomes necessary to enquire, whether "our rights are invaded." To talk of "defending" them, as if they could be no otherwise "defended" than by arms, is as much out of the way, as if a man having a choice of several roads to reach his journey's end, should prefer the worst, for no other reason than because it is the worst.

As to "riots and tumults," the gentlemen who are so apprehensive of them, are much mistaken, if they think that grievances cannot be redressed without such assistance.

I will now tell the gentlemen what is "the meaning of these letters." The meaning of them is to convince the people of these colonies, that they are at this moment exposed to the most imminent dangers; and to persuade them immediately, vigorously, and unanimously, to exert themselves, in the most firm, but most peaceable manner, for obtaining relief.

The cause of liberty is a cause of too much dignity to be sullied by turbulence and tumult. It ought to be maintained in a manner suitable to her nature. Those who engaged in it should breathe a sedate yet fervent spirit, animating them to actions of prudence, justice, modesty, bravery, humanity, and magnanimity.

To such a wonderful degree were the ancient Spartans, as brave and as free a people as ever existed, inspired by this happy temperature of soul, that rejecting even in their battles the use

of trumpets, and other instruments for exciting heat and rage, they marched up to scenes of havock and horror with the sound of flutes, to the tunes of which their steps kept pace—"exhibiting," as Plutarch says, "at once a terrible and delightful sight, and proceeding with a deliberate valour, full of hope and good assurance, as if some divinity had insensibly assisted them." 10

I hope, my dear countrymen, that you will, in every colony, be upon your guard against those who may at any time endeavour to stir you up, under pretense of patriotism, to any measures disrespectful to our Sovereign and our mother country. Hot, rash, disorderly proceedings injure the reputation of a people as to wisdom, valour and virtue, without procuring them the least benefit. I pray God that he may be pleased to inspire you and your posterity to the latest ages with that spirit, of which I have an idea, but find a difficulty to express. To express in the best manner I can, I mean a spirit that shall so guide you, that it will be impossible to determine whether an American's character is most distinguishable for his loyalty to his Sovereign, his duty to his mother country, his love of freedom, or his affection for his native soil. 20

Every government, at some time or other, falls into wrong measures; these may proceed from mistake or passion. But every such measure does not dissolve the obligation between the governors and the governed; the mistake may be corrected; the passion may 40 pass over.

It is the duty of the governed to endeavour to rectify the mistake and appease the passion. They have not at first any other right than to represent their grievances and to pray for redress, unless an emergency is so pressing as not to allow time for receiving an answer to their applications, which rarely happens. If their applications 50 are disregarded, then that kind of opposition becomes justifiable, which can be made without breaking the laws, or disturbing the public peace. This

consists in the prevention of the oppressors' reaping advantage from their oppressions, and not in their punishment. For experience may teach what reason did not; and harsh methods cannot be proper, till milder ones have failed.

If at length it becomes undoubted, that inveterate resolution is formed to annihilate the liberties of the governed, the English history affords frequent examples of resistance by force. What particular circumstances will in any future case justify such resistance, can never be ascertained till they happen. Perhaps it may be allowable to say, generally, that it never can be justifiable until the people are fully convinced that any further submission will be destructive to their happiness.

When the appeal is made to the sword, highly probable it is that the punishment will exceed the offence; and the calamities attending on war outweigh those preceding it. These considerations of justice and prudence will always have great influence with good and wise men.

To these reflections on this subject it remains to be added, and ought forever to be remembered, that resistance in the case of colonies against their mother country is extremely different from the resistance of a people against their prince. A nation may change their king or race of kings, and retaining their ancient form of government, be gainers by changing. Thus Great Britain, under the illustrious house of Brunswick, a house that seems to flourish for the happiness of mankind, has found a felicity unknown in the reigns of the Stuarts. But if once we are separated from our mother country, what new form of government shall we accept, or when shall we find another Britain to supply our loss? Torn from the body to which we are united by religion, liberty, laws, affections, relations, language, and commerce, we must bleed at every vein.

In truth, the prosperity of these provinces is founded in their dependence on Great Britain; and when she

returns to "her old good humour, and old good nature," as Lord Clarendon expresses it, I hope they will always esteem it their duty and interest, as it most certainly will be, to promote her welfare by all the means in their power.

We cannot act with too much caution in our disputes. Anger produces anger; and differences that might be accommodated by kind and respectful behaviour, may by imprudence be changed to an incurable rage.

In quarrels between countries, as well as in those between individuals, when they have risen to a certain height the first cause of dissension is no longer remembered, the minds of the parties being wholly engaged in recollecting and resenting the mutual expressions of their dislike. When feuds have reached that fatal point, all considerations of reason and equity vanish; and a blind fury governs, or rather confounds all things. A people no longer regards their interest, but the gratification of their wrath. The sway of the Cleons and Clodiuses, the designing and detestable flatterers of the prevailing passion, becomes confirmed.

Wise and good men in vain oppose the storm, and may think themselves fortunate if, endeavouring to preserve their ungrateful fellow citizens, they do not ruin themselves. Their prudence will be called baseness; their moderation, guilt; and if their virtue does not lead them to destruction, as that of many other great and excellent persons has done, they may survive, to receive from their expiring country the mournful glory of her acknowledgement, that their counsels, if regarded, would have saved her.

The constitutional modes of obtaining relief are those which I would wish to see pursued on the present occasion; that is, by petitioning of our assemblies, or, where they are not permitted to meet, of the people to the powers that can afford us relief.

We have an excellent Prince, in whose good dispositions towards us we

may confide. We have a generous, sensible, and humane nation, to whom we may apply. They may be deceived; they may, by artful men, be provoked to anger against us; but I cannot yet believe they will be cruel or unjust, or that their anger will be implacable. Let us behave like dutiful children who have received unmerited blows from a beloved parent. Let us complain to our parents, but let our complaints speak at the same time the language of affliction and veneration. If, however, it shall happen, by an unfortunate course of affairs, that our applications to his Majesty and the parliament for redress prove ineffectual, let us then take another step by withholding from Great Britain all the advantages she has been used to receive from us. Then let us try if our ingenuity, industry, and frugality, will not give weight to our remonstrances. Let us all be united with one spirit in one cause. Let us invent; let us work; let us save; let us at the same time keep up our claims and unceasingly repeat our complaints; but above all, let us implore the protection of that infinite, good, and gracious Being, "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice."

Nil desperandum.

Nothing is to be despaired of.

A FARMER.

THE LIBERTY SONG

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

In freedom we're born and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, friends, steady,
Not as slaves but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers—let's give them
a cheer—
To climates unknown did courageously
steer; 10
Thro' oceans to deserts for freedom
they came,
And dying bequeath'd us their freedom
and fame.

Their generous bosoms all dangers de-
spis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights
they priz'd.
We'll keep what they gave, we will
piously keep, 15
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or
the deep.

The tree their own hands had to Lib-
erty rear'd
They lived to behold growing strong
and rever'd;
With transport they cried, "Now our
wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits
of our pain." 20

How sweet are the labors that freemen
endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit,
secure.
No more such sweet labors Americans
know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans
sow.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners
soon will appear, 25
Like locusts deforming the charms of
the year.
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly
descend,
If we are to drudge for what others
shall spend.

Then join hand in hand, brave Ameri-
cans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we
fall. 30
In so righteous a cause let us hope to
succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous
deed.

All ages shall speak with amaze and
applause
Of the courage we'll show in support
of our laws.
To die we can bear, but to serve we
disdain, 35
For shame is to freemen more dreadful
than pain.

This bumper I crown for our sov-
ereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and
wealth:
That wealth and that glory immortal
may be,
If she is but just, and we are but free. 40
In freedom we're born, etc.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791)

A PRETTY STORY

CHAPTER I

Once upon a time, a great while ago,
there lived a certain nobleman, who
had long possessed a very valuable
farm, and had a great number of chil-
dren and grandchildren.

Besides the annual profits of his
land, which were very considerable, he
kept a large shop of goods; and being
very successful in trade, he became, in
process of time, exceedingly rich and
powerful; insomuch that all his neigh-
bours feared and respected him.

With respect to the management of
his family, it was thought he had
adopted the most perfect mode that
could be devised, for he had been at
the pains to examine the economy of
all his neighbours, and had selected
from their plans all such parts as
appeared to be equitable and beneficial,
and omitted those which from experi-
ence were found to be inconvenient. Or
rather, by blending their several con-
stitutions together, he had so inge-
niously counterbalanced the evils of one
mode of government with the benefits
of another, that the advantages were
richly enjoyed, and the inconveniencies

scarcely felt. In short, his family was thought to be the best ordered of any in his neighbourhood.

He never exercised any undue authority over his children or servants; neither indeed could he oppress them if he was so disposed; for it was particularly covenanted in his marriage articles that he should not at any time impose any tasks or hardships what-¹⁰ever upon his children without the free consent of his wife.

Now the custom in his family was this, that at the end of every seven years his marriage became of course¹ null and void; at which time his children and grandchildren met together and chose another wife for him, whom the old gentleman was obliged to marry under the same articles and restrictions²⁰ as before. If his late wife had conducted herself, during her seven years' marriage, with mildness, discretion and integrity, she was re-elected; if otherwise, deposed. By which means the children had always a great interest in their mother-in-law; and through her, a reasonable check upon their father's temper. For besides that he could do nothing material respecting his³⁰ children without her approbation, she was sole mistress of the purse strings; and gave him out, from time to time, such sums of money as she thought necessary for the expences of his family.

Being one day in a very extraordinary good humour, he gave his children a writing under his hand and seal, by which he released them from many⁴⁰ badges of dependance, and confirmed to them several very important privileges. The chief were the two following, viz., that none of his children should be punished for any offence, or supposed offence, until his brethren had first declared him worthy of such punishment; and secondly, he gave fresh assurances that he would impose no hardships upon them without the consent of their⁵⁰ mother-in-law.

This writing, on account of its singular importance, was called THE GREAT

¹ automatically

PAPER. After it was executed with the utmost solemnity, he caused his Chaplain to publish a dire anathema against all who should attempt to violate the articles of the Great Paper, in the words following.

"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, AMEN! Whereas our Lord and Master, to the honour of God and for the common profit of this farm hath¹⁰ granted, for him and his heirs forever, these articles above written: I, his Chaplain and spiritual pastor of all this farm, do admonish the people of the farm once, twice, and thrice. Because that shortness will not suffer so much delay as to give knowledge to the people of these presents in writing, I therefore enjoyn all persons, of what²⁰ estate soever they be, that they and every of them, as much as in them is, shall uphold and maintain these articles granted by our Lord and Master in all points. And all those that in any point do resist, or break, or in any manner hereafter procure, counsel or any ways assent to resist or break these ordi-³⁰nances, or go about it by word or deed, openly or privately, by any manner of pretence or colour, I the aforesaid Chaplain, by my authority, do excommunicate and accurse, and from the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and from all the Company of Heaven, and from all the Sacraments of holy Church do sequester and exclude."

CHAPTER II

⁴⁰ Now it came to pass that this nobleman had, by some means or other, obtained a right to an immense tract of wild uncultivated country at a vast distance from his mansion house. But he set little store by this acquisition, as it yielded him no profit; nor was it likely to do so, being not only difficult of access on account of the distance, but was also overrun with innumerable wild beasts very fierce and savage; so that it would be extremely dangerous to attempt taking possession of it.

In process of time, however, some of his children, more stout and enter-

prising than the rest, requested leave of their father to go and settle on this distant tract of land. Leave was readily obtained; but before they set out certain agreements were stipulated between them. The principal were, the old gentleman, on his part, engaged to protect and defend the adventurers in their new settlements; to assist them in chasing away the wild beasts, and to extend to them all the benefits of the government under which they were born; assuring them that although they should be removed so far from his presence, they should nevertheless be considered as the children of his family, and treated accordingly. At the same time he gave each of them a bond for the faithful performance of these promises; in which, among other things, it was covenanted that they should, each of them in their several families, have a liberty of making such rules and regulations for their own good government as they should find convenient; provided these rules and regulations should not contradict or be inconsistent with the general standing orders established in his farm.

In return for these favours he insisted that they, on their parts, should at all times acknowledge him to be their father; that they should not deal with their neighbours without his leave, but send to his shop only for such merchandize as they should want. But in order to enable them to pay for such goods as they should purchase, they were permitted to sell the produce of their lands to certain of his neighbours.

These preliminaries being duly adjusted, our adventurers bid adieu to the comforts and conveniencies of their father's house, and set off on their journey. Many and great were the difficulties they encountered on their way; but many more and much greater had they to combat on their arrival in the new country. Here they found nothing but wild nature. Mountains overgrown with inaccessible foliage, and plains steeped in stagnated waters. Their ears are no longer attentive to the repeated strokes of industrious

labour and the busy hum of men; instead of these, the roaring tempest and incessant howlings of beasts of prey fill their minds with horror and dismay. The needful comforts of life are no longer in their power; no friendly roof to shelter them from inclement skies; no fortress to protect them from surrounding dangers. Unaccustomed as they were to hardships like these, some were cut off by sickness and disease, and others snatched away by the hands of barbarity. They began, however, with great perseverance to clear the land of encumbering rubbish, and the woods resound with the strokes of labour. They drain the waters from the sledged morass, and pour the sun beams on the reeking soil. They are forced to exercise all the powers of industry and economy for bare subsistence, and like their first parent, when driven from paradise, to earn their bread with the sweat of their brows. In this work they were frequently interrupted by the incursions of the wild beasts, against whom they defended themselves with heroic prowess and magnanimity.

After some time, however, by dint of indefatigable perseverance, they found themselves comfortably settled in this new farm; and had the delightful prospect of vast tracts of land waving with luxuriant harvests, and perfuming the air with delicious fruits, which before had been a dreary wilderness, unfit for the habitation of men.

In the mean time they kept up a constant correspondence with their father's family, and at a great expence provided waggons, horses, and drivers, to bring from his shop such goods and merchandize as they wanted, for which they paid out of the produce of their lands.

CHAPTER III

Now the new settlers had adopted a mode of government in their several families similar to that their father had established in the old farm; in taking a new wife at the end of certain periods of time; which wife was chosen

for them by their children, and without whose consent they could do nothing material in the conduct of their affairs. Under these circumstances they thrived exceedingly, and became very numerous; living in great harmony amongst themselves, and in constitutional obedience to their father and his wife.

Notwithstanding their successful progress, however, they were frequently annoyed by the wild beasts, which were not yet expelled the country; and were moreover troubled by some of their neighbours, who wanted to drive them off the land, and take possession of it themselves.

To assist them in these difficulties, and protect them from danger, the old nobleman sent over several of his servants, who with the help of the new settlers drove away their enemies. But then he required that they should reimburse him for the expence and trouble he was at in their behalf. This they did with great cheerfulness, by applying from time to time to their respective wives, who always commanded their cash.

Thus did matters go on for a considerable time, to their mutual happiness and benefit. But now the nobleman's wife began to cast an avaricious eye upon the new settlers; saying to herself, if by the natural consequence of their intercourse with us my wealth and power are so much increased, how much more would they accumulate if I can persuade them that all they have belonged to us, and therefore I may at any time demand from them such part of their earnings as I please. At the same time she was fully sensible of the promises and agreements her husband had made when they left the old farm, and of the tenor and purport of the Great Paper. She therefore thought it necessary to proceed with great caution and art, and endeavoured to gain her point by imperceptible steps.

In order to this, she first issued an edict setting forth that whereas the tailors of her family were greatly injured by the people of the new farm, inasmuch as they presumed to make

their own clothes, whereby the said tailors were deprived of the benefit of their custom; it was therefore ordained that for the future the new settlers should not be permitted to have amongst them any shears or scissors larger than a certain fixed size. In consequence of this our adventurers were compelled to have their clothes made by their father's tailors. But out of regard to the old gentleman, they patiently submitted to this grievance.

Encouraged by this success, she proceeded in her plan. Observing that the new settlers were very fond of a particular kind of cyder which they purchased of a neighbour, who was in friendship with their father (the apples proper for making this cyder not growing on their own farm) she published another edict, obliging them to pay her a certain stipend for every barrel of cyder used in their families! To this likewise they submitted, not yet seeing the scope of her designs against them.

After this manner she proceeded, imposing taxes upon them on various pretences, and receiving the fruits of their industry with both hands. Moreover she persuaded her husband to send amongst them from time to time a number of the most lazy and useless of his servants, under the specious pretext of defending them in their settlements, and of assisting to destroy the wild beasts; but in fact to rid his own house of their company, not having employment for them; and at the same time to be a watch and a check upon the people of the new farm.

It was likewise ordered that these protectors, as they were called, should be supplied with bread and butter cut in a particular form. But the head of one of the families refused to comply with this order. He engaged to give the guests thus forced upon him, bread and butter sufficient; but insisted that his wife should have the liberty of cutting it in what shape she pleased.

This put the old nobleman into a violent passion, inasmuch that he had his son's wife put into gaol for presum-

ing to cut her loaf otherwise than as had been directed.

CHAPTER IV

As the old gentleman advanced in years he began to neglect the affairs of his family, leaving them chiefly to the management of his steward. Now the steward had debauched his wife, and by that means gained an entire ascendancy over her. She no longer deliberated what would most benefit either the old farm or the new; but said and did whatever the steward pleased. Nay, so much was she influenced by him that she could neither utter *Ay* or *No* but as he directed. For he had cunningly persuaded her that it was very fashionable for women to wear padlocks on their lips, and that he was sure they would become her exceedingly. He therefore fastened a padlock to each corner of her mouth; when the one was open, she could only say *Ay*; and when the other was loosed, could only cry *No*. He took care to keep the keys of these locks himself; so that her will became entirely subject to his power.

Now the old lady and the steward had set themselves against the people of the new farm, and began to devise ways and means to impoverish and distress them.

They prevailed on the nobleman to sign an edict against the new settlers, in which it was declared that it was their duty as children to pay something towards the supplying their father's table with provisions, and to the supporting the dignity of his family. For that purpose it was ordained that all their spoons, knives, and forks, plates and porringers, should be marked with a certain mark, by officers appointed for that end; for which marking they were to pay a certain stipend. And that they should not, under severe penalties, presume to make use of any spoon, knife or fork, plate or porringer, before it had been so marked, and the said stipend paid to the officer.

The inhabitants of the new farm

began to see that their father's affections were alienated from them; and that their mother was but a base mother-in-law debauched by their enemy the steward. They were thrown into great confusion and distress. They wrote the most supplicating letters to the old gentleman, in which they acknowledged him to be their father in terms of the greatest respect and affection. They recounted to him the hardships and difficulties they had suffered in settling his new farm; and pointed out the great addition of wealth and power his family had acquired by the improvement of that wilderness; and showed him that all the fruits of their labours must in the natural course of things unite, in the long run, in his money box. They also, in humble terms, reminded him of his promises and engagements on their leaving home, and of the bonds he had given them; of the solemnity and importance of the Great Paper with the curse annexed. They acknowledged that he ought to be reimbursed for the expences he was at on their account, and that it was their duty to assist in supporting the dignity of his family. All this they declared they were ready and willing to do; but requested that they might do it agreeable to the purport of the Great Paper, by applying to their several wives for the keys of their money boxes and furnishing him from thence; and not be subject to the tyranny and caprice of an avaricious mother-in-law, whom they had never chosen, and of a steward who was their declared enemy.

Some of these letters were intercepted by the steward; others were delivered to the old gentleman, who was at the same time persuaded to take no notice of them; but, on the contrary, to insist the more strenuously upon the right his wife claimed of marking their spoons, knives and forks, plates and porringers.

The new settlers, observing how matters were conducted in their father's family, became exceedingly distressed and mortified. They met together and agreed one and all that they would no

longer submit to the arbitrary impositions of their mother-in-law, and their enemy the steward. They determined to pay no manner of regard to the new decree, considering it as a violation of the Great Paper, but to go on and eat their broth and pudding as usual. The cooks also and butlers served up their spoons, knives and forks, plates and porringers, without having them marked by the new officers.

The nobleman at length thought fit to reverse the order which had been made respecting the spoons, knives and forks, plates and porringers, of the new settlers. But he did this with a very ill grace. For he, at the same time avowed and declared that he and his wife had a right to mark all their furniture, if they pleased, from the silver tankard down to the very chamber pots; that as he was their father he had an absolute controul over them, and that their liberties, lives and properties were at the entire disposal of him and his wife; that it was not fit that he who was allowed to be omnipresent, immortal, and incapable of error, should be confined by the shackles of the Great Paper; or obliged to fulfil the bonds he had given them, which he averred he had a right to cancel whenever he pleased.

His wife also became intoxicated with vanity. The steward had told her that she was an omnipotent goddess, and ought to be worshipped as such; that it was the height of impudence and disobedience in the new settlers to dispute her authority, which, with respect to them, was unlimited; that as they had removed from their father's family, they had forfeited all pretensions to be considered as his children, and lost the privileges of the Great Paper; that, therefore, she might look on them only as tenants at will upon her husband's farm, and exact from them what rent she pleased.

All this was perfectly agreeable to madam, who admitted this new doctrine in its full sense.

The people of the new farm, however, took little notice of these pomp-

ous declarations. They were glad the marking decree was reversed, and were in hopes that things would gradually settle into their former channel.

CHAPTER V

In the mean time the new settlers increased exceedingly; and as they increased, their dealings at their father's shop were proportionably enlarged.

It is true they suffered some inconveniencies from the protectors that had been sent amongst them, who became very troublesome in their houses. They seduced their daughters; introduced riot and intemperance into their families, and derided and insulted the orders and regulations they had made for their own good government. Moreover the old nobleman had sent amongst them a great number of thieves, ravishers, and murderers, who did a great deal of mischief by practising those crimes for which they had been banished the old farm. But they bore these grievances with as much patience as could be expected; not choosing to trouble their aged father with complaints, unless in cases of important necessity.

Now the steward continued to hate the new settlers with exceeding great hatred, and determined to renew his attack upon their peace and happiness. He artfully insinuated to the old gentleman and his foolish wife, that it was very mean and unbecoming in them to receive the contributions of the people of the new farm, towards supporting the dignity of his family, through the hands of their respective wives; that upon this footing it would be in their power to refuse his requisitions whenever they should be thought to be unreasonable, of which they would pretend to be judges themselves; and that it was high time they should be compelled to acknowledge his arbitrary power, and his wife's omnipotence.

For this purpose another decree was prepared and published, ordering that the new settlers should pay a certain stipend upon particular goods, which

they were not allowed to purchase any where but at their father's shop; and that this stipend should not be deemed an advance upon the original price of the goods, but be paid on their arrival at the new farm, for the express purpose of supporting the dignity of the old gentleman's family, and of defraying the expences he affected to afford them.

This new decree gave our adventurers the utmost uneasiness. They saw that the steward and their mother-in-law were determined to oppress and enslave them. They again met together and wrote to their father, as before, the most humble and persuasive letters, but to little purpose. A deaf ear was turned to all their remonstrances, and their dutiful requests ²⁰ treated with contempt.

Finding this moderate and decent conduct brought them no relief, they had recourse to another expedient. They bound themselves in a solemn engagement not to deal any more at their father's shop until this unconstitutional decree should be reversed; which they declared to be a violation of the Great Paper.

This agreement was so strictly adhered to, that in a few months the clerks and apprentices in the old gentleman's shop began to make a sad outcry. They declared that their master's trade was declining exceedingly, and that his wife and steward would, by their mischievous machinations, ruin the whole farm. They forthwith sharpened their pens and attacked the steward, and even the old lady herself, with great severity. Insomuch that it was thought proper to withdraw this attempt likewise upon the rights and liberties of the new settlers. One part only of the new decree remained unreversed—viz. the tax upon water gruel.

Now there were certain men on the old farm, who had obtained from the nobleman an exclusive right of selling water gruel. Vast quantities of this gruel were vended amongst the new settlers; for it became very fashionable

for them to use it in their families in great abundance. They did not, however, trouble themselves much about the tax on water gruel. They were well pleased with the reversal of the other parts of the decree, and considering gruel as not absolutely necessary to the comfort of life, they were determined to endeavour to do without it, ¹⁰ and by that means avoid the remaining effects of the new decree.

The steward found his designs once more frustrated, but was not discouraged by this disappointment. He formed another scheme so artfully contrived that he thought himself sure of success. He sent for the persons who had the sole right of vending water gruel, and after reminding them of the obligations they were under to the nobleman and his wife for their exclusive privilege, he desired that they would send sundry waggon loads of gruel to the new farm, promising that the accustomed duty which they paid for their exclusive right should be taken off from all the gruel they should send amongst the new settlers; and that in case their cargoes should come to ³⁰ any damage, he would take care that the loss should be repaired out of the old gentleman's coffers.

The gruel merchants readily consented to this proposal, knowing that if their cargoes were sold, they would reap considerable profits; and if they failed, the steward was to make good the damage. On the other hand the steward concluded that the new settlers ⁴⁰ could not resist purchasing the gruel to which they had been so long accustomed; and if they did purchase it when subject to the tax aforesaid, this would be an avowed acknowledgment on their parts that their father and his wife had a right to break through the tenor of the Great Paper, and to lay on them what impositions they pleased, without the consent of their respective ⁵⁰ wives.

But the new settlers were well aware of this decoy. They saw clearly that the gruel was not sent to accommodate, but to enslave them; and that if they

suffered any part of it to be sold amongst them, it would be deemed a submission to the assumed omnipotence of the great madam.

CHAPTER VI

On the arrival of the water gruel, the people of the new farm were again thrown into great alarms and confusions. Some of them would not suffer the waggons to be unloaded at all, but sent them immediately back to the gruel merchants. Others permitted the waggons to unload, but would not touch the hateful commodity; so that it lay neglected about their roads and highways until it grew sour and spoiled. But one of the new settlers, whose name was Jack, either from a keener sense of the injuries attempted against him, or from the necessity of his situation, which was such that he could not send back the gruel because of a number of mercenaries whom his father had stationed before his house to watch and be a check upon his conduct; he, I say, being almost driven to despair, fell to work, and with great zeal stove to pieces the casks of gruel, which had been sent him, and utterly demolished the whole cargo.

These proceedings were soon known at the old farm. Great and terrible was the uproar there. The old gentleman fell into great wrath, declaring that his absent children meant to throw off all dependence upon him, and to become altogether disobedient. His wife also tore the padlocks from her lips, and raved and stormed like a Billingsgate.¹ The steward lost all patience and moderation, swearing most prophanelly that he would leave no stone unturned 'till he had humbled the settlers of the new farm at his feet, and caused their father to trample on their necks. Moreover, the gruel merchants roared and bellowed for the loss of their gruel; and the clerks and apprentices were in the utmost consternation lest the people of the new farm should again agree to have no

dealings with their father's shop. Vengeance was immediately set on foot, particularly against Jack. With him they determined to begin; hoping that by making an example of him they should so terrify the other families of the new settlers, that they would all submit to the designs of the steward, and the omnipotence of the old lady.

A very large padlock was, accordingly, prepared to be fastened upon Jack's great gate; the key of which was to be given to the old gentleman; who was not to open it again until he had paid for the gruel he had spilt, and resigned all claim to the privileges of the Great Paper; nor then neither unless he thought fit. Secondly, a decree was made to new model the regulations and economy of Jack's family in such manner that they might for the future be more subject to the will of the steward. And, thirdly, a large gallows was erected before the mansion house in the old farm, and an order made that if any of Jack's children or servants should be suspected of misbehaviour, they should not be convicted or acquitted by the consent of their brethren, agreeable to the purport of the Great Paper, but be tied neck and heels and dragged to the gallows at the mansion house and there be hanged without mercy.

No sooner did tidings of this undue severity reach the new farm, but the people were almost ready to despair. They were altogether at a loss how to act, or by what means they should avert the vengeance to which they were doomed. But the old lady and steward soon determined the matter; for the padlock was sent over, and without ceremony fastened upon Jack's great gate. They did not wait to know whether he would pay for the gruel or not, or make the required acknowledgments, nor give him the least opportunity to make his defence. The great gate was locked, and the key given to the old nobleman, as had been determined.

Poor Jack found himself in a most

¹ shrew

deplorable condition. The great inlet to his farm was entirely blocked up, so that he could neither carry out the produce of his land for sale, nor receive from abroad the necessaries for his family.

But this was not all. His father, along with the padlock aforesaid, had sent an overseer to hector and domineer over him and his family, and to endeavour to break his spirit by exercising every possible severity. For which purpose he was attended by a great number of mercenaries, and armed with more than common authorities.

On his first arrival in Jack's family he was received with considerable respect, because he was the delegate of their aged father. For, notwithstanding all that had past, the people of the new settlements loved and revered the old gentleman with a truly filial attachment; attributing his unkindness entirely to the intrigues of their enemy the steward. But this fair weather did not last long. The new overseer took the first opportunity of showing that he had no intentions of living in harmony and friendship with the family. Some of Jack's domesticks had put on their Sunday clothes, and attended the overseer in the great parlour, in order to pay him their compliments on his arrival, and to request his assistance in reconciling them to their father. But he rudely stopped them short in the midst of their speech, called them a parcel of disobedient scoundrels, and bid them go about their business. So saying, he turned upon his heel, and with great contempt left the room.

CHAPTER VII

Now Jack and his family, finding themselves oppressed, insulted and tyrannised over in the most cruel and arbitrary manner, advised with their brethren what measures should be adopted to relieve them from their intolerable grievances. Their brethren, one and all, united in sympathising with their afflictions; they advised them

to bear their sufferings with fortitude for a time, assuring them that they looked on the punishments and insults laid upon them with the same indignation as if they had been inflicted on themselves, and that they would stand by and support them to the last. But, above all, earnestly recommended it to them to be firm and steady in the cause of liberty and justice, and never acknowledge the omnipotence of their mother in law; nor yield to the machinations of their enemy the steward.

In the mean time, lest Jack's family should suffer for want of necessaries, their great gate being fast locked, liberal and very generous contributions were raised among the several families of the new settlements, for their present relief. This seasonable bounty was handed to Jack over the garden wall, all access to the front of his house being shut up.

Now the overseer observed that the children and domesticks of Jack's family had frequent meetings and consultations together, sometimes in the garret, and sometimes in the stable. Understanding, likewise, that an agreement not to deal in their father's shop, until their grievances should be redressed, was much talked of amongst them, he wrote a thundering prohibition, much like a Pope's bull, which he caused to be pasted up in every room in the house; in which he declared and protested that these meetings were treasonable, traitorous and rebellious; contrary to the dignity of their father, and inconsistent with the omnipotence of their mother in law; denouncing also terrible punishments against any two of the family who should from thenceforth be seen whispering together, and strictly forbidding the domesticks to hold any more meetings in the garret or stable.

These harsh and unconstitutional proceedings irritated Jack and the other inhabitants of the new farm to such a degree that*****

*Cætera desunt.*¹

¹ the rest is lacking

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say, 5
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze, 10
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great sur-
prise, 15
Then said, "Some mischief's brew-
ing:

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down to attack the
town, 20
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town
Most frantic scenes were acted; 26
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked; 30
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. Loring. 36

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs his eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied 41
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries; 45
"The rebels, more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir, 50
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war:
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be, 55
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir. 60

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
Ere saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales, 65
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter. 70
"Why sure," thought they, "the devil's
to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs 'tis said, though strongly
made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes, 75
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night these men of
might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge. 80

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,

It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day 85
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home
They'll make their boasts and brags,
sir.

PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799)

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CON- VENTION OF DELEGATES

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subjects in 20 different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less 30 than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason 40 towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in 50 a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the

things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. 10 And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, 30 sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been

already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. 10 Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to 20 preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of 30 Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the 40 means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are 50 invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over

the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826)

LETTERS

JOHN ADAMS TO ABIGAIL ADAMS

PHILADELPHIA, 16 September, 1774.

Having a leisure moment, while the Congress is assembling, I gladly embrace it to write you a line.

When the Congress first met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship.

Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue,

who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché (Dushay they pronounce it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress tomorrow morning. The motion was seconded and passed in the affirmative.

Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duché, and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly next morning he appeared with his clerk and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form; and then read the Collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. You must remember this was ²⁰ the next morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

After this, Mr. Duché, unexpected to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess ³⁰ I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced, Episcopalian that he is. Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime—for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I ⁴⁰ must beg you to read that Psalm. If there was any faith in the *sortes Biblicae*, it would be thought providential.

It will amuse your friends to read this letter and the thirty-fifth Psalm to them. Read it to your father and Mr. Wibird. I wonder what our Braintree Churchmen will think of this! Mr. Duché is one of the most ingenious ⁵⁰ men, and best characters, and greatest orators in the Episcopal order, upon this continent. Yet a zealous friend of Liberty and his country.

I long to see my dear family. God bless, preserve, and prosper it. Adieu.

ABIGAIL ADAMS TO JOHN ADAMS

BRAINTREE, 24 May, 1775.

I suppose you have had a formidable account of the alarm we had last Sunday morning. When I rose, about six ¹⁰ o'clock, I was told that the drums had been some time beating, and that three alarm guns were fired; that the Weymouth bell had been ringing, and Mr. Weld's was then ringing. I immediately sent off an express to know the occasion, and found the whole town in confusion. Three sloops and a cutter had come out and dropped anchor just below Great Hill. It was difficult to tell their designs; some supposed they were coming to Germantown, others to Weymouth; people, women, children, from the iron-works, came flocking down this way; every woman and child driven off from below my father's; my father's family flying.

The Dr. is in great distress, as you may well imagine, for my aunt had her bed thrown into a cart, into which she got herself, and ordered the boy to drive her to Bridgewater, which he did. The report was to them that three hundred had landed, and were upon their march up into town. The alarm flew like lightning, and men from all parts came flocking down, till two thousand were collected.

But it seems their expedition was to Grape Island, for Levett's hay. There it was impossible to reach them, for want of boats; but the sight of so many persons, and the firing at them, prevented their getting more than three tons of hay, though they had carted much more down to the water. At last a lighter was mustered, and a sloop from Hingham, which had six port-holes. Our men eagerly jumped on board, and put off for the island. As soon as they perceived it, they decamped. Our people landed upon the island, and in an instant set fire to the hay, which, with the barn, was soon consumed—about eighty tons, it is

said. We expect soon to be in continual alarms, till something decisive takes place.

We wait, with longing expectations, in hopes to hear the best accounts from you, with regard to union and harmony etc. We rejoice greatly on the arrival of Dr. Franklin, as he must certainly be able to inform you very particularly upon the situation of affairs in England. . . .

My best wishes attend you, both for your health and happiness, and that you may be directed into the wisest and best measures for our safety and the security of our posterity. I wish you were nearer us; we know not what a day will bring forth, nor what distress one hour may throw us into. Hitherto I have been able to maintain a calmness and presence of mind, and hope I shall, let the exigency of the time be what it will. Adieu; breakfast calls.

Your affectionate

PORTIA.

JOHN ADAMS TO ABIGAIL ADAMS

PHILADELPHIA, 17 June, 1775.

I can now inform you that the Congress have made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave, George Washington, Esquire, to be General of the American army, and that he is to repair, as soon as possible, to the camp before Boston. This appointment will have a great effect in cementing and securing the union of these colonies. The continent is really in earnest, in defending the country. . . .

I have found this Congress like the last. When we first came together, I found a strong jealousy of us from New England, and the Massachusetts in particular; suspicions entertained of designs of independency; an American republic; Presbyterian principles, and twenty other things. Our sentiments were heard in Congress with great caution, and seemed to make but little impression; but the longer we sat, the more clearly they saw the necessity of

pushing vigorous measures. It has been so now. Every day we sit, the more we are convinced that the designs against us are hostile and sanguinary, and that nothing but fortitude, vigor, and perseverance can save us.

But America is a great unwieldy body. Its progress must be slow. It is like a large fleet sailing under convoy. The fleetest sailors must wait for the dullest and slowest. Like a coach and six, the swiftest horses must be slackened, and the slowest quickened, that all may keep an even pace.

ABIGAIL ADAMS TO JOHN ADAMS

BRAINTREE, 31 March, 1776.

I wish you would ever write me a letter half as long as I write you, and tell me, if you may, where your fleet are gone; what sort of defence Virginia can make against our common enemy; whether it is situated so as to make an able defence. Are not the gentry lords, and the common people vassals? Are they not like the uncivilized vassals Britain represents us to be? I hope their riflemen, who have shown themselves very savage and even blood-thirsty, are not a specimen of the generality of the people. I am willing to allow the colony great merit for having produced a Washington; but they have been shamefully duped by a Dunmore.

I have sometimes been ready to think that the passion for liberty cannot be equally strong in the breasts of those who have been accustomed to deprive their fellow-creatures of theirs. Of this I am certain, that it is not founded upon the generous and Christian principle of doing to others as we would that others should do unto us.

Do you not want to see Boston? I am fearful of the small-pox, or I should have been in before this time. I got Mr. Crane to go to our house and see what state it was in. I find it has been occupied by one of the doctors of a regiment; very dirty, but no other damage done to it. The few things which were left in it are all gone. I look upon it as a new acquisition of

property—a property which one month ago I did not value at a single shilling, and would with pleasure have seen it in flames.

The town in general is left in better state than we expected; more owing to a precipitate flight than any regard to the inhabitants; though some individuals discovered a sense of honor and justice, and have left the rent of the houses in which they were, for the owners, and the furniture unhurt, or, if damaged, sufficient to make it good. Others have committed abominable ravages. . . .

I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. . . .

That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute; but such of you as wish to be happy, willingly give up the harsh title of master for the more tender and endearing one of friend. Why then not put it out of the power of the vicious and lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity? . . .

I have lately seen a small manuscript describing the various proportions of the various sorts of powder fit for cannon, small-arms, and pistols. If it would be of any service your way, I will get it transcribed and send it you. Every one of your friends sends regards, and all the little ones. Adieu.

JOHN ADAMS TO ABIGAIL ADAMS

PHILADELPHIA, 3 July, 1776.

Had a Declaration of Independency been made seven months ago, it would

have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliances with foreign states. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. . . .

But on the other hand, the delay of this Declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning though weak and mistaken people, have been gradually and at last totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of Independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations, so that the whole people, in every colony of the thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a Declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means. And that posterity will triumph in this day's

transaction, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809)

From COMMON SENSE

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN AFFAIRS

In the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense; and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader, than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossession, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves; that he will put on, or rather that he will not put off ²⁰ the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs. But all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. ³⁰ Arms, as the last resource, must decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent hath accepted the challenge.

It has been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who, though an able minister was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the house of commons, on the score that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "they will last my time." Should ⁴⁰ a thought so fatal and unmanly possess the colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be remembered by future generations with detestation.

The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent—of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis ⁵⁰ not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the end of time, by the

proceedings now. Now is the seedtime of continental union, faith, and honor. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound will enlarge with the tree, and posterity read it in full grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument ¹⁰ to arms, a new area for politics is struck; a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, etc., prior to the nineteenth of April, i.e., to the commencement of hostilities, are like the almanacs of last year; which, though proper then, are superseded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point, viz., a union with Great Britain. The only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it; the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first has failed, and the second has withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and inquire into some of the many material injuries which these colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with and dependent on Great Britain. To examine that connection and dependence, on the principles of nature and common sense; to see what we have ⁴⁰ to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependent.

I have heard it asserted by some, that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument. We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, ⁵⁰ that it is never to have meat; or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is

true, for I answer roundly that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power had anything to do with her. The articles of commerce by which she has enriched herself, are the necessities of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted; and she would have defended Turkey from the same motives, viz., for the sake of trade and dominion.

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices, and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering that her motive was interest, not attachment; and that she did not protect us from our enemies on our account, but from her enemies on her own account; from those who had no quarrel with us on any other account, and who will always be our enemies on the same account. Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain, were they at war with Britain. The miseries of Hanover's last war ought to warn us against connections.

It hath lately been asserted in Parliament, that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country; i.e., that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by the way of England. This is certainly a very round-about way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enemyship, if I may so call it. France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as Americans, but as our being the subjects of Great Britain. . . .

I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation, to shew a single advantage that this continent can reap, by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn will fetch

its price in any market in Europe; and our imported goods must be paid for, buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection, are without number; and our duty to mankind at large, as well as to ourselves, instruct us to renounce the alliance: because any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain, tends directly to involve this continent in European wars and quarrels. As Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no political connection with any part of it. 'Tis the true interest of America, to steer clear of European contentions, which she never can do while by her dependence on Britain she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly planted with kingdoms to be long at peace; and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power, the trade of America goes to ruin, because of her connection with Britain. The next war may not turn out like the last; and should it not, the advocates for reconciliation now, will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man of war. Every thing that is right or reasonable pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'TIS TIME TO PART. Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other, was never the design of Heaven. The time likewise at which the continent was discovered, adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled encreases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end. And a serious mind can draw no true

pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction that what he calls "the present constitution," is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that government is not sufficiently lasting to ensure any thing which we may bequeath to posterity. And by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect, which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence, yet I am inclined to believe, that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation, may be included within the following descriptions: Interested men who are not to be trusted; weak men who cannot see; prejudiced men who will not see; and a certain set of moderate men who think better of the European world than it deserves. And this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of present sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us for a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us for ever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg, endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by government if they leave it. In their present condition they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for

their relief they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offences of Britain, and still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, *Come, come, we shall be friends again for all this.* But examine the passions and feelings of mankind; bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me, whether you can hereafter love, honour, and faithfully serve, the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you cannot do all these, then you are only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honour, will be forced and unnatural; and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say, you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath *your* house been burnt? Hath *your* property been destroyed before your face? Are *your* wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have *you* lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then you are not a judge of those who have. But if you have and still can shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover; and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward, and the spirit of a sycophant.

This is not inflaming or exaggerating matters, but trying them by those feelings and affections which nature justifies, and without which we should be incapable of discharging the social duties of life, or enjoying the felicities of it. I mean not to exhibit horror for the purpose of provoking revenge, but to awaken us from fatal and unmanly slumbers that we may pursue determinedly some fixed object. 'Tis not in the power of England or of Europe to conquer America, if she doth not conquer herself by delay and timidity.

The present winter is worth an age if rightly employed, but if lost or neglected, the whole continent will partake of the misfortune; and there is no punishment which that man doth not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.

'Tis repugnant to reason, to the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose, that this continent can long remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain doth not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom cannot at this time compass a plan, short of separation, which can promise the continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is now a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art cannot supply her place. For as Milton wisely expresses, "never can true reconciliation grow where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual. Our prayers have been rejected with disdain; and only tended to convince us that nothing flatters vanity or confirms obstinacy in Kings more than repeated petitioning—and nothing hath contributed more than that very measure, to make the Kings of Europe absolute. Witness Denmark and Sweden. Wherefore, since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation, and not leave the next generation to be cutting throats under the violated unmeaning names of parent and child.

To say they will never attempt it again, is idle and visionary; we thought so at the repeal of the Stamp Act; yet a year or two undeceived us. As well may we suppose that nations which have been once defeated will never renew the quarrel.

As to government matters, it is not in the power of Britain to do this continent justice; the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed with any tolerable degree of convenience by a power as distant from us, and so very ignorant of us; for if they

cannot conquer us, they cannot govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or a petition; waiting four or five months for an answer which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness. There was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands, not capable of protecting themselves, are the proper objects for governments to take under their care; but there is something absurd in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island! In no instance hath nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems: England to Europe—America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment, to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this continent to be so; that everything short of that is mere patchwork; that it can afford no lasting felicity; that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would have rendered this continent the glory of the earth. . . .

A government of our own is our natural right: and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced that it is infinitely wiser and safer to form a constitution of our own in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Masaniello may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain,

the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conquerer. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door¹⁰ to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands who would think it glorious to expel from the continent that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and negroes to destroy us; the cruelty hath a double guilt: it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections, wounded through a thousand pores, instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope that as the relationship expires the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better²⁰ when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken; the people of England are presenting⁴⁰ addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings, for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts, and distinguish⁵⁰ us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence, were we

callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain provoke us into justice.

O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind!

THE CRISIS

I

(December 26, 1776)

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to tax but "to bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion

is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them. Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer

habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defence. Our ammunition, light artillery and the best part of our stores, had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven miles above. Major General Greene, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry, six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river

between the enemy and us, about six miles from us, and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry,¹⁰ except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain; the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or²⁰ Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We staid four days at Newark, collected our outposts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body³⁰ of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania; but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harrassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centered in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has⁵⁰ remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington,

for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kinds of public blessings which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin with asking the following question, Why is it that the enemy have left the New-England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New-England is not infested with Tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a Tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred Whigs against a thousand Tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every Tory is a coward; for servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together. Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard, with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally, for 'tis soldiers, and not Tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories. A noted one, who kept a tavern

at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as ever I saw; and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression: "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us that with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. . . . Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who

will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils: a ravaged country, a depopulated city, habitations without safety and slavery without hope, our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of.

Look on this picture, and weep over it! And if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

REVOLUTIONARY SONGS AND BALLADS¹

A PARODY OF "THE LIBERTY SONG"

Come, shake your dull noddles, ye bumpkins, and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call.
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame;
Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame!

CHORUS. In folly you're born and in
 folly you'll live; 5
To madness still ready,
And stupidly steady,
Not as men, but as monkies, the tokens
 you give.

Your grandsire, old Satan—now give
 him a cheer!—
Would act like yourselves, and as
 wildly would steer. 10
So great an example in prospect still
 keep;
Whilst you are alive, old Belzee may
 sleep.

Such villains, such rascals, all dangers
 despise,
And stick not at mobbing, when mischief's the prize:

¹ See also, for other Revolutionary songs, *The Battle of the Kegs*, p. 152, *Liberate nos, Domine*, p. 175, and *The Liberty Song*, p. 142.

They burst through all barriers, and
piously keep ¹⁵
Such chattels and goods as vile rascals
can sweep.

The tree which the wisdom of justice
hath rear'd,
Should be stout for their use, and by no
means be spared,
When fuddled with rum, the mad sots
to restrain;
Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches
again. ²⁰

Your brats and your bunters ¹ by no
means forget,
But feather your nests, for they're bare
enough yet.
From the insolent rich sure the poor
knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of
a meal.

When in your own cellars you've
quaffed a regale, ²⁵
Then drive, tug, and stink the next
house to assail.
For short is your harvest, nor long shall
you know
The pleasure of reaping what other men
sow.

Then plunder, my lads; for when red
coats appear
You'll melt like the locusts when win-
ter is near. ³⁰
Gold vainly will glow; silver vainly
will shine;
But, faith! you must skulk, you no
more shall purloin.

Then nod your poor numbskulls, ye
bumpkins, and bawl!
The De'il take such rascals, fools,
whoresons, and all.
Your cursed old trade of purloining
must cease, ³⁵
The curse and the dread of all order
and peace.

All ages shall speak with contempt and
amaze,
Of the vilest Banditti that swarm'd in
those days;

¹ wenches

In defiance of halters, of whips, and of
chains,
The rogues would run riot, damn'd fools
for their pains. ⁴⁰

Gulp down your last dram, for the gal-
lows now groans,
And Order, depress'd, her lost empire
bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy
shall be,
From snobs, knaves, and villains, pro-
tected and free.

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA

Begone, pernicious, baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possessed!
Hyson,² no more beguiled by thee
My noble sons shall be oppressed.

To Britain fly, where gold enslaves, ⁵
And venal men their birth-right sell;
Tell North and his bribed clan of
knaves
Their bloody acts were made in hell.

In Henry's reign those acts began
Which sacred rules of justice broke;
North now pursues the hellish plan, ¹¹
To fixe on us his slavish yoke.

But we oppose, and will be free;
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's de-
cree ¹⁵
Shall make us at his feet to bend.

From Anglia's ancient sons we came,
Those heroes who for freedom fought.
In freedom's cause we'll march, their
fame
By their example greatly taught. ²⁰

Our king we love, but North we hate
Nor will to him submission own;
If death's our doom, we'll brave our
fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

Then rouse, my sons! From slavery
free ²⁵
Your suffering homes, from God's
high wrath!

² a brand of tea

Gird on your steel: give liberty
To all who follow in our path!

A SONG

Hark! 'tis Freedom that calls, come,
patriots, awake!

To arms, my brave boys, and away:
'Tis Honour, 'tis Virtue, 'tis Liberty
calls,

And upbraids the too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing our
foes; 5

Thro' blood and thro' carnage we'll
fly;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake them,
huzza!

The tyrants are seized on, they die.

Triumphant returning with Freedom
secur'd,

Like men we'll be joyful and gay— 10
With our wives and our friends, we'll
sport, love, and drink,

And lose the fatigues of the day.
'Tis freedom alone gives a relish to
mirth,

But oppression all happiness sours;
It will smooth life's dull passage, 'twill
slope the descent, 15

And strew the way over with flowers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SONG

We are the troop that ne'er will stoop
To wretched slavery,

Nor shall our seed, by our base deed
Despisèd vassels be;

Freedom we will bequeath to them, 5
Or we will bravely die;

Our greatest foe ere long shall know
How much did Sandwich lie.

And all the world shall know,
Americans are free; 10

Nor slaves nor cowards we will
prove,

Great Britain soon shall see.

We'll not give up our birthright,

Our foes shall find us men;
As good as they, in any shape, 15

The British troops shall ken.

Huzza! brave boys, we'll beat them
On any hostile plain;

For freedom, wives, and children dear
The battle we'll maintain. 20

What! can those British tyrants think,
Our fathers cross'd the main,

And savage foes and dangers met,
To be enslav'd by them?

If so, they are mistaken, 25
For we will rather die;

And since they have become our foes,
Their forces we defy.

And all the world shall know,
Americans are free; 30

Nor slaves nor cowards we will
prove,

Great Britain soon shall see.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM
CAMP

Father and I went down to camp,

Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys

As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS. Yankee Doodle, keep it up, 5
Yankee Doodle, dandy,

Mind the music and the
step,

And with the girls be
handy.

And there we see a thousand men

As rich as 'Squire David; 10
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be savèd.

The 'lasses they eat every day

Would keep a house a winter;

They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to. 16

And there we see a swamping gun,

Big as a log of maple,

Upon a deuced little cart,

A load for father's cattle. 20

And every time they shoot it off

It takes a horn of powder,

And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself 25

As Siah's underpinning,

And father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold
I thought he would have cock'd it; 30
It scar'd me so I slinked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun;
He kind of clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron 35
Upon the little end on 't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation. 40

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knock'd on it with little clubs,
To call the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington, 45
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion; 50
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get, 55
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me. 60

It scar'd me so I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about, 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

SONG

Come all you brave soldiers, both
valiant and free,
It's for Independence we all now
agree;

Let us gird on our swords, and pre-
pare to defend
Our liberty, property, ourselves, and
our friends.

In a cause that's so righteous come let
us agree, 5
And from hostile invaders set Amer-
ica free;
The cause is so glorious we need not
to fear,
But from merciless tyrants we'll set
ourselves clear.

Heaven's blessing attending us, no
tyrant shall say
That Americans e'er to such monsters
gave way; 10
But, fighting, we'll die in America's
cause,
Before we'll submit to tyrannical
laws.

George the Third, of Great Britain, no
more shall he reign
With unlimited sway o'er these free
states again;
Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of
their clan, 15
Shall ever be honor'd by an Ameri-
can.

May heaven's blessing descend on our
United States,
And grant that the union may never
abate;
May love, peace and harmony ever be
found
For to go hand in hand America
round. 20

Upon our grand Congress may heaven
bestow
Both wisdom and skill our good to
pursue;
On heaven alone dependent we'll be,
But from all earthly tyrants we mean
to be free.

Unto our brave generals may heaven
give skill, 25
Our armies to guide and the sword
for to wield;

May their hands, taught to war, and
their fingers to fight,
Be able to put British armies to
flight.

And now, brave Americans, since it is
so
That we are independent, we'll have
them to know ³⁰
That united we are, and united we'll be,
And from all British tyrants we'll
try to keep free.

May heaven smile on us in all our en-
deavors,
Safe guard our sea-ports, our towns
and our rivers;
Keep us from invaders, by land and by
sea, ³⁵
And from all who'd deprive us of our
liberty.

NATHAN HALE

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall
pines,
A saying "Oh hu-ush!" a saying "Oh
hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in
the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she
nestled her young, ⁵
In a nest by the road, in a nest by
the road;
"For the tyrants are near, and with
them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes
us no good."

The brave captain heard it and thought
of his home,
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the
brook, ¹⁰
With mother and sister and memories
dear,
He so gaily forsook, he so gaily for-
sook.

Cooling shades of the night were com-
ing apace,
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had
beat:

The noble one sprang from his dark
lurking-place ¹⁵
To make his retreat, to make his
retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling
leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood, as he
pass'd thro' the wood,
And silently gain'd his rude launch on
the shore,
As she play'd with the flood, as she
play'd with the flood. ²⁰

The guards of the camp, on that dark,
dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murder-
ous will:
They took him and bore him afar from
the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the
hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who
could cheer, ²⁵
In that little stone cell, in that little
stone cell.
But he trusted in love from his Father
above;
In his heart all was well, in his heart
all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass
voice
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning
hard by: ³⁰
"The tyrant's proud minions most
gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must
soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing
he restrain'd,
The cruel gen'ral, the cruel gen'ral;
His errand from camp, of the ends to
be gain'd; ³⁵
And said that was all, and said that
was all.

They took him and bound him and bore
him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the
hill's grassy side.

'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal
array,
His cause did deride, his cause did
deride. 40

Five minutes were given, short mo-
ments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent.
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not
another;
To Heaven he went, to Heaven he
went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy
shew'd, 45
As he trod the last stage, as he trod
the last stage;
And Britons will shudder at gallant
Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words
do presage:

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's
gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the
slave; 50
Tell tyrants to you their allegiance they
owe;
No fears for the brave, no fears for
the brave."

BOLD HATHORNE

The twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the eastern shore along, 5
For forty leagues or more;
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Monhegan shore.

Bold Hathorne was commander,
A man of real worth; 10
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth.
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast;
And thought, because her strength was
great, 15
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,

By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea; 20
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valor can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America, 25
Farewell our friends and wives;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care
For to protect their lives,
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main, 30
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward 35
As the Gulf of Florida;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main.
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she returned the same. 40

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our main-mast, 45
And had so large a sea,
We dropped astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fished ¹ our main-mast.
The ship still being nigh, 50
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try.
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear;
We thought it quite imprudent 55
And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail. 60
We gave her chase, and soon perceived
She was a British snow ²
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did now inspect her
With glasses, and he said,

¹ repaired

² small sailing vessel

"My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid;
All hands repair to quarters,
See everything is clear; 70
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us, 75
And put us close on board;
When the cannon roared like thunder,
And the muskets fired amain;
But soon we were along-side
And grappled to her chain. 80

And now the scene it altered,
The cannon ceased to roar;
We fought with swords and boarding
pikes
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory 85
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear; 90
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest, 95
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,
To whom all praise is due; 100
To him and all our officers
Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America,
And our good privateer!

THE CONGRESS

Ye Tories all, rejoice and sing
Success to George our gracious king;
The faithful subjects tribute bring
And execrate the Congress.

These hardy knaves and stupid fools, 5
Some apish and pragmatic mules,
Some servile acquiescing tools,—
These, these compose the Congress.

When Jove resolved to send a curse,
And all the woes of life rehearse, 10
Not plague, not famine, but much
worse—
He cursed us with a Congress.

Then peace forsook this helpless shore,
Then cannons blazed with horrid roar;
We hear of blood, death, wounds, and
gore, 15
The offspring of the Congress.

Imperial Rome from scoundrels rose;
Her grandeur's hailed in verse and
prose;
Venice the dregs of sea compose;
So sprung the mighty Congress. 20

When insects vile emerge to light,
They take their short, inglorious flight,
Then sink again to native night—
An emblem of the Congress!

With freeman's rights they wanton
play; 25
At their command, we fast and pray;
With worthless paper they us pay—
A fine device of Congress.

With poverty and dire distress,
With standing armies us oppress, 30
Whole troops to Pluto swiftly press,
As victims to the Congress.

Time-serving priests to zealots preach,
Who king and parliament impeach;
Seditious lessons to us teach 35
At the command of Congress.

Good Lord! disperse this venal tribe;
Their doctrine let no fools imbibe—
Let Balaam no more asses ride,
Nor burdens bear to Congress. 40

With puffs, and flams, and gasconade,
With stupid jargon they bravade:
"We transports take, Quebec invade,
With laurels crown the Congress.

"Our mushroom champions they dra-
goon; 45
We cry out hero, not poltroon,

The next campaign we'll storm the
moon,
And there proclaim the Congress."

In shades below Montgomery's ghost
Is welcomed to the Stygian coast; 50
Congenial traitors see and boast
Th' unhappy days of Congress.

Old Catiline, and Cromwell too,
Jack Cade and his seditious crew,
Hail brother-rebel at first view, 55
And hope to meet the Congress.

The world's amazed to see the pest
The tranquil land with wars infest;
Britannia puts them to the test,
And tries the strength of Congress. 60

O goddess, hear our hearty prayers;
Confound the villains by the ears;
Disperse the plebeians, try the peers,
And execute the Congress.

See, see, our hope begins to dawn! 65
Bold Carleton scours the Northern
lawn;
The sons of faction sigh forlorn;
Dejected is the Congress.

Clinton, Burgoyne and gallant Howe,
Will soon reward our conduct true, 70
And to each traitor give his due;
Perdition waits the Congress.

See noble Dunmore keeps his post;
Marauds and ravages the coast;
Despises Lee and all his host, 75
That hair brain tool of Congress.

There's Washington and all his men—
Where Howe had one, the goose had
ten—
March'd up the hill, and down again,
And sent returns to Congress. 80

Prepare, prepare, my friends, prepare
For scenes of blood, the field of war;
To royal standard we'll repair,
And curse the haughty Congress.

Huzza! Huzza! we thrice huzza! 85
Return peace, harmony, and law!
Restore such times as once we saw,
And bid adieu to Congress.

THE BRITISH LIGHT-INFANTRY

Hark! hark! the bugle's lofty sound,
Which makes the woods and rocks
around

Repeat the martial strain,
Proclaims the light-arm'd British
troops

Advance! Behold rebellion droops, 5
She hears the sound with pain.

She sees their glitt'ring arms with fear,
Their nodding plumes approaching
near;

Her gorgon head she hides.
She flees in vain to shun such foes, 10
For Wayne or hapless Baylor knows
How swift their vengeance glides.

The nimble messenger of Jove
On earth alights not from above
With step so light as theirs; 15
Hence they have feather'd caps, and
wings,

And weapons which have keener stings
Than that gay Hermes bears.

A myrtle garland with the vine
Venus and Bacchus shall entwine, 20
About their brows to place;
As types of love and joy, beneath
The well-earn'd, budding laurel-wreath
Which shades each hero's face.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

What though last year be past and
gone,

Why should we grieve or mourn
about it?

As good a year is now begun,
And better too, let no one doubt it.

'Tis New-Year's morn; why should
we part? 5

Why not enjoy what Heaven has
sent us?

Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends and mirth and wine
content us.

War's rude alarms disturb'd last year;
Our country bled and wept around
us; 10

But this each honest heart shall cheer,
And peace and plenty shall surround
us.

Last year King Congo through the land
Display'd his thirteen stripes to
fright us;

But George's power, in Clinton's hand,
In this New-Year shall surely right
us. 16

Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet con-
nection;

But this shall see them home again,
And happy in their King's protection.

Last year vain Frenchmen brav'd our
coasts, 21

And baffled Howe, and scap'd from
Byron;

But this shall bring their vanquish'd
hosts

To crouch beneath the British Lion.

Last year rebellion proudly stood, 25
Elate in her meridian glory;

But this shall quench her pride in
blood:

George will avenge each martyr'd
Tory.

Then bring us wine, full bumpers bring;
Hail this New-Year in joyful chorus:

God bless great George, our gracious
King, 31

And crush rebellion down before us!

(?JONATHAN ODELL)

SONG

I've heard in old times that a sage used
to say,

The seasons were nothing, December,
or May;

The heat, or the cold never entered his
plan

That all should be happy whenever
they can.

No matter what power directed the
state, 5

He looked upon such things as ordered
by fate;

Whether governed by many or ruled
by one man,
His rule was—be happy whenever you
can

He happened to enter this world the
same day

With the supple, complying, famed
Vicar of Bray: 10

Through both of their lives the same
principle ran—

My boys, we'll be happy as long as we
can.

Time-serving I hate, yet I see no good
reason

A leaf from their book should be
thought out of season.

When kicked like a football from Sheba
to Dan— 15

Egad, let's be happy as long as we can.

Since no man can tell what to-morrow
may bring,

Or which side shall triumph, the Con-
gress or King,

Since fate must o'errule us and carry
her plan—

Why, let us be happy as long as we
can. 20

To-night, let's enjoy this good wine and
a song,

And relish the hour which we cannot
prolong;

If evil will come, we'll adhere to our
plan—

And baffle misfortune as long as we
can.

(JOSEPH STANSBURY)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817)

COLUMBIA

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of
the skies!

Thy genius commands thee; with rap-
ture behold,

While ages on ages thy splendors un-
fold.

Thy reign is the last and the noblest
of time, 5
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting
thy clime.

Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrim-
son thy name;

Be freedom, and science, and virtue,
thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe
aspire;

Whelm nations in blood, and wrap
cities in fire; 10

Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall
defend,

And triumph pursue them, and glory
attend.

A world is thy realm; for a world be
thy laws,

Enlarged as thine empire, and just as
thy cause.

On Freedom's broad basis that empire
shall rise, 15

Extend with the main, and dissolve
with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall
unbar,

And the east see thy morn hide the
beams of her star.

New bards, and new sages, unrivalled
shall soar

To fame, unextinguished when time is
no more; 20

To thee, the last refuge of virtue de-
signed,

Shall fly from all nations the best of
mankind;

Here, grateful to heaven, with trans-
port shall bring

Their incense, more fragrant than
odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory
ascend, 25

And Genius and Beauty in harmony
blend.

The graces of form shall awake pure
desire,

And the charms of the soul ever cherish
the fire;

Their sweetness unmingled, their man-
ners refined,

And virtue's bright image, instamped
on the mind, 30

With peace and soft rapture shall teach
life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of
woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power
shall display;

The nations admire, and the oceans
obey;

Each shore to thy glory its tribute un-
fold, 35

And the east and the south yield their
spices and gold.

As the day-spring unbounded, thy
splendor shall flow,

And earth's little kingdoms before thee
shall bow;

While the ensigns of union, in triumph
unfurled,

Hush the tumult of war, and give peace
to the world. 40

Thus, as down a lone valley, with
cedars o'erspread,

From war's dread confusion I pen-
sively strayed,

The gloom from the face of fair heav'n
retir'd;

The winds ceased to murmur; the thun-
ders expir'd.

Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly
along, 45

And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly
sung:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child
of the skies."

LOVE TO THE CHURCH

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God! 5
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny, 10
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given 15
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise. 20

Jesus, thou friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last, 25
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752-1832)

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE

Deliver us, O Lord, not only from
 British dependence, but also:

From a junto that labor for absolute
 power,
 Whose schemes, disappointed have
 made them look sour;
 From the Lords of the Council, who
 fight against Freedom,
 Who still follow on where the Devil
 shall lead 'em;

From the group at St. James's, who
 slight our petitions, 5
 And fools that are waiting for further
 submissions;
 From a nation whose manners are
 rough and abrupt;
 From scoundrels and rascals whom gold
 can corrupt;

From pirates, sent out by command of
 the king,
 To murder and plunder, but never to
 swing; 10
 From Wallace and Graves and Vipers
 and Roses,
 Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give
 bloody noses;

From that valiant Dunmore, with his
 crew of banditti,
 Who plunder Virginians at Williams-
 burgh city;
 From hot-headed Montagu, mighty to
 swear, 15
 The little fat man, with his pretty
 white hair;

From bishops in Britain, who butchers
 are grown,
 From slaves that would die for a smile
 from the throne;
 From assemblies that vote against Con-
 gress' proceedings—
 (Who now see the fruit of their stupid
 misleadings); 20

From Tryon the mighty, who flies from
 our city,
 And, swelled with importance, disdains
 the committee—
 (But since he is pleased to proclaim us
 his foes,
 What the devil care we where the devil
 he goes);

From the scoundrel, Lord North, who
 would bind us in chains, 25
 From a dunce of a king, who was born
 without brains,
 The utmost extent of whose sense is to
 see
 That reigning and making of buttons
 agree;

From an island that bullies and hectors
 and swears,
 I send up to heaven my wishes and
 prayers 30
 That we, disunited, may freemen be
 still,
 And Britain go on—to be damned, if
 she will!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

Under General Greene, in South Carolina,
 who fell in the action of September 8, 1781.

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
 Their limbs with dust are covered
 o'er.

Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they⁵
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody
plain,
If goodness rules thy generous
breast,¹⁰

Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'Tis not the beauty of the morn¹⁵
That proves the evening shall be
clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the
shield.²⁰

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause to die.

But, like the Parthian, famed of old, ²⁵
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits
thrown,³⁰

We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

From
THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP

CANTO II

The various horrors of these hulks to
tell,
These Prison Ships where pain and
horror dwell,
Where death in tenfold vengeance holds
his reign,
And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd,
complain;

This be my task. Ungenerous Britons,
you⁵
Conspire to murder those you can't
subdue.

Weak as I am, I'll try my strength
to-day,
And my best arrows at these hell-
hounds play;
To future years one scene of death pro-
long,
And hang them up to infamy, in
song.¹⁰

That Britain's rage should dye our
plains with gore,
And desolation spread through every
shore,
None e'er could doubt, that her ambi-
tion knew;
This was to rage and disappointment
due.

But that those monsters whom our soil
maintain'd,¹⁵
Who first drew breath in this devoted
land,

Like famish'd wolves should on their
country prey,
Assist its foes, and wrest our lives
away—

This shocks belief, and bids our soil
disown
Such friends, subservient to a bankrupt
crown.²⁰

By them the widow mourns her part-
ner dead,
Her mangled sons to darksome prisons
led.

By them—and hence my keenest sor-
rows rise—

My friend, my guardian, my Orestes
dies;
Still for that loss must wretched I com-
plain,²⁵

And sad Ophelia mourn her favourite
swain.

Ah! come the day when from this
bloody shore
Fate shall remove them, to return no
more—

To scorch'd Bahama shall the traitors
go,

With grief and rage and unremitting
woe³⁰

On burning sands to walk their painful
round.

And sigh through all the solitary
ground,

Where no gay flower their haggard eyes
shall see,

And find no shade but from the cypress
tree.

So much we suffer'd from the tribe
I hate, 35

So near they shov'd me to the brink of
fate,

When two long months in these dark
hulks we lay,

Barr'd down by night, and fainting all
the day

In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,
Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's moun-
tain-stream, 40

That not unsung these three score days
shall fall

To black oblivion that would cover all!
No masts or sails these crowded ships
adorn,

Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn!
Here mighty ills oppress the imprison'd
throng; 45

Dull were our slumbers, and our nights
too long—

From morn to eve along the decks we
lay

Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray;
No friendly awning cast a welcome
shade;

Once was it promis'd, and was never
made. 50

No favours could these sons of death
bestow;

'Twas endless cursing, and continual
woe.

Immortal hatred doth their breasts en-
gage,

And this lost empire swells their souls
with rage.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy
bosom lie, 55

Two farther south affront the pitying
eye:

There the black *Scorpion* at her moor-
ing rides,

There *Strombolo* swings yielding to the
tides;

Here bulky *Jersey* fills a larger space,
And *Hunter*, to all hospitals disgrace. 60

Thou, *Scorpion*, fatal to thy crowded
throng,

Dire theme of horror and Plutonian
song,

Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I
know,

And all the torments that exist below.
The briny wave that Hudson's bosom
fills 65

Drain'd through her bottom in a thou-
sand rills.

Rotten and old, replete with sighs and
groans,

Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her
bones.

Here, doom'd to toil or founder in the
tide,

At the moist pumps incessantly we
ply'd; 70

Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd
dogs we tore

The scant allowance that our tyrants
bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene
of fears.

Still in my view some English brute
appears,

Some base-born Hessian slave walks
threat'ning by, 75

Some servile Scot, with murder in his
eye,

Still haunts my sight, as vainly they
bemoan

Rebellions manag'd so unlike their
own!

O may I never feel the poignant pain
To live subjected to such fiends again—

Stewards and mates that hostile Britain
bore, 81

Cut from the gallows on their native
shore;

Their ghastly looks and vengeance-
beaming eyes

Still to my view in dismal colours rise.
O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,

These piles for slaughter, floating on
the floods. 86

And you that o'er the troubled ocean
go,

Strike not your standards to this mis-
creant foe!

Better the greedy wave should swallow
all,

Better to meet the death-conducted
ball, 90

Better to sleep on ocean's deepest bed,

At once destroy'd and number'd with
the dead,
Than thus to perish in the face of day,
Where twice ten thousand deaths one
death delay.

When to the ocean dives the western
sun,⁹⁵
And the scorch'd Tories fire their even-
ning gun,
"Down, rebels, down!" the angry
Scotchmen cry,
"Damn'd dogs, descend, or by our
broad-swords die!"

Hail, dark abode! what can with
thee compare!

Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stag-
nant air;¹⁰⁰

Pandora's box, from whence all mis-
chief flew,

Here real found, torments mankind
anew!

Swift from the guarded decks we
rush'd along,

And vainly sought repose, so vast our
throng.

Three hundred wretches here, denied
all light,¹⁰⁵

In crowded mansions pass the infernal
night.

Some for a bed their tatter'd vestments
join,

And some on chests, and some on floors
recline.

Shut from the blessings of the evening
air,

Pensive we lay with mingled corpses
there;¹¹⁰

Meagre and wan, and scorch'd with
heat below,

We loom'd like ghosts, ere death had
made us so.

How could we else, where heat and
hunger join'd

Thus to debase the body and the mind,
Where cruel thirst the parching throat
invades,¹¹⁵

Dries up the man, and fits him for the
shades?

No waters laded from the bubbling
spring

To these dire ships the British monsters
bring—

By planks and ponderous beams com-
pletely wall'd,

In vain for water, and in vain, I
call'd—¹²⁰

No drop was granted to the midnight
prayer,

To Dives in these regions of despair!—
The loathsome cask a deadly dose con-
tains,

Its poison circling through the languid
veins.

"Here, generous Britain (generous, as
you say),¹²⁵

To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop
convey;

Hell has no mischief like a thirsty
throat,

Nor one tormenter like your David
Sproat."

Dull flew the hours, till, from the
East display'd,

Sweet morn dispells the horrors of the
shade;¹³⁰

One every side dire objects meet the
sight,

And pallid forms, and murders of the
night.

The dead were past their pain, the liv-
ing groan,

Nor dare to hope another morn their
own.

But what to them is morn's delightful
ray?¹³⁵

Sad and distressful as the close of day,
O'er distant streams appears the dewy
green,

And leafy trees on mountain tops are
seen.

But they no groves nor grassy moun-
tains tread,

Mark'd for a longer journey to the
dead.¹⁴⁰

Black as the clouds that shade St.
Kilda's shore,

Wild as the winds that round her
mountains roar,

At every post some surly vagrant
stands,

Pick'd from the British or the Irish
bands,

Some slave from Hesse, some hang-
man's son at least,¹⁴⁵

Sold and transported, like his brother
beast—

Some miscreant Tory, puff'd with up-
start pride,

Led on by hell to take the royal side.
 Dispensing death triumphantly they
 stand,
 Their musquets ready to obey com-
 mand; 150
 Wounds are their sport, as ruin is their
 aim;
 On their dark souls compassion has no
 claim,
 And discord only can their spirits
 please:
 Such were our tyrants here, and such
 were these.
 Ingratitude! no curse like thee is
 found 155
 Throughout this jarring world's ex-
 tended round.
 Their hearts with malice to our coun-
 try swell
 Because in former days we us'd them
 well!
 This pierces deep, too deeply wounds
 the breast;
 We help'd them naked, friendless, and
 distrest; 160
 Receiv'd their vagrants with an open
 hand,
 Bestow'd them buildings, privilege, and
 land.
 Behold the change! When angry Brit-
 ain rose,
 These thankless tribes became our
 fiercest foes;
 By them devoted, plunder'd, and ac-
 curst, 165
 Stung by the serpents whom ourselves
 had nurs'd.
 But such a train of endless woes
 abound,
 So many mischiefs in these hulks are
 found,
 That on them all a poem to prolong
 Would swell too high the horrors of
 my song. 170
 Hunger and thirst to work our woe
 combine,
 And mouldy bread, and flesh of rotten
 swine,
 The mangled carcase, and the batter'd
 brain,
 The doctor's poison, and the captain's
 cane,
 The soldier's musquet, and the stew-
 ard's debt, 175

The evening shackle, and the noon-day
 threat.
 That juice destructive to the pangs
 of care
 Which Rome of old, nor Athens could
 prepare,
 Which gains the day for many a mod-
 ern chief
 When cool reflection yields a faint re-
 lief, 180
 That charm, whose virtue warms the
 world beside,
 Was by these tyrants to our use denied.
 While yet they deign'd that healthy
 juice to lade,
 The putrid water felt its powerful aid;
 But when refus'd—to aggravate our
 pains— 185
 Then fevers rag'd and revel'd through
 our veins;
 Throughout my frame I felt its deadly
 heat,
 I felt my pulse with quicker motions
 beat;
 A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,
 Unusual pains attack'd the fainting
 head. 190
 No physic here, no doctor to assist;
 My name was enter'd on the sick man's
 list;
 Twelve wretches more the same dark
 symptoms took,
 And these were enter'd on the doctor's
 book;
 The loathsome *Hunter* was our destin'd
 place, 195
 The *Hunter*, to all hospitals disgrace;
 With soldiers sent to guard us on our
 road,
 Joyful we left the *Scorpion's* dire abode.
 Some tears we shed for the remaining
 crew,
 Then curs'd the hulk, and from her
 sides withdrew. 200

A PROPHECY

When a certain great king, whose
 initial is G.,
 Shall force stamps upon paper, and
 folks to drink tea;
 When these folks burn his tea, and
 stamp paper, like stubble,

You may guess that this king is then
 coming to trouble,
 But when a petition he treads under
 his feet, 5
 And sends over the ocean an army and
 fleet;
 When that army, half-starved, and
 frantic with rage,
 Shall be coop'd up with a leader whose
 name rhymes to cage,
 When that leader goes home, dejected
 and sad,
 You may then be assur'd the king's
 prospects are bad. 10
 But when B and C with their armies
 are taken,
 This king will do well if he saves his
 own bacon.
 In the year seventeen hundred and
 eighty and two,
 A stroke he shall get that will make
 him look blue;
 In the years eighty-three, eighty-four,
 eighty-five, 15
 You hardly shall know that the king is
 alive;
 In the year eighty-six the affair will
 be over,
 And he shall eat turnips that grow in
 Hanover.
 The face of the lion shall then become
 pale,
 He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be
 shear'd of his tail. 20
 O king, my dear king, you shall be
 very sore,
 The Stars and the Lily shall run you
 on shore,
 And your lion shall growl, but never
 bite more.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
 Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet.
 No roving foot shall crush thee
 here, 5
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,

And planted here the guardian shade,
 And sent soft waters murmuring by.
 Thus quietly thy summer goes, 11
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must de-
 cay,
 I grieve to see your future doom;
 They died—nor were those flowers
 more gay, 15
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom.
 Unpitying frosts and Autumn's
 power
 Shall leave no vestige of this
 flower.

From morning suns and evening dew
 At first thy little being came: 20
 If nothing once, you nothing lose,
 For when you die you are the same.
 The space between is but an hour,
 The frail duration of a flower.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
 I still my old opinion keep:
 The posture that we give the dead
 Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands. 5
 The Indian, when from life released,
 Again is seated with his friends,
 And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
 And venison, for journey dressed, 10
 Bespeak the nature of the soul—
 Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
 And arrows, with a head of stone,
 Can only mean that life is spent, 15
 And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this
 way,
 No fraud upon the dead commit,—
 Observe the swelling turf, and say
 They do not lie, but here they sit. 20

Here still a lofty rock remains,
 On which the curious eye may trace

(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires, ²⁵
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen ³¹
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening
dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues, ³⁵
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear;
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here. ⁴⁰

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BEN- JAMIN FRANKLIN

Thus some tall tree, that long hath
stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroyed, or length of
years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise, ⁵
To dust returns by slow decays;
But, when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid,
The world laments your exit made; ¹⁰
So long befriended by your art,
Philosopher, 'tis hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground,
Successors easily are found:
But, matchless Franklin! what few ¹⁵
Can hope to rival such as you,
Who seized from kings their sceptred
pride,
And turned the lightning's darts aside!

TO MY BOOK

Seven years are now elaps'd, dear ram-
bling volume,
Since, to all knavish wights a foe,
I sent you forth to vex and gall 'em,
Or drive them to the shades below;
With spirit, still, of Democratic proof, ⁵
And still despising Shylock's canker'd
hoof.

What doom the fates intend, is hard to
say,
Whether to live to some far-distant
day,
Or sickening in your prime,
In this hard-hitting clime, ¹⁰
Take pet, make wings, say prayers, and
flit away.

"Virtue, order and religion,
Haste, and seek some other region;
Your plan is laid, to hunt them down,
Destroy the mitre, rend the gown, ¹⁵
And that vile hag, Philosophy, re-
store"—

Did ever volume plan so much before?

For seven years past, a host of busy
foes

Have buzz'd about your nose,
White, black, and grey, by night and
day; ²⁰

Garbling, lying, singing, sighing:
These eastern gales a cloud of insects
bring

That fluttering, snivelling, whimpering
—on the wing—

And, wafted still as discord's demon
guides,

Flock round the flame, and yet shall
sing their hides. ²⁵

Well!—let the fates decree whate'er
they please:

Whether you're doomed to drink obliv-
ion's cup,

Or Praise-God Barebones eats you up,
This I can say, you've spread your
wings afar,

Hostile to garter, ribbon, crown, and
star; ³⁰

Still on the people's, still on Freedom's
side,

With full-determin'd aim, to baffle
every claim
Of well-born wights, that aim to mount
and ride.

ODE

God save the Rights of Man!
Give us a heart to scan
Blessings so dear;
Let them be spread around
Wherever man is found, 5
And with the welcome sound
Ravish his ear.

Let us with France agree,
And bid the world be free,
While tyrants fall! 10
Let the rude savage host
Of their vast numbers boast—
Freedom's almighty trust
Laughs at them all!

Though hosts of slaves conspire
To quench fair Gallia's¹ fire,
Still shall they fail. 15
Though traitors round her rise,
Leagu'd with her enemies,
To war each patriot flies,
And will prevail. 20

No more is valour's flame
Devoted to a name,
Taught to adore.
Soldiers of Liberty 25
Disdain to bow the knee,
But teach Equality
To every shore.

The world at last will join
To aid thy grand design, 30
Dear Liberty!
To Russia's frozen lands
The generous flame expands;
On Afric's burning sands
Shall man be free! 35

In this our western world
Be Freedom's flag unfurl'd
Through all its shores!
May no destructive blast
Our heaven of joy o'ercast, 40
May Freedom's fabric last
While time endures.

¹ France's

If e'er her cause require,
Should tyrants e'er aspire 45
To aim their stroke,
May no proud despot daunt,
Should he his standard plant,
Freedom will never want
Her heart of oak!

ON A HONEY BEE

DRINKING FROM A GLASS OF WINE AND
DROWNED THEREIN

Thou, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wings?
Does Bacchus tempting seem? 5
Did he, for you, this glass prepare? 5
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay?
Did wars distress, or labours vex, 10
Or did you miss your way? 10
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!—I hail you to my glass.
All welcome, here, you find;
Here, let the cloud of trouble pass, 15
Here, be all care resigned. 15
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here, we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell; 20
But cheery we would have you go
And bid a glad farewell.
On lighter wings we bid you fly,
Your dart will now all foes defy. 30

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink, 25
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high. 30
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red. 30

Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear;
And your grave will be this glass of
wine, 40
Your epitaph—a tear.
Go, take your seat in Charon's boat; 35
We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

TO A CATY-DID

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did.
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green array'd,
Hear her singing in the shade
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said;
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revell'd out its little song,
Nothing else but Caty-did.

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief?
Did you only mean to say,
I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did?
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have utter'd more
Had you known of Nature's power.
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but Nature said,
Live again, my Caty-did!
Live, and chatter Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?
Wrong, indeed, at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me, she again
Will not give you plague or pain:—
Caty says you may be hid;
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us Caty-did.
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

But, while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Caty not:
Caty did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,

Winter, with his wrinkles old,
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us Caty-did. 50

Stay securely in your nest;
Caty now will do her best,
All she can, to make you blest.
But, you want no human aid—
Nature, when she form'd you, said, 55
"Independent you are made,
My dear little Caty-did:
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year,
And must go, we know not where, 60
With your song of Caty-did."

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750-1831)

From M'FINGAL

CANTO III

THE LIBERTY POLE

Now warm with ministerial ire,
Fierce sallied forth our loyal Squire,
And on his striding steps attends
His desperate clan of Tory friends.
When sudden met his wrathful eye 5
A pole ascending to the sky,
Which numerous throngs of Whiggish
race
Were raising in the market-place.
Not higher school-boy's kites aspire,
Or royal mast, or country spire; 10
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton.
And on its top, the flag unfurl'd
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,
Inscribed with inconsistent types 15
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.
Beneath, the crowd without delay
The dedication-rites essay,
And gladly pay, in antient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation; 20
While briskly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round the inspiring flip.
Delicious draught! whose powers in-
herit
The quintessence of public spirit;
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refined; 26
Or roused to martial controversy,
As from transforming cups of Circe;

Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd
liquor,

That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store, 31

The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men at fires in town.

Then with three shouts that tore the
sky, 35

'Tis consecrate to Liberty.

To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
A grand Committee cull'd of four is;

Who foremost on the patriot spot,
Had brought the flip, and paid the
shot.¹ 40

By this, M'Fingal with his train
Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,
And full with loyalty possest,

Pour'd forth the zeal that fired his
breast:

"What mad-brain'd rebel gave com-
mission 45

To raise this May-pole of sedition?
Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,

With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at heaven and summon down
The thunders of the British crown? 50

Say, will this paltry Pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?

Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety;

Or, driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow? 56

When bombs like fiery serpents fly,
And balls rush hissing through the sky,

Will this vile Pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom? 60

Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd
noses?

"Ye dupes to every factious rogue
And tavern-prating demagogue,

Whose tongue but rings, with sound
more full, 65

On th' empty drumhead of his skull;
Behold you not what noisy fools

Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
For Liberty, in your own by-sense,

Is but for crimes a patent license 70

To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common stock;

Reduce all grievances and ills
To Magna Charta of your wills;

¹ paid the bill

Establish cheats and frauds and non-
sense, 75

Framed to the model of your con-
science;

Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation;

Defy all creditors to trouble ye, 79

And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,

By jurisdiction of white staves,
And make the bar and bench and
steeple

Submit t' our Sovereign Lord, the Peo-
ple;

By plunder rise to power and glory, 85

And brand all property as Tory;
Expose all wares to lawful seizures

By mobbers or monopolizers;
Break heads and windows and the
peace,

For your own interest and increase; 90

Dispute and pray and fight and groan
For public good, and mean your own;

Prevent the law by fierce attacks
From quitting scores upon your backs;

Lay your old dread, the gallows, low, 95

And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,
And turn them to convenient engines

To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
While all, your rights who understand,

Confess them in their owner's hand; 100

And when by clamours and confusions
Your freedom's grown a public nu-
sance,

Cry 'Liberty,' with powerful yearning,
As he does 'Fire!' whose house is burn-
ing;

Though he already has much more 105

Than he can find occasion for.
While every clown that tills the plains,

Though bankrupt in estate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,

Forsakes his plough to turn dictator, 110

Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.

All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,
New-born at once to politicians.

Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown
wise, 115

Presents his forward face t' advise,
And tatter'd legislators meet,

From every workshop through the
street.

His goose the tailor finds new use in,

To patch and turn the Constitution; 120
The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate

To iron-bind the wheels of state;
The quack forbears his patients' souse,
To purge the Council and the House;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies, 126
To cast assembly-men and proxies,
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view;
To wealth and power and honors rise,
Like new-wing'd maggots changed to flies, 130

And fluttering round in high parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See Arnold quits, for ways more certain,

His bankrupt-perj'ries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his store, 135
Jockey and skipper now no more,
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the pox;
And cleansed by patriotism from shame,

Grows General of the foremost name.
For in this ferment of the stream 141
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topsy-turvies,
The sum stands foaming on the surface.
You've caused your pyramid t' ascend,
And set it on the little end. 146
Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head.
You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-

Side down, and got yourself at top, 150
While all the great ones of your state
Are crush'd beneath the popular weight;
Nor can you boast, this present hour,
The shadow of the form of power.
For what's your Congress or its end? 155
A power, t' advise and recommend;
To call forth troops, adjust your quotas—

And yet no soul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it; 160
And when in want no more in them lies,
Than begging from your States-Assemblies;

Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head;
But when a faction dares dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em: 166

As tho' you chose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators.
You've but pursued the self-same way
With Shakespeare's Trinc'lo in the play: 170

'You shall be Viceroy's here, 'tis true,
But we'll be Viceroy's over you.'
What wild confusion hence must ensue,
Tho' common danger yet cements you?
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
Is held up by surrounding waters; 176
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls by its rottenness to pieces.
And fall it must! If wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it: 180

But creeping on, by low intrigues.
Like vermin of a thousand legs,
'Twill find as short a life assign'd
As all things else of reptile kind.
Your Commonwealth's common harlot,
The property of every varlet; 186
Which now in taste, and full employ,
All sorts admire, as all enjoy:
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,
You'll curse and drum her out of town.

Such is the government you chose; 191
For this you bade the world be foes;
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British Constitution,
That constitution form'd by sages, 195
The wonder of all modern ages;
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And merely proves the adage just,
That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst. 200

So man, supreme in earthly station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corse is dead as herring,
Becomes the most offensive carrion;
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found, 205

Than all beasts rotting on the ground.
Yet with republics to dismay us,
You've call'd up Anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar, and Rage, and wild Misrule, 210
For whom this rout of Whigs distracted,
And ravings dire of every crack'd head;
These new-cast legislative engines
Of County-meetings and Conventions;
Committees vile of correspondence, 215

And mobs, whose tricks have almost
undone 's:

While reason fails to check your course,
And Loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
And Folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles her royal stand-
ard; 220

While the king's friends, in doleful
dumps,

Have worn their courage to the stumps,
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny their master.

What furies raged when you, in sea, 225
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea;
When your gay sparks, fatigued to
watch it,

Assumed the moccasin and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their
laces,

And like their sweethearts, primed¹
their faces: 230

While not a red-coat dared oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country seat,
And thence affrighted, in the suds, 235
Stole off bareheaded through the woods.

* * * * *

"Now rising in progression fatal,
Have you not ventured to give battle?
When Treason chaced our heroes
troubled, 275

With rusty gun, and leathern doublet;
Turn'd all stone-walls and groves and
bushes,

To batteries arm'd with blunderbusses;
And with deep wounds, that fate por-
tend,

Gaul'd many a Briton's latter end; 280
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
Confined without mainprize or bail—

Were not these deeds enough betimes,
To heap the measure of your crimes,
But in this loyal town and dwelling, 285
You raise these ensigns of rebellion?

'Tis done! fair Mercy shuts her door;
And Vengeance now shall sleep no
more.

Rise then, my friends, in terror rise, 289
And sweep this scandal from the skies.
You'll see their Dagon, though well
jointed,

¹ painted

Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before your ram's horns prostrate fall."

This said, our Squire, yet undis-
may'd, 295

Call'd forth the Constable to aid,
And bade him read, in nearer station,
The Riot-act and Proclamation.

He swift, advancing to the ring,
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord, the
King"— 300

When thousand clam'rous tongues he
hears,

And clubs and stones assail his ears.
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;
By foes encompass'd in the middle,

His hope in stratagems he found, 305
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to seek an hiding place,

'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Where soon the conqu'ring crew espied
him,

And where he lurk'd, they caught and
tied him. 310

At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to bat-
tle.

Instead of weapons, either band
Seized on such arms as came to hand.
And as famed Ovid paints th' adven-
tures 315

Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head;
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and
shovels: 320

So clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encountering every scone,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains.

Their clamours rend the skies around,
The hills rebellow to the sound; 326

And many a groan increas'd the din
From batter'd nose and broken shin.

M'Fingal, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword; 330

Thrice cried "King George," as erst in
distress,

Knights of romance invoked a mistress;
And, brandishing the blade in air,

Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind 335

Of such commotion, shrunk behind.

With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he
press'd,

(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march)
And like a meteor rushing through, 341
Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole volleys in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly; 345
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with glory crown'd
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to
ground,

Had not some Pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part; 350
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make in-
quiries)

Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene 355
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was
found,

Late used to set their pole in ground,
And urged, with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'Squire to single fight. 360
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to
yield,

Advanced tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desperate blow;
While all the party gazed, suspend-
ed, 365

To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade.
He weigh'd; but, lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up, and kick'd the
beam. 370

Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful en-
gines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonor 375
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its
ground,

By huge trainbands encircled round;
And on the bench, with blade right
loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial, 380

Of stones and clubs had braved th'
alarms,

Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might 385
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short—and from his
hand,

With rust embrown'd the glittering
sand.

Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd to aid th' attendant crew. 390
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.

Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge but in flight. 396

But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back. 400
With legs and arms he work'd his
course,

Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labor'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan struggling on through chaos;
'Till looking back, he spied in rear 405
The spade-arm'd chief advanced too
near:

Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that
lay

An ancient landmark near the way.
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton; 410
But such a stone, as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and
pigmies,

And giants exiled with their cronies 415
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
But while our Hero turn'd him round,
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
The fatal spade discharged a blow
Tremendous on his rear below. 420
His bent knee fail'd, and, void of
strength,

Stretch'd on the ground his manly
length.

Like ancient oak, o'erturn'd he lay,
Or tower, to tempests fall'n a prey,
Or mountain sunk with all his pines, 425

Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,
 And more things else—but all men
 know 'em,
 If slightly versed in epic poem.
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises; 430
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole.
 When now the mob in lucky hour
 Had got their en'mies in their power,
 They first proceed, by grave command,
 To take the Constable in hand. 436
 Then from the pole's sublimest top
 The active crew let down the rope,
 At once its other end in haste bind,
 And make it fast upon his waist-
 band; 440
 Till like the earth, as stretch'd on
 tenter,
 He hung self-balanced on his centre.
 Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
 They swung him, like a keg of ale,
 Till to the pinnacle in height 445
 He vaulted, like balloon or kite.
 As Socrates of old at first did
 To aid philosophy get hoisted,
 And found his thoughts flow strangely
 clear,
 Swung in a basket in mid air; 450
 Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
 With like advantage raised his eye,
 And looking forth in prospect wide,
 His Tory errors clearly spied,
 And from his elevated station, 455
 With bawling voice began addressing:
 "Good gentlemen and friends and
 kin,
 For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
 I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
 The King, the Devil and all their
 works; 460
 And will, set me but once at ease,
 Turn Whig or Christian, what you
 please;
 And always mind your rules so justly,
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
 I'll never join in British rage, 465
 Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral
 Gage;
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,
 Nor take away your Charter-rights;
 Nor overcome your new-raised levies,
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your
 navies; 470

Nor cut your poles down while I've
 breath,
 Though raised more thick than hatchel-
 teeth:
 But leave King George and all his
 elves—
 To do their conq'ring work themselves."
 This said, they lower'd him down in
 state, 475
 Spread at all points, like falling cat;
 But took a vote first on the question,
 That they'd accept this full confession,
 And to their fellowship and favor,
 Restore him on his good behavior. 480
 Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
 But stood, heroic as a mule.
 "You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
 "To play your rebel tricks on me.
 All punishments the world can render
 Serve only to provoke th' offender; 486
 The will gains strength from treatment
 horrid,
 As hides grow harder when they're cur-
 ried.
 No man e'er felt the halter draw,
 With good opinion of the law; 490
 Or held, in method orthodox,
 His love of justice in the stocks;
 Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
 At once his loyalty and ears.

* * * * *

And can you think my faith will alter,
 By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
 I'll stand the worst; for recompense
 I trust King George and Providence.
 And when with conquest gain'd I come,
 Array'd in law and terror home, 506
 Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,
 And curse the day when ye were
 born,

In Job's high style of imprecations,
 With all his plagues, without his pa-
 tience." 510

Meanwhile beside the pole the guard
 A Bench of Justice had prepared,
 Where, sitting round in awful sort,
 The grand Committee hold their Court;
 While all the crew, in silent awe, 515
 Wait from their lips the lore of law.
 Few moments with deliberation
 They hold the solemn consultation;
 When soon in judgment all agree, 519
 And Clerk proclaims the dread decree:

"That Squire M'Fingal, having
grown

The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance, 525
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal;
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs; 530
Then through the town attendant ride
him

In cart with Constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he
came." 534

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking
tar. 540

With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments
ran,

And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (So Claudian sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds, 546
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his
head,

The river, from their fountains fed, 550
Pour'd down his back its copious
tide,

And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the tor-
rents

Spread down his side their various cur-
rents;

His flowing wig, as next the brim, 555
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood; 560
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles descend;
Till, all o'erspread with colors gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,

Or Lapland idol carved in ice. 566
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers mis-
sive,
And down, upon the tar adhesive. 570

* * * * *

Then on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave proces-
sions 585

At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And lest infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd
face,

All Rome attends him through the
street

In triumph to his country seat: 590
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire.

In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells, 595
And trebel creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout, 600
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd "confusion to the Tories."
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise 605
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.

Thus having borne them round the
town,

Last at the pole they set them down; 610
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the Mob, dispersed and
gone,

Left 'Squire and Constable alone.
The Constable with rueful face 615
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the
pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side. 620

But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his
hopes.

As men in jail without mainprize¹ 625
View every thing with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomier light; 630
His visual nerve, well purged with
tar,

Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer.
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke, 636
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,

His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he
utter'd:

"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and
rain! 640

Behold my doom! This feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.

I hear a voice that calls away, 645
And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land;
Where, changing name and constitution,

Rebellion turns to Revolution, 650
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and
ears.

"Go, summon all our brethren, greet-
ing,

To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn
'em 655

Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my
friend,

Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose; 660
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all
ready."

¹ privilege of bail

HECTOR ST.
JOHN DE CREVECŒUR
(1731-1813)

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN
FARMER

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores; when he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity, which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure.

The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess every thing, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings,

no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle, and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log-houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary, which is but short in words of dignity, and names of honour. There, on a Sunday, he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble waggons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labour of others. We have no princes for whom we toil, starve, and bleed; we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great

lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? For no European foot has as yet travelled half the extent of this mighty continent!

The next wish of this traveller will be to know whence came all these people. They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen. The eastern provinces must indeed be excepted, as being the unmixed descendants of Englishmen. I have heard many wish that they had been more intermixed also. For my part, I am no wisher, and think it much better as it has happened. They exhibit a most conspicuous figure in this great and variegated picture; they too enter for a great share in the pleasing perspective displayed in these thirteen provinces. I know it is fashionable to reflect on them, but I respect them for what they have done; for the accuracy and wisdom with which they have settled their territory; for the decency of their manners; for their early love of letters; their ancient college,¹ the first in this hemisphere; for their industry, which to me who am but a farmer, is the criterion of everything. There never was a people, situated as they are, who with so ungrateful a soil have done more in so short a time. Do you think that the monarchical ingredients which are more prevalent in other governments, have purged them from all foul stains? Their histories assert the contrary.

In this great American asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose should they ask one another what countrymen they are? Alas, two thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury—can that

¹ Harvard

man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with jails and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of this planet? No! Urged by a variety of motives, here they came. Every thing has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men. In Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mould, and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now by the power of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labours; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen, and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government. Whence the government? It is derived from the original genius and strong desire of the people, ratified and confirmed by the crown. This is the great chain which links us all, this is the picture which every province exhibits, Nova Scotia excepted. There the crown has done all; either there were no people who had genius, or it was not much attended to. The consequence is, that the province is very thinly inhabited indeed; the power of the crown in conjunction with the mosquitoes has prevented men from settling there. Yet some parts of it flourished once, and it contained a mild,

harmless set of people. But for the fault of a few leaders, the whole were banished. The greatest political error the crown ever committed in America, was to cut off men from a country which wanted nothing but men!

What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he had nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him; his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence. *Ubi panis, ibi patria*,¹ is the motto of all emigrants. What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of an European; hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born.

¹ where your bread is, there is your fatherland

Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labour; his labour is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurements? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all, without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labour, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
(1732-1799)

REMARKS TO CONGRESS ON HIS
APPOINTMENT AS COM-
MANDER-IN-CHIEF

IN CONGRESS, 16 June, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity,

I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, Sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire.

LETTER TO MRS. MARTHA
WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA, 18 June, 1775.

MY DEAREST,

I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my

character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall¹⁰ return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction²⁰ as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man³⁰ the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home) got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.⁴⁰

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

VALLEY FORGE, 23 December, 1777.

SIR:

Full as I was in my representation of the matters in the commissary's de-

partment yesterday, fresh and more powerful reasons oblige me to add, that I am now convinced beyond a doubt, that unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place in that line, this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these three things: starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can. Rest assured, Sir, this is not an exaggerated picture, and that I have abundant reason to suppose what I say.

Yesterday afternoon, receiving information that the enemy in force had left the city, and were advancing towards Derby with the apparent design to forage, and draw subsistence from that part of the country, I ordered the troops to be in readiness, that I might give every opposition in my power; when behold, to my great mortification, I was not only informed, but convinced, that the men were unable to stir on account of provision, and that a dangerous mutiny, begun the night before, and which with difficulty was suppressed by the spirited exertions of some officers, was still much to be apprehended for want of this article. This brought forth the only commissary in the purchasing line in this camp; and, with him, this melancholy and alarming truth, that he had not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour! From hence form an opinion of our situation when I add that he could not tell when to expect⁴⁰ any.

All I could do, under these circumstances, was to send out a few light parties to watch and harass the enemy, whilst other parties were instantly detached different ways to collect, if possible, as much provision as would satisfy the present pressing wants of the soldiery. But will this answer? No, Sir; three or four days of bad⁵⁰ weather would prove our destruction. What then is to become of the army this winter? And if we are so often without provisions now, what is to become of us in the spring, when our

force will be collected, with the aid perhaps of militia, to take advantage of an early campaign, before the enemy can be reinforced? These are considerations of great magnitude, meriting the closest attention; and they will, when my own reputation is so intimately connected with the event and to be affected by it, justify my saying that the present commissaries are by no means equal to the execution of the office, or that the disaffection of the people is past all belief. The misfortune, however, does in my opinion proceed from both causes; and, though I have been tender heretofore of giving any opinion, or lodging complaints, as the change in that department took place contrary to my judgment, and the consequences thereof were predicted, yet, finding that the inactivity of the army, whether for want of provisions, clothes, or other essentials, is charged to my account, not only by the common vulgar but by those in power, it is time to speak plain in exculpation of myself. With truth, then, I can declare, that no man, in my opinion, ever had his measures more impeded than I have, by every department of the army.

Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general, and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add, that, notwithstanding it is a standing order, and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days' provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call, yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered, of taking an advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed, or greatly impeded, on this account. And this, the great and crying evil, is not all. The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety

of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers, (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account,) we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. By the same return it appears that our whole strength in Continental troops, including the eastern brigades, which have joined us since the surrender of General Burgoyne, exclusive of the Maryland troops sent to Wilmington, amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty. Notwithstanding which, and that since the 4th instant, our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, particularly on account of blankets (numbers having been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near two thousand men.

We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not (for I am sure no resolution of mine would warrant the remonstrance), reprobatng the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow; and moreover, as if they conceived it easily practicable for an inferior army, under the disadvantages I have described ours to be, which are by no means exaggerated, to confine a superior one, in all respects well-appointed and provided for a winter's campaign, within the city of Philadelphia, and to cover from depredation and waste the States of Pennsylvania and Jersey. But what makes this matter still more extraordinary in my eye is, that these very gentlemen,—who

were well apprized of the nakedness of the troops from ocular demonstration, who thought their own soldiers worse clad than others, and who advised me near a month ago to postpone the execution of a plan I was about to adopt, in consequence of a resolve of Congress for seizing clothes, under strong assurances that an ample supply would be collected in ten days¹⁰ agreeably to a decree of the State (not one article of which, by the by, is yet come to hand),—should think a winter's campaign, and the covering of these States from the invasion of an enemy, so easy and practicable a business. I can assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire-²⁰ side, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them; and, from my soul, I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.

It is for these reasons, therefore, that³⁰ I have dwelt upon the subject; and it adds not a little to my other difficulties and distress to find that much more is expected of me than is possible to be performed, and that upon the ground of safety and policy I am obliged to conceal the true state of the army from public view, and thereby expose myself to detraction and calumny.

The honorable committee of Congress went from camp fully possessed⁴⁰ of my sentiments respecting the establishment of this army, the necessity of auditors of accounts, the appointment of officers, and new arrangements. I have no need, therefore, to be prolix upon these subjects, but I refer to the committee. I shall add a word or two to show, first, the necessity of some better provision for binding the officers⁵⁰ by the tie of interest to the service, as no day nor scarce an hour passes without the offer of a resigned commission; . . . and, secondly, to point out the

necessity of making the appointments and arrangements without loss of time. We have not more than three months in which to prepare a great deal of business. If we let these slip or waste, we shall be laboring under the same difficulties all next campaign as we have been this, to rectify mistakes and bring things to order. . . .

I have the honor to be, etc.

LETTER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

NEW YORK, September 23, 1789.

DEAR SIR:

The affectionate congratulations on the recovery of my health, and the warm expressions of personal friendship, which were contained in your letter of the 16th instant, claim my gratitude. And the consideration that it was written when you were afflicted with a painful malady, greatly increases my obligation for it.

Would to God, my dear Sir, that I could congratulate you upon the removal of that excruciating pain under which you labour, and that your existence might close with as much ease to yourself as its continuance has been beneficial to our country and useful to mankind; or, if the united wishes of a free people, joined with the earnest prayers of every friend to science and humanity, could relieve the body from pains or infirmities, that you could claim an exemption on this score. But this cannot be, and you have within yourself the only resource to which we can confidently apply for relief, a philosophic mind.

If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected

with respect, veneration, and affection by your sincere friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

NEW YORK, 3 June, 1790

MY DEAR MARQUIS:

Your kind letter of the 12th of January is, as your letters always are, extremely acceptable to me. By some chance its arrival has been retarded to this time. Conscious of your friendly dispositions for me, and realizing the enormous burden of public business with which you was oppressed, I felt no solicitude but that you should go directly forward, and happily effect your great undertakings. How much, how sincerely, am I rejoiced, my dear Marquis, to find that things are assuming so favorable an aspect in France. Be assured that you always have my best and most ardent wishes for your success; and that, if I have not troubled you with letters of late, it was because I had nothing which it was very essential to communicate, and because I knew how much better your time was employed than in answering letters merely of a private nature.

You have doubtless been informed, from time to time, of the happy progress of our affairs. The principal difficulties which opposed themselves in any shape to the prosperous execution of our government, seem in a great measure to have been surmounted. Rhode Island has just now acceded to the Constitution, and has thus united under the general government all the States of the original confederacy. Vermont we hope will soon come within the pale of the Union. Two new States exist under the immediate direction of the general government, viz., that at the head of which is General St. Clair, and that which consists of the territory lately ceded by the State of North Carolina.

Our government is now happily carried into operation. Although some thorny questions still remain, it is to

be hoped that the wisdom of those concerned in the national legislature will dispose of them prudently. A funding system is one of the subjects which occasions most anxiety and perplexity. Yet our revenues have been considerably more productive than it was imagined they would be. In the last year the plentiful crops and great prices of grain have vastly augmented our remittances. The rate of exchange is also much in our favor. Importations of European goods have been uncommonly extensive, and the duties payable into the public treasury proportionally so. Our trade to the East Indies flourishes. The profits to individuals are so considerable as to induce more persons to engage in it continually. A single vessel, just arrived in this port, pays thirty thousand dollars to government. Two vessels, fitted out for the fur trade to the northwest coast of America, have succeeded well. The whole outfits of vessels and cargoes cost but seven thousand pounds. One is returning home, loaded with India produce; the other going back to the coast of America; and they have deposited one hundred thousand dollars of their profits in China. I mention this to show the spirit of enterprise that prevails.

I hope and trust our commerce with the West India Islands, belonging to different nations, which is at present of no great consequence, will shortly be placed upon a better footing. As the people of this country are sensible of the generous conduct of the French nation, I can with great satisfaction give it as my decided opinion that the most friendly dispositions prevail on our side of the water towards that nation.

Many of your old acquaintances and friends are concerned with me in the administration of this government. By having Mr. Jefferson at the head of the Department of State, Mr. Jay of the Judiciary, Hamilton of the Treasury, and Knox of that of War, I feel myself supported by able coadjutors, who harmonize extremely well together. I

believe that these and the other appointments generally, have given perfect satisfaction to the public. Poor Colonel Harrison, who was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and declined, is lately dead.

I have a few days since had a severe attack of the peripneumony kind; but am now recovered, except in point of strength. My physicians advise me to more exercise and less application to business. I cannot, however, avoid persuading myself that it is essential to accomplish whatever I have undertaken, though reluctantly, to the best of my abilities. But it is thought Congress will have a recess this summer, in which case I propose going for a while to Mount Vernon.

With sentiments of the sincerest affection, I am, my dear Marquis, etc.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

September 17th, 1796.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country;—and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but act under

and am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both. . . .

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it. . . .

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his

counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local dis-

criminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. . . .

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined in the united mass of means and efforts cannot fail to find greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of a patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of the governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full

experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as 10 a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to 20 misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have 30 seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to 40 the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they 50 not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which, at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government. . . .

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence if not with favor upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salu-

tary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country¹⁰ should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism.²⁰ A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of the reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others,³⁰ has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our own country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution⁴⁰ designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this in one instance may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits⁵⁰ which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who

should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execu-

tion of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to

its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for

public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection²⁰ as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it³⁰ must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy⁴⁰ material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice,⁵⁰ shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?

Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them,

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies, . . .

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the

happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826)

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.——

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers 30 from the consent of the governed.—

That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, 50 evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards

for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.——He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.——He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.——He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.——He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.——He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.——He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.——He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.——He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

—He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.—He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.—He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.—He has¹⁰ affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.—He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:—For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:—for protecting them, by a mock Trial,²⁰ from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:—For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:—For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:—For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of trial by Jury:—For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:—For abolishing the³⁰ free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:—For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Govern-⁴⁰ments:—For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.—He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us:—He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.—He is at this time transport-⁵⁰ing large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy

scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.—He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.—He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has en-¹⁰deavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions. In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated²⁰ injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legis-³⁰lature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connec-⁴⁰tions and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.—

WE, THEREFORE, the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly pub-⁵⁰lish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all po-

litical connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do.—And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

From the AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[CONGRESS UNDER THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION]

Our body was little numerous but very contentious. Day after day was wasted on the most unimportant questions. My colleague Mercer was one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate, of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words; he heard with impatience any logic which was not his own. Sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, he asked how I could sit in silence hearing so much false reasoning which a word should refute. I observed to him that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence impossible. That in measures brought forward by myself I took the laboring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that in general I was willing to listen. If every sound argument or objection was used by some one or other of the numerous debaters it was enough; if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission without going into a repetition of what had been already said by others. That this was a waste and abuse of the time and patience of the house which could not be justified. And I believe that if the members of deliberative bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week; and it is really more questionable than may at first be thought whether Bonaparte's dumb legislature which said nothing and did much may not be preferable to one which talks much and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together ought not to be expected.

[THE NEED OF A CONSTITUTION]

Our first essay in America to establish a federative government had fallen, on trial, very short of its object. During the war of Independence, while the pressure of an external enemy hooped us together, and their enterprises kept us necessarily on the alert, the spirit of the people, excited by danger, was a supplement to the Confederation, and urged them to zealous exertions, whether claimed by that instrument or not. But when peace and safety were restored, and every man became engaged in useful and profitable occupation, less attention was paid to the calls of Congress. The fundamental defect of the Confederation was that Congress was not authorized to act immediately on the people, and by its own officers. Their power was only requisitory, and these requisitions were addressed to the several legislatures, to be by them carried into execution, without other coercion than the moral principle of duty.

This allowed, in fact, a negative to every legislature, on every measure proposed by Congress; a negative so frequently exercised in practice as to benumb the action of the federal gov-

ernment, and to render it inefficient in its general objects, and more especially in pecuniary and foreign concerns. The want, too, of a separation of the legislative, executive, and judiciary functions worked disadvantageously in practice. Yet this state of things afforded a happy augury of the future march of our confederacy, when it was seen that the good sense and good dispositions of the people, as soon as they perceived the incompetence of their first compact, instead of leaving its correction to insurrection and civil war, agreed with one voice to elect deputies to a general convention, who should peaceably meet and agree on such a constitution as "would ensure peace, justice, liberty, the common defence and general welfare."

[THE UNITED STATES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION]

The minuteness with which I have so far given [the details of the Revolution] is disproportioned to the general scale of my narrative. But I have thought it justified by the interest the whole world must take in this revolution. As yet we are but in the first chapter of its history. The appeal to the rights of man, which had been made in the United States, was taken up by France, first of the European nations. From her the spirit has spread over those of the south. The tyrants of the north have allied indeed against it, but it is irresistible. Their opposition will only multiply its millions of human victims; their own satellites will catch it, and the condition of man through the civilized world will be finally and greatly ameliorated. This is a wonderful instance of great events from small causes. So inscrutable is the arrangement of causes and consequences in this world that a two-penny duty on tea, unjustly imposed in a sequestered part of it, changes the condition of all its inhabitants.

I have been more minute in relating the early transactions of this regeneration because I was in circumstances

peculiarly favorable for a knowledge of the truth. Possessing the confidence and intimacy of the leading patriots, and more than all of the Marquis Fayette, their head and Atlas, who had no secrets from me, I learnt with correctness the views and proceedings of that party; while my intercourse with the diplomatic missionaries of Europe at Paris, all of them with the court, and eager in prying into its councils and proceedings, gave me a knowledge of these also. My information was always and immediately committed to writing, in letters to Mr. Jay, and often to my friends; and a recurrence to these letters now insures me against errors of memory.

These opportunities of information ceased at this period, with my retirement from this interesting scene of action. I had been more than a year soliciting leave to go home, with a view to place my daughters in the society and care of their friends, and to return for a short time to my station at Paris. But the metamorphosis through which our government was then passing, from its chrysalid to its organic form, suspended its action to a great degree; and it was not till the last of August that I received the permission I had asked.

And here I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its pre-eminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything that I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this with other countries we have the proof of primacy which was given to Themistocles after the battle of

Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, "In what country on earth would you rather live?" "Certainly in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life." "Which would be your second choice?" "France."

From NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA

[SLAVERY]

There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances.

And with what execrations should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies, destroys the morals of

the one part, and the *amor patriae*¹ of the other. For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labour for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavours to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him.

With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labour for himself who can make another labour for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labour. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with His wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.

But it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history—natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying, the way—I hope—preparing, under the auspices of heaven, for a total emancipation; and that this is disposed, in the order of events, to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.

¹ love of fatherland

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1801.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. . . .

Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I here see remind me that in the other high authorities provided by our constitution I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled sea.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think. But this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite

with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. . . .

We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know indeed that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not.

I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man at the call of the law would fly to the standard of the law; would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us then, pursue with courage and confidence our own federal and republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, result-

ing not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed and practiced in various forms yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter: with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of this government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them in the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle but not all its limitations: equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of re-

publics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair then, fellow-citizens, to the post which you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate stations to know the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preëminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and had destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judg-

ment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying then on the patronage of your good-will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choice it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

LETTERS

TO JAMES MADISON

PARIS, Jan. 30, 1787.

DEAR SIR:

My last to you was of the 16th of Dec., since which I have received yours of Nov. 25 and Dec. 4, which afforded me, as your letters always do, a treat on matters public, individual, and economical. I am impatient to learn your sentiments on the late troubles in the eastern states. So far as I have yet seen, they do not appear to threaten serious consequences. Those states have suffered by the stoppage of the channels of their commerce, which have not yet found other issues. This must render money scarce, and make the people uneasy. This uneasiness has produced acts absolutely unjustifiable; but I hope they will provoke no severities from their governments. A consciousness of those in power that their administration of the public affairs has been honest, may perhaps

produce too great a degree of indignation; and those characters wherein fear predominates over hope may apprehend too much from these instances of irregularity. They may conclude too hastily that nature has formed man insusceptible of any other government but that of force, a conclusion not founded in truth nor experience.

¹⁰ Societies exist under three forms, sufficiently distinguishable. 1. Without government, as among our Indians. 2. Under governments wherein the will of every one has a just influence, as is the case in England in a slight degree, and in our states, in a great one. 3. Under governments of force, as is the case in all other monarchies, and in most part of the other republics. To have an idea of the curse of existence ²⁰ under these last, they must be seen. It is a government of wolves over sheep.

It is a problem not clear in my mind, that the first condition is not the best. But I believe it to be inconsistent with any great degree of population. The second state has a great deal of good in it. The mass of mankind under that enjoys a precious degree of liberty and ³⁰ happiness. It has its evils too, the principal of which is the turbulence to which it is subject. But weigh this against the oppressions of monarchy, and it becomes nothing. *Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietam servitutem.*¹ Even this evil is productive of good. It prevents the degeneracy of government, and nourishes a general attention to the public affairs.

⁴⁰ I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical. Unsuccessful rebellions, indeed, generally establish the encroachments on the rights of the people which have produced them. An observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellions, as not ⁵⁰ to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government.

¹ rather a dangerous freedom than a peaceful slavery

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
(1757-1804)

THE FEDERALIST

NUMBER XXI

FURTHER DEFECTS OF THE PRESENT CONSTITUTION

Having in the last three numbers ¹⁰ taken a summary review of the principal circumstances and events which depict the genius and fate of other confederate governments, I shall now proceed in the enumeration of the most important of those defects which have hitherto disappointed our hopes from the system established among ourselves. To form a safe and satisfactory judgment of the proper remedy, it is ²⁰ absolutely necessary that we should be well acquainted with the extent and malignity of the disease.

The next most palpable defect of the existing confederation is the total want of a sanction to its laws. The United States, as now composed, have no power to exact obedience, or punish disobedience to their resolutions, either by pecuniary mulcts, by a suspension ³⁰ or divestiture of privileges, or by any other constitutional means. There is no express delegation of authority to them to use force against delinquent members; and if such a right should be ascribed to the federal head, as resulting from the nature of the social compact between the states, it must be by inference and construction, in the face of that part of the second article ⁴⁰ by which it is declared, "that each state shall retain every power, jurisdiction, and right, not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." The want of such a right involves, no doubt, a striking absurdity; but we are reduced to the dilemma, either of supposing that deficiency, preposterous as it may seem, or of contravening or explaining away ⁵⁰ a provision which has been of late a repeated theme of the eulogies of those who oppose the new constitution; and the omission of which, in that plan, has

been the subject of much plausible animadversion, and severe criticism. If we are unwilling to impair the force of this applauded provision, we shall be obliged to conclude that the United States afford the extraordinary spectacle of a government destitute even of the shadow of constitutional power to enforce the execution of its own laws. It will appear, from the specimens which have been cited, that the American confederacy, in this particular, stands discriminated from every other institution of a similar kind, and exhibits a new and unexampled phenomenon in the political world.

The want of a mutual guarantee of the state governments is another capital imperfection in the federal plan. There is nothing of this kind declared in the articles that compose it; and to imply a tacit guarantee from considerations of utility, would be a still more flagrant departure from the clause which has been mentioned, than to imply a tacit power of coercion, from the like considerations. The want of a guarantee, though it might in its consequences endanger the union, does not so immediately attack its existence, as the want of a constitutional sanction to its laws.

Without a guarantee, the assistance to be derived from the union, in repelling those domestic dangers which may sometimes threaten the existence of the state constitutions, must be renounced. Usurpation may rear its crest in each state, and trample upon the liberties of the people; while the national government could legally do nothing more than behold its encroachments with indignation and regret. A successful faction may erect a tyranny on the ruins of order and law, while no succour could constitutionally be afforded by the union to the friends and supporters of the government. The tempestuous situation, from which ⁵⁰ Massachusetts has scarcely emerged, evinces that dangers of this kind are not merely speculative. Who can determine what might have been the issue of her late convulsions, if the malcon-

tents had been headed by a Cæsar or a Cromwell? Who can predict what effect a despotism, established in Massachusetts, would have upon the liberties of New Hampshire or Rhode Island, of Connecticut or New York?

The inordinate pride of state importance has suggested to some minds an objection to the principle of a guarantee in the federal government, as involving an officious interference in the domestic concerns of the members. A scruple of this kind would deprive us of one of the principal advantages to be expected from union, and can only flow from a misapprehension of the nature of the provision itself. It could be no impediment to reforms of the state constitutions by a majority of the people in a peaceable and legal mode. The right would remain undiminished. The guarantee could only operate against changes to be effected by violence. Towards the prevention of calamities of this kind, too many checks cannot be provided. The peace of society, and the stability of government, depend absolutely on the efficacy of the precautions adopted on this head. Where the whole power of the government is in the hands of the people there is less pretence for the use of violent remedies, in partial or occasional distempers of the state. The natural cure for an ill administration, in a popular or representative constitution, is a change of men. A guarantee by the national authority would be as much directed against the usurpations of rulers, as against the ferments and outrages of faction and sedition in the community.

The principle of regulating the contributions of the states to the common treasury by quotas, is another fundamental error in the confederation. Its repugnancy to an adequate supply of the national exigencies has been already pointed out, and has sufficiently appeared from the trial which has been made of it. I speak of it now solely with a view to equality among the states. Those who have been accustomed to contemplate the circum-

stances which produce and constitute national wealth, must be satisfied that there is no common standard, or barometer, by which the degrees of it can be ascertained. Neither the value of lands, nor the numbers of the people, which have been successively proposed as the rule of state contributions, has any pretension to being a just representative. If we compare the wealth of the United Netherlands with that of Russia or Germany, or even of France; and if we at the same time compare the total value of the lands, and the aggregate population of the contracted territory of that republic, with the total value of the lands, and the aggregate population of the immense regions of either of those kingdoms, we shall at once discover that there is no comparison between the proportion of either of these two objects, and that of the relative wealth of those nations. If the like parallel were to be run between several of the American states, it would furnish a like result. Let Virginia be contrasted with North Carolina, Pennsylvania with Connecticut, or Maryland with New Jersey, and we shall be convinced that the respective abilities of those states, in relation to revenue, bear little or no analogy to their comparative stock in lands, or to their comparative population. The position may be equally illustrated by a similar process between the counties of the same state. No man acquainted with the state of New York will doubt that the active wealth of King's County bears a much greater proportion to that of Montgomery, than it would appear to do, if we should take either the total value of the lands, or the total numbers of the people as a criterion.

The wealth of nations depends upon an infinite variety of causes. Situation, soil, climate, the nature of the productions, the nature of the government, the genius of the citizens; the degree of information they possess; the state of commerce, of arts, of industry; these circumstances, and many more too complex, minute, or adventi-

tious, to admit of a particular specification, occasion differences hardly conceivable in the relative opulence and riches of different countries. The consequence clearly is, that there can be no common measure of national wealth; and, of course, no general or stationary rule, by which the ability of a state to pay taxes can be determined. The attempt, therefore, to regulate the contributions of the members of a confederacy by any such rule, cannot fail to be productive of glaring inequality and extreme oppression.

This inequality would of itself be sufficient in America to work the eventual destruction of the union, if any mode of enforcing a compliance with its requisitions could be devised. The suffering states would not long consent to remain associated upon a principle which distributed the public burthens with so unequal a hand; and which was calculated to impoverish and oppress the citizens of some states, while those of others would scarcely be conscious of the small proportion of the weight they were required to sustain. This, however, is an evil inseparable from the principle of quotas and requisitions.

There is no method of steering clear of this inconvenience, but by authorizing the national government to raise its own revenues in its own way. Imposts, excises, and in general all duties upon articles of consumption, may be compared to a fluid, which will in time find its level with the means of paying them. The amount to be contributed by each citizen will in a degree be at his own option, and can be regulated by an attention to his resources. The rich may be extravagant, the poor can be frugal. And private oppression may always be avoided by a judicious selection of objects proper for such impositions.

If inequalities should arise in some states from duties on particular objects, these will, in all probability, be counterbalanced by proportional inequalities in other states, from the duties on other objects. In the course

of time and things, an equilibrium, as far as it is attainable in so complicated a subject, will be established everywhere. Or if inequalities should still exist, they would neither be so great in their degree, so uniform in their operation, nor so odious in their appearance, as those which would necessarily spring from quotas, upon any scale that can possibly be devised.

It is a signal advantage of taxes on articles of consumption, that they contain in their own nature a security against excess. They prescribe their own limit, which cannot be exceeded without defeating the end proposed—that is, an extension of the revenue. When applied to this object, the saying is as just as it is witty, that “in political arithmetic, two and two do not always make four.” If duties are too high, they lessen the consumption—the collection is eluded; and the product to the treasury is not so great as when they are confined within proper and moderate bounds.

This forms a complete barrier against any material oppression of the citizens by taxes of this class, and is itself a natural limitation of the power of imposing them.

Impositions of this kind usually fall under the denomination of indirect taxes, and must for a long time constitute the chief part of the revenue raised in this country. Those of the direct kind, which principally relate to lands and buildings, may admit of a rule of apportionment. Either the value of land, or the number of the people, may serve as a standard. The state of agriculture, and the populousness of a country, are considered as having a near relation to each other. And as a rule for the purpose intended, numbers, in the view of simplicity and certainty, are entitled to a preference. In every country it is an Herculean task to obtain a valuation of the land; in a country imperfectly settled and progressive in improvement, the difficulties are increased almost to impracticability. The expense of an accurate valuation is in all situations a formidable

able objection. In a branch of taxation where no limits to the discretion of the government are to be found in the nature of the thing, the establishment of a fixed rule, not incompatible with the end, may be attended with fewer inconveniences than to have that discretion altogether at large.

PUBLIUS.

NUMBER XXII

FURTHER DEFECTS OF THE PRESENT CONSTITUTION

In addition to the defects already enumerated in the existing federal system, there are others of not less importance, which concur in rendering that system altogether unfit for the ad-
20 ministration of the affairs of the union.

The want of a power to regulate commerce is by all parties allowed to be of the number. The utility of such a power has been anticipated under the first head of our enquiries; and for this reason, as well as from the universal conviction entertained upon the subject, little need be added in this place. It is indeed evident, on the most superficial
30 view, that there is no object, either as it respects the interests of trade or finance, that more strongly demands a federal superintendence. The want of it has already operated as a bar to the formation of beneficial treaties with foreign powers; and has given occasions of dissatisfaction between the states. No nation acquainted with the nature of our political association would be
40 unwisely enough to enter into stipulations with the United States, conceding on their part privileges of importance, while they were apprised that the engagements on the part of the union might at any moment be violated by its members; and while they found, from experience, that they might enjoy every advantage they desired in our markets, without granting us any
50 return, but such as their momentary convenience might suggest. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that Mr. Jenkinson, in ushering into the House

of Commons a bill for regulating the temporary intercourse between the two countries, should preface its introduction by a declaration that similar provisions in former bills had been found to answer every purpose to the commerce of Great Britain, and that it would be prudent to persist in the plan until it should appear whether the
10 American government was likely or not to acquire greater consistency.

Several states have endeavoured, by separate prohibitions, restrictions, and exclusions, to influence the conduct of that kingdom in this particular; but the want of concert, arising from the want of a general authority, and from clashing and dissimilar views in the states, has hitherto frustrated every experiment of the kind, and will continue to do so as long as the same obstacles to an uniformity of measures continue to exist.

The interfering and unneighbourly regulations of some states, contrary to the true spirit of the union, have in different instances given just cause of umbrage and complaint to others; and it is to be feared that examples of this nature, if not restrained by a national control, would be multiplied and extended till they became not less serious sources of animosity and discord, than injurious impediments to the intercourse between the different parts of the confederacy. "The commerce of the German empire is in continual trammels from the multiplicity of the duties which the several princes and
40 states exact upon the merchandizes passing through their territories; by means of which the fine streams and navigable rivers with which Germany is so happily watered, are rendered almost useless." Though the genius of the people of this country might never permit this description to be strictly applicable to us, yet we may reasonably expect, from the gradual conflicts of state regulations, that the citizens of each would at length come to be considered and treated by the others in no better light than that of foreigners and aliens.

The power of raising armies, by the most obvious construction of the articles of the confederation, is merely a power of making requisitions upon the states for quotas of men. This practice, in the course of the late war, was found replete with obstructions to a vigorous and to an economical system of defence. It gave birth to a competition between the states, which created a kind of auction for men. In order to furnish the quotas required of them, they outbid each other, till bounties grew to an enormous and insupportable size. The hope of a still further increase afforded an inducement to those who were disposed to serve to procrastinate their enlistment; and disinclined them from engaging for any considerable periods. Hence slow and scanty levies of men in the most critical emergencies of our affairs—short enlistments at an unparalleled expense—continual fluctuations in the troops, ruinous to their discipline, and subjecting the public safety frequently to the perilous crisis of a disbanded army. Hence also those oppressive expedients for raising men which were upon several occasions practised, and which nothing but the enthusiasm of liberty would have induced the people to endure.

This method of raising troops is not more unfriendly to economy and vigour, than it is to an equal distribution of the burthen. The states near the seat of war, influenced by motives of self preservation, made efforts to furnish their quotas, which even exceeded their abilities; while those at a distance from danger were for the most part as remiss as the others were diligent, in their exertions. The immediate pressure of this inequality was not in this case, as in that of the contributions of money, alleviated by the hope of a final liquidation. The states which did not pay their proportions of money, might at least be charged with their deficiencies; but no account could be formed of the deficiencies in the supplies of men. We shall not, however, see much reason to regret the want of

this hope, when we consider how little prospect there is that the most delinquent states ever will be able to make compensation for their pecuniary failures. The system of quotas and requisitions, whether it be applied to men or money, is in every view a system of imbecility in the union, and of inequality and injustice among the members.

The right of equal suffrage among the states is another exceptionable part of the confederation. Every idea of proportion, and every rule of fair representation, conspire to condemn a principle which gives to Rhode Island an equal weight in the scale of power with Massachusetts or Connecticut or New York; and to Delaware, an equal voice in the national deliberations with Pennsylvania or Virginia or North Carolina. Its operation contradicts that fundamental maxim of republican government which requires that the sense of the majority should prevail. Sophistry may reply that sovereigns are equal, and that a majority of the votes of the states will be a majority of confederated America.¹ But this kind of logical legerdemain will never counteract the plain suggestions of justice and common sense. It may happen that this majority of states is a small minority of the people of America; and two thirds of the people of America could not long be persuaded, upon the credit of artificial distinctions and syllogistic subtleties, to submit their interests to the management and disposal of one third. The larger states would, after a while, revolt from the idea of receiving the law from the smaller. To acquiesce in such a privation of their due importance in the political scale, would be not merely to be insensible to the love of power, but even to sacrifice the desire of equality. It is neither rational to expect the first, nor just to require the last. Considering how peculiarly the safety and welfare of the smaller states depend on

¹ New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Georgia, South Carolina, and Maryland, are a majority of the whole number of the States; but they do not contain one third of the people. [Hamilton's note]

union, they ought readily to renounce a pretension, which, if not relinquished, would prove fatal to its duration.

It may be objected to this, that not seven, but nine states, or two thirds of the whole number, must consent to the most important resolutions; and it may be thence inferred, that nine states would always comprehend a majority of the inhabitants of the union. But ¹⁰ this does not obviate the impropriety of an equal vote between states of the most unequal dimensions and populousness; nor is the inference accurate in point of fact; for we can enumerate nine states which contain less than a majority of the people;¹ and it is constitutionally possible, that these nine may give the vote. Besides there are matters of considerable moment deter- ²⁰ minable by a bare majority; and there are others, concerning which doubts have been entertained, which if interpreted in favor of the sufficiency of a vote of seven states, would extend its operation to interests of the first magnitude. In addition to this, it is to be observed that there is a probability of an increase in the number of states, and no provision for a proportional aug- ³⁰ mentation of the ratio of votes.

But this is not all; what at first sight may seem a remedy, is in reality a poison. To give a minority a negative upon the majority, which is always the case where more than a majority is requisite to a decision, is in its tendency to subject the sense of the greater number to that of the lesser number. Congress, from the non-attendance of a ⁴⁰ few states, has been frequently in the situation of a Polish diet, where a single veto has been sufficient to put a stop to all their movements. A sixtieth part of the union, which is about the proportion of Delaware and Rhode Island, has several times been able to oppose an entire bar to its operations. This is one of those refinements, which, in practice, has an effect the reverse of ⁵⁰ what is expected from it in theory. The

necessity of unanimity in public bodies, or of something approaching towards it, has been founded upon a supposition that it would contribute to security. But its real operation is to embarrass the administration, to destroy the energy of government, and to substitute the pleasure, caprice, or artifices of an insignificant, turbulent, or corrupt junto, to the regular deliberations and decisions of a respectable majority. In those emergencies of a nation, in which the goodness or badness, the weakness or strength of its government is of the greatest importance, there is commonly a necessity for action. The public business must, in some way or other, go forward. If a pertinacious minority can control the opinion of a majority respecting the best mode of conducting it, the majority, in order that something may be done, must conform to the views of the minority; and thus the sense of the smaller number will overrule that of the greater and give a tone to the national proceedings. Hence tedious delays; continual negotiation and intrigue; contemptible compromises of the public good. And yet, in such a system, it is even happy when such compromises can take place. For upon some occasions, things will not admit of accommodation; and then the measures of government must be injuriously suspended or fatally defeated. It is often, by the impracticability of obtaining the concurrence of the necessary number of votes, kept in a state of inaction. Its situation must always savour of weakness; sometimes border upon anarchy.

It is not difficult to discover that a principle of this kind gives greater scope to foreign corruption as well as to domestic faction, than that which permits the sense of the majority to decide; though the contrary of this has been presumed. The mistake has proceeded from not attending with due care to the mischiefs that may be occasioned by obstructing the progress of government at certain critical seasons. When the concurrence of a large number is required by the constitution to the do-

¹ Add New York and Connecticut to the foregoing seven, and they will still be less than a majority. [Hamilton's note]

ing of any national act, we are apt to rest satisfied that all is safe, because nothing improper will be likely to be done; but we forget how much good may be prevented, and how much ill may be produced, by the power of hindering that which it is necessary to do, and of keeping affairs in the same unfavourable posture in which they may happen to stand at particular periods. 10

Suppose for instance we were engaged in a war, in conjunction with one foreign nation against another. Suppose the necessity of our situation demanded peace, and that the interest or ambition of our ally led him to seek the prosecution of the war, with views that might justify us in making separate terms. In such a state of things this ally of ours would evidently find it much easier by his bribes and his intrigues to tie up the hands of government from making peace, where two thirds of all the votes were requisite to that object, than where a simple majority would suffice. In the first case he would have to corrupt a smaller, in the last a greater number. Upon the same principle, it would be much easier for a foreign power with which 30 we were at war, to perplex our councils and embarrass our exertions. And in a commercial view we may be subjected to similar inconveniences. A nation with which we might have a treaty of commerce, could with much greater facility prevent our forming a connection with her competitor in trade; though such a connection should be ever so beneficial to ourselves. 40

Evils of this description ought not to be regarded as imaginary. One of the weak sides of republics, among their numerous advantages, is that they afford too easy an inlet to foreign corruption. An hereditary monarch, though often disposed to sacrifice his subjects to his ambition, has so great a personal interest in the government, and in the external glory of the nation, that it is not easy for a foreign power to give him an equivalent for what he would sacrifice by treachery to the state. The world has accordingly

been witness to few examples of this species of royal prostitution, though there have been abundant specimens of every other kind.

In republics, persons elevated from the mass of the community, by the suffrages of their fellow citizens, to stations of great preeminence and power, may find compensations for betraying their trust, which to any but minds actuated by superior virtue may appear to exceed the proportion of interest they have in the common stock, and to over-balance the obligations of duty. Hence it is, that history furnishes us with so many mortifying examples of the prevalency of foreign corruption in republican governments. How much this contributed to the ruin of the ancient commonwealths has already 20 disclosed. It is well known that the deputies of the United Provinces have, in various instances, been purchased by the emissaries of the neighbouring kingdoms. The earl of Chesterfield, if my memory serves me right, in a letter to his court, intimates that his success in an important negotiation, must depend on his obtaining a major's commission for one of those deputies. And in Sweden, the rival parties were alternately bought by France and England, in so barefaced and notorious a manner that it excited universal disgust in the nation, and was a principal cause that the most limited monarch in Europe, in a single day, without tumult, violence, or opposition, became one of the most absolute and uncon- 40 trolled.

A circumstance, which crowns the defects of the confederation, remains yet to be mentioned—the want of a judiciary power. Laws are a dead letter without courts to expound and define their true meaning and operation. The treaties of the United States, to have any force at all, must be considered as part of the law of the land. Their true import, as far as respects individuals, must, like all other laws, be ascertained by judicial determinations. To produce uniformity in these determinations, they ought to be sub-

mitted in the last resort to one supreme tribunal. And this tribunal ought to be instituted under the same authority which forms the treaties themselves. These ingredients are both indispensable. If there is in each state a court of final jurisdiction, there may be as many different final determinations on the same point, as there are courts. There are endless diversities in the opinions of men. We often see not only different courts, but the judges of the same court, differing from each other. To avoid the confusion which would unavoidably result from the contradictory decisions of a number of independent judicatories, all nations have found it necessary to establish one court paramount to the rest, possessing a general superintendence, and authorised to settle and declare in the last resort a uniform rule of civil justice.

This is the more necessary where the frame of the government is so compounded that the laws of the whole are in danger of being contravened by the laws of the parts. In this case, if the particular tribunals are invested with a right of ultimate jurisdiction, besides the contradictions to be expected from difference of opinion, there will be much to fear from the bias of local views and prejudices, and from the interference of local regulations. As often as such an interference should happen, there would be reason to apprehend that the provisions of the particular laws might be preferred to those of the general laws, from the deference with which men in office naturally look up to that authority to which they owe their official existence. The treaties of the United States, under the present constitution, are liable to the infractions of thirteen different legislatures, and as many different courts of final jurisdiction, acting under the authority of those legislatures. The faith, the reputation, the peace, the whole union, are thus continually at the mercy of the prejudices, the passions, and the interests of every member of which these are composed. Is it possible that foreign nations can either respect or con-

fide in such a government? Is it possible that the people of America will longer consent to trust their honour, their happiness, their safety, on so precarious a foundation?

In this review of the confederation, I have confined myself to the exhibition of its most material defects; passing over those imperfections in its details by which even a considerable part of the power intended to be conferred upon it has been in a great measure rendered abortive. It must be by this time evident to all men of reflection, who are either free from erroneous prepossessions or can divest themselves of them, that it is a system so radically vicious and unsound, as to admit not of amendment but by an entire change in its leading features and characters.

The organization of Congress is itself utterly improper for the exercise of those powers which are necessary to be deposited in the union. A single assembly may be a proper receptacle of those slender, or rather fettered authorities which have been heretofore delegated to the federal head; but it would be inconsistent with all the principles of good government, to intrust it with those additional powers which even the moderate and more rational adversaries of the proposed constitution admit ought to reside in the United States. If that plan should not be adopted; and if the necessity of union should be able to withstand the ambitious aims of those men, who may indulge magnificent schemes of personal aggrandizement from its dissolution; the probability would be that we should run into the project of conferring supplementary powers upon Congress as they are now constituted. And either the machine, from the intrinsic feebleness of its structure, will moulder into pieces in spite of our ill-judged efforts to prop it; or by successive augmentations of its force and energy, as necessity might prompt, we shall finally accumulate in a single body all the most important prerogatives of sovereignty; and thus entail upon our posterity one of the most execrable forms of government

that human infatuation ever contrived. Thus we should create in reality that very tyranny which the adversaries of the new constitution either are, or affect to be, solicitous to avert.

It has not a little contributed to the infirmities of the existing federal system, that it never had a ratification by the people. Resting on no better foundation than the consent of the several legislatures, it has been exposed to frequent and intricate questions concerning the validity of its powers; and has in some instances given birth to the enormous doctrine of a right of legislative repeal. Owing its ratification to the law of a state, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain that a party to a compact has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has had respectable advocates. The possibility of a question of this nature, proves the necessity of laying the foundations of our national government deeper than in the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the consent of the people. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority.

PUBLIUS.

JOEL BARLOW (1754-1812)

THE HASTY PUDDING

CANTO I

Ye Alps audacious, through the
heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from
the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights
unfurled,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to
the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I
choose, ⁵
A virgin theme, unconscious of the
Muse,

But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror
steeled,

Who hurl your thunders round the epic
field; ¹⁰

Nor ye who strain your midnight
throats to sing

Joys that the vineyard and the still-
house bring;

Or on some distant fair your notes em-
ploy,

And speak of raptures that you ne'er
enjoy.

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I
feel, ¹⁵

My morning incense, and my evening
meal,

The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come,
dear bowl,

Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my
soul.

The milk beside thee, smoking from the
kine,

Its substance mingled, married in with
thine, ²⁰

Shall cool and temper thy superior
heat,

And save the pains of blowing while
I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic
song

Flow like thy genial juices o'er my
tongue,

Could those mild morsels in my num-
bers chime, ²⁵

And, as they roll in substance, roll in
rhyme,

No more thy awkward, unpoetic, name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice
thy fame;

But rising grateful to the accustomed
ear,

All bards should catch it, and all realms
revere! ³⁰

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage
and thy race;

Declare what lovely squaw, in days
of yore,

(Ere great Columbus sought thy na-
tive shore)

First gavę thee to the world; her works
of fame ³⁵

Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.

Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the
well dried maize,

Through the rough sieve to shake the
golden shower,

In boiling water stir the yellow flour. 40
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred
with haste,

Swells in the flood and thickens to a
paste,

Then puffs and wallops, rises to the
brim,

Drinks the dry knobs that on the sur-
face swim;

The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence
takes. 46

Could but her sacred name, unknown
so long,

Rise, like her labors, to the sun of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath
of praise. 50

If 'twas Oella whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms
alone

The fame of Sol's sweet daughter
should be known,

But o'er the world's wide clime should
live secure, 55

Far as his rays extend, as long as they
endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unprom-
ised joy

Expands my heart, to meet thee in
Savoy!

Doomed o'er the world through devious
paths to roam,

Each clime my country, and each
house my home, 60

My soul is soothed, my cares have
found an end,

I greet my long lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee through Paris, that cor-
rupted town,

How long in vain I wandered up and
down,

Where shameless Bacchus, with his
drenching hoard, 65

Cold from his cave usurps the morning
board.

London is lost in smoke and steeped in
tea;

No Yankee there can lisp the name of
thee;

The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the
crown. 70

From climes oblique, that fear the sun's
full rays,

Chilled in their fogs, exclude the gen-
erous maize;

A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth
requires

Short gentle showers, and bright ethe-
real fires.

But here, though distant from our
native shore, 75

With mutual glee we meet and laugh
once more,

The same! I know thee by that yellow
face,

That strong complexion of true Indian
race,

Which time can never change, nor soil
impair,

Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid
air. 80

For endless years, through every mild
domain

Where grows the maize, there thou art
sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license
claims,

In different realms to give thee differ-
ent names.

Thee the soft nations round the warm
Levant 85

Polenta call, the French of course
Polente.

E'en in thy native regions, how I
blush

To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee
Mush!

On Hudson's banks while men of Bel-
gic spawn

Insult and eat thee by the name *Sup-*
pawn. 90

All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest
youth.

Thy name is *Hasty Pudding!* Thus my
sire

Was wont to greet thee fuming from
his fire;

And while he argued in thy just defence ⁹⁵

With logic clear he thus explained the sense:—

"In *haste* the boiling cauldron o'er the blaze

Receives and cooks the ready powdered maize;

In *haste* 'tis served; and then in equal *haste*,

With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast. ¹⁰⁰

No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;

But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,

And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,

By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored ¹⁰⁵

Performs the hasty honors of the board."

Such is thy name, significant and clear;
A name, a sound, to every Yankee dear;

But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste

Preserve my pure hereditary taste. ¹¹⁰
There are who strive to stamp with disrepute

The lucious food, because it feeds the brute,

In tropes of high-strained wit; while gaudy prigs

Compare thy nursling, man, to pampered pigs.

With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest, ¹¹⁵

Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.

What though the generous cow gives me to quaff

The milk nutritious: am I then a calf?

Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, claim a kin to mine? ¹²⁰

Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise

Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,

No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.

My father loved thee through his length of days! ¹²⁵

For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;

From thee what health, what vigor, he possessed,

Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest.

Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,

And all my bones were made of Indian corn. ¹³⁰

Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.

Let the green succotash with thee contend,

Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,

Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,

And a long slice of bacon grace their side;

Not all the plate, how famed so'er it be,

Can please my palate like a bowl of thee. ¹⁴⁰

Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride,

Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth has often tried;

Both please me well, their virtues much the same,

Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last ¹⁴⁵

Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,

To give it sweetness and improve the taste.

But place them all before me, smoking hot,

The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot,

The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast, ¹⁵⁰

With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast,

The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides

A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
 The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
 And all of Indian that the bake-pan
 knows,—¹⁵⁵
 You tempt me not; my fav'rite greets
 my eyes;
 To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
 To kill the stomach, and to sink the heart,
 To make mankind to social virtue sour,
 Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
 For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,⁵
 Commanding sweats to stream from every cook;
 Children no more their antic gambols tried;
 And friends to physic wondered why they died.
 Not so the Yankee—his abundant feast,
 With simples furnished and with plainness drest,¹⁰
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord,
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
 And health attends them from the short repast.
 While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,¹⁵
 The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
 To stir the pudding next demands their care;
 To spread the table, and the bowls prepare;
 To feed the household as their portions cool,
 And send them all to labor or to school.
 Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,²¹
 For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
 E'en *Hasty Pudding*, purest of all food,

May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
 As sage experience the short process guides,²⁵
 Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
 Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
 To rear the child and long sustain the man,
 To shield the morals while it mends the size,
 And all the powers of every food supplies,³⁰
 Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring,
 Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.
 But since, O man! thy life and health demand
 Not food alone but labor from thy hand,
 First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,³⁵
 Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
 She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
 And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.
 When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
 Repays the loan that filled the winter stall,⁴⁰
 Pursue his traces o'er the furrowed plain,
 And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
 But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
 And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
 Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,⁴⁵
 The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
 A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
 Soon steeped in rain, will bid the worm retire;
 The feathered robber with his hungry maw
 Swift flies the field before your man of straw—⁵⁰
 A frightful image, such as school-boys bring

When met to burn the pope or hang the king.
 Thrice in the season, through each verdant row
 Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe:
 The faithful hoe, a double task that takes, 55
 To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.
 Slow springs the blade while checked by chilling rains,
 Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
 But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
 Then start the juices, then the roots expand; 60
 Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
 The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
 The busy branches all the ridges fill,
 Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
 Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done; 65
 Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
 Beneath his genial smiles the well-drest field,
 When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.
 Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
 And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky; 70
 The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
 And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
 The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,
 O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
 High as a hop-field waves the silent grove, 75
 A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
 When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid
 To meet her swain beneath the new-formed shade.
 His generous hand unloads the cum-
 brous hill,

And the green spoils her ready basket fill; 80
 Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
 The promised wedding, and the present kiss.
 Slight depredations these; but now the moon
 Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
 And while by night he bears his prize away, 85
 The bolder squirrel labors through the day.
 Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
 A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
 Then let them steal the little stores they can,
 And fill their gran'ries from the toils of man; 90
 We've one advantage, where they take no part,—
 With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
 To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine
 Superior far to tenants of the pine;
 This envied boon to man shall still be-
 long, 95
 Unshared by them, in substance or in song.
 At last the closing season browns the plain,
 And ripe October gathers in the grain;
 Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill.
 The sack distended marches to the mill; 100
 The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans
 And showers the future pudding from the stones;
 Till the glad housewife greets the powdered gold,
 And the new crop exterminates the old.
 Ah, who can sing what every wight must feel, 105
 The joy that enters with the bag of meal!
 A general jubilee pervades the house,
 Wakes every child and gladdens every mouse.

CANTO III

The days grow short; but though the
 falling sun
 To the glad swain proclaims his day's
 work done,
 Night's pleasing shades his various
 tasks prolong,
 And yield new subjects to my various
 song.
 For now, the corn-house filled, the har-
 vest home, 5
 The invited neighbors to the *husking*
 come:
 A frolic scene, where work, and mirth,
 and play,
 Unite their charms to chase the hours
 away.
 Where the huge heap lies centred in
 the hall,
 The lamp suspended from the cheerful
 wall, 10
 Brown corn-fed nymphs and strong
 hard-handed beaux,
 Alternate ranged, extend in circling
 rows,
 Assume their seats, the solid mass at-
 tack;
 The dry husks rattle, and the corn-
 cobs crack.
 The song, the laugh, alternate notes re-
 sound, 15
 And the sweet cider trips in silence
 round.
 The laws of husking every wight can
 tell,
 And sure no laws he ever keeps so well.
 For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
 With each smut¹ ear he smacks the
 luckless swains; 20
 But when to some sweet maid a prize
 is cast,
 Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
 She walks the round, and culls one fa-
 vored beau,
 Who leaps, the luscious tribute to be-
 stow.
 Various the sport as are the wits and
 brains 25
 Of well-pleased lassies and contending
 swains;
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept
 away,

And he that gets the last ear wins the
 day.
 Meanwhile the housewife urges all
 her care
 The well-earned feast to hasten and
 prepare. 30
 The sifted meal already waits her
 hand,
 The milk is strained, the bowls in or-
 der stand,
 The fire flames high; and, as a pool
 (that takes
 The headlong stream that o'er the mill-
 dam breaks)
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant
 toils, 35
 So the vexed caldron rages, roars and
 boils.
 First with clean salt she seasons well
 the food,
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all
 the flood.
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it
 stand;
 To stir it well demands a stronger
 hand; 40
 The husband takes his turn; and round
 and round
 The ladle flies; at last the toil is
 crowned;
 When to the board the thronging
 huskers pour,
 And take their seats as at the corn
 before.
 I leave them to their feast. There
 still belong 45
 More useful matters to my faithful
 song.
 For rules there are, though ne'er un-
 folded yet,
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding
 should be ate.
 Some with molasses grace the lus-
 cious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful and
 the sweet, 50
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving
 praise,
 A great resource in those bleak wintry
 days,
 When the chilled earth lies buried deep
 in snow,
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering
 cow.

¹ black, blighted

Blest cow! thy praise shall still my
notes employ, 55
Great source of health, the only source
of joy!

Mother of Egypt's god,—but sure, for
me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship
thee.

How oft thy teats these pious hands
have press'd!

How oft thy bounties prove my only
feast! 60

How oft I've fed thee with my favour-
ite grain!

And roared, like thee, to see thy chil-
dren slain!

Ye swains who know her various
worth to prize,

Ah! house her well from winter's angry
skies.

Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness
cheer, 65

Corn from your crib, and mashes from
your beer;

When spring returns, she'll well acquit
the loan,

And nurse at once your infants and
her own.

Milk then with pudding I should al-
ways choose;

To this in future I confine my muse, 70
Till she in haste some further hints
unfold,

Good for the young, nor useless to the
old.

First in your bowl the milk abundant
take,

Then drop with care along the silver
lake

Your flakes of pudding; these at first
will hide 75

Their little bulk beneath the swelling
tide;

But when their growing mass no more
can sink,

When the soft island looms above the
brink,

Then check your hand; you've got the
portion due.

So taught my sire, and what he taught
is true. 80

There is a choice in spoons. Though
small appear

The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis
clear.

The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived
to scoop

In ample draughts the thin diluted
soup,

Performs not well in those substantial
things, 85

Whose mass adhesive to the metal
clings;

Where the strong labial muscles must
embrace

The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow
space,

With ease to enter and discharge the
freight,

A bowl less concave, but still more
dilate, 90

Becomes the pudding best. The shape,
the size,

A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experienced feeders can alone impart

A rule so much above the lore of art.
These tuneful lips that thousand spoons

have tried, 95
With just precision could the point de-
cide,

Though not in song; the muse but
poorly shines

In cones, and cubes, and geometric
lines;

Yet the true form, as near as she can
tell,

Is that small section of a goose egg
shell, 100

Which in two equal portions shall
divide

The distance from the centre to the
side.

Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly
sin:—

Like the free Frenchman, from your
joyous chin

Suspend the ready napkin; or like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon

your knee; 106
Just in the zenith your wise head pro-
ject,

Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that

fall;

The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely
catch them all! 110

THE LITERATURE OF THE NEW NATION

EARLY LYRISTS

JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770-1842)

HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's
cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's
cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, 5
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies. 10

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more: 15
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies 19
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc. 25

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud
applause;
Ring through the world with loud
applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear, 30
Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace. 35

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country,
stands—
The rock on which the storm will
beat;
The rock on which the storm will
beat. 40
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and
you.

When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's
day,
His steady mind, from changes
free, 45
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, etc.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1780-1843)

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were
so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air, 5
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there;

O say, does that star-spangled banner
yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the
mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in
dread silence reposes,¹⁰
What is that which the breeze, o'er
the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals,
now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morn-
ing's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on
the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long
may it wave¹⁵
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave!

And where is that band who so vaunt-
ingly swore
That the havoc of war and the bat-
tle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us
no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul
footsteps' pollution.²⁰
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom
of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand²⁵
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause
it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust."³⁰
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH (1808-1895)

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,⁵
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name I love;¹⁰
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,¹⁵
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—²⁰
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright²⁵
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785-1842)

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes
of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them
to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-
tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my in-
fancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill
that stood by it, ⁵

The bridge, and the rock where the
cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy-house
nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung
in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung
in the well. ¹⁰

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a
treasure,

For often at noon, when returned
from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature
can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing, ¹⁵

And quick to the white-pebbled bot-
tom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose
from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from
the well. ²⁰

How sweet from the green mossy brim
to receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to
my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt
me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved
habitation, ²⁵

The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plan-
tation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs
in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs
in the well! ³⁰

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1791-1852)

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,

Bt it ever so humble, there's no place
like home;

A charm from the sky seems to hallow
us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet, Home! ⁵
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles
in vain;

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cot-
tage again!

The birds singing gayly, that came at
my call,—

Give me them,—and the peace of mind,
dearer than all! ¹⁰

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond
father's smile,

And the cares of a mother to soothe and
beguile!

Let others delight mid new pleasures
to roam,

But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures
of home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with
care;

The heart's dearest solace will smile on
me there; ²⁰

No more from that cottage again will
I roam;

Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

GEORGE POPE MORRIS
(1802-1864)

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN
(1771-1810)

From

WIELAND or THE TRANSFORMATION

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF CARWIN

I now come to the mention of a person with whose name the most turbu-

lent sensations are connected. It is with a shuddering reluctance that I enter on the province of describing him. Now it is that I begin to perceive the difficulty of the task which I have undertaken; but it would be weakness to shrink from it. My blood is congealed and my fingers are palsied when I call up his image. Shame upon my cowardly and infirm heart! Hitherto I have proceeded with some degree of composure; but now I must pause. I mean not that dire remembrance shall subdue my courage or baffle my design; but this weakness cannot be immediately conquered. I must desist for a little while.

I have taken a few turns in my chamber, and have gathered strength enough to proceed. Yet have I not projected a task beyond my power to execute? If thus, on the very threshold of the scene, my knees falter and I sink, how shall I support myself when I rush into the midst of horrors such as no heart has hitherto conceived nor tongue related? I sicken and recoil at the prospect; and yet my irresolution is momentary. I have not formed this design upon slight grounds; and, though I may at times pause and hesitate, I will not be finally diverted from it.

And thou, O most fatal and potent of mankind, in what terms shall I describe thee? What words are adequate to the just delineation of thy character? How shall I detail the means which rendered the secrecy of thy purposes unfathomable? But I will not anticipate. Let me recover, if possible, a sober strain. Let me keep down the flood of passion that would render me precipitate or powerless. Let me stifle the agonies that are awakened by thy name. Let me for a time regard thee as a being of no terrible attributes. Let me tear myself from contemplation of the evils of which it is but too certain that thou wast the author, and limit my view to those harmless appearances which attended thy entrance on the stage.

One sunny afternoon I was standing in the door of my house, when I marked

a person passing close to the edge of the bank that was in front. His face was a careless and lingering one, and had none of that gracefulness and ease which distinguish a person with certain advantages of education from a clown. His gait was rustic and awkward. His form was ungainly and disproportioned. Shoulders broad and square, breast sunken, his head drooping, his body of uniform breadth, supported by long and lank legs, were the ingredients of his frame. His garb was not ill adapted to such a figure. A slouched hat, tarnished by the weather, a coat of thick gray cloth, cut and wrought, as it seemed, by a country tailor, blue worsted stockings, and shoes fastened by thongs and deeply discolored by dust, which brush had never disturbed, constituted his dress.

There was nothing remarkable in these appearances; they were frequently to be met with on the road and in the harvest field. I cannot tell why I gazed upon them, on this occasion, with more than ordinary attention, unless it were that such figures were seldom seen by me except on the road or field. This lawn was only traversed by men whose views were directed to the pleasures of the walk or the grandeur of the scenery.

He passed slowly along, frequently pausing, as if to examine the prospect more deliberately, but never turning his eye towards the house, so as to allow me a view of his countenance. Presently he entered a copse at a small distance, and disappeared. My eye followed him while he remained in sight. If his image remained for any duration in my fancy after his departure, it was because no other object occurred sufficient to expel it.

I continued in the same spot for half an hour, vaguely, and by fits, contemplating the image of this wanderer, and drawing from outward appearances those inferences, with respect to the intellectual history of this person, which experience affords us. I reflected on the alliance which commonly subsists between ignorance and the practice of

agriculture, and indulged myself in airy speculations as to the influence of progressive knowledge in dissolving this alliance and embodying the dreams of the poets. I asked why the plough and the hoe might not become the trade of every human being, and how this trade might be made conducive to, or at least consistent with, the acquisition of wisdom and eloquence.

Weary with these reflections, I returned to the kitchen to perform some household office. I had usually but one servant, and she was a girl about my own age. I was busy near the chimney, and she was employed near the door of the apartment, when some one knocked. The door was opened by her, and she was immediately addressed with, "Prythee, good girl, canst thou supply a thirsty man with a glass of buttermilk?" She answered that there was none in the house. "Ay, but there is some in the dairy yonder. Thou knowest as well as I, though Hermes never taught thee, that, though every dairy be a house, every house is not a dairy." To this speech, though she understood only a part of it, she replied by repeating her assurances that she had none to give. "Well, then," rejoined the stranger, "for charity's sweet sake, hand me forth a cup of cold water." The girl said she would go to the spring and fetch it. "Nay, give me the cup, and suffer me to help myself. Neither manacled nor lame, I should merit burial in the maw of carrion-crows if I laid this task upon thee." She gave him the cup, and he turned to go to the spring.

I listened to this dialogue in silence. The words uttered by the person without affected me as somewhat singular; but what chiefly rendered them remarkable was the tone that accompanied them. It was wholly new. My brother's voice and Pleyel's were musical and energetic. I had fondly imagined that, in this respect, they were surpassed by none. Now my mistake was detected. I cannot pretend to communicate the impression that was made upon me by these accents, or to depict

the degree in which force and sweetness were blended in them. They were articulated with a distinctness that was unexampled in my experience. But this was not all. The voice was not only mellifluous and clear, but the emphasis was so just, and the modulation so impassioned, that it seemed as if a heart of stone could not fail of being moved by it. It imparted to me an emotion altogether involuntary and uncontrollable. When he uttered the words, "for charity's sweet sake," I dropped the cloth that I held in my hand; my heart overflowed with sympathy and my eyes with unbidden tears.

This description will appear to you trifling or incredible. The importance of these circumstances will be manifested in the sequel. The manner in which I was affected on this occasion was, to my own apprehension, a subject of astonishment. The tones were indeed such as I never heard before; but that they should in an instant, as it were, dissolve me in tears, will not easily be believed by others, and can scarcely be comprehended by myself.

It will be readily supposed that I was somewhat inquisitive as to the person and demeanour of our visitant. After a moment's pause, I stepped to the door and looked after him. Judge my surprise when I beheld the selfsame figure that had appeared a half-hour before upon the bank. My fancy had conjured up a very different image. A form and attitude and garb were instantly created worthy to accompany such elocution; but this person was, in all visible respects, the reverse of this phantom. Strange as it may seem, I could not speedily reconcile myself to this disappointment. Instead of returning to my employment, I threw myself in a chair that was placed opposite the door, and sunk into a fit of musing.

My attention was in a few minutes recalled by the stranger, who returned with the empty cup in his hand. I had not thought of the circumstance, or should certainly have chosen a different seat. He no sooner showed him-

self, than a confused sense of impropriety, added to the suddenness of the interview, for which, not having foreseen it, I had made no preparation, threw me into a state of the most painful embarrassment. He brought with him a placid brow; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than his face was as glowingly suffused as my own. He placed the cup upon the bench, stammered out thanks, and retired.

It was some time before I could recover my wonted composure. I had snatched a view of the stranger's countenance. The impression that it made was vivid and indelible. His cheeks were pallid and lank, his eyes sunken, his forehead overshadowed by coarse straggling hairs, his teeth large and irregular, though sound and brilliantly white, and his chin discoloured by a tetter. His skin was of coarse grain and sallow hue. Every feature was wide of beauty, and the outline of his face reminded you of an inverted cone.

And yet his forehead, so far as shaggy locks would allow it to be seen, his eyes lustrously black, and possessing, in the midst of haggardness, a radiance inexpressibly serene and potent, and something in the rest of his features which it would be in vain to describe, but which served to betoken a mind of the highest order, were essential ingredients in the portrait. This, in the effects which immediately flowed from it, I count among the most extraordinary incidents of my life. This face, seen for a moment, continued for hours to occupy my fancy to the exclusion of almost every other image. I had proposed to spend the evening with my brother; but I could not resist the inclination of forming a sketch upon paper of this memorable visage. Whether my hand was aided by any peculiar inspiration, or I was deceived by my own fond conceptions, this portrait, though hastily executed, appeared unexceptionable to my own taste.

I placed it at all distances and in all lights; my eyes were riveted upon it. Half the night passed away in wakefulness and in contemplation of this pic-

ture. So flexible, and yet so stubborn is the human mind! So obedient to impulses the most transient and brief, and yet so unalterably observant of the direction which is given to it! How little did I then foresee the termination of that chain of which this may be regarded as the first link!

Next day arose in darkness and storm. Torrents of rain fell during the whole day, attended with incessant thunder, which reverberated in stunning echoes from the opposite declivity. The inclemency of the air would not allow me to walk out. I had, indeed, no inclination to leave my apartment. I betook myself to the contemplation of this portrait, whose attractions time had rather enhanced than diminished. I laid aside my usual occupations, and, seating myself at a window, consumed the day in alternately looking out upon the storm and gazing at the picture which lay upon a table before me. You will perhaps deem this conduct somewhat singular, and ascribe it to certain peculiarities of temper. I am not aware of any such peculiarities. I can account for my devotion to this image no otherwise than by supposing that its properties were rare and prodigious. Perhaps you will suspect that such were the first inroads of a passion incident to every female heart, and which frequently gains a footing by means even more slight and more improbable than these. I shall not controvert the reasonableness of the suspicion, but leave you at liberty to draw from my narrative what conclusions you please.

Night at length returned, and the storm ceased. The air was once more clear and calm, and bore an affecting contrast to that uproar of the elements by which it had been preceded. I spent the darksome hours, as I spent the day, contemplative and seated at the window. Why was my mind absorbed in thoughts ominous and dreary? Why did my bosom heave with sighs and my eyes overflow with tears? Was the tempest that had just passed a signal of the ruin which impended

over me? My soul fondly dwelt upon the images of my brother and his children; yet they only increased the mournfulness of my contemplations. The smiles of the charming babes were as bland as formerly. The same dignity sat on the brow of their father, and yet I thought of them with anguish. Something whispered that the happiness we at present enjoyed was set on mutable foundations. Death must happen to all. Whether our felicity was to be subverted by it tomorrow, or whether it was ordained that we should lay down our heads full of years and of honour, was a question that no human being could solve. At other times these ideas seldom intruded. I either forebore to reflect upon the destiny that is reserved for all men, or the reflection was mixed up with images that disrobed it of terror; but now the uncertainty of life occurred to me without any of its usual and alleviating accompaniments. I said to myself, We must die. Sooner or later, we must disappear forever from the face of the earth. Whatever be the links that hold us to life, they must be broken. This scene of existence is, in all its parts, calamitous. The greater number is oppressed with immediate evils, and those the tide of whose fortunes is full, how small is their portion of enjoyment, since they know that it will terminate!

For some time I indulged myself, without reluctance, in these gloomy thoughts; but at length the dejection which they produced became insupportably painful. I endeavoured to dissipate it with music. I had all my grandfather's melody as well as poetry by rote. I now lighted by chance on a ballad which commemorated the fate of a German cavalier who fell at the siege of Nice under Godfrey of Bouillon. My choice was unfortunate; for the scenes of violence and carnage which were here wildly but forcibly portrayed only suggested to my thoughts a new topic in the horrors of war.

I sought refuge, but ineffectually, in

sleep. My mind was thronged by vivid but confused images, and no effort that I made was sufficient to drive them away. In this situation I heard the clock, which hung in the room, give the signal for twelve. It was the same instrument which formerly hung in my father's chamber, and which, on account of its being his workmanship, was regarded by every one of our family with veneration. It had fallen to me in the division of his property, and was placed in this asylum. The sound awakened a series of reflections respecting his death. I was not allowed to pursue them; for scarcely had the vibrations ceased, when my attention was attracted by a whisper, which, at first appeared to proceed from lips that were laid close to my ear.

No wonder that a circumstance like this startled me. In the first impulse of my terror, I uttered a slight scream and shrunk to the opposite side of the bed. In a moment, however, I recovered from my trepidation. I was habitually indifferent to all the causes of fear by which the majority are afflicted. I entertained no apprehension of either ghosts or robbers. Our security had never been molested by either, and I made use of no means to prevent or counterwork their machinations. My tranquility on this occasion was quickly retrieved. The whisper evidently proceeded from one who was posted at my bedside. The first idea that suggested itself was that it was uttered by the girl who lived with me as a servant. Perhaps somewhat had alarmed her, or she was sick, and had come to request my assistance. By whispering in my ear she intended to rouse without alarming me.

Full of this persuasion, I called. "Judith," said I, "Is it you? What do you want? Is there any thing the matter with you?" No answer was returned. I repeated my inquiry, but equally in vain. Cloudy as was the atmosphere, and curtained as my bed was, nothing was visible. I withdrew the curtain, and, leaning my head on my elbow, I listened with the deepest

attention to catch some new sound. Meanwhile, I ran over in my thoughts every circumstance that could assist my conjectures.

My habitation was a wooden edifice, consisting of two stories. In each story were two rooms, separated by an entry, or middle passage, with which they communicated by opposite doors. The passage on the lower story had doors at the two ends and a staircase. Windows answered to the doors on the upper story. Annexed to this, on the eastern side, were wings, divided in like manner into an upper and lower room; one of them comprised a kitchen, and chamber above it for the servant, and communicated on both stories with the parlour adjoining it below and the chamber adjoining it above. The opposite wing is of smaller dimensions, the rooms not being above eight feet square. The lower of these was used as a depository of household implements; the upper was a closet in which I deposited my books and papers. They had but one inlet, which was from the room adjoining. There was no window in the lower one, and in the upper a small aperture which communicated light and air, but would scarcely admit the body. The door which led into this was close to my bed-head, and was always locked but when I myself was within. The avenues below were accustomed to be closed and bolted at nights.

The maid was my only companion; and she could not reach my chamber without previously passing through the opposite chamber and the middle passage, of which, however, the doors were usually unfastened. If she had occasioned this noise, she would have answered my repeated calls. No other conclusion, therefore, was left me, but that I had mistaken the sounds, and that my imagination had transformed some casual noise into the voice of a human creature. Satisfied with this solution, I was preparing to relinquish my listening attitude, when my ear was again saluted with a new and yet louder whispering. It appeared, as be-

fore, to issue from lips that touched my pillow. A second effort of attention, however, clearly showed me that the sounds issued from within the closet, the door of which was not more than eight inches from my pillow.

This second interruption occasioned a shock less vehement than the former. I started, but gave no audible token of alarm. I was so much mistress of my feelings as to continue listening to what should be said. The whisper was distinct, hoarse, and uttered so as to show that the speaker was desirous of being heard by some one near, but, at the same time, studious to avoid being overheard by any other:—

“Stop! stop, I say, madman as you are! there are better means than that. Curse upon your rashness! There is no need to shoot.”

Such were the words uttered, in a tone of eagerness and anger, within so small a distance of my pillow. What construction could I put upon them? My heart began to palpitate with dread of some unknown danger. Presently, another voice, but equally near me, was heard whispering in answer, “Why not? I will draw a trigger in this business; but perdition be my lot if I do more!” To this the first voice returned, in a tone which rage had heightened in a small degree above a whisper, “Coward! stand aside, and see me do it. I will grasp her throat; I will do her business in an instant; she shall not have time so much as to groan.” What wonder that I was petrified by sounds so dreadful! Murderers lurked in my closet. They were planning the means of my destruction. One resolved to shoot, the other menaced suffocation. Their means being chosen, they would forthwith break the door. Flight instantly suggested itself as most eligible in circumstances so perilous. I deliberated not a moment; but, fear adding wings to my speed, I leaped out of bed, and, scantily robed as I was, rushed out of the chamber, down-stairs, and into the open air. I can hardly recollect the process of turning keys and withdrawing bolts. My

terrors urged me forward with almost a mechanical impulse. I stopped not till I reached my brother's door. I had not gained the threshold, when, exhausted by the violence of my emotions and by my speed, I sunk down in a fit.

How long I remained in this situation I know not. When I recovered, I found myself stretched on a bed, surrounded by my sister and her female servants. I was astonished at the scene before me, but gradually recovered the recollection of what had happened. I answered their importunate inquiries as well as I was able. My brother and Pleyel, whom the storm of the preceding day chanced to detain here, informing themselves of every particular, proceeded with lights and weapons to my deserted habitation. They entered my chamber and my closet, and found everything in its proper place and customary order. The door of the closet was locked, and appeared not to have been opened in my absence. They went to Judith's apartment. They found her asleep and in safety. Pleyel's caution induced him to forbear alarming the girl; and, finding her wholly ignorant of what had passed, they directed her to return to her chamber. They then fastened the doors and returned.

My friends were disposed to regard this transaction as a dream. That persons should be actually immured in this closet, to which, in the circumstances of the time, access from without or within was apparently impossible, they could not seriously believe. That any human beings had intended murder, unless it were to cover a scheme of pillage, was incredible; but that no such design had been formed was evident from the security in which the furniture of the house and the closet remained.

I revolved every incident and expression that had occurred. My senses assured me of the truth of them; and yet their abruptness and improbability made me, in my turn, somewhat incredulous. The adventure had made a deep impression on my fancy; and it

was not till after a week's abode at my brother's that I resolved to resume the possession of my own dwelling.

There was another circumstance that enhanced the mysteriousness of this event. After my recovery, it was obvious to inquire by what means the attention of the family had been drawn to my situation. I had fallen before I had reached the threshold or was able ¹⁰ to give any signal. My brother related that, while this was transacting in my chamber, he himself was awake, in consequence of some slight indisposition, and lay, according to his custom, musing on some favorite topic. Suddenly the silence, which was remarkably profound, was broken by a voice of most piercing shrillness, that seemed to be uttered by one in the hall ²⁰ below his chamber, "Awake! arise!" it exclaimed; "hasten to succour one that is dying at your door!"

This summons was effectual. There was no one in the house who was not roused by it. Pleyel was the first to obey, and my brother overtook him before he reached the hall. What was the general astonishment when your friend was discovered stretched in the grass before the door, pale, ghastly, and with every mark of death!

This was the third instance of a voice exerted for the benefit of this little community. The agent was no less inscrutable in this than in the former case. When I ruminated upon these events, my soul was suspended in wonder and awe. Was I really deceived in imagining that I heard the closet conversation? I was no longer at liberty ⁴⁰ to question the reality of those accents which had formerly recalled my brother from the hill, which had imparted tidings of the death of the German lady to Pleyel, and which had lately summoned them to my assistance.

But how was I to regard this midnight conversation? Hoarse and manlike voices conferring on the means of ⁵⁰ death, so near my bed, and at such an hour! How had my ancient security vanished! That dwelling which had hitherto been an inviolate asylum

was now beset with danger to my life. That solitude formerly so dear to me could no longer be endured. Pleyel, who had consented to reside with us during the months of spring, lodged in the vacant chamber, in order to quiet my alarms. He treated my fears with ridicule, and in a short time very slight traces of them remained; and, as it was wholly indifferent to him whether his nights were passed at my house or my brother's, this arrangement gave general satisfaction.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851)

From THE PILOT

CHAPTER V

She rights! she rights, boys! wear off shore.
Song.

The extraordinary activity of Grif-fith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well defined streak along the horizon, that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in, with rapidity, from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters. Even Grif-fith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet and urging the men by his cries to expedition, would pause, ⁴⁰ for instants, to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm; and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned, instinctively, towards the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef-points, or passed the gaskets that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

The Pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice arose above voice, and cry echoed cry in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approach-

ing mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith; "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The Pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question, like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"Tis unnecessary," he at length said; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand; and the words were hardly past the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the water aside, with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry

and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads, in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate, as not to know that as yet they only felt the infant efforts of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a capful of wind after all. Give us elbow-room, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses,¹ Pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing-master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when

¹ the lowest sails

her anchor was secured, and as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog, above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to everyone that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves, and as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarters of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length, the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the Pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand, as he leaned over the hammock-cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the Pilot; and after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question, he presumed on his own rank, and leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead," said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the

question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply, but the convulsive start of the Pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back there," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays." The dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companion were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge; is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

The Pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered,—

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but should you live fifty years longer, you never can see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three-and-thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast, for the ship travels lively," he said, "and the daylight showed us so much to dread that we do not feel over valiant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

The Pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked towards the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections,—

"You have your wish, then; much very much of my early life was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is light

as if a noon-day sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish."

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the Pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station to ¹⁰ perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the Pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as ²⁰ she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and in a few moments the frigate again ³⁰ moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing towards those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to ⁴⁰ howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had ⁵⁰ lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still, the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her

movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown Pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake ²⁰ off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," ³⁰ said the captain, "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the Pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster ⁴⁰ at the con¹ gave out his orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsmen, as he called "By the mark seven," ² rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

¹ in charge of steering

² seven fathoms of water

"'Tis well," returned the Pilot calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."¹

"Aye! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the Pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they¹⁰ seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the Pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been²⁰ forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecabin,—

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a sec-³⁰ ond voice cried,—

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in the bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!"² shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the Pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who⁴⁰ heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded,—

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word"—

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his⁵⁰

gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of the lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling,—

"Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the Pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the Pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the Pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of

¹ with all sails drawing well

² largest anchor

the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again; and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the Pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steady-

ness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the Pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed, left the chains at this portentous notice, and calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the Pilot; "you may know it from the star near it, by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now, observe the hummock a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon; 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The Pilot shook his head as he replied,—

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done tonight. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the Pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it; see! the light already touches the edge

of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the Pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff!"¹ Observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the Pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff while you can!"²

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety

awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails trembling. The Pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and, with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally, the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the Pilot was heard shouting,—

"Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, when directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

¹ sails closer to the wind

² head closer to the wind

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about them like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said,—

"You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot and such a seaman as the world cannot equal."

From THE DEERSLAYER

CHAPTER XXIX

"The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear;
The stag lay still, unroused from the brake,
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear:
All thing was still in desert, bush, and briar."

Lord Dorset. 20

It was one of the common expedients of the savages, on such occasions, to put the nerves of their victims to the severest proofs. On the other hand, it was a matter of Indian pride, to betray no yielding to terror or pain; but for the prisoner to provoke his enemies to such acts of violence as would soonest produce death. Many a warrior 30 had been known to bring his own sufferings to a more speedy termination, by taunting reproaches and reviling language, when he found that his physical system was giving way under the agony of sufferings, produced by a hellish ingenuity that might well eclipse all that has been said of the infernal devices of religious persecution. This happy expedient of taking refuge from 40 the ferocity of his foes in their passions was denied Deerslayer, however, by his peculiar notions of the duty of a white man; and he had stoutly made up his mind to endure every thing, in preference to disgracing his colour.

No sooner did the young men understand that they were at liberty to commence, than some of the boldest and most forward among them sprang into 50 the arena, tomahawk in hand. Here they prepared to throw that dangerous weapon, the object being to strike the tree, as near as possible to the victim's

head, without absolutely hitting him. This was so hazardous an experiment, that none but those who were known to be exceedingly expert with the weapon, were allowed to enter the lists at all, lest an early death might interfere with the expected entertainment. In the truest hands, it was seldom that the captive escaped injury in these 10 trials; and it often happened that death followed, even when the blow was not premeditated. In the particular case of our hero, Rivenoak¹ and the older warriors were apprehensive that the example of the Panther's² fate might prove a motive with some fiery spirit, suddenly to sacrifice his conqueror, when the temptation of effecting it in precisely the same manner, and possibly with the identical weapon with which the warrior had fallen, offered. This circumstance, of itself, rendered the ordeal of the tomahawk doubly critical for the Deerslayer.

It would seem, however, that all who now entered what we shall call the lists, were more disposed to exhibit their own dexterity, than to resent the deaths of their comrades. Each prepared himself for the trial, with the feelings of rivalry rather than with the desire for vengeance; and for the first few minutes the prisoner had little more connection with the result, than grew out of the interest that necessarily attached itself to a living target. The young men were eager, instead of being fierce, and Rivenoak thought he still saw signs of being able to save the life of the captive, when the vanity of the young men had been gratified; always admitting that it was not sacrificed to the delicate experiments that were about to be made.

The first youth who presented himself for the trial, was called the Raven, having as yet had no opportunity of obtaining a more warlike sobriquet. He was remarkable for high pretension, rather than for skill or exploits; and those who knew his character thought the captive in imminent danger, when

¹ chief of the Huron captors

² a Huron killed by Deerslayer

he took his stand, and poised the tomahawk. Nevertheless, the young man was good-natured, and no thought was uppermost in his mind other than the desire to make a better cast than any of his fellows. Deerslayer got an inkling of this warrior's want of reputation, by the injunctions that he had received from the seniors; who, indeed, would have objected to his appearing in the arena at all, but for an influence derived from his father, an aged warrior of great merit who was then in the lodges of the tribe. Still, our hero maintained an appearance of self-possession. He had made up his mind that his hour was come, and it would have been a mercy, instead of a calamity, to fall by the unsteadiness of the first hand that was raised against him. After a suitable number of flourishes, and gesticulations, that promised much more than he could perform, the Raven let the tomahawk quit his hand. The weapon whirled through the air, with the usual evolutions, cut a chip from the sapling to which the prisoner was bound, within a few inches of his cheek, and stuck in a large oak that grew several yards behind him. This was decidedly a bad effort, and a common sneer proclaimed as much, to the great mortification of the young man. On the other hand, there was a general but suppressed murmur of admiration at the steadiness with which the captive stood the trial. The head was the only part he could move, and this had been purposely left free, that the tormenters might have the amusement and the tormented endure the shame, of dodging, and otherwise attempting to avoid the blows. Deerslayer disappointed these hopes, by a command of nerve that rendered his whole body as immovable as the tree to which it was bound. Nor did he even adopt the natural and usual expedient of shutting his eyes; the firmest and oldest warrior of the red men never having more disdainfully denied himself this advantage, under similar circumstances.

The Raven had no sooner made his unsuccessful and puerile effort, than he

was succeeded by le Daim-Mose, or the Moose; a middle-aged warrior, who was particularly skilful in the use of the tomahawk, and from whose attempt the spectators confidently looked for gratification. This man had none of the good-nature of the Raven, but he would gladly have sacrificed the captive to his hatred of the pale-faces generally, were it not for the greater interest he felt in his own success as one particularly skilful in the use of this weapon. He took his stand quietly, but with an air of confidence, poised his little axe but a single instant, advanced a foot with a quick motion, and threw. Deerslayer saw the keen instrument whirling towards him, and believed all was over; still, he was not touched. The tomahawk had actually bound the head of the captive to the tree, by carrying before it some of his hair; having buried itself deep beneath the soft bark. A general yell expressed the delight of the spectators, and the Moose felt his heart soften a little towards the prisoner, whose steadiness of nerve alone enabled him to give this evidence of his consummate skill.

Le Daim-Mose was succeeded by the Bounding Boy, or *le Garçon qui Bondit*, who came leaping into the circle like a hound, or a goat at play. This was one of those elastic youths whose muscles seemed always in motion, and who either affected, or who from habit was actually unable to move in any other manner, than by showing the antics just mentioned. Nevertheless he was both brave and skilful, and had gained the respect of his people by deeds in war as well as success in the hunts. A far nobler name would long since have fallen to his share, had not a Frenchman of rank inadvertently given him this sobriquet, which he religiously preserved as coming from his great father, who lived beyond the wide salt lake. The Bounding Boy skipped about in front of the captive, menacing him with his tomahawk, now on one side, and now on another, and then again in front, in the vain hope of being able to extort some sign of fear by this

parade of danger. At length Deerslayer's patience became exhausted by all this mummery, and he spoke for the first time since the trial had actually commenced.

"Throw away, Huron!" he cried, "or your tomahawk will forget its ar'n'd. Why do you keep loping about like a fa'a'n that's showing its dam how well it can skip. when you're a warrior grown yourself, and a warrior grown 10 defies you and all your silly antics? Throw, or the Huron gals will laugh in your face."

Although not intended to produce such an effect, the last words aroused the "Bounding" warrior to fury. The same nervous excitability which rendered him so active in his person, made it difficult to repress his feelings, and 20 the words were scarcely past the lips of the speaker when the tomahawk left the hand of the Indian. Nor was it cast without good-will, and a fierce determination to slay. Had the intention been less deadly, the danger might have been greater. The aim was uncertain, and the weapon glanced near the cheek of the captive, slightly cutting the shoulder in its evolutions. This was 30 the first instance in which any other object, than that of terrifying the prisoner, and of displaying skill had been manifested; and the Bounding Boy was immediately led from the arena, and was warmly rebuked for his intemperate haste, which had come so near defeating all the hopes of the band.

To this irritable person succeeded several other young warriors, who not 40 only hurled the tomahawk but who cast the knife, a far more dangerous experiment, with reckless indifference; yet they always manifested a skill that prevented any injury to the captive. Several times Deerslayer was grazed, but in no instance did he receive what might be termed a wound. The unflinching firmness with which he faced his assailants, more especially in the sort of 50 rally with which this trial terminated, excited a profound respect in the spectators; and when the chiefs announced that the prisoner had well withstood

the trial of the knife and the tomahawk, there was not a single individual in the band who really felt any hostility towards him, with the exception of Sumach and the Bounding Boy. These two discontented spirits got together it is true, feeding each other's ire; but, as yet, their malignant feelings were confined very much to themselves, though there existed the danger 10 that the others ere long could not fail to be excited by their own efforts into that demoniacal state which usually accompanied all similar scenes among the red-men.

Rivenoak now told his people that the pale-face had proved himself to be a man. He might live with the Delawares, but he had not been made woman 20 with that tribe. He wished to know whether it was the desire of the Hurons to proceed any further. Even the gentlest of the females, however, had received too much satisfaction in the late trials to forego their expectations of a gratifying exhibition; and there was but one voice in the request to proceed. The politic chief, who had some such desire to receive so celebrated a 30 hunter into his tribe as a European minister has to desire a new and available means of taxation, sought every plausible means of arresting the trial in season; for he well knew, if permitted to go far enough to arouse the more ferocious passions of the tormentors, it would be as easy to dam the waters of the great lakes of his own region as to attempt to arrest them 40 in their bloody career. He therefore called four or five of the best marksmen to him, and bid them put the captive to the proof of the rifle, while at the same time, he cautioned them touching the necessity of their maintaining their own credit, by the closest attention to the manner of exhibiting their skill.

When Deerslayer saw the chosen warriors step into the circle, with their 50 arms prepared for service, he felt some such relief as the miserable sufferer, who has long endured the agonies of disease, feels at the certain approach

of death. Any trifling variance in the aim of this formidable weapon would prove fatal; since the head being the target, or rather the point it was desired to graze without injury, an inch or two of difference in the line of projection, must at once determine the question of life or death.

In the torture by the rifle there was none of the latitude permitted that appeared in the case of even Gesler's apple, a hair's-breadth being in fact the utmost limits that an expert marksman would allow himself on an occasion like this. Victims were frequently shot through the head by too eager or unskilful hands; and it often occurred that, exasperated by the fortitude and taunts of the prisoner, death was dealt intentionally in a moment of ungovernable irritation. All this Deerslayer well knew, for it was in relating the traditions of such scenes as well as of the battles and victories of their people, that the old men beguiled the long winter evenings in their cabins. He now fully expected the end of his career, and experienced a sort of melancholy pleasure in the idea that he was to fall by a weapon as much beloved as the rifle. A slight interruption, however, took place before the business was allowed to proceed.

* * * * *

The warriors, as soon as this interruption had ceased, resumed their places, and again prepared to exhibit their skill, as there was a double object in view, that of putting the constancy of the captive to the proof, and that of showing how steady were the hands of the marksmen under circumstances of excitement. The distance was small, and, in one sense, safe. But in diminishing the distance taken by the tormentors, the trial to the nerves of the captive was essentially increased. The face of Deerslayer, indeed, was just removed sufficiently from the ends of the guns to escape the effects of the flash, and his steady eye was enabled to look directly into their muzzles, as it might be, in anticipation of the fatal messenger that was to is-

sue from each. The cunning Hurons well knew this fact; and scarce one levelled his piece without first causing it to point as near as possible at the forehead of the prisoner in the hope that his fortitude would fail him, and that the band would enjoy the triumph of seeing a victim quail under their ingenious cruelty. Nevertheless, each of the competitors were still careful not to injure, the disgrace of striking prematurely being second only to that of failing altogether in attaining the object. Shot after shot was made; all the bullets coming in close proximity to the Deerslayer's head, without touching it. Still no one could detect even the twitching of a muscle on the part of the captive, or the slightest winking of an eye. This indomitable resolution, which so much exceeded every thing of its kind that any present had before witnessed, might be referred to three distinct causes. The first was resignation to his fate, blended with natural steadiness of deportment; for our hero had calmly made up his mind that he must die, and preferred this mode to any other; the second was his great familiarity with this particular weapon, which deprived it of all the terror that is usually connected with the mere form of the danger; and the third was this familiarity carried out in practice, to a degree so nice as to enable the intended victim to tell, within an inch, the precise spot where each bullet must strike, for he calculated its range by looking in at the bore of the piece. So exact was Deerslayer's estimation of the line of fire, that his pride of feeling finally got the better of his resignation, and, when five or six had discharged their bullets into the tree, he could not refrain from expressing his contempt at their want of hand and eye.

"You may call this shooting, Min-gos," he exclaimed, "but we've squaws among the Delawares, and I've known Dutch gals on the Mohawk, that could outdo your greatest indivours. Ondo these arms of mine, put a rifle in my hands, and I'll pin the thinnest war-

lock¹ in your party to any tree you can show me; and this at a hundred yards; ay, or at two hundred, if the object can be seen, nineteen shots in twenty; or for that matter, twenty in twenty, if the piece is creditable and trusty!"

A low menacing murmur followed this cool taunt; the ire of the warriors kindled at listening to such a reproach from one who so far disdained their efforts as to refuse even to wink, when a rifle was discharged as near his face as could be done without burning it. Rivenoak perceived that the moment was critical, and still retaining his hope of adopting so noted a hunter in his tribe, the politic old chief interposed in time, probably, to prevent an immediate resort to that portion of the torture which must necessarily have produced death, through extreme bodily suffering, if in no other manner. Moving into the centre of the irritated group, he addressed them with his usual wily logic and plausible manner, at once suppressing the fierce movement that had commenced.

"I see how it is," he said. "We have been like the pale-faces when they fasten their doors at night out of fear of the red-man. They use so many bars, that the fire comes and burns them, before they can get out. We have bound the Deerslayer too tight; the thongs keep his limbs from shaking, and his eyes from shutting. Loosen him; let us see what his own body is really made of."

It is often the case, when we are thwarted in a cherished scheme, that any expedient, however unlikely to succeed, is gladly resorted to, in preference to a total abandonment of the project. So it was with the Hurons. The proposal of the chief found instant favour; and several hands were immediately at work, cutting and tearing the ropes of bark from the body of our hero. In half a minute, Deerslayer stood as free from bonds, as when, an hour before, he had commenced flight on the side of the moun-

tain. Some little time was necessary that he should recover the use of his limbs; the circulation of the blood having been checked by the tightness of the ligatures; and this was accorded to him by the politic Rivenoak, under the pretence that his body would be more likely to submit to apprehension, if its true tone were restored; though really with a view to give time to the fierce passions which had been awakened in the bosoms of his young men to subside. This ruse succeeded; and Deerslayer, by rubbing his limbs, stamping his feet, and moving about, soon regained the circulation, recovering all his physical powers, as effectually as if nothing had occurred to disturb them.

It is seldom men think of death in the pride of their health and strength. So it was with Deerslayer. Having been helplessly bound, and, as he had every reason to suppose, so lately on the very verge of the other world, to find himself so unexpectedly liberated, in possession of his strength, and with a full command of limb, acted on him like a sudden restoration to life, reanimating hopes that he had once absolutely abandoned. From that instant all his plans changed. In this, he simply obeyed a law of nature; for while we have wished to represent our hero as being resigned to his fate, it has been far from our intention to represent him as anxious to die. From the instant that his buoyancy of feeling revived, his thoughts were keenly bent on the various projects that presented themselves as modes of evading the designs of his enemies; and he again became the quick-witted, ingenious, and determined woodsman, alive to all his own powers and resources. The change was so great that his mind resumed its elasticity; and no longer thinking of submission, it dwelt only on the devices of the sort of warfare in which he was engaged.

As soon as Deerslayer was released, the band divided itself in a circle around him, in order to hedge him in; and the desire to break down his spirit

¹ scalp-lock

grew in them, precisely as they saw proofs of the difficulty there would be in subduing it. The honour of the band was now involved in the issue; and even the sex lost all its sympathy with suffering, in the desire to save the reputation of the tribe. The voices of the girls, soft and melodious as nature had made them, were heard mingling with the menaces of the men; and the wrongs of Sumach suddenly assumed the character of injuries inflicted on every Huron female. Yielding to this rising tumult, the men drew back a little, signifying to the females, that they left the captive for a time in their hands; it being a common practice, on such occasions, for the women to endeavour to throw the victim into a rage by their taunts and revilings, and then to turn him suddenly over to the men in a state of mind that was little favourable to resisting the agony of bodily suffering. Nor was this party without the proper instruments for effecting such a purpose. Sumach had a notoriety as a scold; and one or two crones, like the She Bear, had come out with the party, most probably as the conservators of its decency and moral discipline; such things occurring in savage as well as civilized life. It is unnecessary to repeat all that ferocity and ignorance could invent for such a purpose; the only difference between this outbreking of feminine anger, and a similar scene among ourselves, consisting in the figures of speech and the epithets; the Huron women calling their prisoner by the names of the lower and least respected animals that were known to themselves.

But Deerslayer's mind was too much occupied to permit him to be disturbed by the abuse of excited hags; and their rage necessarily increasing with his indifference, as his indifference increased with their rage, the furies soon rendered themselves impotent by their own excesses. Perceiving that the attempt was a complete failure, the warriors interfered to put a stop to this scene; and this so much the more, because preparations were now seriously mak-

ing for the commencement of the real tortures, or that which would put the fortitude of the sufferer to the test of severe bodily pain. A sudden and unlooked-for announcement, that proceeded from one of the look-outs, a boy of ten or twelve years old, however, put a momentary check to the whole proceedings. As this interruption has a close connection with the *dénouement* of our story, it shall be given in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XXX

. . . A young Indian came bounding through the Huron ranks, leaping into the very centre of the circle, in a way to denote the utmost confidence, or a temerity bordering on fool-hardiness. Five or six sentinels were still watching the lake, at different and distant points; and it was the first impression of Riven-oak that one of these had come in, with tidings of import. Still, the movements of the stranger were so rapid, and his war-dress, which scarcely left him more drapery than an antique statue, had so little distinguishing about it, that, at the first moment, it was impossible to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. Three leaps carried this warrior to the side of Deerslayer, whose withes were cut in the twinkling of an eye, with a quickness and precision that left the prisoner perfect master of his limbs. Not till this was effected, did the stranger bestow a glance on any other object; then he turned, and showed the astonished Hurons the noble brow, fine person, and eagle eye, of a young warrior, in the paint and panoply of a Delaware. He held a rifle in each hand, the butts of both resting on the earth, while from one dangled its proper pouch and horn. This was Killdeer, which, even as he looked boldly and in defiance on the crowd around him, he suffered to fall back into the hands of its proper owner. The presence of two armed men, though it was in their midst, startled the Hurons. Their rifles were scattered about against the different trees, and

their only weapons were their knives and tomahawks. Still, they had too much self-possession to betray fear. It was little likely that so small a force would assail so strong a band; and each man expected some extraordinary proposition to succeed so decisive a step. The stranger did not seem disposed to disappoint them; he prepared to speak.

"Hurons," he said, "this earth is very big. The great lakes¹ are big, too; there is room beyond them for the Iroquois; there is room for the Delawares on this side. I am Chingachgook, the son of Uncas; the kinsman of Tamenund. This is my betrothed; that pale-face is my friend. My heart was heavy when I missed him; I followed him to your camp, to see that no harm happened to him. All the Delaware girls are waiting for Wah! they wonder that she stays away so long. Come, let us say farewell, and go on our path."

"Hurons, this is your mortal enemy, the Great Serpent² of them you hate!" cried Briarthorn. "If he escape, blood will be in your moccasin prints, from this spot to the Canadas. *I am all Huron!*"

As the last words were uttered, the traitor cast his knife at the naked breast of the Delaware. A quick movement of the arm on the part of Hist, who stood near, turned aside the blow, the dangerous weapon burying its point in a pine. At the next instant, a similar weapon glanced from the hand of the Serpent, and quivered in the recreant's heart. A minute had scarcely elapsed⁴⁰ from the moment in which Chingachgook bounded into the circle, and that in which Briarthorn fell, like a dog, dead in his tracks. The rapidity of events had prevented the Hurons from acting; but this catastrophe permitted no farther delay. A common exclamation followed, and the whole party was in motion. At this instant, a sound unusual to the woods was heard, and⁵⁰ every Huron, male and female, paused to listen, with heads erect and faces

filled with expectation. The sound was regular and heavy, as if the earth were struck with beetles. Objects became visible among the trees of the background, and a body of troops was seen advancing with measured tread. They came upon the charge, the scarlet of the king's livery shining among the bright green foliage of the forests.

¹⁰ The scene that followed is not easily described. It was one in which wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts were so blended, as to destroy the unity and distinctness of the action. A general yell burst from the enclosed Hurons; it was succeeded by the hearty cheers of England. Still, not a musket or rifle was fired, though that steady, measured tramp continued, and the bayonet was seen gleaming in advance of a line that counted nearly sixty men. The Hurons were taken at a fearful disadvantage. On three sides was the water, while their formidable and trained foes cut them off from flight on the fourth. Each warrior rushed for his arms, and then all on the point, man, woman, and child, eagerly sought the covers. In this scene of confusion³⁰ and dismay, however, nothing could surpass the discretion and coolness of Deerslayer. His first care was to place Judith and Hist behind trees, and he looked for Hetty; but she had been hurried away in a crowd of Huron women. This effected, he threw himself on a flank of the retiring Hurons, who were inclining off towards the southern margin of the point, in the hope of escaping through the water. Deerslayer watched his opportunity, and finding two of his recent tormentors in a range, his rifle first broke the silence of the terrific scene. The bullet brought both down at one discharge. This drew a general fire from the Hurons, and the rifle and war-cry of the Serpent were heard in the clamour. Still the trained men returned no answering volley, the whoop and piece of Hurry³ alone being heard on their side, if we except the short, prompt word of authority, and that heavy, measured,

¹ the five "finger lakes" of New York

² Chingachgook

³ a white trapper, friendly to Deerslayer

and menacing tread. Presently, however, the shrieks, groans, and denunciations that usually accompany the use of the bayonet, followed. That terrible and deadly weapon was glutted in vengeance. The scene that succeeded was one of those, of which so many have occurred in our own times, in which neither age nor sex forms an exemption to the lot of a savage warfare.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

From A HISTORY OF NEW YORK

BOOK III. CHAPTER I

OF THE RENOWNED WOUTER VAN TWILLER, HIS UNPARALLELED VIRTUES—AS LIKEWISE HIS UNUTTERABLE WISDOM IN THE LAW-CASE OF WANDLE SCHOONHOVEN AND BARENT BLEECKER—AND THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF THE PUBLIC THEREAT

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears; nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without great dejection of spirit. With faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before their mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like

the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence,—whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, I say to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since mouldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence,—their countenances to assume the animation of life,—their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortunes,—a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land,—blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children, but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the dotting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs,—on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata.

These melancholy reflections have been forced from me by the growing wealth and importance of New Amsterdam, which, I plainly perceive, are to involve it in all kinds of perils and disasters. Already, as I observed at the close of my last book, they had awakened the attentions of the mother-country. The usual mark of protec-

tion shown by mother-countries to wealthy colonies was forthwith manifested, a governor being sent out to rule over the province, and squeeze out of it as much revenue as possible. The arrival of a governor of course put an end to the protectorate of Oloffe the Dreamer. He appears, however, to have dreamt to some purpose during his sway, as we find him afterwards living 10 as a patroon on a great landed estate on the banks of the Hudson; having virtually forfeited all right to his ancient appellation of Kortlandt or Lack-land.

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the 20 United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament,—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters, make the woods 30 to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblineon revels among the clover-blossoms of the meadows,—all which happy coincidences persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) 40 Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comforted themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all 50 magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the

other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers into a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is, that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter"—which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of mind has been attributed his surname Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfeler*, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned

as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusty red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, —a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous

theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noises of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and re-

spectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment,—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other,

and having poised them in the hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other. Therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced. Therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter,—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snail that crept out of her shel was turned eftsnoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that straggleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a

shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.

LYLY'S *Euphues*.

I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the towncrier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*,¹ and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes—with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imaginations to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification; for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid sil-

¹ unknown country

ver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed by observing the

comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travelers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different ¹⁰ countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another, caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes ²⁰ by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me ³⁰ aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveler who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had traveled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, ⁴⁰ and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum, the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH ⁵⁰
KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wo-
densday,

Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylike day in which I creep into
My sepulcher.

—CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant

of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not

be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilential little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbage; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,¹ which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which-

¹ loose breeches

ever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage,

Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods.¹⁰ Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports³⁰ of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course,⁴⁰ with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected⁵⁰ rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue

shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between

lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they

maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.¹ He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but

¹gin

in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same; when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely at it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last

night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his conjugal fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place,

and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise

counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short

time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does no-
body know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is 'Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—
upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great
Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being per-

mitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; and she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As
to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long

groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskills, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser Mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with

Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE

A COLLOQUY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great period shall return to nought.

I know that all the muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from noise and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries and build our air castles undisturbed. In such a mood I was loitering about the old gray cloisters of Westminster Abbey, enjoying that luxury of wandering thought which one is apt to dignify with the name of reflection; when suddenly an interruption of madcap boys from Westminster School, playing at football, broke in upon the monastic stillness of the place, making the vaulted passages and mouldering tombs echo with their merriment. I sought to take refuge from their noise by penetrating still deeper into the solitudes of the pile, and applied to one of the vergers for admission to the library. He conducted me through a portal rich with the crumbling sculpture of former ages, which opened upon a gloomy passage leading to the chapter-house and the chamber in which Doomsday Book is deposited. Just within the passage is a small door on the left. To this the verger applied a key; it was double locked, and opened with some difficulty, as if seldom used. We now

ascended a dark, narrow staircase, and, passing through a second door, entered the library.

I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the centre of the library was a solitary table with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world. I could only hear now and then the shouts of the school-boys faintly swelling from the cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, echoing soberly along the roofs of the abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away; the bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall.

I had taken down a little thick quarto, curiously bound in parchment, with brass clasps, and seated myself at the table in a venerable elbow-chair. Instead of reading, however, I was beguiled by the solemn monastic air and lifeless quiet of the place into a train of musing. As I looked around upon the old volumes in their mouldering covers, thus ranged on the shelves, and apparently never disturbed in their repose, I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and moulder in dusty oblivion.

How much, thought I, has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching

head! how many weary days! how many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters; shut themselves up from the face of man, and the still more blessed face of nature; and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection! And all for what? to occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the title of their works read now and then in a future age, by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost, even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumor, a local sound; like the tone of that bell which has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear for a moment—lingering transiently in echo—and then passing away like a thing that was not!

While I sat half murmuring, half meditating these unprofitable speculations, with my head resting on my hand, I was thrumming with the other hand upon the quarto, until I accidentally loosened the clasps; when, to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awakening from a deep sleep; then a husky hem; and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it; and having probably contracted a cold from long exposure to the chills and damps of the abbey. In a short time, however, it became more distinct, and I soon found it an exceedingly fluent, conversable, little tome. Its language, to be sure, was rather quaint and obsolete, and its pronunciations what, in the present day, would be deemed barbarous; but I shall endeavor, as far as I am able, to render it in modern parlance.

It began with railings about the neglect of the world—about merit being suffered to languish in obscurity, and other such commonplace topics of literary repining, and complained bitterly that it had not been opened for more than two centuries; that the dean only looked now and then into the

library, sometimes took down a volume or two, trifled with them for a few moments, and then returned them to their shelves. "What a plague do they mean," said the little quarto, which I began to perceive was somewhat choleric, "what a plague do they mean by keeping several thousand volumes of us shut up here, and watched by a set of old vergers, like so many beauties in a harem, merely to be looked at now and then by the dean? Books were written to give pleasure and to be enjoyed; and I would have a rule passed that the dean should pay each of us a visit at least once a year; or if he is not equal to the task, let them once in a while turn loose the whole school of Westminster among us, that at any rate we may now and then have an airing."

"Softly, my worthy friend," replied I, "you are not aware how much better you are off than most books of your generation. By being stored away in this ancient library, you are like the treasured remains of those saints and monarchs which lie enshrined in the adjoining chapels; while the remains of your contemporary mortals, so left to the ordinary course of nature, have long since returned to dust."

"Sir," said the little tome, ruffling his leaves and looking big, "I was written for all the world, not for the book-worms of an abbey. I was intended to circulate from hand to hand, like other great contemporary works; but here have I been clasped up for more than two centuries, and might have silently fallen a prey to these worms that are playing the very vengeance with my intestines, if you had not by chance given me an opportunity of uttering a few last words before I go to pieces."

"My good friend," rejoined I, "had you been left to the circulation of which you speak, you would long ere this have been no more. To judge from your physiognomy, you are now well stricken in years; very few of your contemporaries can be at present in existence; and those few owe their lon-

gevity to being immured like yourself in old libraries; which, suffer me to add, instead of likening to harems, you might more properly and gratefully have compared to those infirmaries attached to religious establishments, for the benefit of the old and decrepit, and where, by quiet fostering and no employment, they often endure to an amazingly good-for-nothing old age. You talk of your contemporaries as if in circulation—where do we meet with their works? what do we hear of Robert Groteste of Lincoln? No one could have toiled harder than he for immortality. He is said to have written nearly two hundred volumes. He built, as it were, a pyramid of books to perpetuate his name; but, alas! the pyramid has long since fallen, and only a few fragments are scattered in various libraries, where they are scarcely disturbed even by the antiquarian. What do we hear of Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics, that he might shut himself up and write for posterity; but posterity never inquires after his labors. What of Henry of Huntingdon, who, besides a learned history of England, wrote a treatise on the contempt of the world, which the world has revenged by forgetting him? What is quoted of Joseph of Exeter, styled the miracle of his age in classical composition? Of his three great heroic poems, one is lost forever, excepting a mere fragment; the others are known only to a few of the curious in literature; and as to his love verses and epigrams, they have entirely disappeared. What is in current use of John Wallis, the Franciscan, who acquired the name of the tree of life? Of William of Malmesbury;—of Simeon of Durham;—of Benedict of Peterborough;—of John Hanvill of St. Albans;—of——"

"Prithee, friend," cried the quarto, in a testy tone, "how old do you think me? You are talking of authors that lived long before my time, and wrote either in Latin or French, so that they in a manner expatriated themselves,

and deserved to be forgotten; but I, sir, was ushered into the world from the press of the renowned Wynkyn de Worde. I was written in my own native tongue, at a time when the language had become fixed; and indeed I was considered a model of pure and elegant English."

(I should observe that these remarks were couched in such intolerably antiquated terms, that I have had infinite difficulty in rendering them into modern phraseology.)

"I cry you mercy," said I, "for mistaking your age; but it matters little: almost all the writers of your time have likewise passed into forgetfulness; and De Worde's publications are mere literary rarities among book-collectors. The purity and stability of language, too, on which you found your claims to perpetuity, have been the fallacious dependence of authors of every age, even back to the times of the worthy Robert of Gloucester, who wrote his history in rhymes of mongrel Saxon. Even now many talk of Spenser's 'well of pure English undefiled,' as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain-head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermixtures. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting. Unless thought can be committed to something more permanent and unchangeable than such a medium, even thought must share the fate of everything else, and fall into decay. This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time and the caprice of fashion. He looks back and beholds the early authors of his country, once the favorites of their day, supplanted by modern writers. A few short ages have covered them with obscurity, and their merits can only be relished by the quaint taste of the bookworm. And such, he anticipates, will be the fate

of his own work, which, however it may be admired in its day, and held up as a model of purity, will in the course of years grow antiquated and obsolete; until it shall become almost as unintelligible in its native land as an Egyptian obelisk, or one of those Runic inscriptions said to exist in the deserts of Tartary. I declare," added I, with some emotion, "when I contemplate a modern library, filled with new works, in all the bravery of rich gilding and binding, I feel disposed to sit down and weep; like the good Xerxes, when he surveyed his army, pranked out in all the splendor of military array, and reflected that in one hundred years not one of them would be in existence!"

"Ah," said the little quarto, with a heavy sigh, "I see how it is; these modern scribblers have superseded all the good old authors. I suppose nothing is read nowadays but Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Sackville's stately plays and *Mirror for Magistrates*, or the fine-spun euphuisms of the 'unparalleled John Lyly.'"

"There you are again mistaken," said I; "the writers whom you suppose in vogue, because they happened to be so when you were last in circulation, have long since had their day. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers, and which, in truth, is full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. Sackville has struted into obscurity; and even Lyly, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. A whole crowd of authors who wrote and wrangled at the time have likewise gone down, with all their writings and their controversies. Wave after wave of succeeding literature has rolled over them, until they are buried so deep, that it is only now and then that some industrious diver after fragments of antiquity brings up a specimen for the gratification of the curious.

"For my part," I continued, "I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. To reason from analogy, we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing. The earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness. In like manner the works of genius and learning decline, and make way for subsequent productions. Language gradually varies, and with it fade away the writings of authors who have flourished their allotted time; otherwise, the creative power of genius would overstock the world, and the mind would be completely bewildered in the endless mazes of literature. Formerly there were some restraints on this excessive multiplication. Works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation; they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, so that one work was often erased to make way for another; or on papyrus, which was fragile and extremely perishable. Authorship was a limited and unprofitable craft, pursued chiefly by monks in the leisure and solitude of their cloisters. The accumulation of manuscripts was slow and costly, and confined almost entirely to monasteries. To these circumstances it may, in some measure, be owing that we have not been inundated by the intellect of antiquity; that the fountains of thought have not been broken up, and modern genius drowned in the deluge. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints. They have made every one a writer, and enabled every mind to pour itself into print, and diffuse itself over the whole intellectual world. The consequences are alarming. The stream of literature has swollen into a torrent—augmented into a river—

expanded into a sea. A few centuries since, five or six hundred manuscripts constituted a great library; but what would you say to libraries such as actually exist, containing three or four hundred thousand volumes; legions of authors at the same time busy; and the press going on with fearfully increasing activity, to double and quadruple the number? Unless some unforeseen mortality should break out among the progeny of the muse, now that she has become so prolific, I tremble for posterity. I fear the mere fluctuation of language will not be sufficient. Criticism may do much. It increases with the increase of literature, and resembles one of those salutary checks on population spoken of by economists. All possible encouragement, therefore, should be given to the growth of critics, good or bad. But I fear all will be in vain; let criticism do what it may, writers will write, printers will print, and the world will inevitably be overstocked with good books. It will soon be the employment of a lifetime merely to learn their names. Many a man of passable information, at the present day, reads scarcely anything but reviews; and before long a man of erudition will be little better than a mere walking catalogue."

"My very good sir," said the little quarto, yawning most drearily in my face, "excuse my interrupting you, but I perceive you are rather given to prose. I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His reputation, however, was considered quite temporary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor half-educated varlet, that knew little of Latin, and nothing of Greek, and had been obliged to run the country for deer-stealing. I think his name was Shakspeare. I presume he soon sunk into oblivion."

"On the contrary," said I, "it is owing to that very man that the literature of his period has experienced a duration beyond the ordinary term of English literature. There rise authors now and then who seem proof against

the mutability of language, because they have rooted themselves in the unchanging principles of human nature. They are like gigantic trees that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream; which by their vast and deep roots, penetrating through the mere surface, and laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the ever-flowing current, and hold up many a neighboring plant, and perhaps, worthless weed, to perpetuity. Such is the case with Shakspeare, whom we behold defying the encroachments of time, retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day, and giving duration to many an indifferent author, merely from having flourished in his vicinity. But even he, I ²⁰ grieve to say, is gradually assuming the tint of age, and his whole form is overrun by a profusion of commentators, who, like clambering vines and creepers, almost bury the noble plant that upholds them."

Here the little quarto began to heave his sides and chuckle, until at length he broke out in a plethoric fit of laughter that had wellnigh choked him, ³⁰ by reason of his excessive corpulency. "Mighty well!" cried he, as soon as he could recover breath, "mighty well! and so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be perpetuated by a vagabond deer-stealer! by a man without learning; by a poet, forsooth—a poet!" And here he wheezed forth another fit of laughter.

I confess that I felt somewhat nettled at this rudeness, which, however, I pardoned on account of his having flourished in a less polished age. I determined, nevertheless, not to give up my point.

"Yes," resumed I, positively, "a poet; for of all writers he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful por-
trayer of nature, whose features are always the same, and always interest-

ing. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages are crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet every thing is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. ¹⁰ He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which inclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dullness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! what bogs of theological speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics! ²⁰ Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely separate heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age."

I was just about to launch forth into eulogiums upon the poets of the day, when the sudden opening of the door caused me to turn my head. It was the ⁴⁰ verger, who came to inform me that it was time to close the library. I sought to have a parting word with the quarto, but the worthy little tome was silent; the clasps were closed; and it looked perfectly unconscious of all that had passed. I have been to the library two or three times since, and have endeavored to draw it into further conversation, but in vain; and whether all ⁵⁰ this rambling colloquy actually took place, or whether it was another of those odd day-dreams to which I am subject, I have never to this moment been able to discover.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns, (la Plaza de los Aljibes) so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living-rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, in-
 10 somuch that water-carriers, some bearing great water-jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep, woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gos-
 30 sipping-places in hot climates; and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the live-long day, by the invalids, old women, and other curious do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches, under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question every
 40 water-carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maid-servants may be seen, lingering, with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy,
 50 strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of

Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair-powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan-chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain, the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this, his long-eared aide-de-camp, in a kind of pannier were slung his water-jars, covered with fig-leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: "*Quien quiere agua—agua mas fria que la nieve?*"—"Who wants water—water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, per-
 chance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer, and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civillest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food

whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisitions for junketing parties¹⁰ into the country on Sundays and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-abed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water; neglecting house, household, and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated; for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of maravedis¹ to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms,⁴⁰ some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was⁵⁰ one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the

heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air, and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero² for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song, or refreshment to the animal; for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found²⁰ it deserted by everyone except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst earn by thy jars of water."

³⁰ The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him⁴⁰ from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel⁵⁰ guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the

¹ small copper coins

² a dish of meat and vegetables

Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, 10 "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for although she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for 20 the credit of her house; the little water-carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized 30 with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his 40 albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandal-wood, strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increasing 50 violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she,

"of your foolish good-nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."¹

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept but, with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that even in his sleep he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the *quidnuncs* 2 of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a look-out, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loop-hole watching the lights that gleamed

¹ constables

² gossips

through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and, stealing forth silently followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the *alcalde*.¹

The *alcalde* was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time,—*"strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"*

"Hey—how!—what is that you say?" cried the *alcalde*.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush,—*"I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. Maldita sea la noche;—Accursed be the night for the same!"*

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the *alcalde*.

"Be patient, Señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this *alcalde* was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and cor-

rupt curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be a rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for as to merely entrapping the delinquent—that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty—that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest *alguazil*²—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff; a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black under clothes that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The *alcalde* bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together,—*"hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."*

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence;

¹ mayor

² constable

alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal-wood which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandal-wood! a box of sandal-wood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandal-wood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandal-wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good-humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow,—“ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water-jars—poor beast."

To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality which had brought on him all these misfortunes; and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she could answer with a sneer, "Go to your father—he is heir to king Chico of the Alhambra: ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal-wood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid

flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin,¹ and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamant rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower; and if the scroll I

left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had wellnigh let fall his water-jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. Bright and early he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails, we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying, he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandal-wood.

The Moor felt it and smelt of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led into an

¹ the Bazaar

empty chamber, damp and dread, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time, in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch-tower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterranean thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe, they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extin-

guished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water-carrier sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she as he entered, "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate." Then bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!"

exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good, that no longer brings home bread to his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors! O my children! my children! what will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the ¹⁰riches, distress of his spouse, that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her ²⁰surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, than it became a ³⁰certainly with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendent from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole ⁴⁰story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. "Now, wife," exclaimed the little man with ⁵⁰honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with ²⁰which the water-carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising ³⁰strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina,¹ all trimmed with gold lace and bugles,² and a new lace mantilla. She ⁴⁰threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among

¹petticoat

²glass beads

her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich Oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendor of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments, than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to the Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half fright-

ened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the mean time you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted

the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig-tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man—more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So

saying, he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carried followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" so saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy; so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure, or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinkery, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his

native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil; his progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Señora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasseled from her head to her heels, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spell-bound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of talkative barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820)

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night

And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes 5
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down, 10
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud 15

And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the
storm,

And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free, 20
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory! 25

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet, 30
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from thy
glance. 35

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle
shroud,

And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink be-
neath 41

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; 45
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea 50
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given; 55
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls be-
fore us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, 60
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er
us?

THE CULPRIT FAY

I

'Tis the middle watch of a summer night—

The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;

Naught is seen in the vault on high

But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,

A river of light on the welkin blue.

The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,

And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below; 10
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,

And through their clustering branches dark

Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break 15

Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II

The stars are on the moving stream,

And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam

In an eel-like, spiral line below; 20
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,

The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill

But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill

Of the gauze-winged katydid, 25
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,

Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,

Ever a note of wail and woe,

Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow. 30

III

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;

He has counted them all with click and stroke

Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve 35

Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,

To bid him ring the hour of twelve,

And call the fays to their revelry;

Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—

('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell); 40

"Midnight comes; and all is well!

Hither, hither, wing your way!

'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen; 45

Some on the backs of beetles fly

From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,

Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,

And rocked about in the evening breeze;

Some from the hum-bird's downy nest— 50

They had driven him out by elfin power—

And, pillowed on plumes of his rain-bow breast,

Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;

Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,

With glittering ising-stars¹ inlaid; 55

And some had opened the four-o'clock

And stole within its purple shade.

And now they throng the moonlight glade,

Above—below—on every side,

Their little minim² forms arrayed 60

In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,

¹ pieces of mica

² smallest

And drink the dew from the butter-
cup; 65
A scene of sorrow awaits them now,
For an Ouphe¹ has broken his vestal
vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew, 70
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest. 75
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste
away:—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras; 81
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery. 85
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial
shone.
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the
throne.
He waved his scepter in the air, 90
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent
broke:

VII

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain: 95
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and
dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly
stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's
eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree, 100
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit
high.

¹ oaf, elf

But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love; 105
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment—
Tied to hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettle's stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell 110
With the lazy worm in the walnut
shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede.
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim, 115
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the mur-
dered fly:

These had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly
fair.

Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be: 121

VIII

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright
moonshine. 125
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits'
charms, 130
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit
right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX

"If the spray-bead gem be won, 135
The stain of thy wing is washed
away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and
dark,
Thou must reillumine its spark. 140
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;

And when thou see'st a shooting-star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning
train 145
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but be bowed him
low, 150
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,¹
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour, 156
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and
dern,²
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the
snake; 160
Now over the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced
the brier, 165
He has swum the brook, and waded the
mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew
weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward
track, 170
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon
her back:
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed
twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier
thong;
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound
along, 176
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at
last.

¹ columbine

² hidden

XI

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream; 180
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling
stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint, and distant
moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep 185
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's
leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is
seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river
dew. 190

XII

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser
toad,
Then round his breast his wings he
wound,
And close to the river's brink he
strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a
prayer, 195
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters
blue.

XIII

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral
caves, 200
With snail-plate armor snatched in
haste,
They speed their way through the
liquid waste;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly
prong,³
Some on blood-red leeches glide, 205
Some on the stony starfish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,⁴
Some on the sideling soldier crab;
And some on the jellied quarl,⁵ that
flings

³ prawn

⁴ squid

⁵ jellyfish

At once a thousand streamy stings; 210
 They cut the wave with the living oar,
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
 To guard their realms and chase away
 The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV

Fearlessly he skims along, 215
 His hope is high, and his limbs are
 strong;
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's
 wing,
 And throws his feet with a frog-like
 fling;
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,
 At his breast the tiny foam-beads
 rise, 220
 His back gleams bright above the brine,
 And the wake-line foam behind him
 lies.
 But the water-sprites are gathering
 near
 To check his course along the tide;
 Their warriors came in swift career 225
 And hem him round on every side;
 On his thigh the leach has fixed his
 hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him
 rolled,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his jave-
 lin, 230
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant
 claw,
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks
 with pain,
 He strikes around, but his blows are
 vain;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight, 235
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV

He turned him round, and fled amain
 With hurry and dash to the beach
 again.
 He twisted over from side to side,
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving
 tide; 240
 The strokes of his plunging arms are
 fleet,
 And with all his might he flings his
 feet,

But the water-sprites are round him
 still,
 To cross his path and work him ill.
 They bade the wave before him rise; 245
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
 And they stunned his ears with the
 scallop-stroke,
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-
 fish croak.
 Oh! but a weary wight was he
 When he reached the foot of the dog-
 wood tree. 250
 Gashed and wounded, and stiff and
 sore,
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;
 He blessed the force of the charmed
 line,
 And he banned the water-goblin's
 spite,
 For he saw around in the sweet moon-
 shine 255
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their
 might
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
 From the sorrel leaf and the hen-
 bane bud; 260
 Over each wound the balm he drew,
 And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the
 blood.
 The mild west wind was soft and low,
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow.
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
 As he drank the juice of the calamus
 root; 266
 And now he treads the fatal shore,
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite;
 'Tis the middle wane of night; 270
 His task is hard, his way is far,
 But he must do his errand right
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
 And vain are spells of fairy land; 275
 He must work with a human hand.

XVIII

He cast a saddened look around,
 But he felt new joy his bosom
 swell,
 When, glittering on the shadowed
 ground,
 He saw a purple mussel-shell; 280
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved
 at the bow,
 And he pushed her over the yielding
 sand,
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted
 land.
 She was as lovely a pleasure-boat 285
 As ever fairy had paddled in,
 For she glowed with purple paint with-
 out,
 And shone with silvery pearl within;
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
 An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;¹
 Then sprung to his seat with a light-
 some leap, 291
 And launched afar, on the calm, blue
 deep.

XIX

The imps of the river yell and rave;
 They had no power above the wave,
 But they heaved the billow before the
 prow, 295
 And they dashed the surge against
 her side,
 And they struck her keel with jerk and
 blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking
 tide.
 She wimpled² about to the pale moon-
 beam,
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-
 tossed stream; 300
 And momentarily athwart her track
 The quarl upreared his island back,
 And the fluttering scallop behind would
 float,
 And patter the water about the boat;
 But he bailed her out with his colen-
 bell, 305
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary
 tread,
 While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-
 blade.

¹ a word of uncertain meaning, coined by
 Drake ² rippled

XX

Onward still he held his way,
 Till he came where the column of moon-
 shine lay, 310
 And saw beneath the surface dim
 The brown-backed sturgeon slowly
 swim;
 Around him were the goblin train—
 But he sculled with all his might and
 main,
 And followed wherever the sturgeon
 led, 315
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
 And held his colen-goblet up
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin, 322
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But left an arch of silver bright, 326
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight
 To see the puny goblin there;
 He seemed an angel form of light, 330
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circled with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven. 335

XXII

A moment, and its luster fell;
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—
 Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done, 340
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is
 won—
 Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII

He turns, and lo! on either side
 The ripples on his path divide; 345
 And the track o'er which his boat must
 pass
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.

Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs
 lave,
 With snowy arms half swelling out,
 While on the glossed and gleamy
 wave 350
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
 They swim around with smile and song;
 They press the bark with pearly
 hand,
 And gently urge her course along,
 Toward the beach of speckled sand;
 And, as he lightly leaped to land, 356
 They bade adieu with nod and bow,
 Then gaily kissed each little hand,
 And dropped in the crystal deep be-
 low.

XXIV

A moment stayed the fairy there; 360
 He kissed the beach and breathed a
 prayer;
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
 And on to the elfin court he flew;
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
 And shine with a thousand changing
 dyes, 365
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
 It mingles with the hues of heaven;
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
 And gleams with blendings soft and
 bright, 370
 Till lost in the shades of fading night;
 So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
 So vanished, far in heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower;
 The cricket has called the second hour,
 Twice again, and the lark will rise 376
 To kiss the streaking of the skies—
 Up! thy charmèd armor don,
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV

He put his acorn helmet on; 380
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-
 down;
 The corselet plate that guarded his
 breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug
 queen, 386

Studs of gold on a ground of green;
 And the quivering lance which he bran-
 dished bright
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain
 in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed; 390
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass
 blue;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he
 flew,
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star. 395

XXVI

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
 The katy-did forgot its lay,
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,
 The fell mosquito checked his drone 400
 And folded his wings till the Fay was
 gone;
 And the wily beetle dropped his head,
 And fell on the ground as if he were
 dead;
 They crouched them close in the dark-
 some shade,
 They quaked all o'er with awe and
 fear, 405
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin
 spear.
 Many a time on a summer's night,
 When the sky was clear and the moon
 was bright,
 They had been roused from the haunted
 ground 410
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
 They had heard the twang of the
 maize-silk string
 When the vine-twigg bows were
 tightly drawn,
 And the needle-shaft through air was
 borne, 415
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's
 wing,
 And now they deemed the courier
 ouphe,
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin
 ground;
 And they watched till they saw him
 mount the roof

That canopies the world around, 420
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind, 425
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is
past.

But the shapes of air have begun
their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast.
He cannot see through the mantle
murk, 431
He shivers with cold but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet
and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the
rein, 435

And flame-shot tongues around him
played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear. 440

XXVIII

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his
crest,
His eyes are blurred with the light-
ning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thun-
der's blare;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he
drew, 445

He thrust before and he struck be-
hind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies
through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of
wind;

Howling the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful
cries, 450
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him
lies.

XXIX

Up to the cope¹ careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift, 455
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast. 460
O! it was sweet, in the clear moon-
light,

To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of
heaven!

But the elfin made no stop or stay 465
Till he came to the bank of the milky-
way;

Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the
planet-shoot.

XXX

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps'
fall 470
The sylphs of heaven were seen to
glide,

Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting
lance, 475

And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber
seen,

Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen. 480
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,² 485
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI

But, O! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;

¹ sky² above

Her mantle was the purple rolled 491
 At twilight in the west afar;
 'Twas tied with threads of dawning
 gold,
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.
 Her face was like the lily roon¹ 495
 That veils the vestal planet's hue;
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
 Set floating in the welkin blue.
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,
 And the diamond gems which round it
 gleam 500
 Are the pure drops of dewy even
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII

She raised her eyes to the wondering
 sprite,
 And they leaped with smiles, for well
 I ween
 Never before in the bowers of light 505
 Had the form of an earthly Fay been
 seen.
 Long she looked in his tiny face;
 Long with his butterfly cloak she
 played;
 She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
 And handled the tassel of his blade;
 And as he told in accents low 511
 The story of his love and woe,
 She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
 And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
 And "O sweet sprite of earth," she
 cried, 515
 "Return no more to your woodland
 height,
 But ever here with me abide
 In the land of everlasting light!
 Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
 We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
 And all the jewels of the sky 521
 Around thy brow shall brightly
 beam!
 And they shall bathe thee in the stream
 That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
 And ride upon the lightning's gleam, 525
 And dance upon the orbèd moon!
 We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
 We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
 And I will bid my sylphs to sing
 The song that makes the dew-mist
 melt; 530

¹ border

Their harps are of the umber shade,
 That hides the blush of waking day,
 And every gleamy string is made
 Of silvery moonshine's lengthened
 ray;
 And thou shalt pillow on my breast, 535
 While heavenly breathings float
 around,
 And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
 Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII

She was lovely and fair to see,
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully; 540
 But lovelier far and still more fair,
 The earthly form imprinted there;
 Naught he saw in the heavens above
 Was half so dear as his mortal love,
 For he thought upon her looks so
 meek, 545
 And he thought of the light flush on
 her cheek;
 Never again might he bask and lie
 On that sweet face and moonlight eye.
 But in his dreams her form to see,
 To clasp her in his revery, 550
 To think upon his virgin bride,
 Was worth all heaven, and earth be-
 side.

XXXIV

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-
 night,
 On the word of a fairy-knight,
 To do my sentence-task aright; 555
 My honor scarce is free from stain,
 I may not soil its snows again;
 Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 Its mandate must be answered now."
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh, 560
 The tear was in her drooping eye;
 But she led him to the palace gate,
 And called the sylphs who hovered
 there,
 And bade them fly and bring him
 straight
 Of clouds condensed a sable car. 565
 With charm and spell she blessed it
 there,
 From all the fiends of upper air;
 Then round him cast the shadowy
 shroud,
 And tied his steed behind the cloud;

And pressed his hand as she bade him
fly 570
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wan and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast, 575
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering
rain.

The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies, 580
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale; 586
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-
smoke,

And quenched is its rayless beam, 590
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.

As swift as the glance of the arrowy
lance

That the storm-spirit flings from
high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin
blue, 595

As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail be-
hind

The elfin gallops along.
The fiends of the cloud are bellowing
loud,

But the sylphid charm is strong; 600
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the
blaze;

He watches each flake till its sparks
expire,

And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's
speed, 605

And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy
ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay! 610
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing, 615
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and
lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire. 620
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground, 625
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his
face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owl's eyes our lanterns be; 630
Thus we sing, and dance, and play
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made:
A streak is in the eastern sky, 635
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are
gone. 640

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK
(1790-1867)

**ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD-
MAN DRAKE**

OF NEW YORK, SEPT., 1820

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust,
Burn to the socket."

WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise. 5

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven, 10
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine, 15
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it, 20
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee. 25

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance
 bent,

Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court, he
 bore 5

The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—
 a king;

As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird. 11

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote¹ band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand. 15

There had the Persian's thousands
 stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their
 blood

On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted
 air

¹ Grecian

The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike and soul to dare, 21
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek, 25
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the
 Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame, and
 smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and
 fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet
 loud, 31

Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last armed foe ex-
 pires;

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your
 sires; 35

God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and
 well;

They piled that ground with Moslem
 slain,

They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein. 40

His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hur-
 rah,

And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose, 45
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's
 breath;

Come when the blessed seals 50
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean-
 storm;

Come when the heart beats high and
 warm, 55
 With banquet-song, and dance, and
 wine;

And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine. 60

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be. 65
Come, when his task of fame is
wrought—

Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-
bought—

Come in her crowning hour—and
then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight 70

Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh 75

To the world-seeking Genoese,¹
When the land wind, from woods of
palm,

And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave 80

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its
plume 85

Like torn branch from death's leafless
tree

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;

But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone; 90

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music
breathed;

For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said 95
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years, 100

¹ Columbus

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her
tears:

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys, 105
And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:

For thou art Freedom's now, and
Fame's;

One of the few, the immortal names, 110
That were not born to die.

THE IRON GRAYS

We twine the wreath of honor
Around the warrior's brow,

Who, at his country's altar, breathes
The life-devoting vow,

And shall we to the Iron Grays 5
The meed of praise deny,

Who freely swore, in danger's days,
For their native land to die?

For o'er our bleeding country
Ne'er lowered a darker storm, 10

Than bade them round their gallant
chief

The iron phalanx form.
When first their banner waved in air,

Invasion's bands were nigh,
And the battle-drum beat long and
loud, 15

And the torch of war blazed high!

Though still bright gleam their bayo-
nets,

Unstained with hostile gore,
Far distant yet is England's host,

Unheard her cannon's roar. 20
Yet not in vain they flew to arms;

It made the foemen know
That many a gallant heart must bleed
Ere freedom's star be low.

Guards of a nation's destiny! 25
High is that nation's claim,

For not unknown your spirit proud,
Nor your daring chieftain's name.

'Tis yours to shield the dearest ties
That bind to life the heart, 30

That mingle with the earliest breath,
And with our last depart.

The angel-smile of beauty
 What heart but bounds to feel?
 Her fingers buckled on the belt 35
 That sheathes your gleaming steel.
 And if the soldier's honored death
 In battle be your doom,
 Her tears shall bid the flowers be
 green
 That blossom round your tomb. 40

Tread on the path of duty,
 Band of the patriot brave,
 Prepared to rush, at honor's call,
 "To glory or the grave."
 Nor bid your flag again be furled 45
 Till proud its eagles soar,
 Till the battle-drum has ceased to beat,
 And the war-torch burns no more.

EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY
 (1802-1828)

SONG

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
 To some beloved health we drain,
 Lest future pledges, less divine,
 Should e'er the hallowed toy pro-
 fane;
 And thus I broke a heart, that poured
 Its tide of feelings out to thee, 6
 In draughts, by after-times deplored,
 Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassioned ways
 And habits of my mind remain, 10
 And still unhappy light displays
 Thine image chambered in my brain,
 And still it looks as when the hours
 Went by like flights of singing birds,
 Or that soft chain of spoken flowers, 15
 And airy gems, thy words.

SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.
 Night's beauty is the harmony 5
 Of blending shades and light;
 Then, Lady, up,—look out, and be
 A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye,
 Within my watching breast: 10
 Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should
 fly,
 Who robs all hearts of rest.
 Nay, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay,
 With looks, whose brightness well
 might make 15
 Of darker nights a day.

SELF-ESTEEM ¹

I know that perfect self-esteem
 Is boyhood's most seductive dream:
 Like others, when my course began,
 I revelled in it,—but the man
 To whom experience betrays 5
 The sordid of life's miry ways,
 Feels that the hope is—Oh! how vain,
 To tread them through without a stain.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
 (1794-1878)

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature
 holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she
 speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild 6
 And healing sympathy, that steals
 away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.
 When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a
 blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and
 pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the nar-
 row house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick
 at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all
 around— 15

¹ Copyright, 1926, by Thomas O. Mabbott.

Earth and her waters, and the depths
of air—

Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with
many tears, 20

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
again,

And, lost each human trace, surrender-
ing up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the
rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon.
The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce
thy mould. 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst
thou wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt
lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world—
with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise,
the good, 35

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages
past,

All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—
the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness be-
tween;

The venerable woods—rivers that
move 40

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and,
poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden
sun, 45

The planets, all the infinite host of
heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All
that tread

The globe are but a handful to the
tribes

That slumber in its bosom.—Take the
wings 50

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilder-
ness,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound

Save his own dashings—yet the dead
are there:

And millions in those solitudes, since
first 55

The flight of years began, have laid
them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there
alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou
withdraw

In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that
breathe 60

Will share thy destiny. The gay will
laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood
of care

Plod on, and each one as before will
chase

His favorite phantom; yet all these
shall leave

Their mirth and their employments,
and shall come 65

And make their bed with thee. As the
long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and
he who goes

In the full strength of years, matron
and maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-
headed man— 70

Shall one by one be gathered to thy
side,

By those, who in their turn shall fol-
low them.

So live, that when thy summons
comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
shall take 75

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch 80
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the blue-bird's warble
 know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves be-
 low.

Ere russet fields their green resume, 5
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mould,
 And I have seen thee blossoming 11
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing
 lip. 16

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting
 nigh. 20

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
 But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget 25
 The friends in darker fortunes tried.
 I copied them—but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light, 30
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

A WINTER PIECE

The time has been that these wild soli-
 tudes,
 Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
 Oftener than now; and when the ills of
 life
 Had chafed my spirit, when the un-
 steady pulse
 Beat with strange flutterings, I would
 wander forth 5
 And seek the woods. The sunshine on
 my path
 Was to me as a friend. The swelling
 hills,
 The quiet dells retiring far between
 With gentle invitation to explore
 Their windings, were a calm society 10
 That talked with me and soothed me.
 Then the chant
 Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft
 caress
 Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
 The thoughts that broke my peace; and
 I began
 To gather simples by the fountain's
 brink, 15
 And lose myself in day-dreams. While
 I stood
 In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
 With whom I early grew familiar, one
 Who never had a frown for me, whose
 voice
 Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
 From cares I loved not, but of which
 the world 21
 Deems highest, to converse with her.
 When shrieked
 The bleak November winds, and smote
 the woods,
 And the brown fields were herbless, and
 the shades
 That met above the merry rivulet 25
 Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them
 still,—they seemed
 Like old companions in adversity.
 Still there was beauty in my walks; the
 brook,
 Bordered with sparkling frost-work,
 was as gay
 As with its fringe of summer flowers.
 Afar, 30
 The village with its spires, the path of
 streams,

And dim receding valleys, hid before
 By interposing trees, lay visible
 Through the bare grove, and my
 familiar haunts
 Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow
 to come 35
 Among them, when the clouds, from
 their still skirts,
 Had shaken down on earth the feathery
 snow,
 And all was white. The pure keen air
 abroad,
 Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor
 heard
 Love-call of bird nor merry hum of
 bee, 40
 Was not the air of death. Bright
 mosses crept
 Over the spotted trunks, and the close
 buds
 That lay along the boughs, instinct
 with life,
 Patient, and waiting the soft breath
 of Spring,
 Feared not the piercing spirit of the
 North. 45
 The snow-bird twittered on the beechen
 bough;
 And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick
 branches bent
 Beneath its bright cold burden, and
 kept dry
 A circle on the earth of withered
 leaves,
 The partridge found a shelter. Through
 the snow 50
 The rabbit sprang away. The lighter
 track
 Of fox, and the raccoon's broad path,
 were there,
 Crossing each other. From his hollow
 tree,
 The squirrel was abroad, gathering the
 nuts
 Just fallen, that asked the winter cold
 and sway 55
 Of winter blast, to shake them from
 their hold.

But winter has yet brighter scenes,
 —he boasts
 Splendors beyond what gorgeous Sum-
 mer knows,

Or Autumn, with his many fruits, and
 woods
 All flushed with many hues. Come,
 when the rains 60
 Have glazed the snow and clothed the
 trees with ice,
 While the slant sun of February pours
 Into the bowers a flood of light. Ap-
 proach!
 The incrustated surface shall upbear thy
 steps,
 And the broad arching portals of the
 grove 65
 Welcome thy entering. Look! the
 massy trunks
 Are cased in the pure crystal; each
 light spray,
 Nodding and tinkling in the breath of
 heaven,
 Is studded with its trembling water-
 drops,
 That glimmer with an amethystine
 light. 70
 But round the parent stem the long low
 boughs
 Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors
 hide
 The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem
 the spot
 The spacious cavern of some virgin
 mine,
 Deep in the womb of earth—where the
 gems grow, 75
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods
 and bud
 With amethyst and topaz—and the
 place
 Lit up, most royally, with the pure
 beam
 That dwells in them; or haply the vast
 hall
 Of fairy palace, that outlasts the
 night 80
 And fades not in the glory of the sun,
 Where crystal columns send forth slen-
 der shafts
 And crossing arches, and fantastic
 aisles
 Wind from the sight in brightness and
 are lost
 Among the crowded pillars. Raise
 thine eye;
 Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace
 vault;

There the blue sky and the white drift-
 ing cloud
 Look in. Again the wildered fancy
 dreams
 Of spouting fountains, frozen as they
 rose,
 And fixed, with all their branching jets,
 in air, 90
 And all their sluices sealed. All, all is
 light;
 Light without shade. But all shall
 pass away
 With the next sun. From numberless
 vast trunks
 Loosened, the crashing ice shall make
 a sound
 Like the far roar of rivers, and the
 eve 95
 Shall close o'er the brown woods as
 it was wont.

And it is pleasant, when the noisy
 streams
 Are just set free, and milder suns melt
 off
 The flashy snow, save only the firm
 drift
 In the deep glen or the close shade of
 pines, 100
 'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of
 smoke
 Roll up among the maples of the hill,
 Where the shrill sound of youthful
 voices wakes
 The shriller echo, as the clear pure
 lymph,
 That from the wounded trees, in
 twinkling drops, 105
 Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the
 morn,
 Is gathered in with brimming pails, and
 oft,
 Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of
 axe
 Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet
 air
 Come, and float calmly off, the soft
 light clouds, 110
 Such as you see in summer, and the
 winds
 Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in
 sunny cleft,
 Where the cold breezes come not,
 blooms alone

The little wind-flower, whose just
 opened eye
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes
 at— 115
 Startling the loiterer in the naked
 groves
 With unexpected beauty, for the time
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet
 afar.
 And ere it comes, the encountering
 winds shall oft
 Muster their wrath again, and rapid
 clouds 120
 Shade heaven, and, bounding on the
 frozen earth,
 Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded
 like hail
 And white like snow, and the loud
 North again
 Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last
 steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost
 thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?
 Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do
 thee wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson
 sky,
 Thy figure floats along.
 Seek'st thou the flashy brink 9
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and
 sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?
 There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless
 coast—
 The desert and illimitable air— 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.
 All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin at-
 mosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
 land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
 and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds
 shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest. 24

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on
 my heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
 given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy
 certain flight, 30
 In the long way that I must tread
 alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and
 the wild
 Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
 Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy
 foot
 Fail not with weariness, for on their
 tops
 The beauty and the majesty of earth, 5
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee
 to forget
 The steep and toilsome way. There, as
 thou stand'st,
 The haunts of men below thee, and
 around
 The mountain-summits, thy expanding
 heart
 Shall feel a kindred with that loftier
 world 10
 To which thou art translated, and par-
 take
 The enlargement of thy vision. Thou
 shalt look
 Upon the green and rolling forest-
 tops,
 And down into the secrets of the glens,
 And streams that with their bordering
 thickets strive 15
 To hide their windings. Thou shalt
 gaze, at once,
 Here on white villages, and tilth, and
 herds,

And swarming roads, and there on soli-
 tudes
 That only hear the torrent, and the
 wind,
 And eagle's shriek. There is a preci-
 pice 20
 That seems a fragment of some mighty
 wall,
 Built by the hand that fashioned the
 old world,
 To separate its nations, and thrown
 down
 When the flood drowned them. To the
 north, a path
 Conducts you up the narrow battle-
 ment. 25
 Steep is the western side, shaggy and
 wild
 With mossy trees, and pinnacles of
 flint,
 And many a hanging crag. But, to the
 east,
 Sheer to the vale go down the bare old
 cliffs—
 Huge pillars, that in middle heaven up-
 bear 30
 Their weather-beaten capitals, here
 dark
 With moss, the growth of centuries, and
 there
 Of chalky whiteness where the thun-
 der-bolt
 Has splintered them. It is a fearful
 thing
 To stand upon the beetling verge, and
 see 35
 Where storm and lightning, from that
 huge gray wall,
 Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at
 the base
 Dashed them in fragments, and to lay
 thine ear
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the
 sound
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods
 below, 40
 Come up like ocean murmurs. But the
 scene
 Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
 Wanders amid the fresh and fertile
 meads,
 The paradise he made unto himself,
 Mining the soil for ages. On each
 side 45

The fields swell upward to the hills;
beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance,
rise
The mountain-columns with which
earth props heaven.

There is a tale about these reverend
rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love, 50
And sorrows borne and ended, long
ago,
When over these fair vales the savage
sought
His game in the thick woods. There
was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-
eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light
form, 55
And a gay heart. About her cabin-
door
The wide old woods resounded with her
song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was
deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes, 60
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and
long
Against her love, and reasoned with her
heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In
vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her
step
Its lightness, and the gray-haired men
that passed 65
Her dwelling, wondered that they heard
no more
The accustomed song and laugh of her,
whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring,
they said,
Upon the Winter of their age. She
went
To weep where no eye saw, and was
not found 70
Where all the merry girls were met to
dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were
out;
Nor when they gathered from the
rustling husk

The shining ear; nor when, by the
river's side,
They pulled the grape and startled the
wild shades 75
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed
Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they
saw
Her wasting form, and say, *The girl
will die.*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent
years, 80
She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st,
and thou alone,"
She said, "for I have told thee, all my
love,
And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of
life.
All night I weep in darkness, and the
morn
Glares on me, as upon a thing ac-
cursed, 85
That has no business on the earth. I
hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils
that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my
friends
Sound in my ear like mockings, and,
at night,
In dreams, my mother, from the land
of souls, 90
Calls me and chides me. All that look
on me
Do seem to know my shame; I cannot
bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart
root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must
die."

It was a summer morning, and they
went 95
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and
shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the
tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit, for they
deemed,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that
God 100

Doth walk on the high places and af-
 fect
 The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She
 had on
 The ornaments with which her father
 loved
 To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed
 girl,
 And bade her wear when stranger war-
 riors came 105
 To be his guests. Here the friends sat
 them down
 And sang, all day, old songs of love and
 death,
 And decked the poor wan victim's hair
 with flowers,
 And prayed that safe and swift might
 be her way
 To the calm world of sunshine, where
 no grief 110
 Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids
 red.
 Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
 Below her—waters resting in the em-
 brace
 Of the wide forest, and maize-planted
 glades
 Opening amid the leafy wilderness. 115
 She gazed upon it long, and at the
 sight
 Of her own village peeping through the
 trees,
 And her own dwelling, and the cabin
 roof
 Of him she loved with an unlawful
 love,
 And came to die for, a warm gush of
 tears 120
 Ran from her eyes. But when the sun
 grew low
 And the hill shadows long, she threw
 herself
 From the steep rock and perished.
 There was scooped,
 Upon the mountain's southern slope, a
 grave;
 And there they laid her, in the very
 garb 125
 With which the maiden decked herself
 for death,
 With the same withering wild-flowers
 in her hair,
 And o'er the mould that covered her,
 the tribe

Built up a simple monument, a cone
 Of small loose stones. Thenceforward
 all who passed, 130
 Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a
 stone
 In silence on the pile. It stands there
 yet.
 And Indians from the distant West,
 who come
 To visit where their fathers' bones are
 laid,
 Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this
 day 135
 The mountain where the hapless maiden
 died
 Is called the Mountain of the Monu-
 ment.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples.
 Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the archi-
 trave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere
 he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling
 wood, 5
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt
 down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn
 thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the
 place, 10
 And from the gray old trunks that high
 in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from
 the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at
 once
 All their green tops, stole over him,
 and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless
 power 15
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years,
 neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let
 me, at least, 20

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it
find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns,
thou

Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou
didst look down 25

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith,
rose

All these fair ranks of trees. They,
in thy sun,

Budded, and shook their green leaves in
thy breeze,

And shot toward heaven. The cen-
tury-living crow

Whose birth was in their tops, grew
old and died 30

Among their branches, till, at last, they
stood,

As now they stand, massy, and tall,
and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to
hold

Communion with his Maker. These
dim vaults,

These winding aisles, of human pomp
or pride 35

Report not. No fantastic carvings
show

The boast of our vain race to change
the form

Of thy fair works. But thou art here
—thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft
winds

That run along the summit of these
trees 40

In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the
place

Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks,
the ground,

The fresh moist ground, are all instinct
with thee.

Here is continual worship;—Nature,
here, 45

In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly,
around,

From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that,
midst its herbs,

Wells softly forth and wandering steep
the roots 50

Of half the mighty forest, tells no
tale

Of all the good it does. Thou hast not
left

Thyself without a witness, in the
shades,

Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength,
and grace

Are here to speak of thee. This mighty
oak— 55

By whose immovable stem I stand and
seem

Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the
deep,

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with
which 60

Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at
his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the
glare

Of the broad sun. That delicate forest
flower,

With scented breath and look so like a
smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless
mould, 65

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,

That are the soul of this great uni-
verse.

My heart is awed within me when I
think

Of the great miracle that still goes
on, 70

In silence, round me—the perpetual
work

Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.

Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of de-
cay 76

Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful
youth

In all its beautiful forms. These lofty
trees

Wave not less proudly that their an-
cestors

Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is
not lost 80

One of earth's charms: upon her bosom
yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning
lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle
hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats
himself 85
Upon the tyrant's throne — the
sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly
foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he
came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have
no end.
There have been holy men who hid
themselves 90
Deep in the woody wilderness, and
gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till
they outlived
The generation born with them, nor
seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and
rocks
Around them;—and there have been
holy men 95
Who deemed it were not well to pass
life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps
shrink 100
And tremble and are still. O God!
when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests,
set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts,
or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots
the woods 105
And drowns the villages; when, at thy
call,
Uprises the great deep and throws him-
self
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the
sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy
power, 110

His pride, and lays his strifes and fol-
lies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy
face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need
the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to
teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to medi-
tate, 115
In these calm shades, thy milder
majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

“O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS”

O fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a
child, 5
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks; 10
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look 15
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there. 20

JUNE

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune, 6
And groves a joyous sound,

The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should
break.

A cell within the frozen mold, 10
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze, 15
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mold gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer
hours,
The golden light should lie, 20
And thick young herbs and groups of
flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly 25
Should rest him there, and there be
heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon 30
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around 35
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow; 40
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to
weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and
bloom
Should keep them lingering by my
tomb. 45

These to their softened hearts should
bear
The thought of what has been,

And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills, 51
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE PAST

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark
domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing
reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn, 5
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy
womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us
to the ground, 10
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are
bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good,
the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears— 15
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire
intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives
thence. 20

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence
depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the
broken heart.

In thy abysses hide 25
Beauty and excellence unknown; to
thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
 Unpublished charity, unbroken faith, 30
 Love, that midst grief began,
 And grew with years, and faltered not
 in death.

Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, un-
 revered;
 With thee are silent fame, 35
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disap-
 peared.

Thine for a space are they—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasure up at
 last:

Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past! 40

All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest
 time,
 Shall then come forth to wear
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no! 45
 Kind words, remembered voices once so
 sweet,
 Smiles, radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent
 seat.

All shall come back; each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again; 50
 Alone shall Evil die,
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy
 reign.

And then shall I behold
 Him,¹ by whose kind paternal side I
 sprung,
 And her,² who, still and cold, 55
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and
 young.

THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breakest through my lat-
 tice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry
 day,

¹ Bryant's father ² Bryant's sister

Gratefully flows thy freshness round
 my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at
 play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till
 now, 5
 Roughening their crests, and scatter-
 ing high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome
 thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer
 of the sea!

Nor I alone; a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses
 bound 11
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of
 night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful
 sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond
 the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go
 forth, 15
 God's blessing breathed upon the faint-
 ing earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his
 nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with
 stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic
 rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable
 boughs 20
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt
 his breast;
 Pleasant shall be thy way where
 meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling
 waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches
 sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his sil-
 ver head 25
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child
 asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that over-
 spread
 His temples, while his breathing
 grows more deep;

And they who stand about the sick
 man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant
 sweep, 30
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning
 brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of Nature, shall
 restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy
 mighty range, 35
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep
 once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and
 strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of
 the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall
 deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running
 stream. 40

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own
 blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night—

Thou comest not when violets lean 5
 O'er wandering brooks and springs un-
 seen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are
 flown, 10
 And frosts and shortening days por-
 tend
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall 15
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look at heaven as I depart. 20

THE PRAIRIES

These are the gardens of the Desert,
 these
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beau-
 tiful,
 For which the speech of England has
 no name—
 The Prairies. I behold them for the
 first,
 And my heart swells while the dilated
 sight 5
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo!
 they stretch
 In airy undulations, far away,
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
 Stood still, with all his rounded bil-
 lows fixed,
 And motionless forever.—Motion-
 less?— 10
 No—they are all unchained again. The
 clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, be-
 neath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the
 eye;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along and
 chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the
 South! 15
 Who toss the golden and the flame-like
 flowers,
 And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised
 on high,
 Flaps his broad-wings, yet moves not
 —ye have played
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines
 Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid
 brooks 20
 That from the fountains of Sonora
 glide
 Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than
 this?
 Man hath no power in all this glorious
 work:
 The hand that built the firmament
 hath heaved 25
 And smoothed these verdant swells,
 and sown their slopes
 With herbage, planted them with island
 groves,
 And hedged them round with forests.
 Fitting floor

For this magnificent temple of the sky—

With flowers whose glory and whose multitude ³⁰

Rival the constellations! The great heavens

Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—

A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed, ³⁵

Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides

The hollow beating of his footstep seems

A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—

The dead of other days?—and did the dust ⁴⁰

Of these fair solitudes once stir with life

And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds

That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,

Answer. A race, that long has passed away, ⁴⁵

Built them;—a disciplined and populous race

Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields ⁵⁰

Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,

When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,

And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.

All day this desert murmured with their toils,

Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, ⁵⁵

and wooed

In a forgotten language, and old tunes,

From instruments of unremembered form,

Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—

The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,

And the mound-builders vanished from the earth. ⁶⁰

The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf

Hunts in their meadows; and his fresh-dug den

Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground

Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone; ⁶⁵

All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,

The platforms where they worshiped unknown gods,

The barriers which they builded from the soil

To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls

The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one, ⁷⁰

The strongholds of the plain were forced and heaped

With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood

Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers,

And sat unscared and silent at their feast.

Haply some solitary fugitive, ⁷⁵

Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense

Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.

Man's better nature triumphed then.
Kind words

Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors ⁸⁰

Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose

A bride among their maidens, and at length

Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife

Of his first love, and her sweet little ones

Butchered amid their shrieks, with all his race. ⁸⁵

Thus change the forms of being.
 Thus arise
 Races of living things, glorious in
 strength,
 And perish, as the quickening breath
 of God
 Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red
 man, too,
 Has left the blooming wilds he ranged
 so long, 90
 And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains,
 sought
 A wider hunting-ground. The beaver
 builds
 No longer by these streams, but far
 away,
 On waters whose blue surface ne'er
 gave back
 The white man's face—among Mis-
 souri's springs, 95
 And pools whose issues swell the Ore-
 gon—
 He rears his little Venice. In these
 plains
 The bison feeds no more. Twice
 twenty leagues
 Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's
 camp,
 Roams the majestic brute, in herds that
 shake 100
 The earth with thundering steps—yet
 here I meet
 His ancient footprints stamped beside
 the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with
 life.
 Myriads of insects, gaudy as the
 flowers
 They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
 And birds, that scarce have learned the
 fear of man, 106
 Are here, and sliding reptiles of the
 ground,
 Startlingly beautiful. The graceful
 deer
 Bounds to the wood at my approach.
 The bee,
 A more adventurous colonist than
 man, 110
 With whom he came across the eastern
 deep,
 Fills the savannas with his murmur-
 ings,

And hides his sweets, as in the golden
 age,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multi-
 tude 116
 Which soon shall fill these deserts.
 From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the
 soft voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn
 hymn
 Of Sabbath worshipers; the low of
 herds 120
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy
 grain
 Over the dark-brown furrows. All at
 once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks
 my dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood, 5
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass, 10
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight 15
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again; 20
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil: 25
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up, 30
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly 35
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds. 40
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts the tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp— 45
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad San-
 tee,¹
 Grave men with hoary hairs; 50
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer, 55
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore. 60

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, 5
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest, 10
 Wearing a bright black wedding-
 coat;

¹ a river in South Carolina

White are his shoulders and white his
 crest;
 Hear him call in his merry note:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink; 15
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
 wings, 20
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her hus-
 band sings,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Brood, kind creature; you need not
 fear 25
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
 One weak chirp is her only note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is
 he, 30
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you
 can! 35
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, 41
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee. 45

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry
 brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, 50
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made 55
Sober with work, and silent with
care;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink; 60

Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are
grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows; 65
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old
strain, 70

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand, 5
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave, 10
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of
light,

Among the noble host of those 15
Who perished in the cause of Right.

JONES VERY (1813-1880)

THE SOLDIER

He was not armed like those of eastern
clime,
Whose heavy axes felled their heathen
foes;

Nor was he clad like those of later
time,

Whose breast-worn cross betrayed no
cross below.

Nor was he of the tribe of Levi born, 5
Whose pompous rites proclaim how
vain their prayer;

Whose chilling words are heard at night
and morn,

Who rend their robes, but still their
hearts would spare.

But he nor steel nor sacred robe had
on,

Yet went he forth in God's almighty
power, 10

And spake the Word whose will is ever
done

From day's first dawn till earth's re-
motest hour;

And mountains melted from his pres-
ence down,

And hell, affrighted, fled before his
frown.

THE DEAD

I see them. Crowd on crowd they walk
the earth,

Dry, leafless trees no autumn wind laid
bare;

And in their nakedness find cause for
mirth,

And all unclad would winter's rude-
ness dare.

No sap doth through their clattering
branches flow, 5

Whence springing leaves and blossoms
bright appear;

Their hearts the Living God have
ceased to know,

Who gives the spring-time to th' ex-
pectant year.

They mimic life, as if from him to
steal

His glow of health to paint the livid
cheek; 10

They borrow words for thoughts they
cannot feel,

That with a seeming heart their tongue
may speak;

And in their show of life more dead
they live

Than those that to the earth with
many tears they give.

THE WAR

I saw a war, yet none the trumpets
blew,
Nor in their hands the steel-wrought
weapons bare;
And in that conflict armed there fought
but few,
And none that in the world's loud tu-
mults share.
They fought against their wills,—the
stubborn foe 5
That mail-clad warriors left unfought
within,
And wordy champions left unslain be-
low—
The ravening wolf though drest in
fleecy skin.
They fought for peace; not that the
world can give,
Whose tongue proclaims the war its
hands have ceased, 10
And bids us as each other's neighbor
live,
Ere haughty Self within us has de-
ceased.
They fought for Him whose kingdom
must increase
Good will to men, on earth forever
peace.

THE ARK

There is no change of time and place
with Thee;
Where'er I go, with me 'tis still the
same;
Within Thy presence I rejoice to be,
And always hallow Thy most holy
name.
The world doth ever change; there is
no peace 5
Among the shallows of its storm-vexed
breast;
With every breath the frothy waves
increase;
They toss up mire and dirt; they can-
not rest.
I thank Thee that within Thy strong-
built ark
My soul across the uncertain sea can
sail, 10
And though the night of death be long
and dark

My hopes in Christ shall reach within
the veil,
And to the promised haven steady
steer,
Whose rest to those who love is ever
near.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF
USHER

Son coeur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.

DE BÉRANGER.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and
soundless day in the autumn of the
year, when the clouds hung oppres-
sively low in the heavens, I had been
passing alone, on horseback, through a
singularly dreary tract of country; and
at length found myself, as the shades
of the evening drew on, within view
of the melancholy House of Usher. I
know not how it was—but, with the
first glimpse of the building, a sense
of insufferable gloom pervaded my
spirit. I say insufferable; for the feel-
ing was unrelieved by any of that half-
pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment
with which the mind usually receives
even the sternest natural images of the
desolate or terrible. I looked upon
the scene before me—upon the mere
house, and the simple landscape fea-
tures of the domain—upon the bleak
walls—upon the vacant eye-like win-
dows—upon a few rank sedges—and
upon a few white trunks of decayed
trees—with an utter depression of soul
which I can compare to no earthly
sensation more properly than to the
after-dream of the reveler upon opium
—the bitter lapse into every-day life
—the hideous dropping off of the veil.
There was an iciness, a sinking, a sick-
ening of the heart, an unredeemed
dreariness of thought which no goading
of the imagination could torture into
aught of the sublime. What was it—
I paused to think—what was it that
so unnerved me in the contemplation

of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considera-¹⁰ tions beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the²⁰ dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my³⁰ boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental dis-⁴⁰ order which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I⁵⁰ accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even

intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include,⁴⁰ in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason

only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence con-

ducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it,

I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Rod-¹⁰ erick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beau-²⁰ tiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily³⁰ to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to⁴⁰ grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not even with effort, connect its arabesque¹ expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile⁵⁰ struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I

¹ fantastic

had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance—which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have,

indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm; Fear.”

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long suffering, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother;

but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous luster over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my

ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why;—from these paintings (vivid as 10 their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Rod-
 erick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, 20 there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may 30 be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to

the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rimed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

I

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wingèd odor went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting,
 Porphyrogene,¹
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,

¹ Born to the purple

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)

And, round about his home, the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows, see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a rapid ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out forever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty, (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization.¹ I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest abandon of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the

¹inorganic matter

evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Vervet et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor*, of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm* by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean d'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorum* by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne, and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliae Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiae Maguntinae*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his reso-

lution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encased, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed be-

tween them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch,

while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, ²⁰ hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night) and ²⁰ endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, ⁴⁰ and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me, but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—“you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you

shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A ¹⁰ whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing ²⁰ away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous ²⁰ and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. “These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank ⁴⁰ miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it ⁵⁰ a favorite of Usher’s more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality

of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he¹⁰ hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it²⁰ will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and malicious turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders,³⁰ and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I⁴⁰ started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound⁵⁰ which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of

the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged, and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend en-written—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient⁵⁰ presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question, although, assuredly,

a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic and clangorous yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over

him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and have heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now tonight—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher*."

THE PURLOINED LETTER

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.
SENECA.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain*. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as

something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G's saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy

over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare?"—

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to

thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for politi-

cal purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's Hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait*¹ in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is

¹ expert

a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened

every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth¹⁰ part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides,³⁰ in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces *all* the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the Hotel, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed⁵⁰ to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gap-

ing in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every

carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is not upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G—. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

"Well, but G—, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as over-reaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I will say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain

me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G—, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff—Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual."

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would you have directed him to take?'"

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take advice, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am perfectly willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would really give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for

fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge to which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles.

One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd'; he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even'; he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy

lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is ad-measured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin, "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*: but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the *application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way

hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherches*,¹ nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these

¹carefully sought out

opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier,*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra,' about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*' implies ambition, '*religio*,' religion, or '*homines honesti*,' a set of honorable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure algebra* are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually untrue that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry, also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have

not, necessarily, a value when united equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned *Mythology*, mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' *are* believed and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is *not* altogether equal to q ; and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*.¹ Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the way-layings to which he was subjected. He

¹ *intriguer*

must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact did finally arrive,—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his Hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merri-ment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*,¹ for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that

¹ force of inertia

its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again, have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word,—the name of town, river, state, or empire,—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the overlargely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the

more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial Hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree cardrack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of

which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good-morning, and took my

departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the Hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams,¹⁰ and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile (so far as regards externals—which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing³⁰ the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a facsimile? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His⁴⁰ Hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned.⁵⁰ For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he

will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*;¹ but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*,² an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left²⁰ for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words:—

—Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*."

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

ROME

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged;

¹ the path down to Hades is easy

² dreadful monster

this was a point definitely settled—but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face; and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full

Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement;—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrustured with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire¹ closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.²

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaus, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cau-

¹ short cloak

² residence

tious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams 10 from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be respon- 30 sible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure;¹ the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are embedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"²

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grève. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brother- 40 hood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

¹a foot of gold on a blue field

²no one challenges me with impunity

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaus rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was

too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed

my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

“Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo,—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“*For the love of God, Montresor!*”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again—

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat.*

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow—
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream; 5
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less *gone*?
All that we see or seem 10
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand— 15
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp? 20
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

ROMANCE

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet 5
Hath been—a most familiar bird—
Taught me my alphabet to say—
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child—with a most knowing eye. 10

Of late, eternal Condor years
So shake the very Heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky. 15
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings—
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime 20
Unless it trembled with the strings.

SONNET—TO SCIENCE

Science! true daughter of Old Time
thou art!

Who alterest all things with thy peer-
ing eyes.

Why prevest thou thus upon the poet's
heart,

Vulture, whose wings are dull reali-
ties?

How should he love thee? or how deem
thee wise,

Who wouldst not leave him in his
wandering

To seek for treasure in the jewelled
skies,

Albeit he soared with an undaunted
wing?

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her
car?

And driven the Hamadryad from the
wood

To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from

her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and

from me
The summer dream beneath the tama-
rind tree?

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me

Like those Niçean barks of yore,

That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,

The weary, wide-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,

Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home

To the glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche

How statue-like I see thee stand,

The agate lamp within thy hand!

Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings
are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of
all God's creatures.—*Koran*.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell

"Whose heart-strings are a lute";

None sing so wildly well

As the angel Israfil,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell)

Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above

In her highest noon,

The enamoured moon

Blushes with love,

While, to listen, the red levin¹

(With the rapid Pleiads, even,

Which were seven),

Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir

And the other listening things)

That Israfil's fire

Is owing to that lyre

By which he sits and sings—

The trembling living wire

Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,

Where deep thoughts are a duty—

Where Love's a grown-up God—

Where the Houri glances are

Imbued with all the beauty

Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,

Israfil, who despisest

An unimpassioned song;

To thee the laurels belong,

Best bard, because the wisest!

Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above

With thy burning measures suit—

Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy
love,

With the fervor of thy lute—

Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this

Is a world of sweets and sour;

Our flowers are merely—flowers,

And the shadow of thy perfect bliss

Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell

Where Israfil

Hath dwelt, and he where I,

¹ lightning

He might not sing so wildly well
 A mortal melody,
 While a bolder note than this might
 swell 50
 From my lyre within the sky.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
 In a strange city lying alone
 Far down within the dim West,
 Where the good and the bad and the
 worst and the best
 Have gone to their eternal rest. 5
 There shrines and palaces and towers
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
 Resemble nothing that is ours.
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,
 Resignedly beneath the sky 10
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come
 down
 On the long night-time of that town;
 But light from out the lurid sea
 Streams up the turrets silently— 15
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly
 halls—
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
 Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers 19
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
 Up many and many a marvelous shrine
 Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie. 25
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves 30
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye—
 Not the gayly-jeweled dead,
 Tempt the waters from their bed; 35
 For no ripples curl, alas!
 Along that wilderness of glass—
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea—
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene. 41

But lo, a stir is in the air!
 The wave—there is a movement there!
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide— 45
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy Heaven.
 The waves have now a redder glow—
 The hours are breathing faint and low—
 And when, amid no earthly moans, 50
 Down, down that town shall settle
 hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl!
 The spirit flown forever!
 Let the bell toll!—A saintly soul
 Glides down the Stygian river!
 And let the burial rite be read— 5
 The funeral song be sung—
 A dirge for the most lovely dead
 That ever died so young!
 And, Guy De Vere,
 Hast *thou* no tear? 10
 Weep now or nevermore!
 See, on yon drear
 And rigid bier,
 Low lies thy love Lenore!

"Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue 15
 With tears are streaming wet,
 Sees only, through
 Their crocodile dew,
 A vacant coronet—
 False friends! ye loved her for her
 wealth 20
 And hated her for pride,
 And, when she fell in feeble health,
 Ye blessed her—that she died.
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be
 read?
 The requiem *how* be sung 25
 For her most wrong'd of all
 the dead
 That ever died so young?"

*Peccavimus!*¹

But rave not thus!

And let the solemn song 30
 Go up to God so mournfully that *she*
 may feel no wrong!

¹ we have sinned

The sweet Lenore
 Hath "gone before"
 With young hope at her side,
 And thou art wild 35
 For the dead child
 That should have been thy
 bride—
 For her, the fair
 And debonair,
 That now so lowly lies— 40
 The life still there
 Upon her hair,
 The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt!—to-night
 My heart is light— 45
 No dirge will I upraise
 But waft the angel on her flight
 With a Pæan of old days!
 Let no bell toll!
 Lest her sweet soul, 50
 Amid its nallow'd mirth,
 Should catch the note
 As it doth float
 Up from the damned earth—
 To friends above, from fiends be-
 low, 55
 Th' indignant ghost is riven—
 From grief and moan
 To a gold throne
 Beside the King of Heaven!"

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine—
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine,
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and
 flowers, 5
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
 Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
 But to be overcast!
 A voice from out the Future cries, 10
 "On! On!"—but o'er the Past
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas! alas! with me
 The light of Life is o'er! 15
 No more—no more—no more—
 (Such language holds the solemn sea

To the sands upon the shore)
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
 Or the stricken eagle soar! 20

And all my days are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy grey eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams—
 In what ethereal dances, 25
 By what eternal streams.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 't is a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theater, to see 5
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low, 10
 And hither and thither fly—
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
 At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their Condor wings
 Invisible wo! 16

That motley drama—oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
 With its Phantom chased for evermore,
 By a crowd that seize it not, 20
 Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot;
 And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout 25
 A crawling shape intrude!
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!
 It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal
 pangs
 The mimes become its food, 30
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
 In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And, over each quivering form,
 The curtain, a funeral pall, 35
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,

While the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm. 40

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious vol-
 ume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, sud-
 denly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping
 at my chamber door.

"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tap-
 ping at my chamber door— 5
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
 bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly
 I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—
 sorrow for the lost Lenore— 10
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling
 of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating 15

"'T is some visitor entreating entrance
 at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber door;—

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesi-
 tating then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your
 forgiveness I implore; 20

But the fact is I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tap-
 ping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—
 here I opened wide the door:—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing, 25
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was
 the whispered word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo mur-
 mured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my
 soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
 louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is some-
 thing at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and
 this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and
 this mystery explore;— 35

'T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when,
 with many a flirt and flutter

In there stepped a stately Raven of the
 saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a
 minute stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
 above my chamber door— 40

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just
 above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
 fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the
 countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wan-
 dering from the Nightly shore— 46

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
 Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to
 hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—lit-
 tle relevancy bore; 50

For we cannot help agreeing that no
 living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
 above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
 above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely, on the
 placid bust, spoke only 55
 That one word, as if his soul in that
 one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered—not
 a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered
 "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my
 hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said "Never-
 more," 60

Startled at the stillness broken by reply
 so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is
 its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master
 whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till
 his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melan-
 choly burden bore 65
 Of 'Never—nevermore' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my
 fancy into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 front of bird and bust and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
 myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this
 ominous bird of yore— 70
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
 syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
 burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my
 head at ease reclining 75
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the
 lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the
 lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
 perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls
 tinkled on the tufted floor. 80
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
 thee—by these angels he hath sent
 thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy
 memories of Lenore;
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and
 forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
 prophet still, if bird or devil!— 85
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tem-
 pest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this
 desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell
 me truly, I implore—
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell
 me—tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." 90

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
 prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that Heaven that bends above us—
 by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if,
 within the distant Aidenn,¹
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore!" 95
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird
 or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and
 the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of
 that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit
 the bust above my door! 100
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and
 take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
 sitting, *still* is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above
 my chamber door;

¹ Paradise

And his eyes have all the seeming of a
 demon's that is dreaming, 105
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
 throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that
 lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
 The leaves they were crisped and
 sere—
 The leaves they were withering and
 sere;
 It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year; 5
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic, 10
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was
 volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll 15
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount
 Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober, 20
 But our thoughts they were palsied
 and sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and
 sere—
 For we knew not the month was Octo-
 ber,
 And we marked not the night of the
 year—
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
 We noted not the dim lake of
 Auber— 26
 (Though once we had journeyed
 down here)—
 Remembered not the dank tarn of
 Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent 30
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent 35
 Arose, with a duplicate horn—
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs: 41
 She has seen that the tears are not dry
 on
 These cheeks, where the worm never
 dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies— 45
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes." 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
 Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
 Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must." 55
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings until they trailed in the dust—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the
 dust. 60

I replied—"This is nothing but dream-
 ing;
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
 Its Sibyllic ¹ splendor is beaming
 With Hope and in Beauty to-
 night:— 65
 See! it flickers up the sky through
 the night!
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleam-
 ing,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright, 70
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through
 the night."

¹ mysterious

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom,
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of the vista, 75
 But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?"
 She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
 'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!" 81

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere,
 And I cried—"It was surely October 85
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
 That I brought a dread burden down here—
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?" 90
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver Bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night! 5
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme, 10
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells— 15
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten-golden notes, 20
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells, 25
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels, 30
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells! 35

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright! 40
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire, 45
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit, or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon. 50
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour 55
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows; 60
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the
 anger of the bells— 65
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the
 bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells— 70
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their
 tone! 75
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone, 81
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone— 85
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:—
 And their king it is who tolls:—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, 90
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells: 95
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells:—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time 100
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells:—
 Keeping time, time, time, 105
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells:—
 To the tolling of the bells— 110
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the
 bells.

FOR ANNIE

Thank Heaven! the crisis,
 The danger, is past,
 And the lingering illness
 Is over at last—
 And the fever called "Living" 5
 Is conquered at last.
 Sadly, I know
 I am shorn of my strength,
 And no muscle I move
 As I lie at full length— 10
 But no matter!—I feel
 I am better at length.
 And I rest so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
 That any beholder 15
 Might fancy me dead—
 Might start at beholding me,
 Thinking me dead.
 The moaning and groaning,
 The sighing and sobbing, 20
 Are quieted now,
 With that horrible throbbing
 At heart:—ah, that horrible,
 Horrible throbbing!
 The sickness—the nausea— 25
 The pitiless pain—
 Have ceased, with the fever
 That maddened my brain—
 With the fever called "Living"
 That burned in my brain. 30

And oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst
 Has abated—the terrible
 Torture of thirst
 For the naphthaline river 35
 Of passion accurst:—
 I have drank of a water
 That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
 With a lullaby sound, 40
 From a spring but a very few
 Feet under ground—
 From a cavern not very far
 Down under ground.

And ah! let it never 45
 Be foolishly said
 That my room it is gloomy
 And narrow my bed;
 For a man never slept
 In a different bed— 50
 And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
 Here blandly reposes,
 Forgetting, or never 55
 Regretting, its roses—
 Its old agitations
 Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
 Lying, it fancies 60
 A holier odor
 About it, of pansies—
 A rosemary odor,
 Commingled with pansies—
 With rue and the beautiful 65
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
 Bathing in many
 A dream of the truth
 And the beauty of Annie— 70
 Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
 She fondly caressed,
 And then I fell gently 75
 To sleep on her breast—
 Deeply to sleep
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
 She covered me warm, 80
 And she prayed to the angels
 To keep me from harm—
 To the queen of the angels
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly, 85
 Now, in my bed
 (Knowing her love),
 That you fancy me dead—
 And I rest so contentedly,
 Now, in my bed 90
 (With her love at my breast),
 That you fancy me dead—
 That you shudder to look at me,
 Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter 95
 Than all of the many
 Stars in the sky,
 For it sparkles with Annie—
 It glows with the light
 Of the love of my Annie— 100
 With the thought of the light
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you
 may know
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
 And this maiden she lived with no
 other thought 5
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was
 more than love—
 I and my ANNABEL LEE— 10
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me. 70

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling 15
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in
 heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men
 know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud
 by night, 25
 Chilling and killing my ANNABEL
 LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far
 than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven
 above, 30
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the
 soul
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without
 bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE, 35
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
 by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life
 and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea— 40
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song, 5
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell as he found 10
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow— 15

"Shadow," said he,
 "Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
 Of the Moon, 20
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,
 Ride, boldly ride,"
 The shade replied,—
 "If you seek for Eldorado."

REVIEW OF HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES

We said a few hurried words about Mr. Hawthorne in our last number, with the design of speaking more fully in the present. We are still, however, pressed for room, and must necessarily discuss his volumes more briefly and more at random than their high merits deserve.

The book professes to be a collection of *tales*, yet is, in two respects, misnamed. These pieces are now in their third republication, and, of course, are thrice-told. Moreover, they are by no means *all* tales, either in the ordinary or in the legitimate understanding of the term. Many of them are pure essays; for example, *Sights from a Steeple*, *Sunday at Home*, *Little Annie's Ramble*, *A Rill from the Town Pump*, *The Toll-Gatherer's Day*, *The Haunted Mind*, *The Sister Years*, *Snow-Flakes*, *Night Sketches*, and *Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore*. We mention these matters chiefly on account of their discrepancy with that marked precision and finish by which the body of the work is distinguished.

Of the essays just named, we must be content to speak in brief. They are each and all beautiful, without being characterized by the polish and adaptation so visible in the tales proper. A painter would at once note their leading or predominant feature, and style it *repose*. There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has

demonstrated the fact. At every turn we meet with novel combinations; yet these combinations never surpass the limits of the quiet. We are soothed as we read; and withal is a calm astonishment that ideas so apparently obvious have never occurred or been presented to us before. Herein our author differs materially from Lamb or Hunt or Hazlitt—who, with vivid originality of manner and expression, have less of the true novelty of thought than is generally supposed, and whose originality, at best, has an uneasy and meretricious quaintness, replete with startling effects unfounded in nature, and inducing trains of reflection which lead to no satisfactory result. The Essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more of originality, and less of finish; while, compared with *The Spectator*, they have a vast superiority at all points. *The Spectator*, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Hawthorne have in common that tranquil and subdued manner which we have chosen to denominate *repose*: but, in the case of the two former, this repose is attained rather by the absence of novel combination, or of originality, than otherwise, and consists chiefly in the calm, quiet, unostentatious expression of commonplace thoughts, in an unambitious, unadulterated Saxon. In them, by strong effort, we are made to conceive the absence of all. In the essays before us the absence of effort is too obvious to be mistaken, and a strong under-current of *suggestion* runs continuously beneath the upper stream of the tranquil thesis. In short, these effusions of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained, and in some measure repressed, by fastidiousness of taste, by constitutional melancholy, and by indolence.

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the high-

est genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rimed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem too brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water on the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things—pungent and spirit-stirring—but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis*.¹

Were we called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the de-

¹ You will be safest in the middle.

mands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading, would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents: but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such effects as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poet's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a tableland of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added here, *par parenthèse*,¹ that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by

¹ parenthetically

the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of *The Tales of a Traveler*, of Washington Irving, and these *Twice-Told Tales* of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's *Tales* we would say, emphatically, that they belong to the highest region of Art—an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretensions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these *Twice-Told Tales*. As Americans, we feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality—a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is but imperfectly understood. The inventive or original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of matter. Mr. Hawthorne is original at all points.

In the way of objection we have scarcely a word to say of these tales. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too general or prevalent *tone*—a tone of melancholy and mysticism. The sub-

jects are insufficiently varied. There is not so much of *versatility* evinced as we might well be warranted in expecting from the high powers of Mr. Hawthorne. But beyond these trivial exceptions we have really none to make. The style is purity itself. Force abounds. High imagination gleams from every page. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of the truest genius. We only regret that the limits of our Magazine will not permit us to pay him that full tribute of commendation, which, under other circumstances, we should be so eager to pay.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge*, says—"By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens's idea—but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis—or one is suggested by an incident of the day—or, at best, the author sets

himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or aurtorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, “Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?” Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say—but, perhaps, the aurtorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unman-

ageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders and demon-traps—the cock’s feathers, the red paint, and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select *The Raven*, as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referrible either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression—for, if two

sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*,¹ no poet can afford to dispense with *any thing* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting—and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (demanding no unity) this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect:—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper length for my intended poem—

¹other things being equal

a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed; and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul*—not of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating “the beautiful.” Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from any thing here

said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce con-

tinuously novel effects, by the variation of the *application* of the refrain—the refrain itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my refrain. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best refrain.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a refrain, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary: the refrain forming the close of each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "Nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature

repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non-reasoning* creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word, “Nevermore” at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—“Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?” “Death”—was the obvious reply. “And when,” I said, “is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?” From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—“When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*.” The death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress, and a Raven continuously repeating the word “Nevermore.” I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply “Nevermore”—that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the

second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself—by its frequent repetition—and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a phrenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* “Nevermore” the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query—that query to which “Nevermore” should be in the last place an answer—that in reply to which this word “Nevermore” should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil!
 prophet still if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—
 by that God we both adore,
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if
 within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore.”
 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

I composed this stanza, at this point, first, that by establishing the climax, I

might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover; and secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza,—as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite—and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing. The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of *The Raven*. The former is trochaic—the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet—the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds)—the third of eight—the fourth of seven and a half—the fifth the same—the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individ-

ually, has been employed before; and what originality *The Raven* has, is in their combination into stanza; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven—and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields—but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident:—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird—and the thought of introducing him through the window, was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a “tapping” at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader’s curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover’s throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven’s seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust

of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, *Pallas*, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also,¹⁰ I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic—approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

Not the least obeisance made he—not²⁰
a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of³⁰
the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven
thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wander-
ing from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on
the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl*⁴⁰
to hear discourse so plainly
Though its answer little meaning—lit-
tle relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no
living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."⁵⁰

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most

profound seriousness—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that
placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees any thing even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement*—which is now brought about as rapidly and as directly as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, every thing is within the limits of the accountable—of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition

of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-tor-¹⁰ture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are²⁰ invariably required—first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the³⁰ *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has⁴⁰ preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines—

"Take thy beak from out *my heart*,
and take thy form from off my
door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first⁵⁰ metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated.

The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above
my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of
a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul *from out that shadow*
that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

From THE POETIC PRINCIPLE

To recapitulate, then:—I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience, it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever³⁰ either with Duty or with Truth.

A few words, however, in explanation. That pleasure which is at once the most pure, the most elevating, and the most intense, is derived, I maintain, from the contemplation of the Beautiful. In the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement, of the soul, which we recognize as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, or from Passion, which is the excitement of the Heart. I make Beauty, therefore,—using the word as inclusive of the sublime,—I make Beauty the province of the poem, simply because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to⁵⁰ spring as directly as possible from their causes—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation in question is at least *most readily* attainable in the poem. It by

no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they may subserve, incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work; but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that *Beauty* which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(1804-1864)

PREFACE TO *TWICE-TOLD
TALES*

The Author of *Twice-Told Tales* has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America.

These stories were published in magazines and annuals, extending over a period of ten or twelve years, and comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making (so far as he has ever been aware) the slightest impression on the public. One or two among them, the "Rill from the Town Pump," in perhaps a greater degree than any other, had a pretty wide newspaper circulation; as for the rest, he had no grounds for supposing that, on their first appearance, they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody. Throughout the time above specified, he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit, nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which, in the long run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers. To this total lack of sympathy, at the age when his mind would naturally have

been most effervescent, the public owe it (and it is certainly an effect not to be regretted on either part) that the Author can show nothing for the thought and industry of that portion of his life, save the forty sketches, or thereabouts, included in these volumes.

Much more, indeed, he wrote; and some very small part of it might yet be rummaged out (but it would not be worth the trouble) among the dingy pages of fifteen-or-twenty-year-old periodicals, or within the shabby morocco covers of faded souvenirs. The remainder of the works alluded to had a very brief existence, but, on the score of brilliancy, enjoyed a fate vastly superior to that of their brotherhood, which succeeded in getting through the press. In a word, the Author burned them without mercy or remorse, and, moreover, without any subsequent regret, and had more than one occasion to marvel that such very dull stuff, as he knew his condemned manuscripts to be, should yet have possessed inflammability enough to set the chimney on fire!

After a long while the first collected volume of the *Tales* was published. By this time, if the Author had ever been greatly tormented by literary ambition (which he does not remember or believe to have been the case), it must have perished, beyond resuscitation, in the dearth of nutriment. This was fortunate; for the success of the volume was not such as would have gratified a craving desire for notoriety. A moderate edition was "got rid of" (to use the publisher's very significant phrase) within a reasonable time, but apparently without rendering the writer or his productions much more generally known than before. The great bulk of the reading public probably ignored the book altogether. A few persons read it, and liked it better than it deserved. At an interval of three or four years, the second volume was published, and encountered much the same sort of kindly, but calm, and very limited reception. The circulation of the two volumes was chiefly

confined to New England; nor was it until long after this period, if it even yet be the case, that the Author could regard himself as addressing the American public, or indeed, any public at all. He was merely writing to his known or unknown friends.

As he glances over these long-forgotten pages, and considers his way of life while composing them, the Author can very clearly discern why all this was so. After so many sober years, he would have reason to be ashamed if he could not criticise his own work as fairly as another man's; and, though it is little his business, and perhaps still less his interest, he can hardly resist a temptation to achieve something of the sort. If writers were allowed to do so, and would perform the task with perfect sincerity and unreserve, their opinions of their own productions would often be more valuable and instructive than the works themselves.

At all events, there can be no harm in the Author's remarking that he rather wonders how the *Twice-Told Tales* should have gained what vogue they did than that it was so little and so gradual. They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade,—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the Author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the production of a person in retirement (which happened to be the Author's category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which mark the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.

The Author would regret to be understood as speaking sourly or querulously of the slight mark made by his earlier literary efforts on the Public at large. It is so far the contrary, that he has been moved to write this Preface chiefly as affording him an opportunity to express how much enjoyment he has owed to these volumes, both before and since their publication. They are the memorials of very tranquil and not unhappy years. They failed, it is true,—nor could it have been otherwise,—in winning an extensive popularity. Occasionally, however, when he deemed them entirely forgotten, a paragraph or an article, from a native or foreign critic, would gratify his instincts of authorship with unexpected praise,—too generous praise, indeed, and too little alloyed with censure, which, therefore, he learned the

better to inflict upon himself. And by the by, it is a very suspicious symptom of a deficiency of the popular element in a book when it calls forth no harsh criticism. This has been particularly the fortune of the *Twice-Told Tales*. They made no enemies, and were so little known and talked about that those who read, and chanced to like them, were apt to conceive the sort of kindness for the book which a person naturally feels for a discovery of his own.

This kindly feeling (in some cases, at least) extended to the Author, who, on the internal evidence of his sketches, came to be regarded as a mild, shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive, and not very forcible man, hiding his blushes under an assumed name, the quaintness of which was supposed, somehow or other, to symbolize his personal and literary traits. He is by no means certain that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modified by a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him; nor, even now, could he forfeit it without a few tears of tender sensibility. To conclude, however: these volumes have opened the way to most agreeable associations, and to the formation of imperishable friendships; and there are many golden threads interwoven with his present happiness, which he can follow up more or less directly, until he finds their commencement here; so that his pleasant pathway among realities seems to proceed out of the Dream-land of his youth, and to be bordered with just enough of its shadowy foliage to shelter him from the heat of the day. He is therefore satisfied with what the *Twice-Told Tales* have done for him, and feels it to be far better than fame.

LENOX, January 11, 1851.

THE GRAY CHAMPION

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual

pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an im-

posing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the streets that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Phillip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such rever-

ence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mild-

ness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect¹ patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of

prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his

¹ await

breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of four-score years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old

man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's¹ name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of

¹ Oliver Cromwell

an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!”

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that, when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more

aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and

Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. * Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves,—as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique

dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates,¹ with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said,—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table, as black as ebony,

¹ a Greek physician

stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to my own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years

it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such

matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well

selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched

their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks, they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, 10 hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; 20 so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of 30 the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff 40 or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the 50 chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a cal-

culation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss

of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age,¹⁰ had effaced the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly²⁰ at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed⁴⁰ louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grand-sires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy⁵⁰ head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four

rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for

years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

10 ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS

At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband,¹ which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armor, and practise the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the King and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the King's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times when the folds of the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept

¹ militia

the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armor was so highly polished that the whole surrounding scene had its image in the glittering steel. The central object in the mirrored picture was an edifice of humble architecture with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it—what nevertheless it was—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house. The blood was still plashing on the doorstep. There happened to be visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavor to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post—with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely incased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the king, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label,—A WANTON GOSPELLER,—which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against

the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend that, the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several whose punishment would be life-long; some, whose ears had been cropped, like those of puppy dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope to some convenient beam or bough. There was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needlework; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything rather than Adulteress.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male popula-

tion of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates which inclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

"Come, my stout hearts!" quoth he, drawing his sword. "Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!"

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance with whom it behooved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his shoes were bemired as if he had been travelling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bubbling fountain which gushed into the sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of the meeting-house. But, ere the good man drank, he turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then, holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

"What, ho! good Mr. Williams,"

shouted Endicott. "You are welcome back again to our town of peace. How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful Sir," answered Roger Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And for the news, here is a letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to-day, his Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import; for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem and of course known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot where Endicott was standing under the banner of his company, and put the Governor's epistle into his hand. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat of arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter and began to read, while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it, till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yea, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the Governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion was likewise asked. And his Excellency entreats you by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and thereby give the King and the Archbishop a handle against us.

"The Governor is a wise man—a wise man, and a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is

neither man, woman, nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings; and if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow-soldiers,—fellow-exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread, and we must dig in the sands of the sea-shore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?"

"Call you this liberty of conscience?" interrupted a voice on the steps of the meeting-house.

It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott, in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit—an ominous gesture from a man like him.

"What hast thou to do with con-

science, thou knave?" cried he. "I said liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule him. Break not in upon my speech, or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Harken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the old world hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant—this grandson of a Papistical and adulterous Scotch woman whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block"—

"Nay, brother, nay," interposed Mr. Williams; "thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street."

"Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!" answered Endicott, imperiously. "My spirit is wiser than thine for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow-exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general, in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope's toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!"

A deep groan from the auditors,—a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow,—responded to this intelligence.

"Look ye to it, brethren," resumed Endicott, with increasing energy. "If this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring bell, and the

voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yea, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No,—be ye strong of hand and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate,—with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?"

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

"Officer, lower your banner!" said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

"Sacrilegious wretch!" cried the high-churchman in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself, "thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!"

"Treason, treason!" roared the royalist in the stocks. "He hath defaced the King's banner!"

"Before God and man, I will avouch the deed," answered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer!—shout, soldiers and people!—in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither Pope nor Tyrant hath part in it now!"

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated after the bones of the stern

Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

THE OLD MANSE

Between two tall gateposts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway towards the village burying-ground. The wheel-track leading to the door as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows, and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway, were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman,—a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer after-

noon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he by whose translation to paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater, number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality; a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unprejudiced, views of religion; histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here as he once proposed) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought,—these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone.

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever afforded its snug

seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote *Nature*; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or at least like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint and golden tinted paper-hangings lighted up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice; for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.

The study had three windows, set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped between the willow branches, down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the Manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations; he saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank. He

awaited, in an agony of suspense, the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house.

Perhaps the reader, whom I cannot help considering as my guest in the Old Manse and entitled to all courtesy in the way of sight-showing,—perhaps he will choose to take a nearer view of the memorable spot. We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord, the river of peace and quietness; for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity—the sea. Positively I had lived three weeks beside it before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect except when a northwestern breeze is vexing its surface on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle or affording even water power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and willows, or the roots of elms and ash trees and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink that it cannot be grasped save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the

black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see too in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

The reader must not, from any testimony of mine, contract a dislike towards our slumberous stream. In the light of a calm and golden sunset it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest. Each tree and rock and every blade of grass is distinctly imaged, and, however unsightly in reality, assumes ideal beauty in the reflection. The minutest things of earth and the broad aspect of the firmament are pictured equally without effort and with the same felicity of success. All the sky glows downward at our feet; the rich clouds float through the unruffled bosom of the stream like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart. We will not, then, malign our river as gross and impure while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it; or, if we remember its tawny hue and the muddiness of its bed, let it be a symbol that the earthliest human soul has an infinite spiritual capacity and may contain the better world within its depths. But, indeed, the same lesson might be drawn out of any mud puddle in the streets of a city; and, being taught us everywhere, it must be true.

Come, we have pursued a somewhat devious track in our walk to the battle-ground. Here we are, at the point where the river was crossed by the old bridge, the possession of which was the immediate object of the contest.

On the hither side grow two or three elms, throwing a wide circumference of shade, but which must have been planted at some period within the threescore years and ten that have passed since the battle day. . . . The stream here has about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm—a space not too wide when the bullets were whistling across. Old people who dwell hereabouts will point out the very spots on this western bank where our countrymen fell down and died; and on this side of the river an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood. . . .

A humbler token of the fight, yet a more interesting one than the granite obelisk, may be seen close under the stone well which separates the battle-ground from the precincts of the parsonage. It is the grave—marked by a small, moss-grown fragment of stone at the head and another at the foot—the grave of two British soldiers who were slain in the skirmish, and have ever since slept peacefully where Zechariah Brown and Thomas Davis buried them. Soon was their warfare ended; a weary night march from Boston, a rattling volley of musketry across the river, and then these many years of rest. In the long procession of slain invaders who passed into eternity from the battlefields of the Revolution, these two nameless soldiers lead the way.

Lowell, the poet, as we were once standing over this grave, told me a tradition in reference to one of the inhabitants below. The story has something deeply impressive, though its circumstances cannot altogether be reconciled with probability. A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood, that April morning, at the back door of the Manse, and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. . . . The British had by this time retreated, the Americans were in pur-

suit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground—one was a corpse; but as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy,—it must have been a nervous impulse, without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressible nature rather than a hardened one,—the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head.

I could wish that the grave might be opened; for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers has the mark of an axe in his skull. The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. . . .

But to return from this digression. A part of my predecessor's library was stored in the garret,—no unfit receptacle indeed for such dreary trash as comprised the greater number of volumes. The old books would have been worth nothing at an auction. In this venerable garret, however, they possessed an interest, quite apart from their literary value, as heirlooms, many of which had been transmitted down through a series of consecrated hands from the days of the mighty Puritan divines. Autographs of famous names were to be seen in faded ink on some of their flyleaves; and there were marginal observations or interpolated pages closely covered with manuscript in illegible shorthand, perhaps concealing matter of profound truth and wisdom. The world will never be the better for it. A few of the books were Latin folios, written by Catholic authors; others demolished Papistry, as with a sledge-hammer, in plain English. A

dissertation on the book of Job—which only Job himself could have had patience to read—filled at least a score of small, thickset quartos, at the rate of two or three volumes to a chapter. Then there was a vast folio body of divinity—too corpulent a body, it might be feared, to comprehend the spiritual element of religion. Volumes of this form dated back two hundred years or more, and were generally bound in black leather, exhibiting precisely such an appearance as we should attribute to books of enchantment. Others equally antique were of a size proper to be carried in the large waistcoat pockets of old times,—diminutive, but as black as their bulkier brethren, and abundantly interfused with Greek and Latin quotations. These little old volumes impressed me as if they had been intended for very large ones, but had been unfortunately blighted at an early stage of their growth.

The rain pattered upon the roof and the sky gloomed through the dusty garret windows while I burrowed among these venerable books in search of any living thought which should burn like a coal of fire or glow like an inextinguishable gem, beneath the dead trumpery that had long hidden it. But I found no such treasure; all was dead alike; and I could not but muse deeply and wonderingly upon the humiliating fact that the works of man's intellect decay like those of his hands. Thought grows moldy. What was good and nourishing food for the spirits of one generation affords no sustenance for the next. Books of religion, however, cannot be considered a fair test of the enduring and vivacious properties of human thought, because such books so seldom really touch upon their ostensible subject, and have, therefore, so little business to be written at all. So long as an unlettered soul can attain to saving grace there would seem to be no deadly error in holding theological libraries to be accumulations of, for the most part, stupendous impertinence.

Many of the books had accrued in the latter years of the last clergyman's lifetime. These threatened to be of even less interest than the elder works a century hence to any curious inquirer who should then rummage them as I was doing now. Volumes of the *Liberal Preacher* and *Christian Examiner*, occasional sermons, controversial pamphlets, tracts, and other productions of a like fugitive nature took the place of the thick and heavy volumes of past time. In a physical point of view, there was much the same difference as between a feather and a lump of lead; but, intellectually regarded, the specific gravity of old and new was about upon a par. Both also were alike frigid. The elder books nevertheless seemed to have been earnestly written, and might be conceived to have possessed warmth at some former period; although, with the lapse of time, the heated masses had cooled down even to the freezing point. The frigidity of the modern productions, on the other hand, was characteristic and inherent, and evidently had little to do with the writer's qualities of mind and heart. In fine, of this whole dusty heap of literature I tossed aside all the sacred part, and felt myself none the less a Christian for eschewing it. There appeared no hope of either mounting to the better world on a Gothic staircase of ancient folios or of flying thither on the wings of a modern tract.

Nothing, strange to say, retained any sap except what had been written for the passing day and year without the remotest pretension or idea of permanence. There were a few old newspapers, and still older almanacs, which reproduced to my mental eye the epochs when they had issued from the press with a distinctness that was altogether unaccountable. It was as if I had found bits of magic looking-glass among the books with the images of a vanished century in them. I turned my eyes towards the tattered pictures above mentioned, and asked of the austere divine wherefore it was

that he and his brethren, after the most painful rummaging and groping into their minds, had been able to produce nothing half so real as these newspaper scribblers and almanac makers had thrown off in the effervescence of a moment. The portrait responded not; so I sought an answer for myself. It is the age itself that writes newspapers and almanacs, which therefore have a distinct purpose and meaning at the time, and a kind of intelligible truth for all times; whereas most other works—being written by men who, in the very act, set themselves apart from their age—are likely to possess little significance when new, and none at all when old. Genius, indeed, melts many ages into one and thus effects something permanent, yet still with a similarity of office to that of the more ephemeral writer. A work of genius is but the newspaper of a century, or perchance of a hundred centuries.

Lightly as I have spoken of these old books, there yet lingers with me a superstitious reverence for literature of all kinds. A bound volume has a charm in my eyes similar to what scraps of manuscript possess for the good Mussulman. He imagines that those wind-wafted records are perhaps hallowed by some sacred verse; and I, that every new book, or antique one, may contain the "open sesame,"—the spell to disclose treasures hidden in some unsuspected cave of Truth. Thus it was not without sadness that I turned away from the library of the Old Manse.

Blessed was the sunshine when it came again at the close of another stormy day, beaming from the edge of the western horizon; while the massive firmament of clouds threw down all the gloom it could, but served only to kindle the golden light into a more brilliant glow by the strongly contrasted shadows. Heaven smiled at the earth, so long unseen, from beneath its heavy eyelid. Tomorrow for the hill tops and the wood paths.

Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians or any less conventional race during one bright semicircle of the sun. Rowing our boats against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lovely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth,—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet; while the stream whispers back again from its sedge borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes; the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which fall showers of broken sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene, the slumbering river has a dream picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real—the picture, or the original?—the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul. But both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm; and, had it been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character. . . .

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN

Young Goodman Brown came forth at sunset into the street at Salem village; but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap while she called to Goodman Brown.

"Dearest heart," whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, "prithee put off your journey until sunrise and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts that she's afraid of herself sometimes. Pray tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year."

"My love and my Faith," replied young Goodman Brown, "of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married?"

"Then God bless you!" said Faith, with the pink ribbons; "and may you find all well when you come back."

"Amen!" cried Goodman Brown. "Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee."

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought as she spoke there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done to-night. But no, no; 't would kill her to think it. Well, she's a blessed angel on earth;

and after this one night I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to heaven."

With this excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that with lonely footsteps he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude.

"There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree," said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him as he added, "What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow!"

His head being turned back, he passed a crook of the road, and looking forward again, beheld the figure of a man, in grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He arose at Goodman Brown's approach and walked onward side by side with him.

"You are late, Goodman Brown," said he. "The clock of the Old South was striking as I came through Boston, and that is full fifteen minutes ago."

"Faith kept me back a while," replied the young man, with a tremor in his voice, caused by the sudden appearance of his companion, though not wholly unexpected.

It was now deep dusk in the forest, and deepest in that part of it where these two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still they might have been taken for father and son. And yet, though the elder person was as simply

clad as the younger, and as simple in manner too, he had an indescribable air of one who knew the world, and who would not have felt abashed at the governor's dinner table or in King William's court, were it possible that his affairs should call him thither. But the only thing about him that could be fixed upon as remarkable was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought that it might almost be seen to twist and wiggle itself like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light.

"Come, Goodman Brown," cried his fellow-traveller, "this is a dull pace for the beginning of a journey. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary."

"Friend," said the other, exchanging his slow pace for a full top, "having kept covenant by meeting thee here, it is my purpose now to return whence I came. I have scruples touching the matter thou wot'st of."

"Sayest thou so?" replied he of the serpent, smiling apart. "Let us walk on, nevertheless, reasoning as we go; and if I convince thee not thou shalt turn back. We are but a little way in the forest yet."

"Too far! too far!" exclaimed the goodman, unconsciously resuming his walk. "My father never went into the woods on such an errand, nor his father before him. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians since the days of the martyrs; and shall I be the first of the name of Brown that ever took this path and kept?"

"Such company, thou wouldst say," observed the elder person, interpreting his pause. "Well said, Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no trifle to say. I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem; and it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth,

to set fire to an Indian village, in King Philip's war. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you for their sake."

"If it be as thou sayest," replied Goodman Brown, "I marvel they never spoke of these matters; or, verily, I marvel not, seeing that the least rumor of the sort would have driven them from New England. We are a people of prayer, and good works to boot, and abide no such wickedness."

"Wickedness or not," said the traveller with the twisted staff, "I have a very general acquaintance here in New England. The deacons of many a church have drunk the communion wine with me; the selectmen of divers towns make me their chairman; and a majority of the Great and General Court are firm supporters of my interest. The governor and I, too—but these are state secrets."

"Can this be so?" cried Goodman Brown, with a stare of amazement at his undisturbed companion. "Howbeit, I have nothing to do with the governor and council; they have their own ways, and are no rule for a simple husbandman like me. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble both Sabbath day and lecture day."

Thus far the elder traveller had listened with due gravity; but now burst into a fit of irrepressible mirth, shaking himself so violently that his snake-like staff actually seemed to wriggle in sympathy.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he again and again; then composing himself, "Well, go on, Goodman Brown, go on; but, prithee, don't kill me with laughing."

"Well, then, to end the matter at once," said Goodman Brown, considerably nettled, "there is my wife, Faith. It would break her dear little heart; and I'd rather break my own."

"Nay, if that be the case," answered

the other, "e'en go thy ways, Goodman Brown. I would not for twenty old women like the one hobbling before us that Faith should come to any harm."

As he spoke he pointed his staff at a female figure on the path, in whom Goodman Brown recognized a very pious and exemplary dame, who had taught him his catechism in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser, jointly with the minister and Deacon Gookin.

"A marvel, truly, that Goody Cloyse should be so far in the wilderness at nightfall," said he. "But with your leave, friend, I shall take a cut through the woods until we have left this Christian woman behind. Being a stranger to you, she might ask whom I was consorting with and whither I was going."

"Be it so," said his fellow-traveller. "Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path."

Accordingly the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words—a prayer, doubtless—as she went. The traveller put forth his staff and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

"The devil!" screamed the pious old lady.

"Then Goody Cloyse knows her old friend?" observed the traveller, confronting her and leaning on his withering stick.

"Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship indeed?" cried the good dame. "Yea, truly is it, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is. But—would your worship believe it?—my broomstick hath strangely disappeared, stolen, as I suspect, by that unhang'd witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all anointed with the juice of

smallage,¹ and cinquefoil,² and wolf's bane"³—

"Mingled with fine wheat and the fat of a new-born babe," said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

"Ah, your worship knows the recipe," cried the old lady, cackling aloud. "So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it; for they tell me there is a nice young man to be taken into communion to-night. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling."

"That can hardly be," answered her friend. "I may not spare you my arm, Goody Cloyse; but here is my staff, if you will."

So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to the Egyptian magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and, looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his fellow-traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"That old woman taught me my catechism," said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment.

They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he plucked a branch of maple to serve for a walking stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. The moment his fingers touched them they became strangely withered and dried up as with a week's sunshine. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of

¹wild celery
five-finger

²a plant popularly called
³aconite

the road, Goodman Brown sat himself down on the stump of a tree and refused to go any farther.

"Friend," said he, stubbornly, "my mind is made up. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil when I thought she was going to heaven: is that any reason why I should quit my dear Faith 10 and go after her?"

"You will think better of this by and by," said his acquaintance, composedly. "Sit here and rest yourself a while; and when you feel like moving again, there is my staff to help you along."

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was as speedily out of sight as if he had 20 vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister in his morning walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old Deacon Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his that very night, which was to have been spent so wickedly, but so 30 purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose that had brought him thither, though now so happily turned from it.

On came the hoof tramps and the 40 voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the young man's hiding-place; but, owing doubtless to the depth of the gloom at that particular spot, neither the travellers nor their steeds were visible. Though their figures brushed the small boughs by the 50 wayside, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky athwart which they must have

passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tiptoe, pulling aside the branches and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and Deacon Gookin, jogging 10 along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination or ecclesiastical council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch.

"Of the two, reverend sir," said the voice like the deacon's, "I had rather miss an ordination dinner than tonight's meeting. They tell me that some of our community are to be here 20 from Falmouth and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode Island, besides several of the Indian powwows, who, after their fashion, know almost as much deviltry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into commun- 30 ion."

"Mighty well, Deacon Gookin!" replied the solemn old tones of the minister. "Spur up, or we shall be late. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground."

The hoofs clattered again; and the voices, talking so strangely in the empty air, passed on through the forest, where no church had ever been gathered or solitary Christian prayed. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young Goodman Brown 40 caught hold of a tree for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburdened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a heaven above him. Yet there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it.

"With heaven above and Faith be- 50 low, I will yet stand firm against the devil!" cried Goodman Brown.

While he still gazed upward into the deep arch of the firmament and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud,

though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of towns-people of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine at Salem village, but never until now from a cloud of night. There was one voice, of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps it would grieve her to obtain; and all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

"Faith!" shouted Goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying, "Faith! Faith!" as if bewildered wretches were seeking her all through the wilderness.

The cry of grief, rage, and terror was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

"My Faith is gone!" cried he, after one stupefied moment. "There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil; for to thee is this world given."

And, maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did Goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate that he seemed to fly along the forest path rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds—the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Goodman Brown when the wind laughed at him. "Let us hear which will laugh loudest. Think not to frighten me with your deviltry. Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powwow, come devil himself, and here comes Goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you."

In truth, all through the haunted forest there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of Goodman Brown. On he flew among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance with the weight of many

voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out, and his cry was lost to his own ear by its union with the cry of the desert.

In the interval of silence he stole forward until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops aflame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage that had overgrown the summit of the rock was all on fire, blazing high into the night and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

"A grave and dark-clad company," quoth Goodman Brown.

In truth they were such. Among them, quivering to and fro between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen next day at the council board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm that the lady of the governor was there. At least there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light flashing over the obscure field bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church members of

Salem village famous for their special sanctity. Good old Deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his revered pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered also among their pale-faced enemies were the Indian priests, or powwows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

"But where is Faith?" thought Goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung; and still the chorus of the desert swelled between like the deepest tone of a mighty organ; and with the final peal of that dreadful anthem there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconcerted wilderness were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke wreaths above the impious assembly. At the same moment the fire on the rock shot redly forth and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the figure bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New England churches.

"Bring forth the converts!" cried a

voice that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well-nigh sworn that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old Deacon Gookin seized his arms and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she. And there stood the proselytes beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your race. Ye have found thus young your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!"

They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet here are they all in my worshipping assembly. This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widows' weeds, has given her husband a drink at bedtime and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste

to inherit their fathers' wealth; and how fair damsels—blush not, sweet ones—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin ye shall scent out all the places—whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest—where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood spot. Far more than this. It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power—than my power at its utmost—can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

They did so; and by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"Lo, there ye stand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race. "Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream. Now are ye undeceived. Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome again, my children, to the communion of your race."

"Welcome," repeated the fiend worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the shape of evil dip his hand and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and

thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance show them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed and what they saw!

"Faith! Faith!" cried the husband, "look up to heaven, and resist the wicked one."

Whether Faith obeyed he knew not. Hardly had he spoken when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock, and felt it chill and damp; while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew.

The next morning young Goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the graveyard to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on Goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint as if to avoid an anathema. Old Deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard through the open window. "What God doth the wizard pray to?" quoth Goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine at her own lattice, catechizing a little girl who had brought her a pint of morning's milk. Goodman Brown snatched away the child as from the grasp of the fiend himself. Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he spied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him that she skipped along the street and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But Goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep

in the forest and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting?

Be it so if you will; but, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for young Goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man did he become from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit with power and fervid eloquence, and, with his hand on the open Bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did Goodman Brown turn pale, dreading lest the roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, awaking suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith; and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grandchildren, a goodly procession, besides neighbors not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tombstone, for his dying hour was gloom.

PREFACE TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

When a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume had he professed to be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former—while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpar-

donably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart—has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he think fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights and deepen and enrich the shadows of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and, especially, to mingle the Marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime even if he disregard this caution.

In the present work, the author has proposed to himself—but with what success, fortunately, it is not for him to judge—to keep undeviatingly within his immunities. The point of view in which this tale comes under the Romantic definition lies in the attempt to connect a bygone time with the very present that is flitting away from us. It is a legend prolonging itself, from an epoch now gray in the distance, down into our own broad daylight, and bringing along with it some of its legendary mist, which the reader, according to his pleasure, may either disregard, or allow it to float almost imperceptibly about the characters and events for the sake of a picturesque effect. The narrative, it may be, is woven of so humble a texture as to require this advantage, and, at the same time, to render it the more difficult of attainment.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose, at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral,—the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief; and he would feel it a singular gratification if this romance might

effectually convince mankind—or, indeed, any one man—of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them, until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms. In good faith, however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind. When romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral as with an iron rod,—or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly,—thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

The reader may perhaps choose to assign an actual locality to the imaginary events of this narrative. If permitted by the historical connection,—which, though slight, was essential to his plan,—the author would very willingly have avoided anything of this nature. Not to speak of other objections, it exposes the romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism, by bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment. It has been no part of his object, however, to describe local manners, nor in any way to meddle with the characteristics of a community for whom he cherishes a proper respect and a natural regard. He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a

house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the tale—though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence—are really of the author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing; their virtues can shed no lustre, nor their defects redound, in the remotest degree, to the discredit of the venerable town of which they profess to be inhabitants. He would be glad, therefore, if—especially in the quarter to which he alludes—the book may be read strictly as a Romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex.

LENEX, *January 27, 1851.*

From THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS

[SUGGESTIONS FOR STORIES]

The scene of a story or sketch to be laid within the light of a street-lantern; the time, when the lamp is near going out; and the catastrophe to be simultaneous with the last flickering gleam.

The peculiar weariness and depression of spirits which is felt after a day wasted in turning over a magazine or other light miscellany, different from the state of the mind after severe study; because there has been no excitement, no difficulties to be overcome, but the spirits have evaporated insensibly.

The story of a man, cold and hard-hearted, and acknowledging no brotherhood with mankind. At his death they might try to dig him a grave, but, at a little space beneath the ground, strike upon a rock, as if the earth refused to receive the unnatural son into her bosom. Then they would put him into an old sepulchre, where the coffins and corpses were all turned to dust, and so he would be alone. Then the body would

petrify; and he having died in some characteristic act and expression, he would seem, through endless ages of death, to repel society as in life, and no one would be buried in that tomb forever.

A fellow without money, having a hundred and seventy miles to go, fastened a chain and padlock to his legs, and lay down to sleep in a field. He was apprehended, and carried gratis to a jail in the town whither he desired to go.

Follow out the fantasy of a man taking his life by instalments, instead of at one payment,—say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation.

A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate,—he having made himself one of the personages.

It is a singular thing, that, at the distance, say, of five feet, the work of the greatest dunce looks just as well as that of the greatest genius,—that little space being all the distance between genius and stupidity.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream: it may be so the moment after death.

A new classification of society to be instituted. Instead of rich and poor, high and low, they are to be classed,—First, by their sorrows; for instance, whenever there are any, whether in fair mansion or hovel, who are mourning the loss of relations and friends, and who wear black, whether the cloth be coarse or superfine, they are to make one class. Secondly, all who have the same maladies, whether they lie under damask canopies or on straw pallets or in the wards of hospitals, they are

to form one class. Thirdly, all who are guilty of the same sins, whether the world knows them or not; whether they languish in prison, looking forward to the gallows, or walk honored among men, they also form a class. Then proceed to generalize and classify the whole world together, as none can claim utter exemption from either sorrow, sin, or disease; and if they could,¹⁰ yet Death, like a great parent, comes and sweeps them all through one dark-some portal,—all his children.

Curious to imagine what murmurings and discontent would be excited, if any of the great so-called calamities of human beings were to be abolished,—as, for instance, death.

To show the effect of gratified²⁰ revenge. As an instance, merely, suppose a woman sues her lover for breach of promise, and gets the money by instalments, through a long series of years. At last, when the miserable victim were utterly trodden down, the triumpher would have become a very devil of evil passions,—they having overgrown his whole nature; so that a far greater evil would have³⁰ come upon himself than on his victim.

An article to be made of telling the stories of the tiles of an old-fashioned chimney-piece to a child.

A person conscious that he was soon to die, the humor in which he would pay his last visit to familiar persons and things.

A description of the various classes of hotels and taverns, and the prominent personages in each. There should be some story connected with it,—as of a person commencing with boarding at a great hotel, and gradually, as his means grew less, descending in life, till he got below ground into a cellar.

Character of a man who, in himself⁵⁰ and his external circumstances, shall be equally and totally false: his fortune resting on baseless credit,—his patriotism assumed,—his domestic af-

fections, his honor and honesty, all a sham. His own misery in the midst of it,—it making the whole universe, heaven and earth alike, an unsubstantial mockery to him.

Two little boats of cork, with a magnet in one and steel in the other.

The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus naturæ*. The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture, the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy may be con-²⁰ nected.

To make a story out of a scarecrow, giving it odd attributes. From different points of view, it should appear to change,—now an old man, now an old woman,—a gunner, a farmer, or the Old Nick.

[LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM]

April 13th, 1841.

. . . Here I am in a polar paradise! I know not how to interpret this aspect of nature,—whether it be of good or evil omen to our enterprise. But I reflect that the Plymouth pilgrims arrived in the midst of storm, and stepped ashore upon mountain snow-⁴⁰ drifts; and, nevertheless, they prospered, and became a great people,—and doubtless it will be the same with us. I laud my stars, however, that you will not have your first impressions of (perhaps) our future home from such a day as this. . . . Through faith, I persist in believing that Spring and Summer will come in their due season, but the unregenerated man shivers⁵⁰ within me, and suggests a doubt whether I may not have wandered within the precincts of the Arctic Circle, and chosen my heritage among everlasting snows. . . .

I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered, yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own; and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk pail. . . . I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, ¹⁰ but I pray Heaven that Mr. Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindest cow in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling.

I like my brethren in affliction very well; and, could you see us sitting round our table at mealtimes, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight. Mrs. B—— is a ²⁰ most comfortable woman to behold. She looks as if her ample person were stuffed full of tenderness,—indeed, as if she were all one great, kind heart.

April 14th, 10 A. M.—. . . I did not milk the cows last night, because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which. But this morning I have ³⁰ done wonders. Before breakfast, I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such “righteous vehemence,” as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast, and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast, ⁴⁰ Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork; and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure. This office being concluded, and I having purified myself, I sit down to finish this letter. . . .

Miss Fuller's cow hooks the other cows, and has made herself ruler of the herd, and behaves in a very tyrannical manner. . . . I shall make an ⁵⁰ excellent husbandman,—I feel the original Adam reviving within me.

April 16th.—. . . Since I last wrote, there has been an addition to our community of four gentlemen in sables, who promise to be among our most useful and respectable members. They arrived yesterday about noon. Mr. Ripley had proposed to them to join us, no longer ago than that very morning. I had some conversation with them in the afternoon, and was glad to hear them express much satisfaction with their new abode and all the arrangements. They do not appear to be very communicative, however,—or perhaps it may be merely an external reserve, like my own, to shield their delicacy. Several of their prominent characteristics, as well as their black attire, lead me to believe that they are members of the clerical profession; but I have not yet ascertained from their own lips what has been the nature of their past lives. I trust to have much pleasure in their society, and, sooner or later, that we shall all of us derive great strength from our intercourse with them. I cannot too highly applaud the readiness with which these ³⁰ four gentlemen in black have thrown aside all the fopperies and flummeries which have their origin in a false state of society. When I last saw them, they looked as heroically regardless of the stains and soils incident to our profession as I did when I emerged from the gold-mine. . . .

I have milked a cow! ! ! . . . The ⁴⁰ herd has rebelled against the usurpation of Miss Fuller's heifer; and, whenever they are turned out of the barn, she is compelled to take refuge under our protection. So much did she impede my labors by keeping close to me, that I found it necessary to give her two or three gentle pats with a shovel; but still she preferred to trust herself to my tender mercies, rather ⁵⁰ than venture among the horns of the herd. She is not an amiable cow; but she has a very intelligent face, and seems to be of a reflective cast of character. I doubt not that she will soon

perceive the expediency of being on good terms with the rest of the sisterhood.

I have not yet been twenty yards from our house and barn; but I begin to perceive that this is a beautiful place. The scenery is of a mild and placid character, with nothing bold in its aspect; but I think its beauties will grow upon us, and make us love it the more, the longer we live here. There is a brook, so near the house that we shall be able to hear its ripple in the summer evenings, . . . but, for agricultural purposes, it has been made to flow in a straight and rectangular fashion, which does it infinite damage as a picturesque object. . . .

It was a moment or two before I could think whom you meant by Mr. Dismal View. Why, he is one of the best of the brotherhood, so far as cheerfulness goes; for if he does not laugh himself, he makes the rest of us laugh continually. He is the quaintest and queerest personage you ever saw, —full of dry jokes, the humor of which is so incorporated with the strange twistifications of his physiognomy, that his sayings ought to be written down, accompanied with illustrations by Cruikshank. Then he keeps quoting innumerable scraps of Latin, and makes classical allusions, while we are turning over the goldmine; and the contrast between the nature of his employment and the character of his thoughts is irresistibly ludicrous.

I have written this epistle in the parlor, while Farmer Ripley, and Farmer Farley, and Farmer Dismal View were talking about their agricultural concerns. So you will not wonder if it is not a classical piece of composition, either in point of thought or expression.

Mr. Ripley has bought four black pigs.

April 22d.—. . . What an abominable hand do I scribble! but I have been chopping wood, and turning a grindstone all the forenoon; and such

occupations are likely to disturb the equilibrium of the muscles and sinews. It is an endless surprise to me how much work there is to be done in the world; but, thank God, I am able to do my share of it,—and my ability increases daily. What a great, broad-shouldered, elephantine personage I shall become by and by!

I milked two cows this morning, and would send you some of the milk, only that it is mingled with that which was drawn forth by Mr. Dismal View and the rest of the brethren.

April 28th.—. . . I was caught by a cold during my visit to Boston. It has not affected my whole frame, but took entire possession of my head, as being the weakest and most vulnerable part. Never did anybody sneeze with such vehemence and frequency; and my poor brain has been in a thick fog; or, rather, it seemed as if my head were stuffed with coarse wool. . . . Sometimes I wanted to wrench it off, and give it a great kick, like a football.

This annoyance has made me endure the bad weather with even less than ordinary patience; and my faith was so far exhausted that, when they told me yesterday that the sun was setting clear, I would not even turn my eyes towards the west. But this morning I am made all over anew, and have no greater remnant of my cold than will serve as an excuse for doing no work to-day.

The family has been dismal and dolorous throughout the storm. The night before last, William Allen was stung by a wasp on the eyelid; whereupon the whole side of his face swelled to an enormous magnitude, so that, at the breakfast-table, one half of him looked like a blind giant (the eye being closed), and the other half had such a sorrowful and ludicrous aspect that I was constrained to laugh out of sheer pity. The same day, a colony of wasps was discovered in my chamber, where they had remained throughout the winter, and were now just be-

stirring themselves, doubtless with the intention of stinging me from head to foot. . . . A similar discovery was made in Mr. Farley's room. In short, we seem to have taken up our abode in a wasps' nest. Thus you see a rural life is not one of unbroken quiet and serenity.

August 12th.—. . . I am very well, and not at all weary, for yesterday's rain gave us a holiday; and, moreover, the labors of the farm are not so pressing as they have been. And, joyful thought! in a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage—free to enjoy Nature, free to think and feel! . . . Even my Custom-House experience was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. O, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionably brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.

[THOREAU]

Thursday, September 1st, [1842]—Mr. Thoreau dined with us yesterday. . . . He is a keen and delicate observer of nature,—a genuine observer,—which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet; and Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl, and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower, likewise, wherever they grow, whether in garden or wildwood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms. It is a characteristic trait, that he has a great regard for the memory of the Indian tribes, whose wild life would have suited him so well; and, strange to say, he seldom walks over a ploughed field

without picking up an arrow-point, spear-head, or other relic of the red man, as if their spirits willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth.

With all this he has more than a tincture of literature,—a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets, and he is a good writer,—at least he has written a good article, a rambling disquisition on Natural History, in the last *Dial*, which, he says, was chiefly made up from journals of his own observations.

From THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS

[A LIVERPOOL DINNER]

August 15th, 1853.—On Friday, at 7 P. M., I went to dine with the Mayor. It was a dinner given to the Judges and the Grand Jury. The Judges of England, during the time of holding an Assize, are the persons first in rank in the kingdom. They take precedence of everybody else,—of the highest military officers, of the Lord Lieutenants, of the Archbishops,—of the Prince of Wales,—of all except the Sovereign, whose authority and dignity they represent. In case of a royal dinner, the Judge would lead the Queen to the table.

The dinner was at the Town Hall, and the rooms and the whole affair were all in the most splendid style. Nothing struck me more than the footmen in the city livery. They really looked more magnificent in their gold-lace and breeches and white silk stockings than any officers of state. The rooms were beautiful; gorgeously painted and gilded, gorgeously lighted, gorgeously hung with paintings; the plate was gorgeous, and the dinner gorgeous in the English fashion.

After the removal of the cloth the Mayor gave various toasts, prefacing each with some remarks,—the first, of course, the Sovereign, after which *God save the Queen* was sung, the company standing up and joining in the chorus, their ample faces glowing with wine, enthusiasm, and loyalty. Afterwards

the Bar, and various other dignities and institutions, were toasted; and by and by came the toast to the United States, and to me, as their Representative. Hereupon either *Hail Columbia* or *Yankee Doodle*, or some other of our national tunes (but Heaven knows which), was played; and at the conclusion, being at bay, and with no alternative, I got upon my legs, and made a response. They received me and listened to my nonsense with a good deal of rapping, and my speech seemed to give great satisfaction; my chief difficulty being in not knowing how to pitch my voice to the size of the room. As for the matter, it is not of the slightest consequence. Anybody may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk onward without saying anything. My speech was not more than two or three inches long; and, considering that I did not know a soul there, except the Mayor himself, and that I am wholly unpractised in all sorts of oratory, and that I had nothing to say, it was quite successful. I hardly thought it was in me; but, being once started, I felt no embarrassment, and went through it as coolly as if I were going to be hanged.

[HAPPINESS]

December 25th, 1854.—I think I have been happier this Christmas than ever before,—by my own fireside, and with my wife and children about me,—more content to enjoy what I have, —less anxious for anything beyond it in this life. My early life was perhaps a good preparation for the declining half of life, it having been such a blank that any thereafter would compare favorably with it. For a long, long while, I have occasionally been visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamed it ever since I have been in England. It is that I am still at college,—or, sometimes, even at school,—and there is a sense that I have been there unconscionably long, and have quite

failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up for twelve years after leaving college, when everybody moved onward, and left me behind. How strange that it should come now, when I may call myself famous and prosperous!—when I am happy too!

[DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND]

January 3d, 1855.—The progress of the age is trampling over the aristocratic institutions of England, and they crumble beneath it. This war¹ has given the country a vast impulse towards democracy. The nobility will never hereafter, I think, assume or be permitted to rule the nation in peace, or command armies in war, on any ground except the individual ability which may appertain to one of their number, as well as to a commoner. And yet the nobles were never positively more noble than now; never, perhaps, so chivalrous, so honorable, so highly cultivated; but, relatively to the rest of the world, they do not maintain their old place. The pressure of the war has tested and proved this fact, at home and abroad. At this moment it would be an absurdity in the nobles to pretend to the position which was quietly conceded to them a year ago. This one year has done the work of fifty ordinary ones; or, more accurately, it has made apparent what has long been preparing itself.

[SELF-MADE MEN]

April 8th, 1856.—We were to dine at the Refectory of the House [of Commons] with the new member for Boston; and, meanwhile, Bennoch obtained admittance for us into the

¹ the Crimean War

Speaker's gallery, where we had a view of the members, and could hear what was going on. A Mr. Muntz was speaking on the Income Tax, and he was followed by Sir George Cornwall Lewis and others; but it was all very uninteresting, without the slightest animation or attempt at oratory,—which, indeed, would have been quite out of place. We saw Lord Palmerston; but at too great a distance to distinguish anything but a gray head. The House had daylight in it when we entered, and for some time afterwards; but, by and by, the roof, which I had taken to be a solid and opaque ceiling, suddenly brightened, and showed itself to be transparent; a vast expanse of tinted and figured glass, through which came down a great, mild radiance on the members below. The character of the debate, however, did not grow more luminous or vivacious; so we went down into the vestibule, and there waited for Mr. —, who soon came and led us into the Refectory. It was very much like the coffee-room of a club. The strict rule forbids the entrance of any but members of Parliament; but it seems to be winked at, although there is another room, opening beyond this, where the law of seclusion is strictly enforced.

The dinner was good, not remarkably so, but good enough,—a soup, some turbot or salmon, cutlets, and I know not what else, and claret, sherry, and port; for, as Mr. — said, “he did not wish to be stingy.” Mr. — is a self-made man, and a strong instance of the difference between the Englishman and the American, when self-made and without early education. He is no more a gentleman now than when he began life,—not a whit more refined, either outwardly or inwardly; while the American would have been, after the same experience, not distinguishable outwardly, and perhaps as refined within, as nine tenths of the gentlemen born in the House of Commons. And besides, an American comes naturally to any distinctions to which success in life may bring him; he takes

them as if they were his proper inheritance, and in no wise to be wondered at. Mr. —, on the other hand, took evidently a childish delight in his position, and felt a childish wonder in having arrived at it; nor did it seem real to him, after all.

[ABBOTSFORD]

The neighborhood of Melrose, leading to Abbotsford, has many handsome residences of modern build and very recent date,—suburban villas each with its own little lawn and garden ground, such as we see in the vicinity of Liverpool. I noticed, too, one castellated house, of no great size, but old; and looking as if its tower were built, not for show, but for actual defence in the old border warfare.

We were not long in reaching Abbotsford. The house, which is more compact, and of considerably less extent than I anticipated, stands in full view from the road, and at only a short distance from it, lower down towards the river. Its aspect disappointed me; but so does everything. It is but a villa after all; no castle, nor even a large manor-house, and very unsatisfactory when you consider it in that light. Indeed, it impressed me, not as a real house, intended for the home of human beings,—a house to die in or to be born in,—but as a plaything,—something in the same category as Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill. The present owner seems to have found it insufficient for the actual purposes of life; for he is adding a wing, which promises to be as extensive as the original structure.

We rang at the front door (the family being now absent), and were speedily admitted by a middle-aged or somewhat elderly man,—the butler, I suppose, or some upper servant,—who at once acceded to our request to be permitted to see the house. We stepped from the porch immediately into the entrance-hall; and having the great Hall of Battle Abbey in my memory, and the idea of a baronial hall in my

mind, I was quite taken aback at the smallness and narrowness and lowness of this, which, however, is a very fine one, on its own little scale. In truth, it is not much more than a vestibule. The ceiling is carved; and every inch of the walls is covered with claymores,¹ targets,² and other weapons and armor, or old-time curiosities, tastefully arranged, many of which, no doubt, have a history attached to them, —or had, in Sir Walter's own mind. Our attendant was a very intelligent person, and pointed out much that was interesting; but in such a multitudinous variety it was almost impossible to fix the eye upon any one thing. Probably the apartment looked smaller than it really was, on account of being so wainscoted and festooned with curiosities. I remember nothing particularly, unless it be the coal-grate in the fireplace, which was one formerly used by Archbishop Sharpe, the prelate whom Balfour of Burley murdered. Either in this room or the next one, there was a glass case containing the suit of clothes last worn by Scott,—a short green coat, somewhat worn, with silvered buttons, a pair of gray tartan trousers, and a white hat. It was in the hall that we saw these things; for there too, I recollect, were a good many walking-sticks that had been used by Scott, and the hatchet with which he was in the habit of lopping branches from his trees, as he walked among them.

From the hall we passed into the study,—a small room, lined with the books which Sir Walter, no doubt, was most frequently accustomed to refer to; and our guide pointed out some volumes of the *Moniteur*, which he used while writing the history of Napoleon. Probably these were the driest and dullest volumes in his whole library. About mid-height of the walls of the study there is a gallery, with a short flight of steps for the convenience of getting at the upper books. A study-table occupies the centre of the room, and at one end of the table

stands an easy-chair, covered with morocco, and with ample space to fling one's self back. The servant told me that I might sit down in this chair, for that Sir Walter sat there while writing his romances; “and perhaps,” quoth the man, smiling, “you may catch some inspiration.” What a bitter word this would have been if he had known me to be a romance-writer! “No, I shall never be inspired to write romances!” I answered, as if such an idea had never occurred to me. I sat down, however. This study quite satisfied me, being planned on principles of common-sense, and made to work in, and without any fantastic adaptation of old forms to modern uses.

Next to the study is the library, an apartment of respectable size, and containing as many books as it can hold, all protected by wire-work. I did not observe what or whose works were here; but the attendant showed us one whole compartment full of volumes having reference to ghosts, witchcraft, and the supernatural generally. It is remarkable that Scott should have felt interested in such subjects, being such a worldly and earthly man as he was; but then, indeed, almost all forms of popular superstition do clothe the ethereal with earthly attributes, and so make it grossly perceptible.

The library, like the study, suited me well,—merely the fashion of the apartment I mean,—and I doubt not it contains as many curious volumes as are anywhere to be met with within a similar space. The drawing-room adjoins it; and here we saw a beautiful ebony cabinet, which was presented to Sir Walter by George IV; and some pictures of much interest,—one of Scott himself at thirty-five, rather portly, with a heavy face, but shrewd eyes which seem to observe you closely. There is a full-length of his eldest son, an officer of dragoons, leaning on his charger; and a portrait of Lady Scott,—a brunette, with black hair and eyes, very pretty, warm, vivacious, and un-English in her as-

¹ Scottish broadswords

² small shields

pect. I am not quite sure whether I saw all these pictures in the drawing-room, or some of them in the dining-room; but the one that struck me most—and very much indeed—was the head of Mary Queen of Scots; literally the head cut off, and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist, two days after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of a death-like hue, but has an expression of quiet, after much pain and trouble,—very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me. I thought of the lovely picture of Mary that I had seen at Edinburgh Castle, and reflected what a symbol it should be,—how expressive of a human being having her destiny in her own hands,—if that beautiful young Queen were painted as carrying this dish, containing her own woful head, and perhaps casting a curious and pitiful glance down upon it, as if it were not her own.

Also in the drawing-room, there was a plaster cast of Sir Walter's face, taken after death; the only one in existence, as our guide assured us. It is not often that one sees a homelier set of features than this; no elevation, no dignity, whether bestowed by nature, or thrown over them by age or death; sunken cheeks, the bridge of the nose depressed, and the end turned up; the mouth puckered, and no chin whatever, or hardly any. The expression was not calm and happy; but rather as if he were in a perturbed slumber, perhaps nothing short of nightmare. I wonder that the family allow this cast to be shown,—the last record that there is of Scott's personal reality, and conveying such a wretched and unworthy idea of it.

Adjoining the drawing-room is the dining-room, in one corner of which, between two windows, Scott died. It was now a quarter of a century since his death; but it seemed to me that

we spoke with a sort of hush in our voices, as if he were still dying here, or had but just departed. I remember nothing else in this room. The next one is the armory, which is the smallest of all that we had passed through; but its walls gleam with the steel blades of swords, and the barrels of pistols, matchlocks, firelocks, and all manner of deadly weapons, whether European or Oriental; for there are many trophies here of East Indian warfare. I saw Rob Roy's gun, rifled and of very large bore; and a beautiful pistol, formerly Claverhouse's; and the sword of Montrose, given him by King Charles, the silver hilt of which I grasped. There was also a superb claymore, in an elaborately wrought silver sheath, made for Sir Walter Scott, and presented to him by the Highland Society, for his services in marshalling the clans when George IV came to Scotland. There were a thousand other things, which I knew must be most curious, yet did not ask nor care about them, because so many curiosities drive one crazy and fret one's heart to death. On the whole, there is no simple and great impression left by Abbotsford; and I felt angry and dissatisfied with myself for not feeling something which I did not and could not feel. But it is just like going to a museum, if you look into particulars; and one learns from it, too, that Scott could not have been really a wise man, nor an earnest one, nor one that grasped the truth of life; he did but play, and the play grew very sad toward its close. In a certain way, however, I understand his romances the better for having seen his house; and his house the better for having read his romances. They throw light on one another.

We had now gone through all the show-rooms; and the next door admitted us again into the entrance-hall, where we recorded our names in the visitors' book. It contains more names of Americans, I should judge, from casting my eyes back over last year's record, than of all other people in the world, including Great Britain.

Bidding farewell to Abbotsford, I cannot but confess a sentiment of remorse for having visited the dwelling-place—as just before I visited the grave—of the mighty minstrel and romancer, with so cold a heart and in so critical a mood,—*his* dwelling-place and *his* grave whom I had so admired and loved, and who had done so much for my happiness when I was young. But I, and the world generally, now look at him from a different point of view; and, besides, these visits to the actual haunts of famous people, though long dead, have the effect of making us sensible in some degree of their human imperfections, as if we actually saw them alive. I felt this effect, to a certain extent, even with respect to Shakespeare, when I visited Stratford-on-Avon. As for Scott, I still cherish him in a warm place, and I do not know that I have any pleasanter anticipation, as regards books, than that of reading all his novels over again after we get back to the Wayside.

[LITERARY LONDON]

July 13th, 1856.—On Friday morning (11th), at nine o'clock, I took rail into town to breakfast with Mr. Milnes. . . . Mrs. Milnes greeted me very kindly, and Mr. Milnes came towards me with an elderly gentleman in a blue coat and gray pantaloons,—with a long, rather thin, homely visage, exceedingly shaggy eyebrows, though no great weight of brow, and thin gray hair, and introduced me to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Marquis had his right hand wrapped up in a black silk handkerchief; so he gave me his left, and from some awkwardness in meeting it, when I expected the right, I gave him only three of my fingers,—a thing I never did before to any person; and it is droll that I should have done it to a Marquis. He addressed me with great simplicity and natural kindness, complimenting me on my works, and speaking about the society of Liverpool in former days. Lord Lansdowne was the friend of Moore, and has about him

the aroma communicated by the memories of many illustrious people with whom he has associated.

Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, now greeted me. Mr. Milnes introduced me to Mrs. Browning, and assigned her to me to conduct into the breakfast-room. She is a small, delicate woman, with ringlets of dark hair, a pleasant, intelligent, and sensitive face, and a low, agreeable voice. She looks youthful and comely and is very gentle and ladylike. And so we proceeded to the breakfast-room, which is hung round with pictures; and in the middle of it stood a large round table, worthy to have been King Arthur's, and here we seated ourselves without any question of precedence or ceremony. On one side of me was an elderly lady, with a very fine countenance; and in the course of breakfast I discovered her to be the mother of Florence Nightingale. One of her daughters (not Florence) was likewise present. Mrs. Milnes, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Nightingale, and her daughter were the only ladies at table; and I think there were as many as eight or ten gentlemen, whose names—as I came so late—I was left to find out for myself, or to leave unknown.

It was a pleasant and sociable meal, and, thanks to my cold beef and coffee at home, I had no occasion to trouble myself much about the fare; so I just ate some delicate chicken, and a very small cutlet, and a slice of dry toast, and thereupon surceased from my labors. Mrs. Browning and I talked a good deal during breakfast, for she is of that quickly appreciative and responsive order of women with whom I can talk more freely than with any man; and she has, besides, her own originality, wherewith to help on conversation, though, I should say, not of a loquacious tendency. She introduced the subject of spiritualism, which, she says, interests her very much; indeed, she seems to be a believer. Mr. Browning, she told me, utterly rejects the subject, and will not believe even in the outward manifestations, of which

there is such overwhelming evidence. We also talked of Miss Bacon; and I developed something of that lady's theory respecting Shakespeare, greatly to the horror of Mrs. Browning, and that of her next neighbor,—a nobleman whose name I did not hear. On the whole, I like her the better for loving the man Shakespeare with a personal love. We talked, too, of Margaret Fuller, who spent her last night in Italy with the Brownings; and of William Story, with whom they have been intimate, and who, Mrs. Browning says, is much stirred about spiritualism. Really, I cannot help wondering that so fine a spirit as hers should not reject the matter, till, at least, it is forced upon her. I like her very much. . . .

I was too much engaged with these personal talks to attend much to what was going on elsewhere; but all through breakfast I had been more and more impressed by the aspect of one of the guests, sitting next to Milnes. He was a man of large presence,—a portly personage, gray-haired, but scarcely as yet aged; and his face had a remarkable intelligence, not vivid nor sparkling, but conjoined with great quietude,—and if it gleamed or brightened at one time more than another, it was like the sheen over a broad surface of sea. There was a somewhat careless self-possession, large and broad enough to be called dignity; and the more I looked at him, the more I knew that he was a distinguished person, and wondered who. He might have been a minister of state; only there is not one of them who has any right to such a face and presence. At last,—I do not know how the conviction came,—but I became aware that it was Macaulay, and began to see some slight resemblance to his portraits. But I have never seen any that is not wretchedly unworthy of the original. As soon as I knew him, I began to listen to his conversation, but he did not talk a great deal,—contrary to his usual custom; for I am told he is apt to engross all the talk to himself. Probably he may have

been restrained by the presence of Ticknor, and Mr. Palfrey, who were among his auditors and interlocutors; and as the conversation seemed to turn much on American subjects, he could not well have assumed to talk them down. I am glad to have seen him,—a face fit for a scholar, a man of the world, a cultivated intelligence.

After we left the table, and went into the library, Mr. Browning introduced himself to me,—a younger man than I expected to see, handsome, with brown hair. He is very simple and agreeable in manner, gently impulsive, talking as if his heart were uppermost. He spoke of his pleasure in meeting me, and his appreciation of my books; and—which has not often happened to me—mentioned that *The Blithedale Romance* was the one he admired most. I wonder why. I hope I showed as much pleasure at his praise as he did at mine; for I was glad to see how pleasantly it moved him. After this I talked with Ticknor and Milnes, and with Mr. Palfrey, to whom I had been introduced very long ago by George Hillard, and had never seen him since. We looked at some autographs, of which Mr. Milnes has two or three large volumes. I recollect a leaf from Swift's *Journal to Stella*; a letter from Addison; one from Chatterton, in a most neat and legible hand; and a characteristic sentence or two and signature of Oliver Cromwell, written in a religious book. There were many curious volumes in the library, but I had not time to look at them.

I liked greatly the manners of almost all,—yes, as far as I observed,—all the people at this breakfast, and it was doubtless owing to their being all people either of high rank or remarkable intellect, or both. An Englishman can hardly be a gentleman unless he enjoy one or other of these advantages; and perhaps the surest way to give him good manners is to make a lord of him, or rather of his grandfather or great-grandfather. In the third generation, scarcely sooner, he will be polished into simplicity and ele-

gance, and his deportment will be all the better for the homely material out of which it is wrought and refined. The Marquis of Lansdowne, for instance, would have been a very commonplace man in the common ranks of life; but it has done him good to be a nobleman. Not that his tact is quite perfect. In going up to breakfast, he made me precede him; in returning to the library, he did the same, although I drew back, till he impelled me up the first stair, with gentle persistence. By insisting upon it, he showed his sense of condescension much more than if, when he saw me unwilling to take precedence, he had passed forward, as if the point were not worth either asserting or yielding. Heaven knows, it was in no humility that I would have trodden behind him. But he is a kind old man; and I am willing to believe of the English aristocracy generally that they are kind, and of beautiful deportment; for certainly there never can have been mortals in a position more advantageous for becoming so. I hope there will come a time when we shall be so; and I already know a few Americans whose noble and delicate manners may compare well with any I have seen.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.
(1815-1882)

From
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

CHAPTER V
CAPE HORN

Wednesday, November 5th. The weather was fine during the previous night, and we had a clear view of the Magellan Clouds and of the Southern Cross. The Magellan Clouds consist of three small nebulae in the southern part of the heavens—two bright, like the Milky-way, and one dark. They are first seen, just above the horizon, soon after crossing the southern tropic. The Southern Cross begins to be seen

at 18° N., and when off Cape Horn is nearly overhead. It is composed of four stars in that form, and is one of the brightest constellations in the heavens.

During the first part of this day (Wednesday) the wind was light, but after noon it came on fresh, and we furled the royals. We still kept the studding-sails out, and the captain said he should go round with them if he could. Just before eight o'clock (then about sundown, in that latitude) the cry of "All hands ahoy!" was sounded down the fore-scuttle and the after-hatchway, and, hurrying upon deck, we found a large black cloud rolling on toward us from the south-west, and darkening the whole heavens. "Here comes Cape Horn!" said the chief mate; and we had hardly time to haul down and clew up before it was upon us. In a few minutes a heavier sea was raised than I had ever seen, and as it was directly ahead, the little brig, which was no better than a bathing-machine, plunged into it, and all the forward part of her was under water; the sea pouring in through the bow-ports and hawse-holes and over the knight-heads, threatening to wash everything overboard. In the lee scuppers it was up to a man's waist. We sprang aloft and double reefed the topsails, and furled the other sails, and made all snug. But this would not do; the brig was labouring and straining against the head sea, and the gale was growing worse and worse. At the same time sleet and hail were driving with all fury against us. We clewed down, and hauled out the reef-tackles again, and close-reefed the fore-topsail, and furled the main, and hove her to on the starboard tack. Here was an end to our fine prospects. We made up our minds to head winds and cold weather; sent down the royal yards, and unrove the gear; but all the rest of the top hamper remained aloft, even to the skysail masts and studding-sail booms.

Throughout the night it stormed violently,—rain, hail, snow, and sleet

beating upon the vessel—the wind continued ahead, and the sea running high. At daybreak (about three A.M.) the deck was covered with snow. The captain sent up the steward with a glass of grog to each of the watch; and all the time that we were off the Cape grog was given to the morning watch, and to all hands whenever we reefed topsails. The clouds cleared away at sunrise, and the wind becoming more fair, we again made sail and stood nearly up to our course.

Thursday, November 6th. It continued more pleasant through the first part of the day, but at night we had the same scene over again. This time we did not heave to, as on the night before, but endeavoured to beat to windward under close-reefed topsails, balance-reefed trysail and fore-topmast staysail. This night it was my turn to steer, or, as sailors say, my trick at the helm, for two hours. Inexperienced as I was, I made out to steer to the satisfaction of the officer, and neither Stimson nor I gave up our tricks all the time we were off the Cape. This was something to boast of, for it requires a good deal of skill and watchfulness to steer a vessel close hauled, in a gale of wind, against a heavy head sea. "Ease her when she pitches," is the word; and a little carelessness in letting her ship a heavy sea might sweep the decks, or take a mast out of her.

Friday, November 7th. Towards morning the wind went down, and during the whole forenoon we lay tossing about in a dead calm, and in the midst of a thick fog. The calms here are unlike those in most parts of the world, for here there is generally so high a sea running with periods of calm so short that it has no time to go down; and vessels, being under no command of sails or rudder, lie like logs upon the water. We were obliged to steady the booms and yards by guys and braces, and to lash everything well below. We now found our top hamper of some use, for though it is liable to be carried away or sprung by the sudden "bring-

ing up" of a vessel when pitching in a chopping sea, yet it is a great help in steadying a vessel when rolling in a long swell—giving more slowness, ease, and regularity to the motion.

The calm of the morning reminds me of a scene which I forgot to describe at the time of its occurrence, but which I remember from its being the first time that I had heard the near breathing of whales. It was on the night that we passed between the Falkland Islands and Staten Land. We had the watch from twelve to four, and, coming upon deck, found the little brig lying perfectly still, enclosed in a thick fog, and the sea as smooth as though oil had been poured upon it; yet now and then a long low swell rolling under its surface, slightly lifting the vessel, but without breaking the glassy smoothness of the water. We were surrounded far and near by shoals of sluggish whales and grampuses, which the fog prevented our seeing, rising slowly to the surface, or perhaps lying out at length, heaving out those lazy, deep, and long-drawn breathings which give such an impression of supineness and strength. Some of the watch were asleep, and the others were quiet, so that there was nothing to break the illusion, and I stood leaning over the bulwarks, listening to the slow breathings of the mighty creatures—now one breaking the water just alongside, whose black body I almost fancied that I could see through the fog; and again another, which I could just hear in the distance—until the low and regular swell seemed like the heaving of the ocean's mighty bosom to the sound of its own heavy and long-drawn respirations.

Towards the evening of this day (Friday, 7th) the fog cleared off, and we had every appearance of a cold blow; and soon after sundown it came on. Again it was clew up and haul down, reef and furl, until we had got her down to close-reefed topsails, double-reefed trysail, and reefed fore-spencer. Snow, hail, and sleet were driving upon us most of the night, and the sea was

breaking over the bows and covering the forward part of the little vessel; but as she would lay her course, the captain refused to heave her to.

Saturday, November 8th. This day began with calm and thick fog, and ended with hail, snow, a violent wind, and close-reefed topsails.

Sunday, November 9th. To-day the sun rose clear, and continued so until twelve o'clock, when the captain got an observation. This was very well for Cape Horn, and we thought it a little remarkable that, as we had not had one unpleasant Sunday during the whole voyage, the only tolerable day here should be a Sunday. We got time to clear up the steerage and fore-castle, and set things to rights, and to overhaul our wet clothes a little. But this did not last very long. Between five and six—the sun was then nearly three hours high—the cry of “All Star-bow-lines ahoy!” summoned our watch on deck, and immediately all hands were called. A true specimen of Cape Horn was coming upon us. A great cloud of a dark slate-colour was driving on us from the south-west; and we did our best to take in sail (for the light sails had been set during the first part of the day) before we were in the midst of it. We had got the light sails furled, the courses hauled up, and the topsail reef-tackles hauled out, and were just mounting the fore-rigging when the storm struck us. In an instant the sea, which had been comparatively quiet, was running higher and higher; and it became almost as dark as night. The hail and sleet were harder than I had yet felt them; seeming almost to pin us down to the rigging. We were longer taking in sail than ever before; for the sails were stiff and wet, the ropes and rigging covered with snow and sleet, and we ourselves cold and nearly blinded with the violence of the storm. By the time we had got down upon deck again, the little brig was plunging madly into a tremendous head sea, which at every dive rushed in through the bow-ports and over the bows, and buried all the forward part of the vessel. At this instant the chief mate, who was standing on the top of the windlass, at the foot of the spencer-mast, called out, “Lay out there and furl the jib!” This was no agreeable or safe duty, yet it must be done. John, a Swede (the best sailor on board), who belonged on the fore-castle, sprang out upon the bowsprit. Another one must go. It was a clear case of holding back. I was near the mate, but sprang past several, threw the down-haul over the windlass, and jumped between the knight-heads out upon the bowsprit. The crew stood abaft the windlass, and hauled the jib down, while John and I got out upon the weather side of the jib-boom, our feet on the foot-ropes, holding on by the spar, the great jib flying off to leeward and slatting so as almost to throw us off the boom. For some time we could do nothing but hold on, and the vessel, diving into two huge seas, one after the other, plunged us twice into the water up to our chins. We hardly knew whether we were on or off; when, the boom lifting us up dripping from the water, we were raised high into the air and then plunged below again. John thought the boom would go every moment, and called out to the mate to keep the vessel off, and haul down the staysail; but the fury of the wind and the breaking of the seas against the bows defied every attempt to make ourselves heard, and we were obliged to do the best we could in our situation. Fortunately no other seas so heavy struck her, and we succeeded in furling the jib “after a fashion”; and coming in over the staysail nettings, were not a little pleased to find that all was snug, and the watch gone below; for we were soaked through, and it was very cold. John admitted that it had been a post of danger, which good sailors seldom do when the thing is over. The weather continued nearly the same through the night.

Monday, November 10th. During a part of this day we were hove to, but the rest of the time were driving on, under close-reefed sails, with a heavy

sea, a strong gale, and frequent squalls of hail and snow.

Tuesday, November 11th. The same.

Wednesday. The same.

Thursday. The same.

We had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and everything secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. 10 Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. There is no fire in the fore-castle, and we cannot dry clothes at the galley. It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and everything was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching. We had only to come below 20 when the watch was out, wring our wet clothes, hang them up to chafe against the bulkheads, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could, until our watch was called again. A sailor can sleep anywhere—no sound of wind, water, canvas, rope, wood, or iron can keep him awake—and we were always fast asleep when three blows on the hatchway, and the unwelcome cry of "All 30 Starboardlines ahoy! eight bells there below! do you hear the news?" (the usual formula of calling the watch) roused us up from our berths up on the cold wet decks. The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea (or, as the sailors significantly call it, "water bewitched") sweetened with molasses. 40 This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuits and cold salt beef, made a meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea, and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers, and the bearer lying at his length on the decks. I remember an English lad who was the life of the crew—whom we afterwards lost overboard—standing

for nearly ten minutes at the galley, with his pot of tea in his hand, waiting for a chance to get down in the fore-castle; and, seeing what he thought was a "smooth spell," started to go forward. He had just got to the end of the windlass, when a great sea broke over the bows, and for a moment I saw nothing of him but his head and shoulders; and at the next instant, being taken off his legs, he was carried aft with the sea, until her stern lifting up and sending the water forward, he was left high and dry at the side of the long-boat, still holding on to his tin pot, which had now nothing in it but salt water. But nothing could ever daunt him, or overcome, for a moment, his habitual good-humour. Regaining his legs, and shaking his fist at the man at the wheel, he rolled below, saying, as he passed, "A man's no sailor, if he can't take a joke." The ducking was not the worst of such an affair, for, as there was an allowance of tea, you could get no more from the galley; and though the others would never suffer a man to go without, but would always turn in a little from their own pots to fill up his, yet this was at best but dividing the loss among all hands.

Something of the same kind befell me a few days after. The cook had just made for us a mess of hot "scouse"—that is, biscuit pounded fine, salt beef cut into small pieces, and a few potatoes, boiled up together, and seasoned with pepper. This was a rare treat, and I, being the last at the galley, had it put in my charge to carry down for the mess. I got along very well as far as the hatchway, and was just going down the steps, when a heavy sea, lifting the stern out of water, and passing forward, dropping it again, threw the steps from their place, and I came down into the steerage a little faster than I meant to, with the kid on the top of me, and the whole precious mess scattered over the floor. Whatever your feelings may be, you must make a joke of everything at sea; and if you were to fall from aloft, and be

caught in the belly of a sail, and thus saved from instant death, it would not do to look at all disturbed, or to treat it as a serious matter.

Friday, November 14th. We were now well to the westward of the Cape, and were changing our course to northward as much as we dared, since the strong south-west winds, which prevailed then, carried us in toward Patagonia. At two P.M. we saw a sail on our larboard beam, and at four we made it out to be a large ship, steering our course, under single-reefed topsails. We at that time had shaken the reefs out of our topsails, as the wind was lighter, and set the maintopgallant sail. As soon as our captain saw what sail she was under, he set the foretopgallant sail and flying-jib; and the old whaler—for such his boats and short sails showed him to be—felt a little ashamed, and shook the reefs out of his topsails, but could do no more, for he had sent down his topgallant masts off the Cape. He ran down for us, and answered our hail as the whale-ship *New England* of Poughkeepsie, one hundred and twenty days from New York. Our captain gave our name, and added, ninety-two days from Boston. They then had a little conversation about longitude, in which they found that they could not agree. The ship fell astern, and continued in sight during the night. Toward morning, the wind having become light, we crossed our royal and skysail yards, and at daylight we were seen under a cloud of sail, having royals and skysails fore and aft. The “spouter,” as the sailors call a whaleman, had sent up his maintopgallant mast and set the sail, and made signal for us to heave to. About half-past seven their whale-boat came alongside, and Captain Job Terry sprang on board, a man known in every port and by every vessel in the Pacific Ocean. “Don’t you know Job Terry? I thought everybody knew Job Terry,” said a green hand, who came in the boat, to me, when I asked him about his captain. He was indeed a singular man. He was six feet high,

wore thick cowhide boots, and brown coat and trousers, and, except a sun-burnt complexion, had not the slightest appearance of a sailor; yet he had been forty years in the whale-trade, and, as he said himself, had owned ships, built ships, and sailed ships. His boat’s crew were a pretty raw set, just out of the bush, and, as the sailors’ phrase is “hadn’t got the hayseed out of their hair.” Captain Terry convinced our captain that our reckoning was a little out, and having spent the day on board, put off in his boat at sunset for his ship, which was now six or eight miles astern. He began a “yarn” when he came aboard, which lasted, with but little intermission, for four hours. It was all about himself and the Peruvian government, and the *Dublin* frigate, and her captain, Lord James Townsend, and President Jackson, and the ship *Ann M’kim* of Baltimore. It would probably never have come to an end had not a good breeze sprung up, which sent him off to his own vessel. One of the lads who came in his boat, a thoroughly countrified-looking fellow, seemed to care very little about the vessel, rigging, or anything else, but went round looking at the live stock, and leaned over the pigsty, and said he wished he was back again tending his father’s pigs.

A curious case of dignity occurred here. It seems that in a whale-ship there is an intermediate class called boat-steerers. One of them came in Captain Terry’s boat, but we thought he was cockswain of the boat, and a cockswain is only a sailor. In the whaler, the boat-steerers are between the officers and crew, a sort of petty officers; keep by themselves in the waist, sleep amidships, and eat by themselves, either at a separate table, or at the cabin table, after the captain and mates are done. Of all this hierarchy we were entirely ignorant, so the poor boatsteerer was left to himself. The second mate would not notice him, and seemed surprised at his keeping amidships, but his pride of office would not allow him to go forward. With

dinner-time came the *experimentum crucis*.¹ What would he do? The second mate went to the second table without asking him. There was nothing for him but famine or humiliation. We asked him into the fore-castle, but he faintly declined. The whale-boat's crew explained it to us, and we asked him again. Hunger got the victory over pride of rank, and his boat-steering majesty had to take his grub out of our kid, and eat with his jack-knife. Yet the man was ill at ease all the time, was sparing of his conversation, and kept up the notion of a condescension under stress of circumstances. One would say that, instead of a tendency to equality in human beings, the tendency is to make the most of inequalities, natural or artificial.

At eight o'clock we altered our course to the northward, bound for Juan Fernandez.

This day we saw the last of the albatrosses, which had been our companions a great part of the time off the Cape. I had been interested in the bird from descriptions and Coleridge's poem, and was not at all disappointed. We caught one or two with a baited hook which we floated astern upon a shingle. Their long flapping wings, long legs, and large staring eyes, give them a very peculiar appearance. They look well on the wing; but one of the finest sights that I have ever seen was an albatross asleep upon the water, during a calm, off Cape Horn, when a heavy sea was running. There being no breeze, the surface of the water was unbroken, but a long, heavy swell was rolling, and we saw the fellow, all white, directly ahead of us, asleep upon the waves, with his head under his wing; now rising on the top of one of the big billows, and then falling slowly until he was lost in the hollow between. He was undisturbed for some time, until the noise of our bows, gradually approaching, roused him, when, lifting his head, he stared upon us for a moment, and then spread his wide wings and took his flight.

¹ crucial test

From CHAPTER VI

LOSS OF A MAN

Monday, November 19th. This was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and, hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for, the boy who was at the helm leaving it to throw something overboard, the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to fling myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, the young English sailor, whom I have before spoken of as the life of the crew. He was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the men as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the maintopmast-head, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline-spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and, not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without an idea of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the brig.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and "the mourners go

about the streets;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realising it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realise it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—"Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate." Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are almost all

believers in their way; though their notions and opinions are unfixed and at loose ends. They say, "God won't be hard upon the poor fellow," and seldom get beyond the common phrase which seems to imply that their sufferings and hard treatment here will be passed to their credit in the books of the Great Captain hereafter—"To *work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed!*" Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who had been through a good deal in his day, and was rather seriously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending the Lord's-day badly, and told them that they might go as suddenly as George had, and be as little prepared.

Yet a sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ludicrous.

Not long after we had returned on board with our sad report, an auction was held of the poor man's effects. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft, and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said that it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So we then filled away, and kept the brig off to her course.

The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage, and it is either a law or a custom, established for convenience, that the captain should soon hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid off by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage. In this way the trouble and risk of keeping his things through the voyage are avoided,

and the clothes are usually sold for more than they would be worth on shore. Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind than his chest was brought up upon the fore-castle, and the sale began. The jackets and trousers in which we had seen him dressed so lately were exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft, and used as a store-chest, so that there was nothing left which could be called *his*. Sailors have an unwillingness to wear a dead man's clothes during the same voyage, and they seldom do so, unless they are in absolute want.

From CHAPTER XXXIII

SAILS

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying jib-boom, upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship, as at a separate vessel;—and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stern; and the sails were spread out, wide and high; the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails like wings to the top-sails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady

the breeze, that if those sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails,—“How quietly they do their work!”

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891)

From

20 MOBY DICK, OR THE WHITE WHALE

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE FIRST LOWERING

The phantoms, for so they then seemed, were flitting on the other side of the deck, and, with a noiseless celerity, were casting loose the tackles and bands of the boat which swung there. This boat had always been deemed one of the spare boats, though technically called the captain's, on account of its hanging from the starboard quarter. The figure that now stood by its bows was tall and swart, with one white tooth evilly protruding from its steel-like lips. A rumpled Chinese jacket of black cotton funereally invested him, with wide black trowsers of the same dark stuff. But strangely crowning this ebonness was a glistening white plaited turban, the living hair braided and coiled round and round upon his head. Less swart in aspect, the companions of this figure were of that vivid, tiger-yellow complexion peculiar to some of the aboriginal natives of the Manillas;—a race notorious for a certain diabolism of subtilty, and by some honest white mariners supposed to be the paid spies and secret confidential agents on the water of the devil, their

lord, whose counting-room they suppose to be elsewhere.

While yet the wondering ship's company were gazing upon these strangers, Ahab cried out to the white-turbaned old man at their head, "All ready there, Fedallah?"

"Ready," was the half-hissed reply.

"Lower away then; d'ye hear?" shouting across the deck. "Lower away 10 there, I say."

Such was the thunder of his voice, that spite of their amazement the men sprang over the rail; the sheaves whirled round in the blocks; with a wallow, the three boats dropped into the sea; while, with a dexterous, off-handed daring, unknown in any other vocation, the sailors, goat-like, leaped down the rolling ship's side into the 20 tossed boats below.

Hardly had they pulled out from under the ship's lee, when a fourth keel, coming from the windward side, pulled round under the stern, and showed the five strangers rowing Ahab, who, standing erect in the stern, loudly hailed Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask, to spread themselves widely, so as to cover a large expanse of water. But 30 with all their eyes again riveted upon the swart Fedallah and his crew, the inmates of the other boats obeyed not the command.

"Captain Ahab?" said Starbuck.

"Spread yourselves," cried Ahab; "give way, all four boats. Thou, Flask, pull out more to leeward!"

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerily cried little King-Post, sweeping round his great 40 steering oar. "Lay back!" addressing his crew. "There!—there!—there again! There she blows right ahead, boys!—lay back!"

"Never heed yonder yellow boys, Archy."

"Oh, I don't mind 'em, sir," said Archy; "I knew it all before now. Didn't I hear 'em in the hold? And didn't I tell Cabaco here of it? What 50 say ye, Cabaco? They are stow-aways, Mr. Flask."

"Pull, pull, my fine hearts-alive; pull, my children; pull, my little ones,"

drawlingly and soothingly sighed Stubb to his crew, some of whom still showed signs of uneasiness. "Why don't you break your backbones, my boys? What is it you stare at? Those chaps in yonder boat? Tut! They are only five more hands come to help us—never mind from where—the more the merrier. Pull, then, do pull: never mind the brimstone—devils are good fellows enough. So, so; there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand pounds; that's the stroke to sweep the stakes! Hurrah for the gold cup of sperm oil, my heroes! Three cheers, men—all hearts alive! Easy, easy; don't be in a hurry—don't be in a hurry. Why don't you snap your oars, you rascals? Bite something, you dogs! So, so, so, then;—softly, softly! That's it—that's it! long and strong. Give way there, give way! The devil fetch ye, ye ragamuffin rascallions; ye are all asleep. Stop snoring, ye sleepers, and pull. Pull, will ye? pull, can't ye? pull, won't ye? Why in the name of gudgeons and ginger-cakes don't ye pull?—pull and break something! pull, and start your eyes out! Here!" whipping out the sharp knife from his girdle; "every mother's son of ye draw his knife, and pull with the blade between his teeth. That's it—that's it. Now ye do something; that looks like it, my steel-bits. Start her—start her, my silver-spoons! Start her, marling-spikes!"

Stubb's exordium to his crew is given here at large, because he had rather a peculiar way of talking to them in general, and especially in inculcating the religion of rowing. But you must not suppose from this specimen of his sermonizings that he ever flew into downright passions with his congregation. Not at all; and therein consisted his chief peculiarity. He would say the most terrific things to his crew, in a tone so strangely compounded of fun and fury, and the fury seemed so calculated merely as a spice to the fun, that no oarsman could hear such queer invocations without pulling for dear life, and yet pulling for the

mere joke of the thing. Besides he all the time looked so easy and indolent himself, so loungingly managed his steering oar, and so broadly gaped—open-mouthed at times—that the mere sight of such a yawning commander, by sheer force of contrast, acted like a charm upon the crew. Then again, Stubb was one of those odd sort of humorists, whose jollity is sometimes so curiously ambiguous, as to put all inferiors on their guard in the matter of obeying them.

In obedience to a sign from Ahab, Starbuck was now pulling obliquely across Stubb's bow; and when for a minute or so the two boats were pretty near to each other, Stubb hailed the mate.

"Mr. Starbuck! larboard boat there, ahoy! a word with ye, sir, if ye please!"

"Halloa!" returned Starbuck, turning round not a single inch as he spoke; still earnestly but whisperingly urging his crew; his face set like a flint from Stubb's.

"What think ye of those yellow boys, sir?"

"Smuggled on board, somehow, before the ship sailed. (Strong, strong, boys!)" in a whisper to his crew, then speaking out loud again: "A sad business, Mr. Stubb! (seethe her, seethe her, my lads!) but never mind, Mr. Stubb, all for the best. Let all your crew pull strong, come what will. (Spring, my men, spring!) There's hogsheads of sperm ahead, Mr. Stubb, and that's what ye came for. (Pull, my boys!) Sperm, sperm's the play! This at least is duty; duty and profit hand in hand!"

"Aye, aye, I thought as much," soliloquized Stubb, when the boats diverged, "as soon as I clapt eye on 'em, I thought so. Aye, and that's what he went into the after hold for, so often, as Dough-Boy long suspected. They were hidden down there. The White Whale's at the bottom of it. Well, well, so be it! Can't be helped! All right! Give way, men!

It ain't the White Whale to-day! Give way!"

Now the advent of these outlandish strangers at such a critical instant as the lowering of the boats from the deck, had not unreasonably awakened a sort of superstitious amazement in some of the ship's company; but Archy's fancied discovery having some time previous got abroad among them, though indeed not credited then, this had in some small measure prepared them for the event. It took off the extreme edge of their wonder; and so what with all this and Stubb's confident way of accounting for their appearance, they were for the time freed from superstitious surmisings; though the affair still left abundant room for all manner of wild conjectures as to dark Ahab's precise agency in the matter from the beginning. For me, I silently recalled the mysterious shadows I had seen creeping on board the *Pequod* during the dim Nantucket dawn, as well as the enigmatical hintings of the unaccountable Elijah.

Meantime, Ahab, out of hearing of his officers, having sided the furthest to windward, was still ranging ahead of the other boats; a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him. Those tiger yellow creatures of his seemed all steel and whalebone; like five trip-hammers they rose and fell with regular strokes of strength, which periodically started the boat along the water like a horizontal burst boiler out of a Mississippi steamer. As for Fedallah, who was seen pulling the harpooner oar, he had thrown aside his black jacket, and displayed his naked chest with the whole part of his body above the gunwale, clearly cut against the alternating depressions of the watery horizon; while at the other end of the boat Ahab, with one arm, like a fencer's, thrown half backward into the air, as if to counterbalance any tendency to trip; Ahab was seen steadily managing his steering oar as in a thousand boat lowerings ere the White Whale had torn him.

All at once the outstretched arm gave a peculiar motion and then remained fixed, while the boat's five oars were seen simultaneously peaked. Boat and crew sat motionless on the sea. Instantly the three spread boats in the rear paused on their way. The whales had irregularly settled bodily down into the blue, thus giving no distinctly discernible token of the movement, though from his closer vicinity Ahab had observed it.

"Every man look out along his oars!" cried Starbuck. "Thou, Queequeg, stand up!"

Nimble springing up on the triangular raised box in the bow, the savage stood erect there, and with intensely eager eyes gazed off towards the spot where the chase had last been descried. Likewise upon the extreme stern of the boat where it was also triangularly platformed level with the gunwale, Starbuck himself was seen coolly and adroitly balancing himself to the jerking tossings of his chip of a craft, and silently eyeing the vast blue eye of the sea.

Not very far distant Flask's boat was also lying breathlessly still; its commander recklessly standing upon the top of the loggerhead, a stout sort of post rooted in the keel, and rising some two feet above the level of the stern platform. It is used for catching turns with the whale line. Its top is not more spacious than the palm of a man's hand, and standing upon such a base as that, Flask seemed perched at the masthead of some ship which had sunk to all but her trucks. But little King-Post was small and short, and at the same time little King-Post was full of a large and tall ambition, so that this loggerhead standpoint of his did by no means satisfy King-Post.

"I can't see three seas off; tip us up an oar there, and let me on to that."

Upon this, Daggoo, with either hand upon the gunwale to steady his way, swiftly slid aft, and then erecting himself volunteered his lofty shoulders for a pedestal.

"Good a mast-head as any, sir. Will you mount?"

"That I will, and thank ye very much, my fine fellow; only I wish you fifty feet taller."

Whereupon planting his heel firmly against two opposite planks of the boat, the gigantic negro, stooping a little, presented his flat palm to Flask's foot, and then putting Flask's hand on his hearse-plumed head and bidding him spring as he himself should toss, with one dexterous fling landed the little man high and dry on his shoulders. And here was Flask now standing, Daggoo with one lifted arm furnishing him with a breast-band to lean against and steady himself by.

At any time it is a strange sight to the tyro to see with what wondrous habitude of unconscious skill the whaleman will maintain an erect posture in his boat, even when pitched about by the most riotously perverse and cross-running seas. Still more strange to see him giddily perched upon the loggerhead itself, under such circumstances. But the sight of little Flask mounted upon gigantic Daggoo was yet more curious; for sustaining himself with a cool, indifferent, easy, unthought of, barbaric majesty, the noble negro to every roll of the sea harmoniously rolled his fine form. On his broad back, flaxen-haired Flask seemed a snow flake. The bearer looked nobler than the rider. Though truly vivacious, tumultuous, ostentatious little Flask would now and then stamp with impatience; but not one added heave did he thereby give to the negro's lordly chest. So have I seen Passion and Vanity stamping the living magnanimous earth, but the earth did not alter her tides and her seasons for that.

Meanwhile Stubb, the third mate, betrayed no such far-gazing solicitudes. The whales might have made one of their regular soundings, not a temporary dive from mere fright; and if that were the case, Stubb, as his wont in such cases it seems, was resolved to solace the languishing inter-

val with his pipe. He withdrew it from his hatband, where he always wore it aslant like a feather. He loaded it, and rammed home the loading with this thumb-end; but hardly had he ignited his match across the rough sandpaper of his hand, when Tashtego, his harpooner, whose eyes had been setting to windward like two fixed stars, suddenly dropped like light from his erect attitude to his seat, crying out in a quick phrensy of hurry, "Down, down all, and give way!—there they are!"

To a landsman, no whale, nor any sign of a herring, would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it, and suffusingly blowing off to leeward, like the confused scud from white rolling billows. The air around suddenly vibrated and tingled, as it were, like the air over intensely heated plates of iron. Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling, and partially beneath a thin layer of water, also, the whales were swimming. Seen in advance of all the other indications, the puffs of vapor they spouted, seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders.

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade fair to outstrip them; it flew on and on, as a mass of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills.

"Pull, pull, my good boys," said Starbuck, in the lowest possible but intensest concentrated whisper to his men; while the sharp fixed glance from his eyes darted straight ahead of the bow, almost seemed as two visible needles in two unerring binnacle compasses. He did not say much to his crew, though, nor did his crew say anything to him. Only the silence of the boat was at intervals startlingly pierced by one of his peculiar whispers, now harsh with command, now soft with entreaty.

How different the loud little King-Post. "Sing out and say something,

my hearties. Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! Beach me, beach me on their black backs, boys; only do that for me, and I'll sign over to you my Martha's Vineyard plantation, boys; including wife and children, boys. Lay me on—lay me on! O Lord, Lord! but I shall go stark, staring mad: See! see that white water!" And so shouting, he pulled his hat from his head, and stamped up and down on it; then picking it up, flirited it far off upon the sea; and finally fell to rearing and plunging in the boat's stern like a crazed colt from the prairie.

"Look at that chap now," philosophically drawied Stubb, who, with his unlighted short pipe, mechanically retained between his teeth, at a short distance, followed after—"He's got fits, that Flask has. Fits? yes, give him fits—that's the very word—pitch fits into 'em. Merrily, merrily, hearts-alive. Pudding for supper, you know;—merry's the word. Pull, babes—pull, sucklings—pull, all. But what the devil are you hurrying about? Softly, softly, and steadily, my men. Only pull, and keep pulling; nothing more. Crack all your backbones, and bite your knives in two—that's all. Take it easy—why don't ye take it easy, I say, and burst all your livers and lungs!"

But what it was that inscrutable Ahab said to that tiger-yellow crew of his—these were words best omitted here; for you live under the blessed light of the evangelical land. Only the infidel sharks in the audacious seas may give ear to such words, when, with tornado brow, and eyes of red murder, and foam-glued lips, Ahab leaped after his prey.

Meanwhile, all the boats tore on. The repeated specific allusions of Flask to "that whale," as he called the fictitious monster which he declared to be incessantly tantalizing his boat's bow with its tail—these allusions of his were at times so vivid and life-like, that they would cause some one or two of his men to snatch a fearful look

over the shoulder. But this was against the rule; for the oarsmen must put out their eyes, and ram a skew through their necks; usage pronouncing that they must have no organs but ears, and no limbs but arms, in these critical moments.

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling-green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves, that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down its other side;—all these, with the cries of the headsmen and harpooners, and the shuddering gasps of the oarsmen, with the wondrous sight of the ivory *Pequod* bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood;—all this was thrilling. Not the raw recruit, marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle; not the dead man's ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world;—neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does, who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed, churned circle of the hunted sperm whale.

The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owing to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud-shadows flung upon the sea. The jets of vapor no longer blended, but tilted everywhere to right and left; the whales seemed separating their wakes. The boats were pulled more apart; Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set, and with the still rising wind, we rushed along; the boat going with such madness through the water, that

the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the rowlocks.

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

"Give way, men," whispered Starbuck, drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail; "there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There's white water again!—close to! Spring!"

Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard, when with a lightning-like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: "Stand up!" and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents.

"That's his hump. *There, there,* give it to him!" whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapor shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and lashing them across the

gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering every rib and plank, so that to our downward gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers together; the whole squall roared, forked, and 10 crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning; immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack, and mist grew darker with the shadows of night; no sign of the 20 ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. The oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life-preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern; then stretching it on a waif pole, handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of 30 this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness. There, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn 40 came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form. Affrighted, we all 50 sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length.

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we swam for it, were dashed against it by the seas, and were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing,—an oar or a lance pole.

CHAPTER CXXXV

THE CHASE—THIRD DAY

The morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night-man at the foremast-head was relieved by crowds of the daylight look-outs, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'y'e see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! Were it a new-made world, and made for a summer-house to the angels, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon that world. Here's food 40 for thought, had Ahab time to think; but Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels; *that's* tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity. God only has that right and privilege. Thinking is, or ought to be, a coolness and a calmness; and our poor hearts throb, and our poor brains beat too much for that. And yet, I've some- 50 times thought my brain was very calm—frozen calm, this old skull cracks so, like a glass in which the contents turn to ice, and shiver it. And still this hair is growing now; this moment growing, and heat must breed it; but

no, it's like that sort of common grass that will grow anywhere, between the earthy clefts of Greenland ice or in Vesuvius lava. How the wild winds blow it; they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to. A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through prison corridors and cells, and wards of hospitals, and ventilated them, and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces. Out upon it!—it's tainted. Were I the wind, I'd blow no more on such a wicked, miserable world. I'd crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there. And yet 'tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! Who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than *that*. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference! And yet, I say again, and swear it now, that there's something all glorious and gracious in the wind. These warm Trade Winds, at least, that in the clear heavens blow straight on, in strong and steadfast, vigorous mildness; and veer not from their mark, however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest Mississippis of the land shift and swerve about, uncertain where to go at last. And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on; these Trades, or something like them—something so unchangeable, and full as strong, blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a-begging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I've oversailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he's chasing *me* now; not I, *him*—

that's bad; I might have known it, too. Fool! the lines—the harpoons he's towing. Aye, aye, I have run him by last night. About! about! Come down, all of ye, but the regular look-outs! Man the braces!"

Steering as she had done, the wind had been somewhat on the *Pequod's* quarter, so that now being pointed in the reverse direction, the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she re-churned the cream in her own white wake.

"Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw," murmured Starbuck to himself, as he coiled the new-hauled main-brace upon the rail. "God keep us, but already my bones feel damp within me, and from the inside wet my flesh. I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him!"

"Stand by to sway me up!" cried Ahab, advancing to the hempen basket. "We should meet him soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from the three mast-heads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

"Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up; crowd her into the wind's eye. He's too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a top-maul! So, so; he travels fast, and I must down. But let me have one more good round look aloft here at the sea; there's time for that. An old, old sight, and yet somehow so young; aye, and not changed a wink since I first saw it, a boy, from the sand-hills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me. There's a soft shower to leeward. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land, more palmy than

the palms. Leeward! the white whale goes that way; look to windward, then; the better if the bitterer quarter. But good-bye, good-bye, old mast-head! What's this?—green? aye, tiny mosses in these warped cracks. No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matter's. But aye, old mast, we both grow old together; 10 sound in our hulls, though, are we not, my ship? Aye, minus a leg, that's all. By heaven this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it; and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers. What's that he said? he should still go before me, my pilot; and yet to be seen again? But 20 where? Will I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend those endless stairs? and all night I've been sailing from him, wherever he did sink to. Aye, aye, like many more thou told'st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but, Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Good-bye, mast-head—keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone. We'll talk to- 30 morrow, nay, to-night, when the white whale lies down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word; and still gazing round him, was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's stern, Ahab just hovered upon the point of 40 the descent, he waved to the mate,—who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck—and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, 50 Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir: saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the

flood;—and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old;—shake hands with me, man."

Their hands met; their eyes fastened; Starbuck's tears the glue.

"Oh, my captain, my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not!—see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!"—cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin-window there; "O master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high-lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars, every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the *Pequod* since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them,—however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

"Heart of wrought steel!" murmured Starbuck, gazing over the side, and following with his eyes the receding boat—"canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks, and followed by them, open-mouthed to the chase; and

this the critical third day?—For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit, be sure the first is the morning, the second the noon, and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may. Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me, and leaves me so deadly calm, yet expectant,—fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me, as in empty outlines and skeletons; all the past is somehow grown dim. Mary, girl! thou fadest in pale glories behind me; boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue. Strangest problems of life seem clearing; but clouds sweep between—Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint; like his who has footed it all day. Feel thy heart,—beats it yet?—Stir thyself, Starbuck!—stave it off—move, move! speak aloud!—Mast-head there! See ye my boy's hand on the hill? Crazy;—aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats:—mark well the whale!—Ho! again!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane!—pointing to the red flag flying at the main-truck—“Ha! he soars away with it!—Where's the old man now? sees't thou that sight, oh Ahab!—shudder, shudder!”

The boats had not gone very far, when by a signal from the mast-heads—a downward pointed arm, Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at the next rising; he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel; the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

“Drive, drive in your nails, oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid; and no coffin and no hearse can be mine:—and hemp only can kill me! Ha! ha!”

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice,

swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as, bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

“Give away!” cried Ahab to the oarsmen, and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together; as head on he came, churning his tail among the boats; and once more flailed them apart; spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks, and as the whale swimming out from them, turned, and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again, at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen; his sable raiment frayed to shreds; his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand.

“Befooled, befooled!”—drawing in a long lean breath—“Aye, Parsee! I see thee again.—Aye, and thou goest before; and this, *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word.

Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die—Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me.—Where's the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship,—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

"Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, "not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him!"

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards, he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mast-heads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had but just been hoisted to the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the port-holes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this, as he heard the hammers in the broken boats, far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the

vane or flag was gone from the main-mast-head, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him: whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the un pitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat, and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell"—he muttered—"whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye, all alive, now—we near him. The helm! take the helm; let me pass,"—and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great, Monadnock¹ hump; he was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse

¹a mountain in New Hampshire

sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who fore-¹⁰ knew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that³⁰ double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the⁴⁰ ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden, he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't night?"

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be for

ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! Will you not save my ship?"

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the tempo-¹⁰ rarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's mast-head hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-²⁰ flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close. Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all³⁰ my bursting prayers? all my life-long fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!"

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Who ever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake, but Stubb's own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon, and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as⁵⁰ ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with ye, would ye but hand the cup! Oh! oh! oh! oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon!

Why fly ye not, O Ahab! For me, off shoes and jacket to it; let Stubb die in his drawers! A most moldy and over salted death, though;—cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, for one red cherry ere, we die!"

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will now come to her, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semi-circular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Ah! ye three unsundered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow,—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride

of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove;—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bow-string their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eyesplice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous *Fata Morgana*;¹ only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking lookouts on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the *Pequod* out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the main-

¹ mirage

mast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched;—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that etherial thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

EPILOGUE

*"And I Only Am Escaped Alone to
Tell Thee."* JOB.

The drama's done. Why then here does any one step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

It so chanced, that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same, who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out the rocking boat, was dropped astern. So, floating on the margin of the ensuing scene,

and in full sight of it, when the half-spent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then but slowly drawn towards the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital centre, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life-buoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night, I floated on a soft and dirge-like main. The unharmed sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising *Rachel*, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN (1828-1862)

THE DIAMOND LENS

I

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

From a very early period of my life the entire bent of my inclinations had been towards microscopic investigations. When I was not more than ten years old, a distant relative of our family, hoping to astonish my inexperience, constructed a simple microscope for me, by drilling in a disk of copper a small hole, in which a drop of pure water was sustained by capillary attraction. This very primitive apparatus, magnifying some fifty diameters, presented, it is true, only indistinct and imperfect forms, but still sufficiently wonderful to work up my imagination to a preternatural state of excitement.

Seeing me so interested in this rude instrument, my cousin explained to me all that he knew about the principles of the microscope, related to me a few of the wonders which had been accomplished through its agency, and ended by promising to send me one regularly constructed, immediately on his return to the city. I counted the days, the hours, the minutes, that intervened between that promise and his departure.

Meantime I was not idle. Every transparent substance that bore the remotest semblance to a lens I eagerly seized upon and employed in vain attempts to realize that instrument, the theory of whose construction I as yet only vaguely comprehended. All panes of glass containing those oblate spheroidal knots familiarly known as "bull's-eyes" were ruthlessly destroyed, in the hope of obtaining lenses of marvelous power. I even went so far as to extract the crystalline humor from the eyes of fishes and animals, and endeavored to press it into the microscopic service. I plead guilty to having stolen the glasses from my Aunt Agatha's spectacles, with a dim idea of grinding them into lenses of wondrous magnifying properties,—in which attempt it is scarcely necessary to say that I totally failed.

At last the promised instrument came. It was of that order known as Field's simple microscope, and had cost perhaps about fifteen dollars. As far as educational purposes went, a better apparatus could not have been selected. Accompanying it was a small treatise on the microscope,—its history, uses, and discoveries. I comprehended then for the first time the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The dull veil of ordinary existence that hung across the world seemed suddenly to roll away, and to lay bare a land of enchantments. I felt towards my companions as the seer might feel towards the ordinary masses of men. I held conversations with Nature in a tongue which they could not understand. I was in daily communication with living wonders, such as they never

imagined in their wildest visions. I penetrated beyond the external portal of things and roamed through the sanctuaries. Where they beheld only a drop of rain slowly rolling down the window-glass, I saw a universe of beings animated with all the passions common to physical life, and convulsing their minute sphere with struggles as fierce and protracted as those of men. In the common spots of mould, which my mother, good housekeeper that she was, fiercely scooped away from her jam pots, there abode for me, under the name of mildew, enchanted gardens, filled with dells and avenues of the densest foliage and most astonishing verdure, while from the fantastic boughs of these microscopic forests hung strange fruits glittering with green and silver and gold.

It was no scientific thirst that at this time filled my mind. It was the pure enjoyment of a poet to whom a world of wonders has been disclosed. I talked of my solitary pleasures to none. Alone with my microscope, I dimmed my sight, day after day and night after night poring over the marvels which it unfolded to me. I was like one who, having discovered the ancient Eden still existing in all its primitive glory, should resolve to enjoy it in solitude, and never betray to mortal the secret of its locality. The rod of my life was bent at this moment. I destined myself to be a microscopist.

Of course, like every novice, I fancied myself a discoverer. I was ignorant at the time of the thousands of acute intellects engaged in the same pursuit as myself, and with the advantage of instruments a thousand times more powerful than mine. The names of Leeuwenhoek, Williamson, Spencer, Ehrenberg, Schultz, Dujardin, Schact, and Schleiden were then entirely unknown to me, or if known, I was ignorant of their patient and wonderful researches. In every fresh specimen of Cryptogamia which I placed beneath my instrument I believed that I discovered wonders of which the

world was as yet ignorant. I remember well the thrill of delight and admiration that shot through me the first time that I discovered the common wheel animalcule (*Rotifera vulgaris*) expanding and contracting its flexible spokes, and seemingly rotating through the water. Alas! as I grew older, and obtained some works treating of my favorite study, I found that I was only on the threshold of a science to the investigation of which some of the greatest men of the age were devoting their lives and intellects.

As I grew up, my parents, who saw but little likelihood of anything practical resulting from the examination of bits of moss and drops of water through a brass tube and a piece of glass, were anxious that I should choose a profession. It was their desire that I should enter the counting-house of my uncle, Ethan Blake, a prosperous merchant, who carried on business in New York. This suggestion I decisively combated. I had no taste for trade; I should only make a failure; in short, I refused to become a merchant.

But it was necessary for me to select some pursuit. My parents were staid New England people, who insisted on the necessity of labor; and therefore, although, thanks to the bequest of my poor Aunt Agatha, I should, on coming of age, inherit a small fortune sufficient to place me above want, it was decided, that, instead of waiting for this, I should act the nobler part, and employ the intervening years in rendering myself independent.

After much cogitation I complied with the wishes of my family, and selected a profession. I determined to study medicine at the New York Academy. This disposition of my future suited me. A removal from my relatives would enable me to dispose of my time as I pleased, without fear of detection. As long as I paid my Academy fees, I might shirk attending the lectures, if I chose; and as I never had the remotest intention of standing an examination, there was no danger of my being "plucked." Besides, a

metropolis was the place for me. There I could obtain excellent instruments, the newest publications, intimacy with men of pursuits kindred to my own,—in short all things necessary to insure a profitable devotion of my life to my beloved science. I had an abundance of money, few desires that were not bounded by my illuminating mirror on one side and my object-glass on the other; what, therefore, was to prevent my becoming an illustrious investigator of the veiled worlds? It was with the most buoyant hopes that I left my New England home and established myself in New York.

II

THE LONGING OF A MAN OF SCIENCE

My first step, of course, was to find suitable apartments. These I obtained, after a couple of days' search, in Fourth Avenue; a very pretty second-floor unfurnished, containing sitting-room, bed-room, and a smaller apartment which I intended to fit up as a laboratory. I furnished my lodgings simply, but rather elegantly, and then devoted all my energies to the adornment of the temple of my worship. I visited Pike, the celebrated optician, and passed in review his splendid collection of microscopes,—Field's Compound, Highan's, Spencer's, Nachet's Binocular (that founded on the principles of the stereoscope), and at length fixed upon that form known as Spencer's Trunion Microscope, as combining the greatest number of improvements with an almost perfect freedom from tremor. Along with this I purchased every possible accessory,—draw-tubes, micrometers, a *camera-lucida*, lever stage, achromatic condensers, white cloud illuminators, prisms, parabolic condensers, polarizing apparatus, forceps, aquatic boxes, fishing-tubes, with a host of other articles, all of which would have been useful in the hands of an experienced microscopist, but, as I afterwards discovered, were not of the slightest present value to me. It takes years of practice to know

how to use a complicated microscope. The optician looked suspiciously at me as I made these wholesale purchases. He evidently was uncertain whether to set me down as some scientific celebrity or a madman. I think he inclined to the latter belief. I suppose I was mad. Every great genius is mad upon the subject in which he is greatest. The unsuccessful madman is disgraced, and 10 called a lunatic.

Mad or not, I set myself to work with a zeal which few scientific students have ever equaled. I had everything to learn relative to the delicate study upon which I had embarked,—a study involving the most earnest patience, the most rigid analytic powers, the steadiest hand, the most untiring eye, the most refined and subtle 20 manipulation.

For a long time half my apparatus lay inactively on the shelves of my laboratory, which was now most amply furnished with every possible contrivance for facilitating my investigations. The fact was that I did not know how to use some of my scientific accessories,—never having been taught microscopies,—and those whose use I 30 understood theoretically were of little avail, until by practice I could attain the necessary delicacy of handling. Still, such was the fury of my ambitions, such the untiring perseverance of my experiments, that, difficult of credit as it may be, in the course of one year I became theoretically and practically an accomplished microscopist.

During this period of my labors, in which I submitted specimens of every substance that came under my observation to the action of my lenses, I became a discoverer,—in a small way, it is true, for I was very young, but still a discoverer. It was I who destroyed Ehrenberg's theory that the *Volvox globator* was an animal, and proved that his "monads" with stom- 50 achs and eyes were merely phases of the formation of a vegetable cell, and were, when they reached their mature state, incapable of the fact of conju-

gation, or any true generative act, without which no organism rising to any stage of life higher than vegetable can be said to be complete. It was I who resolved the singular problem of rotation in the cells and hairs of plants into ciliary attraction, in spite of the assertion of Mr. Wenham and others, that my explanation was the result of 10 an optical illusion.

But notwithstanding these discoveries, laboriously and painfully made as they were, I felt horribly dissatisfied. At every step I found myself stopped by the imperfections of my instruments. Like all active microscopists, I gave my imagination full play. Indeed, it is a common complaint against many such, that they supply the defects of their instruments with the creations of their brains. I imagined depths beyond depths in Nature which the limited power of my lenses prohibited me from exploring. I lay awake at night constructing imaginary microscopes of immeasurable power, with which I seemed to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its original atom. How I cursed those imperfect mediums which necessity through ignorance compelled me to use! How I longed to discover the secret of some perfect lens whose magnifying power should be limited only by the resolvability of the object, and which at the same time should be free from spherical and chromatic aberrations, in short from all the obstacles over which the poor microscopist finds himself continually stumbling! I felt convinced 40 that the simple microscope, composed of a single lens of such vast yet perfect power, was possible of construction. To attempt to bring the compound microscope up to such a pitch would have been commencing at the wrong end; this latter being simply a partially successful endeavor to remedy those very defects of the simple instrument, which, if conquered, would leave nothing to be desired.

It was in this mood of mind that I became a constructive microscopist. After another year passed in this new

pursuit, experimenting on every imaginable substance,—glass, gems, flints, crystals, artificial crystals formed of the alloy of various vitreous materials,—in short, having constructed as many varieties of lenses as Argus had eyes, I found myself precisely where I started, with nothing gained save an extensive knowledge of glass-making. I was almost dead with despair. My parents were surprised at my apparent want of progress in my medical studies (I had not attended one lecture since my arrival in the city), and the expenses of my mad pursuit had been so great as to embarrass me very seriously.

I was in this frame of mind one day, experimenting in my laboratory on a small diamond,—that stone, from its great refracting power, having always occupied my attention more than any other,—when a young Frenchman, who lived on the floor above me, and who was in the habit of occasionally visiting me, entered the room.

I think that Jules Simon was a Jew. He had many traits of the Hebrew character: a love of jewelry, of dress, and of good living. There was something mysterious about him. He always had something to sell, and yet went into excellent society. When I say sell, I should perhaps have said peddle; for his operations were generally confined to the disposal of single articles,—a picture, for instance, or a rare carving in ivory, or a pair of duelling pistols, or the dress of a Mexican *caballero*. When I was first furnishing my rooms, he paid me a visit, which ended in my purchasing an antique silver lamp, which he assured me was a Cellini,—it was handsome enough even for that,—and some other knick-knacks for my sitting-room. Why Simon should pursue this petty trade I never could imagine. He apparently had plenty of money, and had the *entr  e* of the best houses in the city,—taking care, however, I suppose, to drive no bargains within the enchanted circle of the Upper Ten. I came at length to the conclusion that this peddling was but a mask to cover

some greater object, and even went so far as to believe my young acquaintance to be implicated in the slave-trade. That, however, was none of my affair.

On the present occasion, Simon entered my room in a state of considerable excitement.

"Ah! *mon ami!*" he cried, before I could even offer him the ordinary salutation, "it has occurred to me to be the witness of the most astonishing things in the world. I promenade myself to the house of Madame — How does the little animal—*le renard*—name himself in the Latin?"

"Vulpes," I answered.

"Ah! yes,—Vulpes. I promenade myself to the house of Madame Vulpes."

"The spirit medium?"

"Yes, the great medium. Great Heavens! what a woman! I write on a slip of paper many of questions concerning affairs the most secret,—affairs that conceal themselves in the abysses of my heart the most profound; and behold! by example! what occurs? This devil of a woman makes me replies the most truthful to all of them. She talks to me of things that I do not love to talk of to myself. What am I to think? I am fixed to the earth!"

"Am I to understand you, M. Simon, that this Mrs. Vulpes replied to questions secretly written by you, which questions related to events known only to yourself?"

"Ah! more than that, more than that," he answered, with an air of some alarm. "She related to me things—But," he added, after a pause, and suddenly changing his manner, "why occupy ourselves with these follies? It was all the Biology, without doubt. It goes without saying that it has not my credence.—But why are we here, *mon ami*? It has occurred to me to discover the most beautiful thing as you can imagine,—a vase with green lizards on it, composed by the great Bernard Palissy. It is in my apartment; let us mount. I go to show it to you."

I followed Simon mechanically; but my thoughts were far from Palissy and his enameled ware, though I, like him, was seeking in the dark after a great discovery. This casual mention of the spiritualist, Madame Vulpes, set me on a new track. What if this spiritualism should be really a great fact? What if, through communication with subtiler organisms than my own, I could reach at a single bound the goal, which perhaps a life of agonizing mental toil would never enable me to attain?

While purchasing the Palissy vase from my friend Simon, I was mentally arranging a visit to Madame Vulpes.

III

THE SPIRIT OF LEEUWENHOEK

Two evenings after this, thanks to an arrangement by letter and the promise of an ample fee, I found Madame Vulpes awaiting me at her residence alone. She was a coarse-featured woman, with a keen and rather cruel dark eye, and an exceedingly sensual expression about her mouth and under jaw. She received me in perfect silence, in an apartment on the ground floor, very sparsely furnished. In the center of the room, close to where Mrs. Vulpes sat, there was a common round mahogany table. If I had come for the purpose of sweeping her chimney, the woman could not have looked more indifferent to my appearance. There was no attempt to inspire the visitor with any awe. Everything bore a simple and practical aspect. This intercourse with the spiritual world was evidently as familiar an occupation with Mrs. Vulpes as eating her dinner or riding in an omnibus.

"You come for a communication, Mr. Linley?" said the medium, in a dry, business-like tone of voice.

"By appointment,—yes."

"What sort of communication do you want?—a written one?"

"Yes,—I wish for a written one."

"From any particular spirit?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever known this spirit on this earth?"

"Never. He died long before I was born. I wish merely to obtain from him some information which he ought to be able to give better than any other."

"Will you seat yourself at the table, Mr. Linley," said the medium, "and place your hands upon it?"

I obeyed,—Mrs. Vulpes being seated opposite me, with her hands also on the table. We remained thus for about a minute and a half, when a violent succession of raps came on the table, on the back of my chair, on the floor immediately under my feet, and even on the window-panes. Mrs. Vulpes smiled composedly.

"They are very strong to-night," she remarked. "You are fortunate." She then continued, "Will the spirits communicate with this gentleman?"

Virgorous affirmative.

"Will the particular spirit he desires to speak with communicate?"

A very confused rapping followed this question.

"I know what they mean," said Mrs. Vulpes, addressing herself to me; "they wish you to write down the name of the particular spirit that you desire to converse with. Is that so?" she added, speaking to her invisible guests.

That it was so was evident from the numerous affirmative responses. While this was going on, I tore a slip from my pocketbook, and scribbled a name under the table.

"Will this spirit communicate in writing with this gentleman?" asked the medium once more.

After a moment's pause her hand seemed to be seized with a violent tremor, shaking so forcibly that the table vibrated. She said that a spirit had seized her hand and would write. I handed her some sheets of paper that were on the table, and a pencil. The latter she held loosely in her hand, which presently began to move over the paper with a singular and seemingly involuntary motion. After a few moments had elapsed she handed me

the paper, on which I found written, in a large, uncultivated hand, the words, "He is not here, but has been sent for." A pause of a minute or so now ensued, during which Mrs. Vulpes remained perfectly silent, but the raps continued at regular intervals. When the short period I mention had elapsed, the hand of the medium was again seized with its convulsive tremor, and she wrote, under this strange influence, a few words on the paper, which she handed to me. They were as follows:—

"I am here. Question me.

LEEUEWENHOEK."

I was astounded. The name was identical with that I had written beneath the table, and carefully kept concealed. Neither was it at all probable that an uncultivated woman like Mrs. Vulpes should know even the name of the great father of microscopies. It may have been Biology; but this theory was soon doomed to be destroyed. I wrote on my slip—still concealing it from Mrs. Vulpes—a series of questions, which, to avoid tediousness, I shall place with the responses in the order in which they occurred.

I—Can the microscope be brought to perfection?

SPIRIT—Yes.

I—Am I destined to accomplish this great task?

SPIRIT—You are.

I—I wish to know how to proceed to attain this end. For the love which you bear to science, help me!

SPIRIT—A diamond of one hundred and forty carats, submitted to electromagnetic currents for a long period, will experience a rearrangement of its atoms *inter se*, and from that stone you will form the universal lens.

I—Will great discoveries result from the use of such a lens?

SPIRIT—So great, that all that has gone before is as nothing.

I—But the refractive power of the diamond is so immense, that the image will be formed within the lens. How is that difficulty to be surmounted?

SPIRIT—Pierce the lens through its axis, and the difficulty is obviated. The image will be formed in the pierced space, which will itself serve as a tube to look through. Now I am called. Good night!

I cannot at all describe the effect that these extraordinary communications had upon me. I felt completely bewildered. No biological theory could account for the *discovery* of the lens. The medium might, by means of biological *rapport* with my mind, have gone so far as to read my questions, and reply to them coherently. But Biology could not enable her to discover that magnetic currents would so alter the crystals of the diamond as to remedy its previous defects, and admit of its being polished into a perfect lens. Some such theory may have passed through my head, it is true; but if so, I had forgotten it. In my excited condition of mind there was no course left but to become a convert, and it was in a state of the most painful nervous exaltation that I left the medium's house that evening. She accompanied me to the door, hoping that I was satisfied. The raps followed us as we went through the hall, sounding on the balusters, the flooring, and even the lintels of the door. I hastily expressed my satisfaction, and escaped hurriedly into the cool night air. I walked home with but one thought possessing me,—how to obtain a diamond of the immense size required. My entire means multiplied a hundred times over would have been inadequate to its purchase. Besides, such stones are rare, and become historical. I could find such only in the regalia of Eastern or European monarchs.

IV

THE EYE OF MORNING

There was a light in Simon's room as I entered my house. A vague impulse urged me to visit him. As I opened the door of his sitting-room unannounced, he was bending, with his

back toward me, over a Carcel lamp, apparently engaged in minutely examining some object which he held in his hands. As I entered, he started suddenly, thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and turned to me with a face crimson with confusion.

"What!" I cried, "poring over the miniature of some fair lady? Well, don't blush so much; I won't ask to see it."

Simon laughed awkwardly enough, but made none of the negative protestations usual on such occasions. He asked me to take a seat.

"Simon," said I, "I have just come from Madame Vulpes."

This time Simon turned as white as a sheet, and seemed stupefied, as if a sudden electric shock had smitten him. He babbled some incoherent words, and went hastily to a small closet where he usually kept his liquors. Although astonished at his emotion, I was too preoccupied with my own idea to pay much attention to anything else.

"You say truly when you call Madame Vulpes a devil of a woman," I continued. "Simon, she told me wonderful things to-night, or rather was the means of telling me wonderful things. Ah! if I could only get a diamond that weighed one hundred and forty carats!"

Scarcely had the sigh with which I uttered this desire died upon my lips, when Simon, with the aspect of a wild beast, glared at me savagely, and rushing to the mantel-piece, where some foreign weapons hung on the wall, caught up a Malay creese, and brandished it furiously before him.

"No!" he cried in French, into which he always broke when excited. "No! you shall not have it! You are perfidious! You have consulted with that demon, and desire my treasure! But I will die first! Me! I am brave! You cannot make me fear!"

All this, uttered in a loud voice trembling with excitement, astounded me. I saw at a glance that I had accidentally trodden upon the edges of

Simon's secret, whatever it was. It was necessary to reassure him.

"My dear Simon," I said, "I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean. I went to Madame Vulpes to consult with her on a scientific problem, to the solution of which I discovered that a diamond of the size I just mentioned was necessary. You were never alluded to during the evening, nor, so far as I was concerned, even thought of. What can be the meaning of this outburst? If you happen to have a set of valuable diamonds in your possession, you need fear nothing from me. The diamond which I require you could not possess; or if you did possess it, you would not be living here."

Something in my tone must have completely reassured him; for his expression immediately changed to a sort of constrained merriment; combined, however, with a certain suspicious attention to my movements. He laughed, and said that I must bear with him; that he was at certain moments subject to a species of vertigo, which betrayed itself in incoherent speeches, and that the attacks passed off as rapidly as they came. He put his weapon aside while making this explanation, and endeavored, with some success, to assume a more cheerful air.

All this did not impose on me in the least. I was too much accustomed to analytical labors to be baffled by so flimsy a veil. I determined to probe the mystery to the bottom.

"Simon," I said, gaily, "let us forget all this over a bottle of Burgundy. I have a case of Lausseure's *Clos Vougeot* downstairs, fragrant with the odors and ruddy with the sunlight of the Côte d'Or. Let us have up a couple of bottles. What say you?"

"With all my heart," answered Simon, smilingly.

I produced the wine and we seated ourselves to drink. It was of a famous vintage, that of 1848, a year when war and wine thrived together,—and its pure but powerful juice seemed to impart renewed vitality to the system.

By the time we had half finished the second bottle, Simon's head, which I knew was a weak one, had begun to yield, while I remained calm as ever, only that every draught seemed to send a flush of vigor through my limbs. Simon's utterance became more and more indistinct. He took to singing French *chansons* of a not very moral tendency. I rose suddenly from the table just at the conclusion of one of those incoherent verses, and fixing my eyes on him with a quiet smile, said: "Simon, I have deceived you. I learned your secret this evening. You may as well be frank with me. Mrs. Vulpes, or rather, one of her spirits, told me all."

He started with horror. His intoxication seemed for the moment to fade away, and he made a movement towards the weapon that he had a short time before laid down. I stopped him with my hand.

"Monster!" he cried, passionately, "I am ruined! What shall I do? You shall never have it! I swear by my mother!"

"I don't want it," I said; "rest secure, but be frank with me. Tell me all about it."

The drunkenness began to return. He protested with maudlin earnestness that I was entirely mistaken,—that I was intoxicated; then asked me to swear eternal secrecy; and promised to disclose the mystery to me. I pledged myself, of course, to all. With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! How the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence

was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but, instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up, and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added, that, in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond by the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morn-
ing."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light, ever imagined or described, seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of Destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew, in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man, Simon, was by his own confession a

criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul, a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantel-piece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air-bubble, sent up by a diver, when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instan-

inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vice, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vice, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of paper's on Simon's hearth. Suicides always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a *post-mortem* examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself, but, after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vice, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw

Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clue to his death, beyond that of suicide, could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week, that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed, that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he would not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt 20 papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

V

ANIMULA

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in luster every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the 50 surfaces of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came;

the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

30 I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly, that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the 40 grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of

the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate were to be seen, save those vast auroral corpses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped, at least, to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,—but still, some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing.

At last the violent pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say "human," I mean it possessed the outline of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted its illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that enclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of line. This, indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly,—alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless

drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand, and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her, as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight has vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover, or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensation, as I ar-

rived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true, that, thanks to the marvellous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures, that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger, who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention, of which human intellect was capable, could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and, even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

VI

THE SPILLING OF THE CUP

I arose the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my micro-

scope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. Animula was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning, when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gamboled with the enchanting grace that the Nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained, I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of all weight. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips moved. Ah! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entrance my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonais would have thrilled the illumined air!

I now comprehended how it was that the Count de Gabalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs,—beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire, and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light. The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized.

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day from early dawn, and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals. My whole

life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion,—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction, that, although I could gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me!

At length I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest, and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. "Come," I said, "this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on Animula charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish!"

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful, as well as the most graceful woman in the world. I instantly dressed and went to the theater.

The curtain drew up. The usual semi-circle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enameled flower-bank, of green canvas, on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the Signorina. She bounded forward amid thunders of applause, and lighting on one foot remained poised in air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of

her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular and distressed the eye. I could bear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina's *pas-de-fascination*, and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Animula was there,—but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous luster of her golden hair had failed. She was ill!—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human birthright, if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed, as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim and in some places faded away altogether. I watched Animula for hours with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact, I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Animula and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there,—but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked

eye; I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Animula,—and she was dying.

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through! Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light.

Ah! the sight was horrible: the limbs once so round and lovely shriveling up into nothings; the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throes came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on Optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. "Linley, the mad microscopist," is the name I go by. I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
(1826-1864)

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, 5
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eb'rywhere I roam. 10
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows
 weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squander'd, 15
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playin' wid my brudder,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die. 20

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming 25
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

The sun shines bright in the old Ken-
 tucky home;
 'T is summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's
 in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the
 day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin
 floor, 5
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 By-'n'-by hard times come a-knocking
 at the door:—
 Then my old Kentucky home, good
 night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
 O, weep no more to-day! 10
 We will sing one song for the old
 Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far
 away.

They hunt no more for the possum and
 the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the
 shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of
 the moon, 15
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the
 heart,

With sorrow, where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies
 have to part:—
 Then my old Kentucky home, good
 night! 20

The head must bow, and the back will
 have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all
 will end,
 In the field where the sugar canes
 grow.
 A few more days for to tote the weary
 load, 25
 No matter, 't will never be light;
 A few more days till we totter on the
 road:—
 Then my old Kentucky home, good
 night!

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867)

SONNET: "I SCARCELY GRIEVE"

I scarcely grieve, O Nature, at the lot
 That pent my life within a city's
 bounds,
 And shut me from the sweetest sights
 and sounds.
 Perhaps I had not learned, if some
 lone cot
 Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what
 the mart 5
 Taught me amid its turmoil; so my
 youth
 Had missed full many a stern but
 wholesome truth.
 Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of
 Art,
 Thy power is on me, and I own thy
 thrall.
 There is no unimpressive spot on
 earth! 10
 The beauty of the stars is over all,
 And Day and Darkness visit every
 hearth;

Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

SONNET: "I KNOW NOT WHY"

I know not why, but all this weary day,
Suggested by no definite grief or pain,
Sad fancies have been flitting through my brain;
Now it has been a vessel losing way,
Rounding a stormy headland; now a gray
Dull waste of clouds above a wintry main;
And then, a banner, drooping in the rain,
And meadows beaten into bloody clay.
Strolling at random with this shadowy woe
At heart, I chanced to wander hither! Lo!
A league of desolate marsh-land, with its lush,
Hot grasses in a noisome, tide-left bed,
And faint, warm airs that rustle in the hush,
Like whispers round the body of the dead.

ETHNOGENESIS

Written during the meeting of the First Southern Congress, at Montgomery, February, 1861.

I

Hath not the morning dawned with added light?
And shall not evening call another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night,
To mark this day in Heaven? At last,
we are
A nation among nations; and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled!
Now, come what may, whose favor need we court?
And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?

Thank him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run

All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the Year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service wield

Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind,

While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field

Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold,

Its endless sheets unfold
THE SNOW OF SOUTHERN SUMMERS!
Let the earth

Rejoice! beneath those fleeces soft and warm

Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep

As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic storm!

II

And what if, mad with wrongs themselves have wrought,

In their own treachery caught,
By their own fears made bold,
And leagued with him of old,

Who long since in the limits of the North

Set up his evil throne, and warred with God—

What if, both mad and blinded in their rage,

Our foes should fling us down their mortal gage,

And with a hostile step profane our sod!

We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go forth

To meet them, marshaled by the Lord of Hosts,

And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts

Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall
foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these
alone,

But every stock and stone
Shall help us; but the very soil, 45
And all the generous wealth it gives
to toil,
And all for which we love our noble
land,
Shall fight beside, and through us; sea
and strand,

The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every in-
fluence, 50

Gentle, or grave, or grand;
The winds in our defence
Shall seem to blow; to us the hills shall
lend

Their firmness and their calm;
And in our stiffened sinews we shall
blend 55

The strength of pine and palm!

III

Nor would we shun the battle-ground,
Though weak as we are strong;
Call up the clashing elements around,
And test the right and wrong! 60

On one side, creeds that dare to teach
What Christ and Paul refrained to
preach;

Codes built upon a broken pledge,
And Charity that whets a poniard's
edge;

Fair schemes that leave the neighbor-
ing poor 65

To starve and shiver at the schemer's
door,

While in the world's most liberal ranks
enrolled,

He turns some vast philanthropy to
gold;

Religion, taking every mortal form
But that a pure and Christian faith
makes warm, 70

Where not to vile fanatic passion
urged,

Or not in vague philosophies sub-
merged,

Repulsive with all Pharisaic leaven,
And making laws to stay the laws of
Heaven!

And on the other, scorn of sordid gain,
Unblemished honor, truth, without a
stain, 76

Faith, justice, reverence, charitable
wealth,

And, for the poor and humble, laws
which give,

Not the mean right to buy the right to
live,

But life, and home, and health! 80
To doubt the end were want of trust
in God,

Who, if he has decreed
That we must pass a redder sea
Than that which rang to Miriam's holy
glee,

Will surely raise at need 85
A Moses with his rod!

IV

But let our fears—if fears we have—
be still,

And turn us to the future! Could we
climb

Some mighty Alp, and view the com-
ing time,

The rapturous sight would fill 90
Our eyes with happy tears!

Not only for the glories which the years
Shall bring us; not for lands from sea
to sea,

And wealth, and power, and peace,
though these shall be;

But for the distant peoples we shall
bless, 95

And the hushed murmurs of a world's
distress:

For, to give labor to the poor,
The whole sad planet o'er,

And save from want and crime the
humblest door,

Is one among the many ends for which
God makes us great and rich! 101

The hour perchance is not yet wholly
ripe

When all shall own it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every
land

Is that vast gulf which lips our South-
ern strand, 105

And through the cold, untempered
ocean pours

Its genial streams, that far off Arctic
shores
May sometimes catch upon the soft-
ened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of
summer seas.

THE COTTON BOLL

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morn-
ing here 5
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibers
peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread, 11
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider
fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his
swinging bed, 15
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and
miles 20
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a
spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that
hem us round, 25
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest, 30
In those blue tracts above the thunder,
where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest, 35
Rings down some golden chime,

Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty
field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands, 40
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the
beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many
lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple
lawns 45
Of sunset, among plains which roll
their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of
snow, 50
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a
tropic day! 55
Nor lack there (for the vision
grows,
And the small charm within my
hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic
vale, 60
The curious ointment of the Arabian
tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and
I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's¹ crown, 65
I stood in some great temple of the
Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields
all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen 70
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of
billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious
ways;
¹ one of the archangels

A hundred isles in their embraces
fold

A hundred luminous bays; 75

And through yon purple haze

Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks
cloud-crowned;

And, save where up their sides the
plowman creeps,

An unhewn forest girds them grandly
round,

In whose dark shades a future navy
sleeps! 80

Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet
with me gaze

Upon this loveliest fragment of the
earth!

Thou Sun, that kindest all thy gen-
tlest rays

Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!

Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the
West 85

See nothing brighter than its humblest
flowers!

And you, ye Winds, that on the
ocean's breast

Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its
bowers!

Bear witness with me in my song of
praise,

And tell the world that, since the world
began, 90

No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely
blown!

His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with

grace, 95

And round whose tuneful way

All Southern laurels bloom;

The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto
whom

Alike are known

The flute's low breathing and the trum-
pet's tone, 100

And the soft west wind's sighs;

But who shall utter all the debt,

O Land wherein all powers are met

That bind a people's heart,

The world doth owe thee at this
day, 105

And which it never can repay,

Yet scarcely deigns to own!

Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly
sing

The source wherefrom doth spring

That mighty commerce which, con-
fined 110

To the mean channels of no selfish
mart,

Goes out to every shore

Of this broad earth, and throngs the
sea with ships

That bear no thunders; hushes hungry
lips

In alien lands; 115

Joins with a delicate web remotest
strands;

And gladdening rich and poor,

Doth gild Parisian domes,

Or feed the cottage-smoke of English
homes,

And only bounds its blessings by man-
kind! 120

In offices like these, thy mission
lies,

My Country! and it shall not end

As long as rain shall fall and Heaven
bend

In blue above thee; though thy foes
be hard

And cruel as their weapons, it shall
guard 125

Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make
thee great

In white and bloodless state;

And happily, as the years increase—

Still working through its humbler
reach

With that large wisdom which the
ages teach— 130

Revive the half-dead dream of univer-
sal peace!

As men who labor in that mine

Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the
bed

Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of

brine 135

Above them, and a mighty muffled
roar

Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly
on,

And split the rock, and pile the mas-
sive ore,

Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd
roof;

So I, as calmly, weave my woof 140
 Of song, chanting the days to come,
 Unsilenced, though the quiet summer
 air
 Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each
 dawn
 Wakes from its starry silence to the
 hum
 Of many gathering armies. Still, 145
 In that we sometimes hear,
 Upon the Northern winds, the voice
 of woe
 Not wholly drowned in triumph,
 though I know
 The end must crown us, and a few
 brief years
 Dry all our tears, 150
 I may not sing too gladly. To thy will
 Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
 That there is much even Victory must
 regret.
 And, therefore, not too long
 From the great burthen of our coun-
 try's wrong 155
 Delay our just release!
 And, if it may be, save
 These sacred fields of peace
 From stain of patriot or of hostile
 blood!
 Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson
 flood 160
 Back on its course, and while our ban-
 ners wing
 Northward, strike with us! till the
 Goth shall cling
 To his own blasted altar-stones, and
 crave
 Mercy; and we shall grant it, and
 dictate
 The lenient future of his fate 165
 There, where some rotting ships and
 crumbling quays
 Shall one day mark the Port which
 ruled the Western seas.

ADDRESS TO THE OLD YEAR (1866)

Art thou not glad to close
 Thy wearied eyes, O saddest child
 of Time,
 Eyes which have looked on every
 mortal crime,

And swept the piteous round of mor-
 tal woes?

In dark Plutonian caves, 5
 Beneath the lowest deep, go, hide
 thy head;
 Or earth thee where the blood that
 thou hast shed
 May trickle on thee from thy count-
 less graves!

Take with thee all thy gloom
 And guilt, and all our griefs, save
 what the breast, 10
 Without a wrong to some dear
 shadowy guest,
 May not surrender even to the tomb.

No tear shall weep thy fall,
 When, as the midnight bell doth toll
 thy fate,
 Another lifts the sceptre of thy
 state, 15
 And sits a monarch in thine ancient
 hall.

Him all the hours attend,
 With a new hope like morning in
 their eyes;
 Him the fair earth and him these
 radiant skies
 Hail as their sovereign, welcome as
 their friend. 20

Him, too, the nations wait;
 "O lead us from the shadow of the
 Past,"
 In a long wail like this December
 blast,
 They cry, and, crying, grow less
 desolate.

How he will shape his sway 25
 They ask not—for old doubts and
 fears will cling—
 And yet they trust that, somehow,
 he will bring
 A sweeter sunshine than thy mildest
 day.

Beneath his gentle hand
 They hope to see no meadow, vale,
 or hill 30

Stained with a deeper red than
roses spill,
When some too boisterous zephyr
sweeps the land.

A time of peaceful prayer,
Of law, love, labor, honest loss and
gain—
These are the visions of the coming
reign 35
Now floating to them on this wintry
air.

ODE

Sung at the Occasion of Decorating the
Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia
Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth 5
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied
tombs, 10
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will
smile
More proudly on these wreaths
to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded
pile 15
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned! 20

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD") (1834-1867)

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I hav no pollertics. Nary a one.
I'm not in the bizniss. If I was I
spose I should holler versifrusly in
the streets at nite and go home to
Betsy Jane smellin of coal ile and gin,
in the mornin. I should go to the
Poles arly. I should stay there all
day. I should see to it that my nabers
was thar. I should git carriges to
take the kripples, the infirm, and the
indignant thar. I should be on guard
agin frauds and sich. I should be on
the look out for the infamus lise of
the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for
perlitical effeck. When all was over
and my candystate was elected, I
should move heving & erth—so to
speak—until I got orfice, which if I
didn't git a orfice I should turn round
and abooze the Administration with
all my mite and maine. But I'm not
in the bizniss. I'm in a far more re-
spectful bizniss nor what pollertics is.
I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Con-
gresser. The wuss insult I ever re-
ceived was when sertin citizens of
Baldinsville axed me to run fur the
Legislater. Sez I, "My friends, dost-
est think I'd stoop to that there?"
They turned as white as a sheet. I
spoke in my most orfullest tones &
they knowed I wasn't to be trifled
with. They slunked out of site to
onct.

There4, havin no pollertics, I made
bold to visit Old Abe at his hum-
stid in Springfield. I found the old
feller in his parler, surrounded by a
perfek swarm of orfice seekers.
Knowin he had been captin of a flat
boat on the roarin Mississippy I
thought I'd address him in sailor
lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let
out yer main-suls, reef hum the fore-
castle & throw yer jibpoop over-board!
Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N. B.

This is gинуine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure," sed he. 10
"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President-eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so; if not, say so, & I'm orf like a 20 jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orfice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

Just at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin mis- 30 sions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejitt interview with Old Abe. One 40 man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and address me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a orfiss putty bad. Another man with a gold-hedded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West."

Sez I, "Squire, you wouldn't take a 50 small post-offiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, ain't there, Squire?" sez I, when *another* crowd of orfiss seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn, & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid into the parler where Old Abe was endeeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yerth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat orfiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upso- 30 t the President eleck, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashing down the chimney, his head strikin me viliently again the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shoutid the in- 40 fatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot, in the futur. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I

toiled night and day! The pàtrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where epydemies rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go 20 home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—fill a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger*—saw off 30 your legs and go round givin concerts, with tuchin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onet! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper. They run orf as tho' Satun hissself was arter them with a 50 red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe,

advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled watur, North and South. By pursoo'in' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

10 "How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax finger perfeshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments, when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at 40 the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare. It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as 50 such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as 10 growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare. 20 Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down 30 on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weightin 1000 pounds 40 which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be 50 angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver

oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of people, who excite a feelin of loathin in every brest where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appointment: H. R. H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appointment: H. R. H.; and now *you're* at it. It is simply impossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appointment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I?" Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, 'By Appointment, H. R. H.!' It is a beautiful, a great idee!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a tomb-stone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager: "Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was

it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced movin backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talkin to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, Ernest Montresser," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as venturs out in a uncertain climit like this without a 20 umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability: and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are—"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said, "Go way—go 30 way! This is a privit intervoo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr. Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain rather numerously here. Whether this is owing to a 40 monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard 50 enough to hurt said poet or dramatist much. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall

not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, Sir," he said, "in a glorous career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep?

"I've understood that he was onsuccesful as a landlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile-well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equiv'lent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's *Poems*. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he

knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so un-edicated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm afraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.

Adoo! adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

HENRY WHEELER SHAW

("JOSH BILLINGS")

(1818-1885)

REMARKS

Tha tell me that them who hav the harte deseaze are liable to di at enny time, but i hav known thousands to reach a mean old age with it.

Fust appearances are ced to be every-thing. I dont put all mi fathe into this saying; i think oysters and clams, for instance, will bear looking into.

It strains a man's philosophee the wust kind tew laff when he gits beat.

Love aint one ov the vartues, be-kauze it kant be controlled.

Charitee kant alwus be administered delikately. If you want to extrikate a crab from a dilemmer, yu hav got to take holt ov him just rite.

Dont hav enny more secrets than yu kan keep yureself.

"Truth is mitey and will prevail." So iz cider mitey, but yu hav got tew tap the barrell before it will prevale.

DEPOZETIONS

Josh Billings being duly sworn deposes as follows:

That moste men had ruther sa a smart thing than tew dew a good one.

That there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.

That the devil iz alwus prepared tew see kompany.

That "ignorance iz bliss," ignorance of sawing wood, for instanse.

That menny will fale tew be saved simpla bekause tha haint got enny-thing tew saive.

That the vartues ov woman are awl her own, but her frailities hav been taught her.

That a woman kant keep a sekret nor let ennybody else keep one.

That cider brandee taken inwardly in large quantitys iz good—for a rat hole.

AFFURISMS

Truth iz the onla thing I kno ov that kant be improved upon.

If yu want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wilde oats.

Wize men dont expeck tu do away with the visisitudes ov life; they onla expeck tew blunt the edge ov them.

Yu kan gorge avaris, but ambishun knows no gorge but the grave.

A sarkastie wit iz a kind ov human pole-cat.

Sum people hav the power ov saing a good deal in a fu words, while others hav the power ov saing a little in a good menny wurd.

Slander iz played on a tin horn, while truth steals forth like the dieing song ov a lute.

"Truth iz stranger than ficshun"—that iz, tew some folks.

I hav found a grate menny things in this wurd that wuz *free*—free az a well tew git into, but like a rat trap, not egzackly free tu git out ov.

I dont kno but one thing on arth that kan improve a good wife, and that iz buty.

After yu hav made up yure mind just what yu are going to du, then iz a good time tew dew it.

When a feller gits tew sliding down hill, it duz seem as tho everything hed bin spechially greased for the occashun.

REMARKS

Impudense iz the affeck ov tew little knollege, and modesti iz az often the affeck ov tew mutch.

Not one man in a thousand iz known while living, yet awl expeck tew be well remembered when tha are dead.

Men are very often ashamed tu tell the truth, because tha dont kno how.

No man haz a rite to be proud till he bekums entirely vartuous, and then he wont feel like being proud.

Sum folks when thay fite just throw the fust brick bat that kan git holt ov; jist so some folks when tha argy.

Epitaff: Here lied John Ferguson, Esq., died wuth half a million, less the Kingdom ov Heaven.

PROVERBS

Larfin at yure own story while yo are tellin on it iz a good dele like firin a gun oph thru the tuch hole.

If i hed a boy who cudnt lie well enuff tew sute me, i wud set him tew tendin a retale dri good store.

Man wuz created a little lower than the angells, and haz bin gittin lower ever sinse.

The most oneazy critter i ever per-used was a bob-tailed bull in fli time.

Pluk iz a nise compound ov pride, vanitee, and vartue.

We hate those who will not take our advisé, and despise them who do.

I hav finally kum tew the konlusion that a good reliable set ov bowels iz wuth more tew a man than enny amount ov brains.

If the harte is rite, the hed cant be very rong.

God save the phools, and dont let them run out! If it warnt for them, wise men couldnt git a livin.

It iz a verry delicate job to forgive a man, without lowering him in his own estimashun, and in yures too.

Woman's inflooense is powerful—espeshila when she wants enny thing.

The rode tew Ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travellers pay the expense ov it.

Thare iz onla one advantage in going tew the Devil that i kan see, and that is, the rode is easy, and yo are sure tew git thare.

Luv iz like the measles: we kant alwus tell when we ketched it, and it aint apt to be severe but wunst; and then it aint kounted mutch unless it strikes in.

Rize arly, work hard and late, live on what yu kant sell, giv nothing awa; then if yu dont die ritch and go to the devil, yu ma sue me for damages.

There iz wun thing I kant never for-git nor i haint tried tew, and that iz, the fust time i kissed a gal.

I never knu a phool who hadnt a good voice.

To bring up a chile in the wa he shud go—travel that wa yourself.

SAYINS

If yu hav got a reel good wife, kepe perfeckly still, and thank God every twenty minnits for it.

A man with one idee alwus puts me in mind ov an old goose tryin to hatch out a pavin stun.

"Honestia iz the best polisy." But dont take my wurd for it; tri it.

A man runnin for offis puts me in minde ov a dog thats lost—he smells ov everybody he meets, and wags hissself all over.

Gravity is very often mistaken for wisdum; but thare is as much differ as thare is between a gide board and the 10 man who maid it.

Every man haz a goose that lays golden eggs, if he onla nu it.

I think the fools do more hurt in this world than the raskals.

The prinsipal differense between a luxury and a necessaary, iz the prise.

Awl men hav cunning, and sum men 20 hav wisdum.

Fame iz like a crop ov Canada thissles: very eazy tew sow, but hard tew reap.

Life iz short, but it iz long enuf tew ruin enny man who wants tew be ruined.

The grate art in riting well iz tew 30 kno when tew stop.

Every time you forgiv a man yu weaken him and strengthen yurself.

"Giv the devil his due"—but be very kerful ther aint mutch dew him.

It haz bin obsarved, that "corpora-shuns haint got enny soles." Thare iz excepshuns tew this rule. I kno ov 40 sevral that hav got the meanest kind ov soles.

After a man haz rode fast wunst, he never wants tew go slo agin.

Marryin a woman for her munny iz like settin a rat trap and baiting it with yure own finger.

Ginowine proverbs are like good 50 needles: short, sharp, and shiny.

Munny iz like promises: easier maid than kept.

Put an Englishman into the Garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the hole blassted consarn; put a Yankee in, and he wud see whare he could alter it tew advantage; put an Irishman in, and he would want tew boss the hole thing; put a Dutchman in, and he would proceed at wunst tew plant it.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

From his JOURNALS ¹

Several members of the Sophomore class met at Gourdin's² room, April 24th, 1819, for the purpose of forming a society, for exercise in composition and discussion: Present, Blood, Emerson, Frye, Gourdin 2d, Hill 2d, James, Reed, and Wood. The question, whether it be expedient to form a society for this purpose, was proposed and debated. Voted unanimously, to form a society, for these purposes. Hill 2d, Wood, and Emerson, were chosen to prepare regulations and laws, to be presented at the next meeting. They adjourned to meet at Frye's room on the second of May, at half-past 7, P. M.

October 25th, 1819.

The next meeting being that of the essays, a committee of three were chosen to provide for the evening: Blood, Gourdin, and Lyon. It was found necessary by the society to have a particular sum of money agreed on to be expended essay evenings.

Accordingly, it was voted that two dollars should be the sum; that what the fines did not cancel should be paid by an assessment upon the members. Voted to adjourn till Monday evening, 6 o'clock, to Br. Gourdin's room, November 7th.

NATHANIEL WOOD, *Sec'y.*

¹ Selections from the *Journals* copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.

² also Emerson's room

Monday Ev'g., March 6th, [1820].

Met at Br. Wood's room according to adjournment. Proceeded to confer on the admission of a new member, *vice* Upham. Cheney was nominated and elected, and Br. Wood appointed to inform him and invite him to join. Proceeded to the reading of themes. Brs. Lyon and Gourdin being absent, chose by lot as voluntary discussers Blood,¹⁰ *vice* Gourdin, and Wood, *vice* Lyon. The first discussion between Kent and Frye was decided in favour of Kent by Blood and Reed, judges. After discussion, chose Brs. Kent and Hill 1st to appoint subjects for discussion; Brs. Wood and Burton for themes. The committee for discussions report:—

1st: Which is most conducive to individual happiness, a state of celibacy²⁰ or matrimony?—Burton and Reed.

2d: Whether Daddy Tracy can be justified in spending his days in Cambridge?—Wood and Blood.

3d: Which is the strongest passion, Love or Ambition?—Emerson.

Committee for themes report, "Envy wishes, and then believes." Both reports accepted.

Br. Reed requested that the fine³⁰ which he had paid for non-performance of Essay might be refunded, as he had been sick for three weeks previous to the evening on which it was due, and was then sick and out of town. Much warm debate ensuing, he withdrew the request and it was *Voted*, That the members of the society as individuals in the situation of Br. Reed would consider an essay as due from them.

Adjourned till Monday evening, a fortnight hence, to meet at 7 o'clock at Br. Emerson's room.

Attest, R. W. EMERSON.

Monday Ev'g., March 20th [1820].

Met according to adjournment, Br. Kent in the chair. Proceeded to reading themes, then to discussion. On account of the absence of Brs. Hill 1st,⁵⁰ Gourdin, and Lyon, it was *Voted* that Brs. Frye and Hill 2d be judges of all the discussions. Questions arising with regard to the expediency of choosing by

lot one who should voluntarily discuss with Br. Emerson, it was *Voted*, That in the present or a similar instance the single discussor should speak alone. The judges decided the first discussion in favour of Br. Reed (for celibacy!). On examination of the second, the judges reported indecision, and the Moderator decided for Br. Wood. After discussion, proceeded to hear Br. Wood's report as committee, who reported that Mr. Cheney will join the society with pleasure, but cannot appear till the next meeting. Proceeded to committees. Brs. Blood and Burton, committee for discussions, report:—

1st: Whether the accession of the Canadas to the territory of the U. S. A. would be for the best interest of this country.—Frye and Hill 1st.

2d: Whether Commons be honourable to the progress of College literature.—Kent and Hill 2d.

3d: Whether Cicero or Demosthenes be the greatest orator.—Gourdin and Lyon.

Committee of themes report "Futurity."

Voted, That the anniversary of this society, the 24th of April next, be celebrated by Oration and Poem. Chose Br. Kent Orator, and Br. Emerson Poet. As the next meeting is Essay night, chose Br. Burton and Emerson committee of arrangements.

Adjourned to Monday Ev'g., 7 o'clock, to meet at Br. Burton's room.

Attest, R. W. EMERSON, *Sec'y*.

May 1st, 1821.

Met at Brother Blood's to hear Br. Kent's anniversary oration. Liberal provision had been made for social conviviality, to which two bottles of wine, handed over by brother Emerson, not a little contributed, and for which by a public vote the society bestowed their warmest thanks to brother Emerson. Br. Cheney filled the chair, and after a cheerful glass the orator held forth on— [Here the records of the society come to an abrupt end, excepting certain ac-

counts in the end of the books, and the following official declaration:—]

I, R. W. Emerson, committee of arrangements, have received of R. W. Emerson, Secretary, the sum of two dollars for each essay-meeting in the past term collected from fine and assessment, and likewise the donations made to the society on the anniversary meeting, &c., and have faithfully expended the same for the *best interests* of the society, as far as my limited apprehension would assist me. There remains in the Treasury the sum of *one cent*, being the donation of Br. Oliver Blood to the Society—which I shall pay on the demand of the new Secretary.

Signed, R. W. EMERSON.

For use—Phrases Poetical.

rescuing and crowning virtue. "cold-est complexion of age." ill-conditioned. cameleon. zeal. booked in alphabet. cushioned. compunction. beleaguered. halidom. galloping. whortleberry. spikenard. staunch. council-chamber. star-crossed. till its dye was doubled on the crimson cross. countless multi-³⁰tudes. abutments. panoply. sycophant smile. kidnapping. beheaded. demigods. signal (adjective). Cleopatra. ambidexter. register (verb). defalcation.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holi-⁵⁰day has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious

as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,—the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other

laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as *Man Thinking*, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her

stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference,—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fibre of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested

that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul? A thought too bold; a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,—when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how

far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings,

the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneously from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bears me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakespeareanized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by

his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig tree, looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all time from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some preëstablished harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home

the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakspeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle;—all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakspeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear,

but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of

calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe too the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commend-

able prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained, in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,—these “fits of easy transmission and reflection,” as Newton called them,—are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource to *live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the

grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhand-selled savage¹ nature; out of terrible Druids¹ and Berserkers² come at last Alfred and Shakspeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,—watch-

ing days and months sometimes for a few facts, correcting still his old records,—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept,—how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of today,—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the

¹ Celtic priests

² savage Teutonic warriors

other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,—happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature: the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, "This is my music; this is myself."

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid danger-

ous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman;

Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not 10 carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, 20 are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so *that* may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is 30 borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common 40 nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrodden selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why

not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has 50 only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all 60 cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the 50 time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the

Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not however that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature

a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign,—is it not? of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This

writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated;—I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Every thing that tends to insulate the individual,—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state,—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the futures. He must be an university of knowledges. If

there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,—patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and

our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of 10 defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

SELF-RELIANCE

"Ne te quæsieris extra"

I read the other day some verses 20 written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your 30 latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what 40 *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. 50 Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexi-

bility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what 20 that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are 30 ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely intrusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no 40 hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and con- 50 fided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominant-

ing in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields ¹⁰ us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy ²⁰ conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot ³⁰ speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in ⁴⁰ the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about ⁵⁰ interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his

consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence,—must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves ³⁰ not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of ⁴⁰ the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested,—“But these impulses may be from below, not from above.” I replied, “They do not seem to me to be ⁵⁰ such; but if I am the Devil’s child, I will live then from the Devil.” No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but

names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at col-

lege of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base house-keepers,—under all these screens I¹⁰ have difficulty to detect the precise man you are; and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for²⁰ his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not³⁰ as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gen-⁵⁰tlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the

"foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like²⁰ their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being³⁰ very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us⁴⁰ from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated⁵⁰ in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure

memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day.—“Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.”—Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himalah are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza,—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or

vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough to-day to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port,¹ and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong

¹ bearing

for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he would wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. Ordinarily, every body in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design;—and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called “the height of Rome”; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself

¹ takes precedence over

which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, “Who are you, Sir?” Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke’s house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke’s bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day’s work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money

but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith

is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving;—the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, commanded my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind,—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it,—one as much as another. All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is

light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be any thing more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed under the blade of grass or the blowing rose. 10 These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see,—painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, 50 as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name;—the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, 30 the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates; that the soul *becomes*; for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present there will be power not confident but agent.¹ To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking.

¹ acting

Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the

internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, climate, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say,—“Come out unto us.” But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. “What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love.”

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprece-

dented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly 10 rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to 20 live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last."—But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of 30 absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism;¹ and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which 40 we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat and dog—whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It 50 denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me

to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something god-like in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimpers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force 30 and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who 50 in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and al-

¹ opposition to law

ways like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a Stoic open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him;—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices / and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are

true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies,—

His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
Our valors are our best gods.

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Fourier, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system! In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches

and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating every thing to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—how you can see; "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveller; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes,

the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expres-

sion are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people; the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the

other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, 10 a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad-axe and in a day or two the 20 flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and 30 so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy; by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last

ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxágoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo,²⁰ with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the im-³⁰provements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman⁴⁰ custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experi-⁵⁰ence dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-re-

liance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned, and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each¹⁰ is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he sees that it is accidental,—came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which²⁰ a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man acquires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our de-³⁰pendence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The Delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In⁴⁰ like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of man, and, in the endless⁵⁰ mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak

because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain ¹⁰ all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or ²⁰ some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

COMPENSATION

Ever since I was a boy I have wished ³⁰ to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in ⁴⁰ our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm and the dwelling-house; greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed ⁵⁰ by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover

that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was,—“We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now”;—or, to push it to its extreme import,—“You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.”

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful, that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and con-

victing the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul; the omnipotence of the will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than their theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body, in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there.

An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history is another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates

monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by 10 temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him?—Nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and 20 keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the 30 throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such 40 keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a byword and a hissing.

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or 50 plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari*. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the

checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. If the government is a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by an overcharge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifference under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our

life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which 10 within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ ἐπὶ πτοῦσι—The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, 20 or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a 30 part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. 40 The casual retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment 50 grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends,

seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example,—to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, "Eat"; the body would feast. The soul says, "The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul"; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, "Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue"; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgler for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride; to dress that he may be dressed; to eat that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They 40 think that to be great is to possess one side of nature,—the sweet, without the other side, the bitter.

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get

an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out Nature with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, that they do not touch him;—but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul.¹⁰ If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circumstance²⁰ that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he³⁰ would have from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"¹

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It⁴⁰ finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reasons by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get⁵⁰ his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them:—

Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep.

A plain confession of the in-working of the All and its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in every thing God has made. It would seem there is always this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws,—this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe and lets no offence go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought

¹ St. Augustine, *Confessions*, B. I. [Emerson's note]

above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakspeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as the birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another.—Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.—Give, and it shall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered himself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.—Who doth not work shall not eat.—Harm watch, harm catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If

you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The Devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon

as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgement of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each

other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is

knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price,—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get any thing without its price,—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state,—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge

and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature,—water, snow, wind, gravitation,—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns every thing to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:—

Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing.

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not awaken

until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a his-

tory of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is men voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified.

Thus do all things preach the indifference of circumstances. The man is all. Every thing has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifference. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations,—What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all re-

lations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It can; not work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as 20 he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no 30 penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul 40 refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

Man's life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a 50 man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without

any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example to find 10 a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods,—neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the bound- 20 aries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard,—“Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer except by my own fault.”

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and 30 Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love 40 reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my 50 brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus and Shake-

speare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that arch-angels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We can-

not stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

NATURE

There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons¹ may be looked for

¹ days of tranquillity

with a little more assurance in that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to intrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently-reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to de-

spise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home: as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes and hands and feet. It is firm water; it is cold flame; what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveller rushes for safety,—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel¹ and Uriel,² the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane² in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving ryefield; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes, the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurning of hemlock in the flames, or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room,—these are the music and

¹ archangels² lacking sacredness

pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost ¹⁰ for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate boldly this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura,¹ a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. ²⁰ These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the pooriness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am overinstructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to ³⁰ please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance, but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most; he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments,—is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the ⁴⁰ world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the State with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; ⁵⁰ not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We

¹ sojourn at a villa

heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon and the blue sky for the background which save all our works of art, which were otherwise bawbles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp,—and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove which they call a park; that they live in larger and better-garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, ⁴⁰ to watering-places and to distant cities,—these make the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and pad-docks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well-born beauty by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily, may not

be always found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night 10 stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing 20 so wonderful in any particular landscape as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

But it is very easy to outrun the sympathy of readers on this topic, which schoolmen called *natura naturata*, or nature passive. One can hardly speak directly of it without 30 excess. It is as easy to broach in mixed companies what is called "the subject of religion." A susceptible person does not like to indulge his tastes in this kind without the apology of some trivial necessity: he goes to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to fetch a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he carries a fowling-piece or a fishing-rod. I suppose this shame must have a 40 good reason. A dilettantism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is no better than his brother of Broadway. Men are naturally hunters and inquisitive of wood-craft, and I suppose that such a gazetteer as woodcutters and Indians should furnish facts for, would take place in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms of all the "Wreaths" and "Flora's chaplets" of 50 the bookshops; yet ordinarily, whether we are too clumsy for so subtle a topic, or from whatever cause, as soon as men begin to write on nature, they fall into euphuism. Frivolity is a most unfit tribute to Pan, who ought to be represented in the mythology as the most continent of gods. I would not be frivolous before the admirable reserve and prudence of time, yet I cannot renounce the right of returning often to this old topic. The multitude of false churches accredits the true religion. Literature, poetry, science are the homage of man to this unfathomed secret, concerning which no sane man can affect an indifference or incuriosity. Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the city of God, although, or rather because there is no citizen. The sunset is unlike anything that is underneath it: it wants men. And the beauty of nature must always seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape has human figures that are as good as itself. If there were good men, there would never be this rapture in nature. If the king is in the palace, nobody looks at the walls. It is when he is gone, and the house is filled with grooms and gazers, that we turn from the people to find relief in the majestic men that are suggested by the pictures and the architecture. The critics who complain of the sickly separation of the beauty of nature from the thing to be done, must consider that our hunting of the picturesque is inseparable from our protest against false society. Man is fallen; nature is erect, and serves as a differential thermometer, detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in man. By fault of 40 our dulness and selfishness we are looking up to nature, but when we are convalescent, nature will look up to us. We see the foaming brook with compunction: if our own life flowed with the right energy, we should shame the brook. The stream of zeal sparkles with real fire, and not with reflex rays of sun and moon. Nature may be as selfishly studied as trade. Astronomy to the selfish becomes astrology, psychology, mesmerism (with intent to show where our spoons are gone); and anatomy and physiology become phrenology and palmistry.

But taking timely warning, and leaving many things unsaid on this topic, let us not longer omit our homage to the Efficient Nature, *natura naturans*, the quick cause before which all forms flee as the driven snows; itself secret, its works driven before it in flocks and multitudes, (as the ancients represented nature by Proteus, a shepherd,) and in undescribable variety. It publishes itself in creatures, reaching from particles and spiculæ through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries, arriving at consummate results without a shock or a leap. A little heat, that is a little motion, is all that differences the bald, dazzling white and deadly cold poles of the earth from the prolific tropical climates. All changes pass without violence, by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures, and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed; then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides.

Motion or change and identity or rest are the first and second secrets of nature:—Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumbnail, or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A little water made to rotate in a cup explains the

formation of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year arrives at last at the most complex forms; and yet so poor is nature with all her craft, that from the beginning to the end of the universe she has but one stuff,—but one stuff with its two ends, to serve up all her dream-like variety. Compound it how she will, star, sand, fire, water, tree, man, it is still one stuff, and betrays the same properties.

Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and seems to transcend them. She arms and equips an animal to find its place and living in the earth, and at the same time she arms and equips another animal to destroy it. Space exists to divide creatures; but by clothing the sides of a bird with a few feathers she gives him a petty omnipresence. The direction is forever onward, but the artist still goes back for materials and begins again with the first elements on the most advanced stage: otherwise all goes to ruin. If we look at her work, we seem to catch a glance of a system in transition. Plants are the young of the world, vessels of health and vigor; but they grope ever upward towards consciousness; the trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The animal is the novice and probationer of a more advanced order. The men, though young, having tasted the first drop from the cup of thought, are already dissipated: the maples and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt when they come to consciousness they too will curse and swear. Flowers so strictly belong to youth that we adult men soon come to feel that their beautiful generations concern not us: we have had our day; now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness.

Things are so strictly related that, according to the skill of the eye, from any one object the parts and properties of any other may be predicted. If we had eyes to see it, a bit of stone from

the city wall would certify us of the necessity that man must exist, as readily as the city. That identity makes us all one, and reduces to nothing great intervals on our customary scale. We talk of deviations from natural life, as if artificial life were not also natural. The smoothest curled courtier in the boudoirs of a palace has an animal nature, rude and aboriginal as a white bear, omnipotent to its own ends, and is directly related, there amid essences and billets-doux, to Himmaleh mountain-chains and the axis of the globe. If we consider how much we are nature's, we need not be superstitious about towns, as if that terrific or benefic force did not find us there also, and fashion cities. Nature, who made the mason, made the house. We may easily hear too much of rural influences. The cool disengaged air of natural objects makes them enviable to us, chafed and irritable creatures with red faces, and we think we shall be as grand as they if we camp out and eat roots; but let us be men instead of woodchucks and the oak and the elm shall gladly serve us, though we sit in chairs of ivory on carpets of silk.

This guiding identity runs through all the surprises and contrasts of the piece, and characterizes every law. Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the history of nature is characterized¹ in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every known fact in natural science was divined by the presentiment of somebody, before it was actually verified. A man does not tie his shoe without recognizing laws which bind the farthest regions of nature: moon, plant, gas, crystal, are concrete geometry and numbers. Common sense knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight in chemical experiment. The common sense of Franklin, Dalton, Davy, and Black, is the same common sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers.

¹ inscribed

If the identity expresses organized rest, the counter action runs also into organization. The astronomers said, "Give us matter and a little motion and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew."—"A very unreasonable postulate," said the metaphysicians, "and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection, as well as the continuation of it?" Nature, meanwhile, had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in making much of it, for there is no end to the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball; through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the course of things. Nature sends no creature, no man into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so to every creature nature added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its way; in every instance a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played, and refuses to play but blabs the secret;—how then? Is the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold

them fast to their several aim; makes them a little wrong-headed in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game again with new whirl, for a generation or two more. The child with his sweet pranks, the fool of his senses, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to a whistle or a painted chip, to a lead 10 dragon or a ginger-bread-dog, individualizing everything, generalizing nothing, delighted with every new thing, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue which this day of continual pretty madness has incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty, and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame by 20 all these attitudes and exertions,—an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline lustre plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to insure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good. We are made alive and kept alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the good of living, but 30 because the meat is savory and the appetite is keen. The vegetable life does not content itself with casting from the flower or the tree a single seed, but it fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that, if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves; that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity; that at least one may replace the parent. All 40 things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake or at a sudden noise, protects us, through a multitude of groundless alarms, from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and nature 50 hides in his happiness her own end, namely progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

But the craft with which the world is

made, runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart. Great causes are never tried on their merits; but the cause is reduced to particulars to suit 10 the size of the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest on minor matters. Not less remarkable is the overfaith of each man in the importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for what he utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. The strong, self-complacent Luther declares with an emphasis not to be mistaken, that "God himself can- 20 not do without wise men." Jacob Behmen and George Fox betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their controversial tracts, and James Naylor once suffered himself to be worshipped as the Christ. Each prophet comes presently to identify himself with his thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. However this may discredit such persons with the judicious, 30 it helps them with the people, as it gives heat, pungency, and publicity to their words. A similar experience is not infrequent in private life. Each young and ardent person writes a diary, in which, when the hours of prayer and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The pages thus written are to him burning and fragrant; he reads them on his knees by midnight and by the morning 40 star; he wets them with his tears; they are sacred; too good for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the dearest friend. This is the man-child that is born to the soul, and her life still circulates in the babe. The umbilical cord has not yet been cut. After some time has elapsed, he begins to wish to admit his friend to this hallowed experience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, 50 exposes the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? The friend coldly turns them over, and passes from the writing to conversation, with easy transition, which strikes the other party

with astonishment and vexation. He cannot suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of fervid life, of communion with angels of darkness and of light, have engraved their shadowy characters on that tear-stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the heart of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot yet credit that one may have impressive experience and yet may not know how to put his private fact into literature: and perhaps the discovery that wisdom has other tongues and ministers than we, that though we should hold our peace the truth would not the less be spoken, might check injuriously the flames of our zeal. A man can only speak so long as he does not feel his speech to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he does not see it to be so whilst he utters it. As soon as he is released from the instinctive and particular and sees its partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For no man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do anything well who does not esteem his work to be of importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

In like manner, there is throughout nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere; keeps no faith with us. All promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations. Every end is prospective of some other end, which is also temporary; a round and final success nowhere. We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. Hunger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink; but bread and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave us hungry and thirsty, after the stomach is full. It is the same with all our arts and performances. Our music, our poetry, our language itself are not satisfactions, but suggestions. The hunger for wealth, which reduces the planet to a garden, fools the eager pursuer. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and

beauty from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But what an operose method! What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses and equipage, this bank-stock and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, countryhouse and cottage by the waterside, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, all these things come from successive efforts of these beggars to remove friction from the wheels of life, and give opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends; wealth was good as it appeased the animal cravings, cured the smoky chimney, silenced the creaking door, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in a different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends; but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily, in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention has been diverted to this object; the old aims have been lost sight of, and to remove friction has come to be the end. That is the ridicule of rich men; and Boston, London, Vienna, and now the governments generally of the world are cities and governments of the rich; and the masses are not men, but *poor men*, that is, men who would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that they arrive with pains and sweat and fury nowhere; when all is done, it is for nothing. They are like one who has interrupted the conversation of a company to make his speech, and now has forgotten what he went to say. The appearance strikes the eye everywhere of an aimless society, of aimless nations. Were the ends of nature so great and cogent as to exact this immense sacrifice of men?

Quite analogous to the deceits in life, there is, as might be expected, a similar

effect on the eye from the face of external nature. There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as fore-
 looking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is an odd jealousy, but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere. This or this is but outskirts and far-off reflection and echo of the triumph that has passed by and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighboring fields, or, if you stand in the field, then in the adjacent woods. The present object shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pageant which has just gone by. What splendid distance, what recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness are in the sunset! But who can go where they are, or lay his hand or plant his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round world forever and ever. It is the same among the men and women as among the silent trees; always a referred existence, an absence, never a presence and satisfaction. Is it that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and in landscape is equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star: she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he.

What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, of this flattery and balking of so many well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery and derision? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, and fools

of nature? One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an *Œdipus* arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can be shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it and report of the return of the curve. But it also appears that our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us. We cannot bandy words with Nature, or deal with her as we deal with persons. If we measure our individual forces against hers we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an insuperable destiny. But if, instead of identifying ourselves with the work, we feel that the soul of the workman streams through us, we shall find the peace of the morning dwelling first in our hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and, over them, of life, preëxisting within us in their highest form.

The uneasiness which the thought of our helplessness in the chain of causes occasions us, results from looking too much at one condition of nature, namely, Motion. But the drag is never taken from the wheel. Wherever the impulse exceeds, the Rest or Identity insinuates its compensation. All over the wide fields of earth grows the *prunella* or self-heal. After every foolish day we sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours; and though we are always engaged with particulars, and often enslaved to them, we bring with us to every experiment the innate universal laws. These, while they exist in the mind as ideas, stand around us in nature forever embodied, a present sanity to expose and cure the insanity

of men. Our servitude to particulars betrays us into a hundred foolish expectations. We anticipate a new era from the invention of a locomotive, or a balloon; the new engine brings with it the old checks. They say that by electro-magnetism your salad shall be grown from the seed whilst your fowl is roasting for dinner; it is a symbol of our modern aims and endeavors, of our condensation and acceleration of objects;—but nothing is gained; nature cannot be cheated; man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow. In these checks and impossibilities, however, we find our advantage, not less than in the impulses. Let the victory fall where it will, we are on that side. And the knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the centre to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The reality is more excellent than the report. Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent ball. The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distils its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:

Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,

Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;

But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;

To Grandeur with his wise grimace;

To upstart Wealth's averted eye;

To supple Office, low and high;

To crowded halls, to court and street;

To frozen hearts and hasting feet;

To those who go, and those who come;

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone, 15
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—

A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,

Where arches green, the livelong day,

Echo the blackbird's roundelay, 20

And vulgar feet have never trod

A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines, 25

Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,

At the sophist schools and the learned clan;

For what are they all, in their high conceit,

When man in the bush with God may meet? 30

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE
FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,

I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,

Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish
brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool, 5
Made the black water with their beauty
gay;

Here might the red-bird come his
plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his
array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and
sky, 10

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made
for seeing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for be-
ing:

Why thou wert there, O rival of the
rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose 15
The self-same Power that brought me
there brought you.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-
cloaked clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon, 5
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has
lent. 10

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from
heaven,

Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at
even; 15

He sings the song, but it cheers not
now,

For I did not bring home the river and
sky;—

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my
eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave 20
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures
home; 25

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white
choir.

At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to
the cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone, 35
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of
youth:"—

As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
The ground-pine curled its pretty
wreath,

Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the
ground; 45

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole; 50
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE PROBLEM

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive
smiles:

Yet not for all his faith can see 5
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell 11
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came, 15
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe:
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian
 Rome 20
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-
 bird's nest 25
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads? 30
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone,
 And Morning opes with haste her lids 35
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air; 40
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass. 46
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the
 shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. 50
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting
 choirs,
 And through the priest the mind in-
 spires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken 55

Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind. 60
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise,—
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine, 65
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines,
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowlèd portrait dear; 70
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

THE SPHINX

The Sphinx is drowsy,
 Her wings are furled:
 Her ear is heavy,
 She broods on the world.
 "Who'll tell me my secret, 5
 The ages have kept?—
 I awaited the seer,
 While they slumbered and slept:—
 "The fate of the man-child,
 The meaning of man; 10
 Known fruit of the unknown;
 Dædalian plan;
 Out of sleeping a waking,
 Out of waking a sleep;
 Life death overtaking; 15
 Deep underneath deep?
 "Erect as a sunbeam,
 Upspringeth the palm;
 The elephant browses,
 Undaunted and calm; 20
 In beautiful motion
 The thrush plies his wings;
 Kind leaves of his covert,
 Your silence he sings.
 "The waves, unashamed, 25
 In difference sweet,
 Play glad with the breezes,
 Old playfellows meet;
 The journeying atoms,
 Primordial wholes, 30
 Firmly draw, firmly drive,
 By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,—
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill.

35

40

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathèd in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted,—
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

45

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

50

55

"Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear;—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere:—
'Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned my child's head?'"

60

I heard a poet answer,
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

65

70

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

75

80

"To vision profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

85

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
Lurks the joy that is sweetest
In stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

90

95

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the center,
Heart-heaving away;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

100

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits;
Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the
Sphinx—
Her muddy eyes to clear!"—
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow;
Of thine eyes I am eyebeam.

106

111

"Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity;
Time is the false reply."

115

120

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's¹ head.

125

¹ a mountain in New Hampshire

Thorough a thousand voices
 Spoke the universal dame; 130
 "Who telleth one of my meanings,
 Is master of all I am."

HAMATREYA

Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer,
 Meriam, Flint,
 Possessed the land which rendered to
 their toil
 Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples,
 wool, and wood.
 Each of these landlords walked amidst
 his farm,
 Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's and
 my name's. 5
 How sweet the west wind sounds in my
 own trees!
 How graceful climb those shadows on
 my hill!
 I fancy these pure waters and the flags
 Know me, as does my dog: we sym-
 pathize;
 And, I affirm, my actions smack of the
 soil." 10

Where are these men? Asleep beneath
 their grounds:
 And strangers, fond as they, their fur-
 rows plough.
 Earth laughs in flowers, to see her
 boastful boys
 Earth-proud, proud of the earth which
 is not theirs;
 Who steer the plough, but cannot steer
 their feet 15
 Clear of the grave.
 They added ridge to valley, brook to
 pond,
 And sighed for all that bounded their
 domain;
 "This suits me for a pasture; that's my
 park;
 We must have clay, lime, gravel,
 granite-ledge, 20
 And misty lowland, where to go for
 peat.
 The land is well,—lies fairly to the
 south.
 'Tis good, when you have crossed the
 sea and back,
 To find the sitfast acres where you left
 them."

Ah! the hot owner sees not Death, who
 adds 25
 Him to his land, a lump of mould the
 more.

Hear what the Earth says:—

EARTH-SONG

"Mine and yours;
 Mine, not yours.
 Earth endures; 30
 Stars abide—
 Shine down in the old sea;
 Old are the shores;
 But where are old men?
 I who have seen much, 35
 Such have I never seen.

"The lawyer's deed
 Ran sure,
 In tail,
 To them and to their heirs 40
 Who shall succeed,
 Without fail,
 Forevermore.

"Here is the land,
 Shaggy with wood, 45
 With its old valley,
 Mound and flood.
 But the heritors?—
 Fled like the flood's foam.
 The lawyer, and the laws, 50
 And the kingdom,
 Clean swept herefrom.

"They called me theirs,
 Who so controlled me;
 Yet every one 55
 Wished to stay, and is gone.
 How am I theirs,
 If they cannot hold me,
 But I hold them?"

When I heard the Earth-song, 60
 I was no longer brave;
 My avarice cooled
 Like lust in the chill of the grave.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
 Where thou art is clime for me,

Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone, 5
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon; 15
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.
When the south wind, in May days, 20
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance, 25
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace 30
With thy mellow, breezy bass:

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound 36
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean 40
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky, 45
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste, 50
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet, 55
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep; 60
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

WOODNOTES

I

When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
Who speeds to the woodland walks?
To birds and trees who talks?
Cæsar of his leafy Rome, 5
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river-side,—
Not hook nor line hath he;
He stands in the meadows wide,— 10
Nor gun nor scythe to see.
Sure some god his eye enchants:
What he knows nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad,
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad. 15
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest:
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds, and caterpillar-shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle, 20
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats:
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets, 25
Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
Who can tell him what he is?
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities? 30

II

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart 35
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that Nature could not raise

A plant in any secret place,
 In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
 Beneath the grass that shades the rill, 40
 Under the snow, between the rocks,
 In damp fields known to bird and fox,
 But he would come in the very hour
 It opened in its virgin bower,
 As if a sunbeam showed the place, 45
 And tell its long-descended race.
 It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught
 him;
 As if by secret sight he knew
 Where, in far fields, the orchis grew. 50
 Many haps fall in the field
 Seldom seen by wishful eyes;
 But all her shows did Nature yield,
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.
 He saw the partridge drum in the
 woods; 55
 He heard the woodcock's evening
 hymn;
 He found the tawny thrushes' broods;
 And the shy hawk did wait for him;
 What others did at distance hear,
 And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
 Was shown to this philosopher, 61
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

III

In unploughed Maine he sought the
 lumberers' gang
 Where from a hundred lakes young
 rivers sprang;
 He trode the unplanted forest floor,
 whereon 65
 The all-seeing sun for ages hath not
 shone;
 Where feeds the moose, and walks the
 surly bear,
 And up the tall mast runs the wood-
 pecker.
 He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous
 beds,
 The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born
 heads, 70
 And blessed the monument of the man
 of flowers,
 Which breathes his sweet fame through
 the northern bowers.
 He heard, when in the grove, at in-
 tervals,

With sudden roar the aged pine-tree
 falls,—
 One crash, the death-hymn of the per-
 fect tree, 75
 Declares the close of its green century.
 Low lies the plant to whose creation
 went
 Sweet influence from every element;
 Whose living towers the years conspired
 to build,
 Whose giddy top the morning loved to
 gild. 80
 Through these green tents, by eldest
 Nature dressed,
 He roamed, content alike with man and
 beast.
 Where darkness found him he lay glad
 at night;
 There the red morning touched him
 with its light.
 Three moons his great heart him a
 hermit made, 85
 So long he roved at will the boundless
 shade,
 The timid it concerns to ask their way,
 And fear what foe in caves and swamps
 can stray,
 To make no step until the event is
 known,
 And ills to come as evils past bemoan. 90
 Not so the wise; no coward watch he
 keeps
 To spy what danger on his pathway
 creeps;
 Go where he will, the wise man is at
 home,
 His hearth the earth,—his hall the
 azure dome;
 Where his clear spirit leads him,
 there's his road, 95
 By God's own light illumined and fore-
 showed.

IV

'Twas one of the charmed days
 When the genius of God doth flow,
 The wind may alter twenty ways,
 A tempest cannot blow; 100
 It may blow north, it still is warm;
 Or south, it still is clear;
 Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
 Or west, no thunder fear.
 The musing peasant lowly great 105

Beside the forest water sate;
 The rope-like pine-roots crosswise
 grown
 Composed the network of his throne;
 The wide lake, edged with sand and
 grass,
 Was burnished to a floor of glass, 110
 Painted with shadows green and proud
 Of the tree and of the cloud.
 He was the heart of all the scene;
 On him the sun looked more serene;
 To hill and cloud his face was known,—
 It seemed the likeness of their own; 116
 They knew by secret sympathy
 The public child of earth and sky.
 "You ask," he said, "what guide
 Me through trackless thickets led, 120
 Through thick-stemmed woodlands
 rough and wide.
 I found the water's bed.
 The watercourses were my guide;
 I travelled grateful by their side,
 Or through their channel dry; 125
 They led me through the thicket damp,
 Through brake and fern, the beavers'
 camp,
 Through beds of granite cut my road,
 And their resistless friendship showed:
 The falling waters led me, 130
 The foodful waters fed me,
 And brought me to the lowest land,
 Unerring to the ocean sand.
 The moss upon the forest bark
 Was pole-star when the night was
 dark; 135
 The purple berries in the wood
 Supplied me necessary food;
 For Nature ever faithful is
 To such as trust her faithfulness.
 When the forest shall mislead me, 140
 When the night and morning lie,
 When sea and land refuse to feed me,
 'Twill be time enough to die;
 Then will yet my mother yield
 A pillow in her greenest field, 145
 Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
 The clay of their departed lover."

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without
 a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its
 stalk?

At rich men's tables eaten bread and
 pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of
 trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior, 5
 In man or maid, that thou from speech
 refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be
 thine!

THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude
 That I walk alone in grove and glen;
 I go to the god of the wood
 To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I 5
 Fold my arms beside the brook;
 Each cloud that floated in the sky
 Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
 For the idle flowers I brought; 10
 Every aster in my hand
 Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
 But 'tis figured in the flowers;
 Was never secret history 15
 But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
 Homeward brought the oxen strong;
 A second crop thine acres yield,
 Which I gather in a song. 20

MERLIN

I

Thy trivial harp will never please
 Or fill my craving ear;
 Its chords should ring as blows the
 breeze,
 Free, peremptory, clear.
 No jingling serenader's art, 5
 Nor tinkle of piano strings,
 Can make the wild blood start
 In its mystic springs.
 The kingly bard
 Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
 As with hammer or with mace; 11

That they may render back
 Artful thunder, which conveys
 Secrets of the solar track,
 Sparks of the supersolar blaze. 15
 Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,
 Chiming with the forest tone,
 When boughs buffet boughs in the
 wood;
 Chiming with the gasp and moan
 Of the ice-imprisoned flood; 20
 With the pulse of manly hearts;
 With the voice of orators;
 With the din of city arts;
 With the cannonade of wars;
 With the marches of the brave; 25
 And prayers of might from martyrs'
 cave.

Great is the art,
 Great be the manners, of the bard.
 He shall not his brain encumber
 With the coil of rhythm and number; 30
 But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
 He shall aye climb
 For his rhyme.
 "Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
 "In to the upper doors, 35
 Nor count compartments of the floors,
 But mount to paradise
 By the stairway of surprise."

Blameless master of the games,
 King of sport that never shames, 40
 He shall daily joy dispense
 Hid in song's sweet influence.
 Forms more cheerily live and go,
 What time the subtle mind
 Sings aloud the tune whereto 45
 Their pulses beat,
 And march their feet,
 And their members are combined.

By Sybarites beguiled,
 He shall no task decline; 50
 Merlin's mighty line
 Extremes of nature reconciled,—
 Bereaved a tyrant of his will,
 And made the lion mild.
 Songs can the tempest still, 55
 Scattered on the stormy air,
 Mold the year to fair increase
 And bring in poetic peace.

He shall not seek to weave,
 In weak, unhappy times, 60

Efficacious rimes;
 Wait his returning strength.
 Bird, that from the nadir's floor
 To the zenith's top can soar,
 The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds
 that journey's length. 65
 Nor profane affect to hit
 Or compass that, by meddling wit,
 Which only the propitious mind
 Publishes when 'tis inclined.
 There are open hours 70
 When the God's will sallies free,
 And the dull idiot might see
 The flowing fortunes of a thousand
 years;—
 Sudden, at unawares,
 Self-moved, fly-to the doors, 75
 Nor sword of angels could reveal
 What they conceal.

II

The rhyme of the poet
 Modulates the king's affairs;
 Balance-loving Nature 80
 Made all things in pairs.
 To every foot its antipode;
 Each color with its counter glowed;
 To every tone beat answering tones,
 Higher or graver; 85
 Flavor gladly blends with flavor;
 Leaf answers leaf upon the bough;
 And match the paired cotyledons.¹
 Hands to hands, and feet to feet,
 In one body grooms and brides; 90
 Eldest rite, two married sides
 In every mortal meet.
 Light's far furnace shines,
 Smelting balls and bars,
 Forging double stars, 95
 Glittering twins and trines.
 The animals are sick with love,
 Lovesick with rhyme;
 Each with all-propitious Time
 Into chorus wove. 100

Like the dancers' ordered band,
 Thoughts come also hand in hand;
 In equal couples mated,
 Or else alternated;
 Adding by their mutual gage, 105
 One to other, health and age.
 Solitary fancies go

¹ seed leaves

Short-lived wandering to and fro,
 Most like to bachelors,
 Or an ungiven maid, 110
 Not ancestors,
 With no posterity to make the lie
 afraid,
 Or keep truth undecayed.
 Perfect-paired as eagle's wings,
 Justice is the rhyme of things;
 Trade and counting use
 The self-same tuneful muse;
 And Nemesis,
 Who with even matches odd,
 Who athwart space redresses 120
 The partial wrong,
 Fills the just period,
 And finishes the song.

Subtle rhymes, with ruin rife,
 Murmur in the house of life, 125
 Sung by the Sisters as they spin;
 In perfect time and measure they
 Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
 As the two twilights of the day
 Fold us music-drunken in. 130

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE
 BATTLE MONUMENT, JULY 4, 1837

By the rude bridge that arched the
 flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept; 5
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which sea-
 ward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone; 10
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are
 gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near; 5
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;
 The vanished gods to me appear;
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
 When me they fly, I am the wings; 10
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
 But thou, meek lover of the good! 15
 Find me, and turn thy back on
 heaven.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocrite
 Days,
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot der-
 vishes,
 And marching single in an endless file,
 Bring diadems and fagots in their
 hands.
 To each they offer gifts after his will, 5
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that
 holds them all.
 I, in my pleached garden, watched the
 pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the
 Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too
 late, 10
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
 To take in sail:—
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds, 5
 And said: "No more!
 No farther shoot
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy
 root.

Fancy departs; no more invent;
 Contract thy firmament 10
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less revere the Giver, 15
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;
 A little while
 Still plan and smile, 20
 And—fault¹ of novel germs—
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath, 25
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,
 The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
 But left a legacy of ebbing veins, 29
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
 Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and
 dumb,
 Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.”

As the bird trims her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,
 I man the rudder, reef the sail, 35
 Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
 “Lowly faithful, banish fear,
 Right onward drive unharmed;
 The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
 And every wave is charmed.” 40

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

SYMPATHY

Lately, alas, I knew a gentle boy,
 Whose features all were cast in Virtue's
 mould,
 As one she had designed for Beauty's
 toy,
 But after manned him for her own
 stronghold.

On every side he open was as day, 5
 That you might see no lack of strength
 within,

¹in the absence of

For walls and ports do only serve alway
 For a pretense to feebleness and sin.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious,
 With toil and strife who stormed the
 House of Fame: 10
 In other sense this youth was glorious,
 Himself a kingdom whereso'er he came.

No strength went out to get him vic-
 tory,
 When all was income of its own accord;
 For where he went none other was to
 see, 15
 But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle haze of
 summer,—
 That stilly shows fresh landscapes to
 our eyes,
 And revolutions works without a mur-
 mur,
 Or rustling of a leaf beneath the skies. 20

So was I taken unawares by this,
 I quite forgot my homage to confess;
 Yet now am forced to know, though
 hard it is,
 I might have loved him, had I loved
 him less.

Each moment, as we nearer drew to
 each, 25
 A stern respect withheld us farther yet,
 So that we seemed beyond each other's
 reach,
 And less acquainted than when first we
 met.

We two were one while we did sym-
 pathize,
 So could we not the simplest bargain
 drive; 30
 And what avails it now that we are
 wise,
 If absence doth this doubleness con-
 trive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat,
 But I must tread my single way alone,
 In sad remembrance that we once did
 meet, 35
 And know that bliss irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy shall
sing,
For elegy has other subject none;
Each strain of music in my ears shall
ring 39
Knell of departure from that other one.

Make haste and celebrate my tragedy;
With fitting strain resound, ye woods
and fields;
Sorrow is dearer in such case to me
Than all the joys other occasion yields.

Is't then too late the damage to re-
pair? 45
Distance, forsooth, from my weak grasp
hath reft
The empty husk, and clutched the use-
less tare,
But in my hands the wheat and kernel
left.

But if I love that virtue which he is,
Though it be scented in the morning
air, 50
Still shall we be truest acquaintances,
Nor mortals know a sympathy more
rare.

SIC VITA

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their
links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks, 5
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots, 10
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from
out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in
haste, 15
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour un-
seen,
Drinking my juices up, 20
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my
stem 25
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife. 30

But now I see I was not plucked for
nought,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive 35
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon re-
deem its hours,
And by another year
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fair flowers 40
Will bear,
While I droop here.

WALDEN

From CHAPTER I

ECONOMY

[HANDICAPS TO HAPPINESS]

I would fain say something, not so
much concerning the Chinese and
Sandwich Islanders as you who read
these pages, who are said to live in
New England; something about your
condition, especially your outward
condition or circumstances in this
world, in this town, what it is, whether
it is necessary that it be as bad as it
is, whether it cannot be improved as
well as not. I have travelled a good
deal in Concord; and everywhere, in
shops, and offices, and fields, the in-

habitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways. What I have heard of Brahmins sitting exposed to four fires and looking in the face of the sun; or hanging suspended, with their heads downwards, over flames; or looking at the heavens over their shoulders "until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while from the twist of the neck nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach;" or dwelling, chained for life, at the foot of a tree; or measuring with their bodies, like caterpillars, the breadth of vast empires; or standing on one leg on the top of pillars,—even these forms of conscious penance are hardly more incredible and astonishing than the scenes which I daily witness. The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could not see that these men slew or captured any monster, or finished any labor. They have no friend Iolaus to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up.

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might see with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing,

pasture, and wood-lot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh.

[CLOTHING]

As for Clothing, to come at once to the practical part of the question, perhaps we are led oftener by the love of novelty and a regard for the opinions of men, in procuring it, than by a true utility. Let him who has work to do recollect that the object of clothing is, first, to retain the vital heat, and secondly, in this state of society, to cover nakedness, and he may judge how much of any necessary or important work may be accomplished without adding to his wardrobe. Kings and queens who wear a suit but once, though made by some tailor or dress-maker to their majesties, cannot know the comfort of wearing a suit that fits. They are no better than wooden horses to hang the clean clothes on. Every day our garments become more assimilated to ourselves, receiving the impress of the wearer's character, until we hesitate to lay them aside, without such delay and medical appliances and some such solemnity even as our bodies. No man ever stood the lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure that there is greater anxiety, commonly, to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. But even if the rent is not mended, perhaps the worst vice betrayed is improvidence. I sometimes try my acquaintances by such tests as this: Who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee? Most behave as if they believed that their prospects for life would be ruined if they should do it. It would be easier for them to hobble to town with a broken leg than with a broken pantaloons. Often if an accident happens to a gentleman's legs, they can be mended; but if a similar accident happens to the legs of his pantaloons,

there is no help for it; for he considers, not what is truly respectable, but what is respected. We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches. Dress a scarecrow in your last shift,¹ you standing shiftless by, who would not soonest salute the scarecrow? Passing a cornfield the other day, close by a hat and coat on a stake, I recognized the owner of the farm. He was only a little more weather-beaten than when I saw him last.

[THE CABIN BESIDE WALDEN POND]

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall, arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark-colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand-heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day, when my axe head

¹ shirt

had come off and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond-hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I stayed there, or more than a quarter of an hour; perhaps because he had not yet fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the 1st of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself,—

Men say they know many things;
But lo! they have taken wings,—
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances:
The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time. My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some

of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a Rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

By the middle of April, for I made no haste in my work, but rather made the most of it, my house was framed and ready for the raising. I had already bought the shanty of James Collins, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg Railroad, for boards. James Collins' shanty was considered an uncommonly fine one. When I called to see it he was not at home.²⁰ I walked about the outside, at first unobserved from within, the window was so deep and high. It was of small dimensions, with a peaked cottage roof, and not much else to be seen, the dirt being raised five feet all around as if it were a compost heap. The roof was the soundest part, though a good deal warped and made brittle by the sun. Door-sill there was none,³⁰ but a perennial passage for the hens under the door-board. Mrs. C. came to the door and asked me to view it from the inside. The hens were driven in by my approach. It was dark, and had a dirt floor for the most part, dank, clammy, and aguish, only here a board and there a board which would not bear removal. She lighted a lamp to show me the inside of the roof and the walls, and also that the board floor extended under the bed, warning me not to step into the cellar, a sort of dust hole two feet deep. In her own words, they were "good boards overhead, good boards all around, and a good window,"—of two whole squares originally, only the cat had passed out that way lately. There was a stove, a bed, and a place to sit, an infant in⁵⁰ the house where it was born, a silk parasol, gilt-framed looking-glass, and a patent new coffee-mill nailed to an oak sapling, all told. The bargain was

soon concluded, for James had in the meanwhile returned. I to pay four dollars and twenty-five cents to-night, he to vacate at five to-morrow morning, selling to nobody else meanwhile: I to take possession at six. It were well, he said, to be there early, and anticipate certain indistinct but wholly unjust claims on the score of ground¹⁰ rent and fuel. This he assured me was the only encumbrance. At six I passed him and his family on the road. One large bundle held their all,—bed, coffee-mill, looking-glass, hens,—all but the cat; she took to the woods and became a wild cat, and, as I learned afterward, trod in a trap set for woodchucks, and so became a dead cat at last.

I took down this dwelling the same morning, drawing the nails, and removed it to the pond-side by small cartloads, spreading the boards on the grass there to bleach and warp back again in the sun. One early thrush gave me a note or two as I drove along the woodland path. I was informed treacherously by a young Patrick that neighbor Seeley, an Irishman, in the intervals of the carting, transferred the still tolerable, straight, and drivable nails, staples, and spikes to his pocket, and then stood when I came back to pass the time of day, and look freshly up, unconcerned, with spring thoughts, at the devastation; there being a dearth of work, as he said. He was there to represent spectatordom, and help make this seemingly insignificant event one with the removal of the gods of Troy.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground,

for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the superstructure has disappeared posterity remark its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day. I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain, but before boarding I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days, when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or tablecloth, afforded me as much entertainment, in fact answered the same purpose, as the Iliad. . . .

Before winter I built a chimney, and shingled the sides of my house, which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slice of the log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten with a plane.

I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-foot posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of the house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows; and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their houses cost, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of the various materials which compose them:—

Boards\$8	03½, mostly shanty boards
Refuse shingles		
for roof and		
sides	4 00
Laths	1 25
Two second-		
hand windows		
with glass...	2 43	
One thousand		
old brick....	4 00	
Two casks of		
lime	2 40
Hair	0 31
Mantle-tree iron	0 15	
Nails	3 90
Hinges and		
screws	0 14
Latch	0 10
Chalk	0 01
Transportation.	1 40	
In all.....\$28 12½		

That was high.
More than I needed.

I carried a good part
on my back

These are all the materials, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small woodshed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

I intend to build me a house which will surpass any on the main street in Concord in grandeur and luxury, as soon as it pleases me as much and will cost me no more than my present one.

I thus found that the student who wishes for a shelter can obtain one for a lifetime at an expense not greater than the rent which he now pays annually. If I seem to boast more than is becoming, my excuse is that I brag for humanity rather than for myself; and my shortcomings and inconsisten-

cies do not affect the truth of my statement. Notwithstanding much cant and hypocrisy,—chaff which I find it difficult to separate from my wheat, but for which I am as sorry as any man,—I will breathe freely and stretch myself in this respect, it is such a relief to both the moral and physical system; and I am resolved that I will not through humility become the devil's attorney. I will endeavor to speak a good word for the truth. At Cambridge College¹ the mere rent of a student's room, which is only a little larger than my own, is thirty dollars each year, although the corporation had the advantage of building thirty-two side by side and under one roof, and the occupant suffers the inconvenience of many and noisy neighbors, and perhaps a residence in the fourth story. I cannot but think that if we had more true wisdom in these respects, not only less education would be needed, because, forsooth, more would already have been acquired, but the pecuniary expense of getting an education would in a great measure vanish. Those conveniences which the student requires at Cambridge or elsewhere cost him or somebody else ten times as great a sacrifice of life as they would with proper management on both sides. Those things for which the most money is demanded are never the things which the student most wants. Tuition, for instance, is an important item in the term bill, while for the far more valuable education which he gets by associating with the most cultivated of his contemporaries no charge is made. The mode of founding a college is, commonly, to get up a subscription of dollars and cents, and then following blindly the principles of a division of labor to its extreme, a principle which should never be followed but with circumspection,—to call in a contractor who makes this a subject of speculation, and he employs Irishmen or other operatives actually to lay the foundations, while the students that are to be are said to be

fitting themselves for it; and for these oversights successive generations have to pay. I think that it would be *better than this*, for the students, or those who desire to be benefited by it, even to lay the foundations themselves. The student who secures his coveted leisure and retirement by systematically shirking any labor necessary to man obtains but an ignoble and unprofitable leisure, defrauding himself of the experience which alone can make leisure fruitful. "But," says one, "you do not mean that the students should go to work with their hands instead of their heads?" I do not mean that exactly, but I mean something which he might think a good deal like that; I mean that they should not *play* life, or *study* it merely, while the community supports them at this expensive game, but earnestly *live* it from beginning to end. How could youths better learn to live than by at once trying the experiment of living? Methinks this would exercise their minds as much as mathematics. If I wished a boy to know something about the arts and sciences, for instance, I would not pursue the common course, which is merely to send him into the neighborhood of some professor, where anything is professed and practised but the art of life;—to survey the world through a telescope or a microscope, and never with his natural eye; to study chemistry, and not learn how his bread is made, or mechanics, and not learn how it is earned; to discover new satellites to Neptune, and not detect the moles in his eyes, or to what vagabond he is a satellite himself; or to be devoured by the monsters that swarm all around him, while contemplating the monsters in a drop of vinegar. Which would have advanced the most at the end of a month,—the boy who had made his own jackknife from the ore which he had dug and smelted, reading as much as would be necessary for this—or the boy who had attended the lectures on metallurgy at the Institute in the meanwhile, and had received a Rodgers penknife from his

¹ Harvard

father? Which would be most likely to cut his fingers?—To my astonishment I was informed on leaving college that I had studied navigation!—why, if I had taken one turn down the harbor I should have known more about it. Even the *poor* student studies and is taught only *political* economy, while that economy of living which is synonymous with philosophy is not even sincerely professed in our colleges. The consequence is, that while he is reading Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Say, he runs his father in debt irretrievably. . . .

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas, and turnips. The whole lot contains eleven acres, mostly growing up to pines and hickories, and was sold the preceding season for eight dollars and eight cents an acre. One farmer said that it was "good for nothing but to raise cheeping squirrels on." I put no manure whatever on this land, not being the owner, but merely a squatter, and not expecting to cultivate so much again, and I did not quite hoe it all once. I got out several cords of stumps in plowing, which supplied me with fuel for a long time, and left small circles of virgin mould, easily distinguishable through the summer by the greater luxuriance of the beans there. The dead and for the most part unmerchantable wood behind my house, and the driftwood from the pond, have supplied the remainder of my fuel. I was obliged to hire a team and a man for the plowing, though I held the plow myself. My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, etc., \$14.72½. The seed corn was given me. This never costs anything to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans, and eighteen bushels of potatoes, beside some peas and sweet corn. The

yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was

	\$23 44
Deducting the outgoes.....	14 72½
There are left.....	\$ 8 71½,

beside produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of \$4.50,—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of to-day, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly, even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year.

The next year I did better still, for I spaded up all the land which I required, about a third of an acre, and I learned from the experience of both years, not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry, Arthur Young among the rest, that if one would live simply and eat only the crop which he raised, and raise no more than he ate, and not exchange it for an insufficient quantity of more luxurious and expensive things, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground, and that it would be cheaper to spade up that than to use oxen to plow it, and to select a fresh spot from time to time than to manure the old, and he could do all his necessary farm work as it were with his left hand at odd hours in the summer; and thus he would not be tied to an ox, or horse, or cow, or pig, as at present. I desire to speak impartially on this point, and as one not interested in the success or failure of the present economical and social arrangements. I was more independent than any farmer in Concord, for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned or my crops

had failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before.

I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer. Men and oxen exchange work; but if we consider necessary work only, the oxen will be seen to have greatly the advantage, their farm is so much the larger. Man does ¹⁰ some of his part of the exchange work in his six weeks of haying, and it is no boy's play. Certainly no nation that lived simply in all respects, that is, no nation of philosophers, would commit so great a blunder as to use the labor of animals. True, there never was and is not likely soon to be a nation of philosophers, nor am I certain it is desirable that there should be. However, I should never have broken a horse or bull and taken him to board for any work he might do for me, for fear I should become a horseman or a herds-man merely; and if society seems to be the gainer by so doing, are we certain that what is one man's gain is not another's loss, and that the stable-boy has equal cause with his master to be satisfied? ³⁰ Granted that some public works would not have been constructed without this aid, and let man share the glory of such with the ox and horse; does it follow that he could not have accomplished work yet more worthy of himself in that case? When men begin to do, not merely unnecessary or artistic, but luxurious and idle work, with their assistance, it is inevitable that a few ⁴⁰ do all the exchange work with the oxen, or, in other words, become the slaves of the strongest. Man thus not only works for the animal within him, but, for a symbol of this, he works for the animal without him. Though we have many substantial houses of brick or stone, the prosperity of the farmer is still measured by the degree to which the barn overshadows the ⁵⁰ house. This town is said to have the largest houses for oxen, cows, and horses hereabouts, and it is not behind-hand in its public buildings; but there

are very few halls for free worship or free speech in this county. It should not be by their architecture, but why not even by their power of abstract thought, that nations should seek to commemorate themselves. . . . Many are concerned about the monuments of the West and the East,—to know who built them. For my part, I should like to know who in those days did not build them,—who were above such trifling. But to proceed with my statistics.

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to ²⁰ March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years,—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date,—was

Rice	\$1 73½	
Molasses	1 73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal	1 04¾	
Indian meal	0 99¾	Cheaper than rye.
Pork	0 22	
Flour	0 88	Costs more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar	0 80	
Lard	0 65	
Apples	0 25	
Dried apple	0 22	
Sweet potatoes	...	0 10	
One pumpkin	...	0 6	
One watermelon	...	0 2	
Salt	0 3	

All experiments which failed.

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next ⁵⁰ year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his

transmigration, as a Tartar would say, —and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

	\$8 40¼
Oil and some household utensils	2 00
So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received,—and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part part of the world,—were	
House	\$28 12½
Farm one year	14 72½
Food eight months	8 74
Clothing, etc., eight months..	8 40¾
Oil, etc., eight months.....	2 00
In all	\$61 99¾

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

	\$23 44
Earned by day-labor	13 34
In all	\$36 78,

which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of \$25.21¾ on the one side,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I choose to occupy it. . . .

From CHAPTER XII

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are

said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat

still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute; without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to 10 their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even 20 than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The travel- 30 ler does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so 40 are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be 50 four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where

my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white pine, there was yet a clean, firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in mid-summer, when the pond was warmest. Thither, too, the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint, wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There too the turtle doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing 40 down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they

never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The regions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die." In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He

saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—“Fire! for God's sake fire!”—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having

severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

From CHAPTER XVIII

CONCLUSION

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have

fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

WALKING

I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil,—to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one, for there are enough champions of civilization: the minister and the school-committee, and every one of you will take care of that.

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who under-

stood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks,—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*: which word is beautifully derived “from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going à la *Sainte Terre*,” to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, “There goes a *Sainte-Terrer*,” a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander. They 10 who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from *sans terre*, without land or a home, which, therefore, in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the 20 secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all; but the saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which, indeed, is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, 30 preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels.

It is true, we are but faint-hearted crusaders, even the walkers, nowadays, who undertake no persevering, never-ending enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but re- 40 tracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return,—prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again,—if you have paid your debts, and made 50 your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man, then you are ready for a walk.

To come down to my own experience,

my companion and I, for I sometimes have a companion, take pleasure in fancying ourselves knights of a new, or rather an old, order,—not Equestrians or Chevaliers, not Ritters or Riders, but Walkers, a still more ancient and honorable class, I trust. The chivalric and heroic spirit which once belonged to the Rider seems now to reside in, or perchance to have sub- sided into, the Walker,—not the Knight, but Walker Errant. He is a sort of fourth estate, outside of Church and State and People.

We have felt that we almost alone hereabouts practiced this noble art; though, to tell the truth, at least, if their own assertions are to be received, most of my townsmen would fain walk sometimes, as I do, but they cannot. No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom, and independence which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of the Walkers. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit*. Some of my townsmen, it is true, can remember and have described to me some walks which they took ten years ago, in which they were so blessed as to lose themselves for half an hour in the woods; but I know very well that they have confined themselves to the highway ever since, whatever pretensions they may make to belong to this select class. No doubt they were elevated for a moment as by the reminiscence of a previous state of existence, when even they were for- 40 esters and outlaws.

“When he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge.

“It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here;
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere.”

I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least,—and it is commonly more than that,—sauntering

through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. You may safely say, A penny for your thoughts, or a thousand pounds. When sometimes I am reminded that the mechanics and shopkeepers stay in their shops not only all the forenoon, but all the afternoon too, sitting with crossed legs, so many of them,—as if the legs were made to sit upon, and not to stand or walk upon,—I think that they deserve some credit for not having all committed suicide long ago.

I, who cannot stay in my chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust, and when sometimes I have stolen forth for a walk at the eleventh hour or four o'clock in the afternoon, too late to redeem the day, when the shades of night were already beginning to be mingled with the daylight, have felt as if I had committed some sin to be atoned for,—I confess that I am astonished at the power of endurance, to say nothing of the moral insensibility, of my neighbors who confine themselves to shops and offices the whole day for weeks and months, ay, and years almost together. I know not what manner of stuff they are of,—sitting there now at three o'clock in the afternoon, as if it were three o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte may talk of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but it is nothing to the courage which can sit down cheerfully at this hour in the afternoon over against one's self whom you have known all the morning, to starve out a garrison to whom you are bound by such strong ties of sympathy. I wonder that about this time, or say between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, too late for the morning papers and too early for the evening ones, there is not a general explosion heard up and down the street, scattering a legion of antiquated and house-bred notions and whims to the four winds for an airing,—and so the evil cures itself. . . .

I can easily walk ten, fifteen, twenty, any number of miles, commencing at my own door, without going by any

house, without crossing a road except where the fox and the mink do: first along by the river, and then the brook, and then the meadow and the wood-side. There are square miles in my vicinity which have no inhabitant. From many a hill I can see civilization and the abodes of man afar. The farmers and their works are scarcely more obvious than woodchucks and their burrows. Man and his affairs, church and state and school, trade and commerce, and manufactures and agriculture, even politics, the most alarming of them all,—I am pleased to see how little space they occupy in the landscape. Politics is but a narrow field, and that still narrower highway yonder leads to it. I sometimes direct the traveler thither. If you would go to the political world, follow the great road,—follow that market-man, keep his dust in your eyes, and it will lead you straight to it; for it, too, has its place merely, and does not occupy all space. I pass from it as from a bean-field into the forest, and it is forgotten. In one half-hour I can walk off to some portion of the earth's surface where a man does not stand from one year's end to another, and there, consequently, politics are not, for they are but as the cigar-smoke of a man.

The village is the place to which the roads tend, a sort of expansion of the highway, as a lake of a river. It is the body of which roads are the arms and legs,—a trivial or quadrivial place, the thoroughfare and ordinary of travelers. The word is from the Latin *villa* which together with *via*, a way, or more anciently *ved* and *vella*, Varro derives from *veho*, to carry, because the villa is the place to and from which things are carried. They who got their living by teaming were said *vellaturam facere*. Hence, too, the Latin word *vilis* and our vile; also *villain*. This suggests what kind of degeneracy villagers are liable to. They are way-worn by the travel that goes by and over them, without travelling themselves.

Some do not walk at all; others walk in the highways; a few walk across lots. Roads are made for horses and men of business. I do not travel in them much, comparatively, because I am not in a hurry to get to any tavern or grocery or livery-stable or depot to which they lead. I am a good horse to travel, but not from choice a roadster. The landscape-painter uses the figures of 10 men to mark a road. He would not make that use of my figure. I walk out into a Nature such as the old prophets and poets, Menu, Moses, Homer, Chaucer, walked in. You may name it America, but it is not America; neither Americus Vespucius, nor Columbus, nor the rest were the discoverers of it. There is a truer account of it in mythology than in any history 20 of America, so called, that I have seen. . . . Hope and the future for me are not in lawns and cultivated fields, not in towns and cities, but in the impervious and quaking swamps. When, formerly, I have analyzed my partiality for some farm which I had contemplated purchasing, I have frequently found that I was attracted solely by a few square rods of impermeable and 30 unfathomable bog,—a natural sink in one corner of it. That was the jewel which dazzled me. I derive more of my subsistence from the swamps which surround my native town than from the cultivated gardens in the village. There are no richer parterres to my eyes than the dense beds of dwarf andromeda (*Cassandra calyculata*) which cover these tender places on the 40 earth's surface. Botany cannot go farther than tell me the names of the shrubs which grow there,—the high-blueberry, panicked andromeda, lamb-kill, azalea, and rhodora,—all standing in the quaking sphagnum. I often think that I should like to have my house front on this mass of dull red bushes, omitting other flower plots and borders, transplanted spruce and trim 50 box, even gravelled walks,—to have this fertile spot under my windows, not a few imported barrow-fulls of soil only to cover the sand which was thrown

out in digging the cellar. Why not put my house, my parlor, behind this plot, instead of behind that meagre assemblage of curiosities, that poor apology for a Nature and Art, which I call my front-yard? It is an effort to clear up and make a decent appearance when the carpenter and mason have departed, though done as much for the passer-by as the dweller within. The most tasteful front-yard fence was never an agreeable object of study to me; the most elaborate ornaments, acorn-tops, or what not, soon wearied and disgusted me. Bring your sills up to the very edge of the swamp, then (though it may not be the best place for a dry cellar), so that there be no access on that side to citizens. Front-yards are not made to walk in, but, at most, through, and you could go in the back way.

Yes, though you may think me perverse, if it were proposed to me to dwell in the neighborhood of the most beautiful garden that ever human art contrived, or else of a Dismal Swamp, I should certainly decide for the swamp. How vain, then, have been all your labors, citizens, for me!

My spirits infallibly rise in proportion to the outward dreariness. Give me the ocean, the desert, or the wilderness! In the desert, pure air and solitude compensate for want of moisture and fertility. The traveler Burton says of it: "Your *morale* improves; you become frank and cordial, hospitable and single-minded.—In the desert, spirituous liquors excite only disgust. There is a keen enjoyment in a mere animal existence." They who have been traveling long on the steppes of Tartary say: "On reëntering cultivated lands, the agitation, perplexity, and turmoil of civilization oppressed and suffocated us; the air seemed to fail us, and we felt every moment as if about to die of asphyxia." When I would 50 recreate myself, I seek the darkest wood, the thickest and most interminable and, to the citizen, most dismal swamp. I enter a swamp as a sacred place,—a *sanctum sanctorum*. There is

the strength, the marrow of Nature. The wild-wood covers the virgin mould, —and the same soil is good for men and for trees. A man's health requires as many acres of meadow to his prospect as his farm does loads of muck. There are the strong meats on which he feeds. A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it. A township where one primitive forest waves above while another primitive forest rots below,—such a town is fitted to raise not only corn and potatoes, but poets and philosophers for the coming ages. In such a soil grew Homer and Confucius and the rest, and out of such a wilderness comes the Reformer eating locusts and wild honey.

To preserve wild animals implies generally the creation of a forest for them to dwell in or resort to. So it is with man. A hundred years ago they sold bark in our streets peeled from our own woods. In the very aspect of those primitive and rugged trees there was, methinks, a tanning principle which hardened and consolidated the fibres of men's thoughts. Ah! already I shudder for these comparatively degenerate days of my native village, when you cannot collect a load of bark of good thickness,—and we no longer produce tar and turpentine.

The civilized nations—Greece, Rome, England—have been sustained by the primitive forests which anciently rotted where they stand. They survive as long as the soil is not exhausted. Alas for human culture! little is to be expected of a nation, when the vegetable mould is exhausted, and it is compelled to make manure of the bones of its fathers. There the poet sustains himself merely by his own superfluous fat, and the philosopher comes down on his marrow-bones.

It is said to be the task of the American "to work the virgin soil," and that "agriculture here already assumes proportions unknown everywhere else." I think that the farmer displaces the Indian even because he redeems the meadow, and so makes himself stronger

and in some respects more natural. I was surveying for a man the other day a single straight line one hundred and thirty-two rods long, through a swamp, at whose entrance might have been written the words which Dante read over the entrance to the infernal regions,—“Leave all hope, ye that enter,” —that is, of ever getting out again; where at one time I saw my employer actually up to his neck and swimming for his life in his property, though it was still winter. He had another similar swamp which I could not survey at all, because it was completely under water, and nevertheless, with regard to a third swamp, which I did *survey* from a distance, he remarked to me, true to his instincts, that he would not part with it for any consideration, on account of the mud which it contained. And that man intends to put a girdling ditch round the whole in the course of forty months, and so redeem it by the magic of his spade. I refer to him only as the type of a class.

The weapons with which we have gained our most important victories, which should be handed down as heir-looms from father to son, are not the sword and the lance, but the bush-whack, the turf-cutter, the spade, and the bog-hoe, rusted with the blood of many a meadow, and begrimed with the dust of many a hard-fought field. The very winds blew the Indian's corn-field into the meadow, and pointed out the way which he had not the skill to follow. He had no better implement with which to intrench himself in the land than a clam-shell. But the farmer is armed with plough and spade.

In Literature it is only the wild that attracts us. Dullness is but another name for tameness. It is the uncivilized free and wild thinking in *Hamlet* and the *Iliad*, in all the Scriptures and Mythologies, not learned in the schools, that delights us. As the wild duck is more swift and beautiful than the tame, so is the wild—the mallard—thought, which 'mid falling dews wings its way above the fens. A truly good book is something as natural, and as unex-

pectedly and unaccountably fair and perfect, as a wild flower discovered on the prairies of the West or in the jungles of the East. Genius is a light which makes the darkness visible, like the lightning's flash, which perchance shatters the temple of knowledge itself,—and not a taper lighted at the hearth-stone of the race, which pales before the light of common day.

English literature, from the days of the minstrels to the Lake Poets,—Chaucer and Spenser and Milton, and even Shakespeare, included,—breathes no quite fresh and, in this sense, wild strain. It is an essentially tame and civilized literature, reflecting Greece and Rome. Her wilderness is a green-wood, her wild man a Robin Hood. There is plenty of genial love of Nature, but not so much of Nature herself. Her chronicles inform us when her wild animals, but not when the wild man in her, became extinct.

The science of Humboldt is one thing, poetry is another thing. The poet to-day, notwithstanding all the discoveries of science, and the accumulated learning of mankind, enjoys no advantage over Homer.

Where is the literature which gives expression to Nature? He would be a poet who could impress the winds and streams into his service, to speak for him; who nailed words to their primitive senses, as farmers drive down stakes in the spring, which the frost has heaved; who derived his words as often as he used them,—transplanted them to his page with earth adhering to their roots; whose words were so true and fresh and natural that they would appear to expand like the buds at the approach of spring, though they lay half-smothered between two musty leaves in a library,—ay, to bloom and bear fruit there, after their kind, annually, for the faithful reader, in sympathy with surrounding Nature. . . .

We hug the earth,—how rarely we mount! Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree, at least. I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall

white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before,—so much more of the earth and the heavens. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for three-score years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me,—it was near the end of June,—on the ends of the topmost branches only, a few minute and delicate red cone-like blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I carried straightway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets,—for it was court-week,—and to farmers and lumber-dealers and wood-choppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down. Tell of ancient architects finishing their works on the tops of columns as perfectly as on the lower and more visible parts! Nature has from the first expanded the minute blossoms of the forest only toward the heavens, above men's heads and unobserved by them. We see only the flowers that are under our feet in the meadows. The pines have developed their delicate blossoms on the highest twigs of the wood every summer for ages, as well over the heads of Nature's red children as of her white ones; yet scarcely a farmer or hunter in the land has ever seen them.

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament,—the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up

early and kept up early, and to be where he is, is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world,—healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives no fugitive slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note?

The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"—and with a sudden gush return to my senses.

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hill-side, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on

cities, and perchance as it has never set before,—where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in autumn.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796-1859)

From A HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU

CHAPTER IV

It was late in the afternoon of the 15th of November, 1532, when the Conquerors entered the city of Caxamalca. The weather, which had been fair during the day, now threatened a storm, and some rain mingled with hail—for it was unusually cold—began to fall. Pizarro, however, was so anxious to ascertain the dispositions of the Inca, that he determined to send an embassy, at once, to his quarters. He selected for this, Hernando de Soto with fifteen horse; and, after his departure, conceiving that the number was too small, in case of any unfriendly demonstrations by the Indians, he ordered his brother Hernando to follow with twenty additional troopers. . . .

Hernando Pizarro and Soto, with two or three only of their followers, slowly rode up in front of the Inca; and the former, making a respectful obeisance, but without dismounting, informed Atahualpa that he came as an ambassador from his brother, the commander of the white men, to acquaint the monarch with their arrival in his city of Caxamalca. They were the subjects of a mighty prince across the waters, and had come, he said, drawn thither by the report of his great victories, to offer their services, and to impart to him the doctrines of the true faith which they professed; and he brought an invitation from the general to Atahualpa that the latter would be pleased to visit the Spaniards in their present quarters.

To all this the Inca answered not a word; nor did he make even a sign of acknowledgment that he comprehended it; though it was translated for him by Felipillo, one of the interpreters already noticed. He remained silent, with his eyes fastened on the ground; but one of his nobles, standing by his side, answered, "It is well." This was an embarrassing situation for the Spaniards, who seemed to be as wide from ascertaining the real disposition of the Peruvian monarch towards themselves, as when the mountains were between them.

In a courteous and respectful manner, Hernando Pizarro again broke silence by requesting the Inca to speak to them himself, and to inform them what was his pleasure. To this Atahualpa condescended to reply, while a faint smile passed over his features,—
"Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast, which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him with my chieftains. In the meantime, let him occupy the public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done."

Soto, one of the party present at this interview, as before noticed, was the best mounted and perhaps the best rider in Pizarro's troop. Observing that Atahualpa looked with some interest on the fiery steed that stood before him,

champing the bit and pawing the ground with the natural impatience of a war-horse, the Spaniard gave him the rein, and, striking his iron heel into his side, dashed furiously over the plain; then, wheeling him round and round, displayed all the beautiful movements of his charger, and his own excellent horsemanship. Suddenly checking him in full career, he brought the animal almost on his haunches, so near the person of the Inca, that some of the foam that flecked his horse's sides was thrown on the royal garments. But Atahualpa maintained the same marble composure as before, though several of his soldiers, whom De Soto passed in the course, were so much disconcerted by it, that they drew back in manifest terror: an act of timidity for which they paid dearly, if, as the Spaniards assert, Atahualpa caused them to be put to death that same evening for betraying such unworthy weakness to the strangers.

Refreshments were now offered by the royal attendants to the Spaniards, which they declined, being unwilling to dismount. They did not refuse, however, to quaff the sparkling chicha from golden vases of extraordinary size, presented to them by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem. Taking then a respectful leave of the Inca, the cavaliers rode back to Caxamalca, with many moody speculations on what they had seen; on the state and opulence of the Indian monarch; on the strength of his military array, their excellent appointments, and the apparent discipline in their ranks,—all arguing a much higher degree of civilisation, and consequently of power, than anything they had witnessed in the lower regions of the country. As they contrasted all this with their own diminutive force, too far advanced, as they now were, for succour to reach them, they felt they had done rashly in throwing themselves into the midst of so formidable an empire, and were filled with gloomy forebodings of the result. Their comrades in the camp soon caught the infectious spirit of despondency, which was not lessened as

night came on, and they beheld the watch-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the sides of the mountains, and glittering in the darkness, "as thick," says one who saw them, "as the stars of heaven."

Yet there was one bosom in that little host which was not touched with the feeling either of fear or dejection. That was Pizarro's, who secretly rejoiced 10 that he had now brought matters to the issue for which he had so long panted. He saw the necessity of kindling a similar feeling in his followers, or all would be lost. Without unfolding his plans, he went round among his men, beseeching them not to show faint hearts at this crisis, when they stood face to face with the foe whom they had been so long seeking. "They were 20 to rely on themselves, and on that Providence which had carried them safe through so many fearful trials. It would not now desert them; and if numbers, however great, were on the side of their enemy, it mattered little when the arm of heaven was on theirs." The Spanish cavalier acted under the combined influence of chivalrous adventure and religious zeal. The latter 30 was the most effective in the hour of peril; and Pizarro, who understood well the characters he had to deal with, by presenting the enterprise as a crusade, kindled the dying embers of enthusiasm in the bosoms of his followers, and restored their faltering courage.

He then summoned a council of his officers to consider the plan of operations, or rather to propose to them the 40 extraordinary plan on which he had himself decided. This was to lay an ambuscade for the Inca, and take him prisoner in the face of his whole army! It was a project full of peril, bordering, as it might well seem, on desperation. But the circumstances of the Spaniards were desperate. Whichever way they turned, they were menaced by the most appalling dangers; and better was it 50 bravely to confront the danger, than weakly to shrink from it, when there was no avenue for escape.

To fly was now too late. Whither

could they fly? At the first signal of retreat, the whole army of the Inca would be upon them. Their movements would be anticipated by a foe far better acquainted with the intricacies of the sierra than themselves; the passes would be occupied, and they would be hemmed in on all sides; while the mere fact of this retrograde movement would diminish the confidence, and with it the effective strength, of his own men, while it doubled that of his enemy.

Yet to remain long inactive in his present position seemed almost equally perilous. Even supposing that Atahualpa should entertain friendly feelings towards the Christians, they could not confide in the continuance of such feelings. Familiarity with the white men would soon destroy the idea of anything supernatural, or even superior, in their natures. He would feel contempt for their diminutive numbers. Their horses, their arms, and showy appointments, would be an attractive bait in the eye of the barbaric monarch, and when conscious that he had the power to crush their possessors, he would not be slow in finding a pretext for it. A sufficient one had already occurred in the high-handed measures of the Conquerors, on their march through his dominions.

But what reason had they to flatter themselves that the Inca cherished such a disposition towards them? He was a crafty and unscrupulous prince, and, if the accounts they had repeatedly received on their march were true, had 40 ever regarded the coming of the Spaniards with an evil eye. It was scarcely possible he should do otherwise. His soft messages had only been intended to decoy them across the mountains, where, with the aid of his warriors, he might overpower them. They were entangled in the toils which the cunning monarch had spread for them.

Their only remedy, then, was to turn the Inca's arts against himself; to take him, if possible, in his own snare. There was no time to be lost; for any day might bring back the victorious legions who had recently won his battles at

the south, and thus make the odds against the Spaniards far greater than now.

Yet to encounter Atahualpa in the open field would be attended with great hazard; and even if victorious, there would be little probability that the person of the Inca, of so much importance, would fall into the hands of the victors. The invitation he had so unsuspectingly accepted, to visit them in their quarters, afforded the best means for securing this desirable prize. Nor was the enterprise so desperate, considering the great advantages afforded by the character and weapons of the invaders, and the unexpectedness of the assault. The mere circumstance of acting on a concerted plan would alone make a small number more than a match for a much larger one. But it was not necessary to admit the whole of the Indian force into the city before the attack; and the person of the Inca once secured, his followers, astounded by so strange an event, were they few or many, would have no heart for further resistance;—and with the Inca once in his power, Pizarro might dictate laws to the empire.

In this daring project of the Spanish chief, it was easy to see that he had the brilliant exploit of Cortés in his mind, when he carried off the Aztec monarch in his capital. But that was not by violence,—at least not by open violence,—and it received the sanction, compulsory though it were, of the monarch himself. It was also true that the results in that case did not altogether justify a repetition of the experiment; since the people rose in a body to sacrifice both the prince and his kidnappers. Yet this was owing, in part, at least, to the indiscretion of the latter. The experiment in the outset was perfectly successful; and could Pizarro once become master of the person of Atahualpa, he trusted to his own discretion for the rest. It would, at least, extricate him from his present critical position, by placing in his power an inestimable guarantee for his safety; and if he could not make his own terms

with the Inca at once, the arrival of reinforcements from home would, in all probability, soon enable him to do so.

Pizarro having concerted his plans for the following day, the council broke up, and the chief occupied himself with providing for the security of the camp during the night. The approaches to the town were defended; sentinels were posted at different points, especially on the summit of the fortress, where they were to observe the position of the enemy, and to report any movement that menaced the tranquillity of the night. After these precautions, the Spanish commander and his followers withdrew to their appointed quarters, —but not to sleep. At least, sleep must have come late to those who were aware of the decisive plan for the morrow; that morrow which was to be the crisis of their fate,—to crown their ambitious schemes with full success, or consign them to irretrievable ruin!

CHAPTER V

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at

their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense 10 halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*.¹ Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order; and that the 20 breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition: the God of battles was invoked 30 to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "*Esurge Domine*," ("Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause"). One might have supposed them a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, medi- 40 tating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross, and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. 50 With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated

spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction, that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or, perhaps, disclose, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca, that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed

¹ theatrical effect

Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose; and adding, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodation to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "the House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing.

There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality, and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck

was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demand, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general,

Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—"my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had re-

ceived probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, staid only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see, that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians! Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper,

felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one¹⁰ of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro²⁰ and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over³⁰ town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful⁴⁰ than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Pizarro's secretary says two thousand natives fell. A descendant of the Incas, a safer authority than Garcilasso—⁵⁰ swells the number to ten thousand. Truth is generally found somewhere between the extremes. The slaughter was incessant, for there was nothing to

check it. That there should have been no resistance will not appear strange, when we consider the fact that the wretched victims were without arms, and that their senses must have been completely overwhelmed by the strange and appalling spectacle which burst on them so unexpectedly. "What wonder was it," said an ancient Inca to a Spaniard, who repeats it, "what wonder that our countrymen lost their wits, seeing blood run like water, and the Inca, whose person we all of us adore, seized and carried off by a handful of men?" Yet though the massacre was incessant, it was short in duration. The whole time consumed by it, the brief twilight of the tropics, did not much exceed half an hour; a short²⁰ period indeed,—yet long enough to decide the fate of Peru, and to subvert the dynasty of the Incas. That night Pizarro kept his engagement with the Inca, since he had Atahualpa to sup with him.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877)

From THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

WILLIAM OF ORANGE

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto,⁵⁰ "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*,"¹ while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, com-

¹ Faithful to the King even to beggary

pleted his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one.¹⁰ The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious²⁰ aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of³⁰ the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up⁴⁰ the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince⁵⁰ exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe, with which he had intended to assist himself across the³⁰ moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede—as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organization of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study, both for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Neither⁵⁰ wholly a fanatic, nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both characters. In his puny body and mean exterior were enclosed considerable mental powers and ac-

complishments, a daring ambition, and a courage almost superhuman. Yet those qualities led him only to form upon the threshold of life a deliberate determination to achieve greatness by the assassin's trade. The rewards held out by the ban, combining with his religious bigotry and his passion for distinction, fixed all his energies with patient concentration upon the one great purpose for which he seemed to have been born, and after seven years' preparation, he had at last fulfilled his design.

Upon being interrogated by the magistrates, he manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation. "Like David," he said, "he had slain Goliath of Gath." When falsely informed that his victim was not dead, he showed no credulity or disappointment. He had discharged three poisoned balls into the Prince's stomach, and he knew that death must have already ensued. He expressed regret, however, that the resistance of the halberdiers had prevented him from using his second pistol, and averred that if he were a thousand leagues away he would return in order to do the deed again, if possible. He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, he subsequently related his interviews with Assonleville and with the president of the Jesuit college at Trèves, adding that he had been influenced in his work by the assurance of obtaining the rewards promised by the ban. During the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease, and even eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity. His constancy in suffering so astounded his judges that they believed him supported by witchcraft. "Ecce homo!" he exclaimed, from time to time, with insane blasphemy, as he raised his blood-streaming head from the bench. In order to destroy the charm which seemed to

render him insensible to pain, they sent for the shirt of a hospital patient, supposed to be a sorcerer. When clothed in this garment, however, Balthazar was none the less superior to the arts of the tormentors, enduring all their inflictions, according to an eye-witness, "without once exclaiming, Ah me!" and avowing that he would repeat his enterprise, if possible, were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. Some of those present refused to believe that he was a man at all. Others asked him how long since he had sold himself to the devil? to which questions he replied, mildly, that he had no acquaintance whatever with the devil. He thanked the judges politely for the food which he received in prison, and promised to recompense them for the favour. Upon being asked how that was possible, he replied, that he would serve as their advocate in Paradise.

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable—a crime against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gérard should be burned off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that, finally, his head should be taken off. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half roasted as he was ere he mounted the scaffold, that when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from the handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as the first step in the execution—a

circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd—a smile was observed upon Balthazar's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face—"Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange¹⁰ was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their²⁰ son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the ban, the three seignories of Lievre-mont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy. Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's³⁰ family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip the Second, provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer*. The education⁴⁰ which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes, until the union of Franche Comté with France, when a⁵⁰ French governor tore the documents in pieces and trampled them under foot.

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and

sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterwards to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused Emanuel, son of the Pretender of Portugal. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederic William, afterwards stadholder of the republic in her most palmy days. The Prince was entombed on the 3rd of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.

The life and labours of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the Malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate for ever the southern and Catholic provinces from the northern confederacy. So long as the Prince remained alive, he was the Father of the whole country; the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the Prince's death; in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the

possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

In the following year, Antwerp, hitherto the centre around which all the national interests and historical events group themselves, fell before the scientific efforts of Parma. The city which had so long been the freest, as well as the most opulent, capital in Europe, sank for ever to the position of a provincial town. With its fall, combined with other circumstances, which it is not necessary to narrate in anticipation, the final separation of the Netherlands was completed. On the other hand, at the death of Orange, whose formal inauguration as sovereign Count had not yet taken place, the states of Holland and Zeland reassumed the sovereignty. The commonwealth which William had liberated for ever from Spanish tyranny continued to exist as a great and flourishing republic during more than two centuries, under the successive stadholderates of his sons and descendants.

His life gave existence to an independent country—his death defined its limits. Had he lived twenty years longer, it is probable that the seven provinces would have been seventeen; and that the Spanish title would have been for ever extinguished both in Nether Germany and Celtic Gaul. Although there was to be the length of two human generations more of warfare ere Spain acknowledged the new government, yet before the termination of that period the united states had become the first naval power and one of the most considerable commonwealths in the world; while the civil and religious liberty, the political independence of the land, together with the total expulsion of the ancient foreign tyranny from the soil, had been achieved ere the eyes of William were closed. The republic existed, in fact, from the moment of the abjuration in 1581.

The history of the rise of the Nether-

land Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labours and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he, that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of as unequal a struggle as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favourite em-

blem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessities of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the Count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the encumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces; and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight—his unfortunate but well ordered campaign against that general—his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his

sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden—will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valour or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two, only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly sworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and

his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

His power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honour, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from Emperors and Kings down to secretaries and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a

warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

It is difficult to find many characteristics deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to detect few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public

and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labour and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after

death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)

From THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

CHAPTER IV

COLLISION OF THE RIVAL COLONIES

The people of the northern English colonies had learned to regard their

Canadian neighbours with the bitterest enmity. With them, the very name of Canada called up horrible recollections and ghastly images: the midnight massacre of Schenectady, and the desolation of many a New England hamlet; blazing dwellings and reeking scalps; and children snatched from their mothers' arms, to be immured in convents and trained up in the heresies of Popery. To the sons of the Puritans, their enemy was doubly odious. They hated him as a Frenchman, and they hated him as a Papist. Hitherto he had waged his murderous warfare from a distance, wasting their settlements with rapid onsets, fierce and transient as a summer storm; but now, with enterprising audacity, he was entrenching himself on their very borders. The English hunter, in the lonely wilderness of Vermont, as by the warm glow of sunset he piled the spruce boughs for his woodland bed, started as a deep, low sound struck faintly on his ear, the evening gun of Fort Frederic, booming over lake and forest. The erection of this fort, better known among the English as Crown Point, was a piece of daring encroachment which justly kindled resentment in the northern colonies. But it was not here that the immediate occasion of a final rupture was to arise. By an article of the treaty of Utrecht, confirmed by that of Aix-la-Chapelle, Acadia had been ceded to England; but scarcely was the latter treaty signed, when debates sprang up touching the limits of the ceded province. Commissioners were named on either side to adjust the disputed boundary; but the claims of the rival powers proved utterly irreconcilable, and all negotiation was fruitless. Meantime, the French and English forces in Acadia began to assume a belligerent attitude, and indulge their ill blood in mutual aggression and reprisal. But while this game was played on the coasts of the Atlantic, interests of far greater moment were at stake in the west.

The people of the middle colonies, placed by their local position beyond

reach of the French, had heard with great composure of the sufferings of their New England brethren, and felt little concern at a danger so doubtful and remote. There were those among them, however, who, with greater foresight, had been quick to perceive the ambitious projects of the French; and, as early as 1716, Spotswood, governor of Virginia, had urged the expediency of securing the valley of the Ohio by a series of forts and settlements. His proposal was coldly listened to, and his plan fell to the ground. The time at length was come when the danger was approaching too near to be slighted longer. In 1748, an association, called the Ohio Company, was formed, with the view of making settlements in the region beyond the Alleghanies; and two years later, Gist, the company's surveyor, to the great disgust of the Indians, carried chain and compass down the Ohio as far as the falls at Louisville. But so dilatory were the English, that before any effectual steps were taken, their agile enemies appeared upon the scene.

In the spring of 1753, the middle provinces were startled at the tidings that French troops had crossed Lake Erie, fortified themselves at the point of Presqu'-Isle, and pushed forward to the northern branches of the Ohio. Upon this, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, resolved to despatch a message requiring their removal from territories which he claimed as belonging to the British crown; and looking about him for the person best qualified to act as messenger, he made choice of George Washington, a young man twenty-one years of age, adjutant-general of the Virginian militia.

Washington departed on his mission, crossed the mountains, descended to the bleak and leafless valley of the Ohio, and thence continued his journey up the banks of the Alleghany until the fourth of December. On that day he reached Venango, an Indian town on the Alleghany, at the mouth of French Creek. Here was the advanced post of the French, and here, among the In-

dian log-cabins and huts of bark, he saw their flag flying above the house of an English trader, whom the military intruders had unceremoniously ejected. They gave the young envoy a hospitable reception,¹ and referred him to the commanding officer, whose head-quarters were at Le Bœuf, a fort which they had just erected on French Creek, some distance above Venango. 10 Thither Washington repaired, and on his arrival was received with stately courtesy by the officer, Legardeur de St. Pierre, whom he describes as an elderly gentleman of very soldier-like appearance. To the message of Dinwiddie, St. Pierre replied that he would forward it to the governor-general of Canada; but that, in the meantime, his orders were to hold possession of the 20 country, and this he should do to the best of his ability. With this answer Washington, through all the rigours of the midwinter forest, retraced his steps, with one attendant, to the English borders.

With the first opening of spring, a newly-raised company of Virginian backwoodsmen, under Captain Trent, hastened across the mountains, and began to build a fort at the confluence 30 of the Monongahela and Alleghany, where Pittsburg now stands; when suddenly they found themselves invested by a host of French and Indians, who, with sixty bateaux and three hundred canoes, had descended from Le Bœuf and Venango. The English were ordered to evacuate the spot; and, being

¹“He invited us to sup with them, and treated us with the greatest complaisance. The wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more freely. They told me, that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by G—d they would do it; for that, although they were sensible the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking of theirs. They pretend to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La 50 Salle, sixty years ago; and the purpose of this expedition is, to prevent our settling on the river or waters of it, as they heard of some families moving out in order thereto.”—Washington, *Journal*. [Quoted by Parkman.]

quite unable to resist, they obeyed the summons, and withdrew in great discomfort towards Virginia. Meanwhile Washington, with another party of backwoodsmen, was advancing from the borders; and hearing of Trent's disaster, he resolved to fortify himself on the Monongahela, and hold his ground, if possible, until fresh troops could arrive to support him. The French sent out a scouting party under M. Jumonville, with the design, probably, of watching his movements; but, on a dark and stormy night, Washington surprised them, as they lay lurking in a rocky glen not far from his camp, killed the officer, and captured the whole detachment. Learning that the French, enraged by this reverse, were about to 20 attack him in great force, he thought it prudent to fall back, and retired accordingly to a spot called the Great Meadows, where he had before thrown up a slight entrenchment. Here he found himself furiously assailed by nine hundred French and Indians, commanded by a brother of the slain Jumonville. From eleven in the morning till eight at night, the backwoodsmen, who were half famished from the failure of their stores, maintained a stubborn defence, some fighting within the entrenchment, and some on the plain without. In the evening, the French sounded a parley, and offered terms. They were accepted, and on the following day Washington and his men retired across the mountains, and the disputed territory remained in the 40 hands of the French.

While the rival nations were beginning to quarrel for a prize which belonged to neither of them, the unhappy Indians saw, with alarm and amazement, their lands becoming a bone of contention between rapacious strangers. The first appearance of the French on the Ohio excited the wildest fears in the tribes of that quarter, among whom 50 were those who, disgusted by the encroachments of the Pennsylvanians, had fled to these remote retreats to escape the intrusions of the white men. Scarcely was their fancied asylum

gained, when they saw themselves invaded by a host of armed men from Canada. Thus placed between two fires, they knew not which way to turn. There was no union in their counsels, and they seemed like a mob of bewildered children. Their native jealousy was roused to its utmost pitch. Many of them thought that the two white nations had conspired to destroy them, and then divide their lands. "You and the French," said one of them, a few years afterwards, to an English emissary, "are like the two edges of a pair of shears, and we are the cloth which is cut to pieces between them."

The French laboured hard to conciliate them, plying them with gifts and flatteries, and proclaiming themselves their champions against the English. At first, these arts seemed in vain, but their effect soon began to declare itself; and this effect was greatly increased by a singular piece of infatuation on the part of the proprietors of Pennsylvania. During the summer of 1754 delegates of the several provinces met at Albany, in order to concert measures of defence in the war which now seemed inevitable. It was at this meeting that the memorable plan of a union of the colonies was brought upon the carpet; a plan, the fate of which was curious and significant, for the Crown rejected it as giving too much power to the people, and the people as giving too much power to the Crown. A council was also held with the Iroquois, and though they were found but lukewarm in their attachment to the English, a treaty of friendship and alliance was concluded with their deputies. It would have been well if the matter had ended here; but, with ill-timed rapacity, the proprietary agents of Pennsylvania took advantage of this great assemblage of sachems to procure from them the grant of extensive tracts, including the lands inhabited by the very tribes whom the French were at that moment striving to seduce. When they heard that, without their consent, their conquerors and tyrants, the Iroquois, had sold the soil

from beneath their feet, their indignation was extreme; and, convinced that there was no limit to English encroachment, many of them from that hour became fast allies of the French.

The courts of London and Versailles still maintained a diplomatic intercourse, both protesting their earnest wish that their conflicting claims might be adjusted by friendly negotiation; but while each disclaimed the intention of hostility, both were hastening to prepare for war. Early in 1755, an English fleet sailed from Cork, having on board two regiments destined for Virginia, and commanded by General Braddock; and soon after, a French fleet put to sea from the port of Brest, freighted with munitions of war and a strong body of troops under Baron Dieskau, an officer who had distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marshal Saxe. The English fleet gained its destination, and landed its troops in safety. The French were less fortunate. Two of their ships, the *Lys* and the *Alcide*, became involved in the fogs of the banks of Newfoundland; and when the weather cleared, they found themselves under the guns of a superior British force, belonging to the squadron of Admiral Boscawen, sent out for the express purpose of intercepting them. "Are we at peace or war?" demanded the French commander. A broadside from the Englishman soon solved his doubts, and, after a stout resistance, the French struck their colours. News of the capture caused great excitement in England, but the conduct of the aggressors was generally approved of; and under pretence that the French had begun the war by their alleged encroachments in America, orders were issued for a general attack upon their marine. So successful were the British cruisers, that, before the end of the year, three hundred French vessels, and nearly eight thousand sailors, were captured and brought into port. The French, unable to retort in kind, raised an outcry of indignation, and Mirepoix, their ambassador, withdrew from the court of London.

Thus began that memorable war which, kindling among the wild forests of America, scattered its fires over the kingdoms of Europe, and the sultry empire of the Great Mogul; the war made glorious by the heroic death of Wolfe, the victories of Frederic, and the marvellous exploits of Clive; the war which controlled the destinies of America, and was first in the chain of events which led on to her revolution, with all its vast and undeveloped consequences. On the old battle-ground of Europe, the struggle bore the same familiar features of violence and horror which had marked the strife of former generations—fields ploughed by the cannon ball, and walls shattered by the exploding mine, sacked towns and blazing suburbs, the lamentations of women, and the license of a maddened soldiery. But in America war assumed a new and striking aspect. A wilderness was its sublime arena. Army met army under the shadows of primeval woods; their cannon resounded over wastes unknown to civilised man. And before the hostile powers could join in battle, endless forests must be traversed, and morasses passed, and every-where the axe of the pioneer must hew a path for the bayonet of the soldier.

Before the declaration of war, and before the breaking off of negotiations between the courts of France and England, the English ministry formed the plan of assailing the French in America on all sides at once, and repelling them, by one bold push, from all their encroachments. A provincial army was to advance upon Acadia, a second was to attack Crown Point, and a third Niagara; while the two regiments which had lately arrived in Virginia under General Braddock, aided by a strong body of provincials, were to dislodge the French from their newly-built fort of Du Quesne. To Braddock was assigned the chief command of all the British forces in America; and a person worse fitted for the office could scarcely have been found. His experience had been ample, and none could doubt his courage; but he was

profligate, arrogant, perverse, and a bigot to military rules. On his first arrival in Virginia, he called together the governors of the several provinces, in order to explain his instructions and adjust the details of the projected operations. These arrangements completed, Braddock advanced to the borders of Virginia, and formed his camp at Fort Cumberland, where he spent several weeks in training the raw back-woodsmen, who joined him, into such discipline as they seemed capable of; in collecting horses and wagons, which could only be had with the utmost difficulty; in railing at the contractors, who scandalously cheated him; and in venting his spleen by copious abuse of the country and the people. All at length was ready, and early in June, 1755, the army left civilization behind, and struck into the broad wilderness as a squadron puts out to sea.

It was no easy task to force their way over that rugged ground, covered with an unbroken growth of forest; and the difficulty was increased by the needless load of baggage which encumbered their march. The crash of falling trees resounded in the front, where a hundred axemen laboured, with ceaseless toil, to hew a passage for the army. The horses strained their utmost strength to drag the ponderous wagons over roots and stumps, through gullies and quagmires; and the regular troops were daunted by the depth and gloom of the forest which hedged them in on either hand, and closed its leafy arches above their heads. So tedious was their progress, that, by the advice of Washington, twelve hundred chosen men moved on in advance with the lighter baggage and artillery, leaving the rest of the army to follow, by slower stages, with the heavy wagons. On the eighth of July, the advanced body reached the Monongahela, at a point not far distant from Fort du Quesne. The rocky and impracticable ground on the eastern side debarred their passage, and the general resolved to cross the river in search of a smoother path, and recross it a few miles lower down,

in order to gain the fort. The first passage was easily made, and the troops moved, in glittering array, down the western margin of the water, rejoicing that their goal was well nigh reached, and the hour of their expected triumph close at hand.

Scouts and Indian runners had brought the tidings of Braddock's approach to the French at Fort du Quesne. Their dismay was great, and Contrecoeur, the commander, thought only of retreat; when Beaujeu, a captain in the garrison, made the bold proposal of leading out a party of French and Indians to waylay the English in the woods, and harass or interrupt their march. The offer was accepted, and Beaujeu hastened to the Indian camps.

Around the fort and beneath the adjacent forest were the bark lodges of savage hordes, whom the French had mustered from far and near; Ojibwas and Ottawas, Hurons and Caughnawagas, Abenakis and Delawares. Beaujeu called the warriors together, flung a hatchet on the ground before them, and invited them to follow him out to battle; but the boldest stood aghast at the peril, and none would accept the challenge. A second interview took place with no better success; but the Frenchman was resolved to carry his point. "I am determined to go," he exclaimed. "What, will you suffer your father to go alone?" His daring spirit proved contagious. The warriors hesitated no longer; and when, on the morning of the ninth of July, a scout ran in with the news that the English army was but a few miles distant, the Indian camps were at once astir with the turmoil of preparation. Chiefs harangued their yelling followers, braves bedaubed themselves with war-paint, smeared themselves with grease, hung feathers in their scalp-locks, and whooped and stamped till they had wrought themselves into a delirium of valour.

That morning, James Smith, an English prisoner, recently captured on the frontier of Pennsylvania, stood on the

rampart, and saw the half-frenzied multitude thronging about the gateway, where kegs of bullets and gunpowder were broken open, that each might help himself at will. Then band after band hastened away towards the forest, followed and supported by nearly two hundred and fifty French and Canadians, commanded by Beaujeu. There were the Ottawas, led on, it is said, by the remarkable man whose name stands on the title-page of this history; there were the Hurons of Lorette under their chief, whom the French called Athanase, and many more, all keen as hounds on the scent of blood. At about nine miles from the fort, they reached a spot where the narrow road descended to the river through deep and gloomy woods, and where two ravines, concealed by trees and bushes, seemed formed by nature for an ambushade. Here the warriors ensconced themselves, and, levelling their guns over the edge, lay in fierce expectation, listening to the advancing drums of the English army.

It was past noon of a day brightened with the clear sunlight of an American midsummer, when the forces of Braddock began, for a second time, to cross the Monongahela, at the fording-place which to this day bears the name of their ill-fated leader. The scarlet columns of the British regulars, complete in martial appointment, the rude backwoodsmen with shouldered rifles, the trains of artillery and the white-topped wagons, moved on in long procession through the broad and shallow current, and slowly mounted the opposing bank. Men were there whose names have become historic: Gage, who, twenty years later, saw his routed battalions recoil in disorder from before the breastwork on Bunker Hill; Gates, the future conqueror of Burgoyne; and one destined to far loftier fame—George Washington, a boy in years, a man in calm thought and self-ruling wisdom.

With steady and well-ordered march, the troops advanced into the great labyrinth of woods which shadowed the eastern borders of the river. Rank

after rank vanished from sight. The forest swallowed them up, and the silence of the wilderness sank down once more on the shores and waters of the Monongahela.

Several guides and six light horsemen led the way; a body of grenadiers was close behind, and the army followed in such order as the rough ground would permit. Their road was tun-¹⁰nelled through the forest; yet, deaf alike to the voice of common sense and to the counsel of his officers, Braddock had neglected to throw out scouts in advance, and pressed forward in blind security to meet his fate. Leaving behind the low grounds which bordered on the river, the van of the army was now ascending a gently-sloping hill; and here, well hidden by the thick ²⁰standing columns of the forest, by mouldering prostrate trunks, by matted undergrowth, and long rank grasses, lay on either flank the two fatal ravines where the Indian allies of the French were crouched in breathless ambuscade. No man saw the danger, when suddenly a discordant cry arose in front, and a murderous fire blazed in the teeth of the astonished grenadiers. ³⁰Instinctively as it were, the survivors returned the volley, and returned it with good effect; for a random shot struck down the brave Beaujeu, and the courage of the assailants was staggered by his fall. Dumas, second in command, rallied them to the attack; and while he, with the French and Canadians, made good the pass in front, the Indians opened a deadly fire ⁴⁰on the right and left of the British columns. In a few moments, all was confusion. The advance guard fell back on the main body, and every trace of subordination vanished. The fire soon extended along the whole length of the army, from front to rear. Scarce an enemy could be seen, though the forest resounded with their yells; though every bush and tree was alive ⁵⁰with incessant flashes; though the lead flew like a hailstorm, and with every moment the men went down by scores. The regular troops seemed bereft of

their senses. They huddled together in the road like flocks of sheep; and happy did he think himself who could wedge his way into the midst of the crowd, and place a barrier of human flesh between his life and the shot of the ambushed marksmen. Many were seen eagerly loading their muskets, and then firing them into the air, or shoot-¹⁰ing their own comrades, in the insanity of their terror. The officers, for the most part, displayed a conspicuous gallantry; but threats and commands were wasted alike on the panic-stricken multitude. It is said that at the outset Braddock showed signs of fear; but he soon recovered his wonted intrepidity. Five horses were shot under him, and five times he mounted afresh. He ²⁰stormed and shouted, and, while the Virginians were fighting to good purpose, each man behind a tree, like the Indians themselves, he ordered them with furious menace to form in platoons, where the fire of the enemy mowed them down like grass. At length, a mortal shot silenced him, and two provincials bore him off the field. Washington rode through the tumult ³⁰calm and undaunted. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets pierced his clothes; but his hour was not come, and he escaped without a wound. Gates was shot through the body, and Gage also was severely wounded. Of eighty-six officers, only twenty-three remained unhurt; and of twelve hundred soldiers who crossed the Monongahela, more than seven ⁴⁰hundred were killed and wounded. None suffered more severely than the Virginians, who had displayed throughout a degree of courage and steadiness which put the cowardice of the regulars to shame. The havoc among them was terrible, for of their whole number scarcely one-fifth left the field ⁵⁰alive.

The slaughter lasted three hours; when, at length, the survivors, as if impelled by a general impulse, rushed tumultuously from the place of carnage, and with dastardly precipitation fled across the Monongahela. The

enemy did not pursue beyond the river, flocking back to the field to collect the plunder, and gather a rich harvest of scalps. The routed troops pursued their flight until they met the rear division of the army, under Colonel Dunbar; and even then their senseless terrors did not abate. Dunbar's soldiers caught the infection. Cannon, baggage, and wagons were destroyed, and all fled together, eager to escape from the shadows of those awful woods, whose horrors haunted their imagination. They passed the defenceless settlements of the border, and hurried on to Philadelphia, leaving the unhappy people to defend themselves as they might against the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

The calamities of this disgraceful overthrow did not cease with the loss of a few hundred soldiers on the field of battle; for it entailed upon the provinces all the miseries of an Indian war. Those among the tribes who had thus far stood neutral, wavering between the French and English, now hesitated no longer. Many of them had been disgusted by the contemptuous behavior of Braddock. All had learned to despise the courage of the English, and to regard their own prowess with unbounded complacency. It is not in Indian nature to stand quiet in the midst of war; and the defeat of Braddock was a signal for the western savages to snatch their tomahawks and assail the English settlements with one accord; to murder and pillage with ruthless fury, and turn the whole frontier of Pennsylvania and Virginia into one wide scene of woe and desolation.

The three remaining expeditions which the British ministry had planned for that year's campaign were attended with various results. Acadia was quickly reduced by the forces of Colonel Monkton; but the glories of this easy victory were tarnished by an act of high-handed oppression. Seven thousand of the unfortunate people, refusing to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, were seized by the conquerors, torn from their homes, placed

on shipboard like cargoes of negro slaves, and transported to the British provinces. The expedition against Niagara was a total failure, for the troops did not even reach their destination. The movement against Crown Point met with no better success as regards the main object of the enterprise. Owing to the lateness of the season, and other causes, the troops proceeded no farther than Lake George; but the attempt was marked by an achievement of arms which, in that day of failures, was greeted, both in England and America, as a signal victory.

General, afterwards Sir William Johnson, had been charged with the conduct of the Crown Point expedition; and his little army, a rude assemblage of hunters and farmers from New York and New England, lay encamped at the southern extremity of Lake George. Here, while they languidly pursued their preparations, their active enemy anticipated their designs. Baron Dieskau, who, with a strong body of troops, had reached Quebec in the squadron which sailed from Brest in the spring, had intended to take forcible possession of the fort of Oswego, erected upon ground claimed by the French as part of Canada. Learning Johnson's movements, he changed his plan, crossed Lake Champlain, made a circuit by way of Wood Creek, and gained the rear of the English army, with a force of about two thousand French and Indians. At midnight, on the seventh of September, the tidings reached Johnson that the army of the French baron was but a few miles distant from his camp. A council of war was called, and the strange resolution formed of detaching a thousand men to meet the enemy. "If they are to be killed," said Hendrick, the Mohawk chief, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few." His remonstrance was unheeded, and the brave old savage, unable, from age and corpulence, to fight on foot, mounted his horse, and joined the English detachment with two hundred of his warriors. At sunrise, the

party defiled from the camp, and, entering the forest, disappeared from the eyes of their comrades.

Those who remained behind laboured with all the energy of alarm to fortify their unprotected camp. An hour elapsed, when from the distance was heard a sudden explosion of musketry. The excited soldiers suspended their work to listen. A rattling fire succeeded, deadened among the woods, but growing louder and nearer, till none could doubt that their comrades had met the French, and were defeated.

This was indeed the case. Marching through thick woods, by the narrow and newly-cut road which led along the valley stretching southward from Lake George, Williams, the English commander, had led his men full into an ambuscade, where all Dieskau's army lay in wait to receive them. From the woods on both sides rose an appalling shout, followed by a storm of bullets. Williams was soon shot down; Hendrick shared his fate; many officers fell, and the road was strewn with dead and wounded soldiers. The English gave way at once. Had they been regular troops, the result would have been most fatal; but every man was a woodsman and a hunter. Some retired in bodies along the road; but the greater part spread themselves through the forest, opposing a wide front to the enemy, and fighting stubbornly as they retreated. They shot back at the French from behind every tree or bush that could afford a cover. The Canadians and Indians pressed them closely, darting, with shrill cries, from tree to tree, while Dieskau's regulars, with steadier advance, bore all before them. Far and wide through the forest rang shout, and shriek, and Indian whoop, mingled with the deadly rattle of guns. Retreating and pursuing, the combatants passed northward towards the English camp, leaving the ground behind them strewn with dead and dying.

A fresh detachment from the camp came in aid of the English, and the pursuit was checked. Yet the retreating

men were not the less rejoiced when they could discern, between the brown columns of the woods, the mountains and waters of Lake George, with the white tents of their encampments on its shore. The French followed no farther. The blast of their trumpets was heard recalling their scattered men for a final attack.

During the absence of Williams' detachment, the main body of the army had covered the front of their camp with a breastwork, if that name can be applied to a row of logs, behind which the marksmen lay flat on their faces. This preparation was not yet complete, when the defeated troops appeared issuing from the woods. Breathless and perturbed, they entered the camp, and lay down with the rest. Full of dismal forebodings, the army waited the attack. Soon, at the edge of the woods which bordered the open space in front, painted Indians were seen, and bayonets glittered among the foliage, shining, in the homely comparison of a New England soldier, like a row of icicles on a January morning. The French regulars marched in column to the edge of the clearing, and formed in line, confronting the English at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Their complete order, their white uniforms and bristling bayonets, were a new and startling sight to the eyes of Johnson's rustic soldiers, who raised but a feeble cheer in answer to the shouts of their enemies. Happily, Dieskau made no assault. The regulars opened a distant fire, throwing volley after volley of musketry against the English, while the Canadians and Indians, dispersing through the morasses on each flank of the camp, fired sharply, under cover of the trees and bushes. In the rear, the English were protected by the lake; but on the three remaining sides, they were hedged in by the flash and smoke of musketry.

The fire of the French had little effect. The English recovered from their first surprise, and every moment their confidence rose higher and their shouts grew louder. Levelling

their long hunting-guns with cool precision, they returned a fire which thinned the ranks of the French, and galled them beyond endurance. Two cannon were soon brought to bear upon the morasses which sheltered the Canadians and Indians; and though the pieces were served with little skill, the assailants were so terrified by the crashing of the balls among the trunks¹⁰ and branches, that they gave way at once. Dieskau still persisted in the attack. From noon until past four o'clock, the firing was scarcely abated, when, at length, the French, who had suffered extremely, showed signs of wavering. At this, with a general shout, the English broke from their camp, and rushed upon their enemies, striking them down with the butts of²⁰ their guns, and driving them through the woods like deer. Dieskau was taken prisoner, dangerously wounded, and leaning for support against the stump of a tree. The slaughter would have been great, had not the English general recalled the pursuers, and suffered the French to continue their flight unmolested. Fresh disasters still awaited the fugitives; for, as they ap-³⁰proached the scene of that morning's ambushade, they were greeted by a volley of musketry. Two companies of New York and New Hampshire rangers, who had come out from Fort Edward as a scouting party, had lain in wait to receive them. Favoured by the darkness of the woods—for night was now approaching—they made so sudden and vigorous an attack, that⁴⁰ the French, though far superior in number, were totally routed and dispersed.

On this day, the British colonists of America, for the first time, encountered in battle the trained soldiers of Europe. That memorable conflict has cast its dark associations over one of the most beautiful spots in America. Near the scene of the evening fight, a pool, half overgrown by weeds and⁵⁰ water-lilies, and darkened by the surrounding forest, is pointed out to the tourist, and he is told that beneath its stagnant waters lie the bones of three

hundred Frenchmen, deep buried in mud and slime.

The war thus begun was prosecuted for five succeeding years with the full energy of both nations. The period was one of suffering and anxiety to the colonists, who, knowing the full extent of their danger, spared no exertion to avert it. In the year 1758, Lord Abercrombie, who then commanded in¹⁰ America, had at his disposal a force amounting to fifty thousand men, of whom the greater part were provincials. The operations of the war embraced a wide extent of country, from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia to the sources of the Ohio; but nowhere was the contest so actively carried on as in the neighbourhood of Lake George, the waters of which, joined with those of²⁰ Lake Champlain, formed the main avenue of communication between Canada and the British provinces. Lake George is more than thirty miles long, but of width so slight that it seems like some broad and placid river, enclosed between ranges of lofty mountains; now contracting into narrows, thickly dotted with islands and shadowed by³⁰ cliffs and precipices, and now spreading into a clear and open expanse. It had long been known to the French. The wandering Jesuits had called it Lac St. Sacrement, in admiration of its romantic scenery and the cool purity of its waters, which they loved to use in their sacred rites. Its solitude was now rudely invaded. Armies passed and repassed upon its tranquil bosom.⁴⁰ At its northern point the French planted their stronghold of Ticonderoga; at its southern stood the English Fort William Henry, while the mountains and waters between were a scene of ceaseless ambushades, surprises, and forest skirmishing. Through summer and winter, the crack of rifles and the cries of men gave no rest to their echoes, and at this day, on the field of many a⁵⁰ forgotten fight, are dug up rusty tomahawks, corroded bullets, and human bones, to attest the struggles of the past.

The earlier years of the war were

unpropitious to the English, whose commanders displayed no great degree of vigour or ability. In the summer of 1756, the French general Montcalm advanced upon Oswego, took it, and levelled it to the ground. In August of the following year, he struck a heavier blow. Passing Lake George with a force of eight thousand men, including about two thousand Indians,¹⁰ gathered from the farthest parts of Canada, he laid siege to Fort William Henry, close to the spot where Dieskau had been defeated two years before. Erecting his batteries against it, he beat down its ramparts and dismounted its guns, until the garrison, after a brave defence, were forced to capitulate. They marched out with the honours of war; but scarcely had they done so, when Montcalm's Indians assailed them, cutting down and scalping them without mercy. Those who escaped came in to Fort Edward with exaggerated accounts of the horrors from which they had fled, and a general terror was spread through the country. The inhabitants were mustered from all parts to repel the advance of Montcalm; but the French general, satisfied with what²⁰ he had done, repassed Lake George, and retired behind the walls of Ticonderoga.

In the year 1758, the war began to assume a different aspect, for Pitt was at the head of the government. Sir Jeffrey Amherst laid siege to the strong fortress of Louisberg, and at length reduced it; while in the south, General Forbes marched against Fort⁴⁰ du Quesne, and, more fortunate than his predecessor, Braddock, drove the French from that important point. Another successful stroke was the destruction of Fort Frontenac, which was taken by a provincial army under Colonel Bradstreet. These achievements were counterbalanced by a signal disaster. Lord Abercrombie, with an army of sixteen thousand men, advanced to the head of Lake George,⁵⁰ the place made memorable by Dieskau's defeat and the loss of Fort William Henry. On a brilliant July morn-

ing, he embarked his whole force for an attack on Ticonderoga. Many of those present have recorded with admiration the beauty of the spectacle, the lines of boats filled with troops stretching far down the lake, the flashing of oars, the glitter of weapons, and the music ringing back from crags and rocks, or dying in mellowed strains among the distant mountains. At night, the army landed, and, driving in the French outposts, marched through the woods towards Ticonderoga. One of their columns, losing its way in the forest, fell in with a body of the retreating French; and in the conflict that ensued, Lord Howe, the favourite of the army, was shot dead. On the following morning they prepared to storm the lines which Montcalm had drawn across the peninsula in front of the fortress. Advancing to the attack, they saw before them a breastwork of uncommon height and thickness. The French army were drawn up behind it, their heads alone visible, as they levelled their muskets against the assailants, while, for a hundred yards in front of the work, the ground was covered with felled trees, with sharpened branches pointing outward. The signal of assault was given. In vain the Highlanders, screaming with rage, hewed with their broadswords among the branches, struggling to get at the enemy. In vain the English, with their deep-toned shout, rushed on in heavy columns. A tempest of musket balls met them, and Montcalm's cannon swept the whole⁴⁰ ground with terrible carnage. A few officers and men forced their way through the branches, passed the ditch, climbed the breastwork, and, leaping among the enemy, were instantly bayoneted. Yet, though the English fought four hours with determined valour, the position of the French was impregnable; and at length, having lost two⁵⁰ thousand of their number, the army drew off, leaving many of their dead scattered upon the field. A sudden panic seized the defeated troops. They rushed in haste to their boats, and,

though no pursuit was attempted, they did not regain their composure until Lake George was between them and the enemy. The fatal lines of Ticonderoga were not soon forgotten in the provinces; and marbles in Westminster Abbey preserve the memory of those who fell on that disastrous day.

This repulse, far from depressing the energies of the British commanders, 10 seemed to stimulate them to new exertion; and the campaign of the next year, 1759, had for its object the immediate and total reduction of Canada. This unhappy country was full of misery and disorder. Peculation and every kind of corruption prevailed among its civil and military chiefs, a reckless licentiousness was increasing among the people, and a general fam- 20 ine seemed impending, for the population had of late years been drained away for military service, and the fields were left untilld. In spite of their sufferings, the Canadians, strong in rooted antipathy to the English, and highly excited by their priests, resolved on fighting to the last. Prayers were offered up in the churches, masses said, and penances enjoined, to avert the 30 wrath of God from the colony, while everything was done for its defence which the energies of a great and patriotic leader could effect.

By the plan of this summer's campaign, Canada was to be assailed on three sides at once. Upon the west, General Prideaux was to attack Niagara; upon the south, General Amherst was to advance upon Ticonderoga and 40 Crown Point; while upon the east, General Wolfe was to besiege Quebec; and each of these armies, having accomplished its particular object, was directed to push forward, if possible, until all three had united their forces in the heart of Canada. In pursuance of the plan, General Prideaux moved up Lake Ontario and invested Niagara. This post was one of the greatest im- 50 portance. Its capture would cut off the French from the whole interior country, and they therefore made every effort to raise the siege. An army of

seventeen hundred French and Indians, collected at the distant garrisons of Detroit, Presqu'Isle, Le Bœuf, and Venango, suddenly appeared before Niagara. Sir William Johnson was now in command of the English, Prideaux having been killed by the bursting of a cohorn. Advancing in order of battle, he met the French, charged, 10 routed, and pursued them for five miles through the woods. This success was soon followed by the surrender of the fort.

In the meantime, Sir Jeffrey Amherst had crossed Lake George, and appeared before Ticonderoga; upon which the French blew up their works, and retired down Lake Champlain to Crown Point. Retreating from this position 20 also, on the approach of the English army, they collected all their forces, amounting to little more than three thousand men, at Isle Aux Noix, where they entrenched themselves, and prepared to resist the farther progress of the invaders. The lateness of the season prevented Amherst from carrying out the plan of advancing into Canada, and compelled him to go into winter- 30 quarters at Crown Point. The same cause had withheld Prideaux's army from descending the St. Lawrence.

While the outposts of Canada were thus successfully attacked, a blow was struck at a more vital part. Early in June, General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence with a force of eight thousand men, and formed his camp immediately below the city, on the Island of Orleans. From thence he could discern, at a single glance, how arduous was the task before him. Piles of lofty cliffs rose with sheer ascent on the northern border of the river; and from their summits the boasted citadel of Canada looked down in proud security, with its churches and convents of stone, its ramparts, bastions, and bat- 40 teries; while over them all, from the very brink of the precipice, towered the massive walls of the Castle of St. Louis. Above, for many a league, the bank was guarded by an unbroken range of steep acclivities. Below, the River St.

Charles, flowing into the St. Lawrence, washed the base of the rocky promontory on which the city stood. Lower yet lay an army of fourteen thousand men, under an able and renowned commander, the Marquis of Montcalm. His front was covered by entrenchments and batteries, which lined the bank of the St. Lawrence; his right wing rested on the city and the St. Charles; his left on the cascade and deep gulf of Montmorenci; and thick forests extended along his rear. Opposite Quebec rose the high promontory of Point Levi; and the St. Lawrence, contracted to less than a mile in width, flowed between, with deep and powerful current. To a chief of less resolute temper, it might well have seemed that art and nature were in league to thwart his enterprise; but a mind like that of Wolfe could only have seen in this majestic combination of forest and cataract, mountain, and river, a fitting theatre for the great drama about to be enacted there.

Yet nature did not seem to have formed the young English general for the conduct of a doubtful and almost desperate enterprise. His person was slight, and his features by no means of a martial cast. His feeble constitution had been undermined by years of protracted and painful disease. His kind and genial disposition seemed better fitted for the quiet of domestic life than for the stern duties of military command; but to these gentler traits he joined a high enthusiasm, and an unconquerable spirit of daring and endurance, which made him the idol of his soldiers, and bore his slender frame through every hardship and exposure.

The work before him demanded all his courage. How to invest the city, or even bring the army of Montcalm to action, was a problem which might have perplexed a Hannibal. A French fleet lay in the river above, and the precipices along the northern bank were guarded at every accessible point by sentinels and outposts. Wolfe could have crossed the Montmorenci by its upper ford, and attacked the French

army on its left and rear; but the plan was thwarted by the nature of the ground and the sleepless vigilance of his adversaries. Thus baffled at every other point, he formed the bold design of storming Montcalm's position in front; and on the afternoon of the thirty-first of July, a strong body of troops was embarked in boats, and covered by a furious cannonade from the English ships and batteries, landed on the beach just above the mouth of the Montmorenci. The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first on shore, and their ill-timed impetuosity proved the ruin of the plan. Without waiting to receive their orders or form their ranks, they ran, pell-mell, across the level ground between, and with loud shouts began, each man for himself, to scale the heights which rose in front, crested with entrenchments and bristling with hostile arms. The French at the top threw volley after volley among the hotheaded assailants. The slopes were soon covered with the fallen; and at that instant a storm, which had long been threatening, burst with sudden fury, drenched the combatants on both sides with a deluge of rain, extinguished for a moment the fire of the French, and at the same time made the steeps so slippery that the grenadiers fell repeatedly in their vain attempts to climb. Night was coming on with double darkness. The retreat was sounded, and, as the English re-embarked, troops of Indians came whooping down the heights, and hovered about their rear, to murder the stragglers and the wounded; while exulting shouts and cries of *Vive le roi*, from the crowded summits, proclaimed the triumph of the enemy.

With bitter agony of mind, Wolfe beheld the headlong folly of his men, and saw more than four hundred of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution; and not long after this disaster, he felt the first symptoms of a fever, which soon confined him to his couch. Still his mind never wavered

from its purpose; and it was while lying helpless in the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his headquarters, that he embraced the plan of that heroic enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

The plan had been first proposed during the height of Wolfe's illness, at a council of his subordinate generals, Monkton, Townshend, and Murray. It was resolved to divide the little army, and, while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps to offer battle. The scheme was daring even to rashness; but its singular audacity was the secret of its success.

Early in September, a crowd of ships and transports, under Admiral Holmes, passed the city amidst the hot firing of its batteries; while the troops designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked; and on the evening of the twelfth, Holmes' fleet, with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town. These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the

gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river and the low voice of Wolfe as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave,

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mourning prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*" shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

"*A quel régiment?*" demanded the soldier.

"*De la Reine!*" promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the corps so designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after, they were

challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety—an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. 10 Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You 20 can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in 30 French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steep slopes below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they 40 were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while man after man came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines

of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five 30 French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces—the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs 40 of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have 50 gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers

descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given. At once, from end to end of the British line, the muskets rose to the level, as if with the sway of some great machine, and the whole blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the columns of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, columns resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardour of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the very gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pur-

suit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his detachment, arrived from the upper country, and, hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisberg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild tur-

moil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.¹

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with useless bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me." The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valour of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

¹ Knox, II. 78. Knox derived his information from the person who supported Wolfe in his dying moments. [Parkman's note.]

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.

The victory on the Plains of Abraham and the downfall of Quebec filled all England with pride and exultation. From north to south, the whole land blazed with illuminations, and resounded with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the multitude. In one village alone all was dark and silent amid the general joy; for here dwelt the widowed mother of Wolfe. The populace, with unwonted delicacy, respected her lonely sorrow, and forbore to obtrude the sound of their rejoicings upon her grief for one who had been through life her pride and solace, and repaid her love with a tender and constant devotion.

Canada, crippled and dismembered by the disasters of this year's campaign, lay waiting, as it were, the final stroke which was to extinguish her last remains of life, and close the eventful story of French dominion in America. Her limbs and her head were lopped away, but life still fluttered at her heart. Quebec, Niagara, Frontenac, and Crown Point had fallen; but Montreal and the adjacent country still held out, and thither, with the opening season of 1760, the British commanders turned all their energies. Three armies were to enter Canada at three several points, and, conquering as they advanced, converge towards Montreal as a common centre. In accordance with this plan, Sir Jeffrey Amherst embarked at Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with ten thousand men; while Colonel Haviland advanced by way of Lake Champlain and the River Sorel, and General Murray ascended from Quebec, with a body of the veterans who had fought on the Plains of Abraham.

By a singular concurrence of fortune and skill, the three armies reached the neighbourhood of Montreal on the same day. The feeble and disheartened garrison could offer no resistance, and on the eighth of September, 1760, the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered Canada with all its dependencies, to the British crown.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ILLINOIS

We turn to a region of which, as yet, we have caught but transient glimpses; a region which to our forefathers seemed remote and strange, as to us the mountain strongholds of the Apaches, or the wastes of farthest Oregon. The country of the Illinois was chiefly embraced within the boundaries of the state which now retains the name. Thitherward, from the east, the west, and the north, three mighty rivers rolled their tributary waters; while countless smaller streams—small only in comparison—traversed the land with a watery network, impregnating the warm soil with exuberant fecundity. From the eastward, the Ohio—La Belle Rivière—pursued its windings for more than a thousand miles. The Mississippi descended from the distant north; while from its fountains in the west, three thousand miles away, the Missouri poured its torrent towards the same common centre. Born among mountains, trackless even now, except by the adventurous footstep of the trapper,—nurtured amid the howling of beasts and the war-cries of savages, never silent in that wilderness,—it holds its angry course through sun-scorched deserts, among towers and palaces, the architecture of no human hand, among lodges of barbarian hordes, and herds of bison blackening the prairie to the horizon. Fierce, reckless, headstrong, exulting in its tumultuous force, it plays a thousand freaks of wanton power; bearing away forests from its shores, and planting them, with roots uppermost, in its quicksands;

sweeping off islands, and rebuilding them; frothing and raging in foam and whirlpool, and, again, gliding with dwindled current along its sandy channel. At length, dark with uncurbed fury, it pours its muddy tide into the reluctant Mississippi. That majestic river, drawing life from the pure fountains of the north, wandering among 10 emerald prairies and wood-crowned bluffs, loses all its earlier charm with this unhallowed union. At first, it shrinks as with repugnance; and along the same channel the two streams flow side by side, with unmingled waters. But the disturbing power prevails at length; and the united torrent bears onward in its might, boiling up from the bottom, whirling in many a vortex, 20 flooding its shores with a malign deluge fraught with pestilence and fever, and burying forests in its depths, to insnare the heedless voyager. Mightiest among rivers, it is the connecting link of adverse climates and contrasted races; and while at its northern source the fur-clad Indian shivers in the cold,—where it mingles with the ocean, the growth of the tropics springs along its banks, and the panting negro cools his limbs in its refreshing waters.

To these great rivers and their tributary streams the country of the Illinois owed its wealth: its grassy prairies, and the stately woods that flourished on its deep, rich soil. This prolific land teemed with life. It was a hunter's paradise. Deer grazed on its meadows. The elk trooped in herds, like squadrons of cavalry. In the still morning, one might hear the clatter of their antlers for half a mile over the dewy prairie. Countless bison roamed the plains, filing in grave procession to drink at the rivers, plunging and snorting among the rapids and quicksands, rolling their huge bulk on the grass, or rushing upon each other in hot encounter, like champions under shield. The wildcat glared from the thicket; the raccoon thrust his furry countenance from the hollow tree, and the opossum swung, head downwards, from the overhanging bough.

With the opening spring, when the

forests are budding into leaf, and the prairies gemmed with flowers; when a warm, faint haze rests upon the landscape,—then heart and senses are enthralled with luxurious beauty. The shrubs and wild fruit-trees, flushed with pale red blossoms, and the small clustering flowers of grape vines, which choke the gigantic trees with Laocoön writhings, fill the forest with their rich perfume. A few days later, and a cloud of verdure overshadows the land, while birds innumerable sing beneath its canopy, and brighten its shades with their glancing hues.

Yet this western paradise is not free from the curse of Adam. The beneficent sun, which kindles into life so many forms of loveliness and beauty, fails not to engender venom and death from the rank slime of pestilential swamp and marsh. In some stagnant pool, buried in the jungle-like depths of the forest, where the hot and lifeless water reeks with exhalations, the water-snake basks by the margin, or winds his checkered length of loathsome beauty across the sleepy surface. From beneath the rotten carcass of some fallen tree, the moccasin thrusts out his broad flat head, ready to dart on the intruder. On the dry, sun-scorched prairie, the rattlesnake, a more generous enemy, reposes in his spiral coil. He scorns to shun the eye of day, as if conscious of the honor accorded to his name by the warlike race, who, jointly with him, claim lordship over the land. But some intrusive footstep awakes him from his slumbers. His neck is arched; the white fangs gleam in his distended jaws; his small eyes dart rays of unutterable fierceness; and his rattles, invisible with their quick vibration, ring the sharp warning which no man will rashly condemn.

The land thus prodigal of good and evil, so remote from the sea, so primitive in its aspect, might well be deemed an undiscovered region, ignorant of European arts; yet it may boast a colonization as old as that of many a spot to which are accorded the scanty honors of an American antiquity. The

earliest settlement of Pennsylvania was made in 1681; the first occupation of the Illinois took place in the previous year. La Salle may be called the father of the colony. That remarkable man entered the country with a handful of followers, bent on his grand scheme of Mississippi discovery. A legion of enemies rose in his path; but neither delay, disappointment, sickness, famine, open force, nor secret conspiracy, could bend his soul of iron. Disasters accumulated upon him. He flung them off, and still pressed forward to his object. His victorious energy bore all before it; but the success on which he had staked his life served only to entail fresh calamity, and an untimely death; and his best reward is, that his name stands forth in history an imperishable monument of heroic constancy. When on his way to the Mississippi, in the year 1680, La Salle built a fort in the country of the Illinois; and, on his return from the mouth of the great river, some of his followers remained and established themselves near the spot. Heroes of another stamp took up the work which the daring Norman had begun. Jesuit missionaries, among the best and purest of their order, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, and the gaining of an immortal crown, here toiled and suffered, with a self-sacrificing devotion which extorts a tribute of admiration even from sectarian bigotry. While the colder apostles of Protestantism labored upon the outskirts of heathendom, these champions of the cross, the forlorn hope of the army of Rome, pierced to the heart of its dark and dreary domain, confronting death at every step, and well repaid for all, could they but sprinkle a few drops of water on the forehead of a dying child, or hang a gilded crucifix round the neck of some warrior, pleased with the glittering trinket. With the beginning of the eighteenth century, the black robe of the Jesuit was known in every village of the Illinois. Defying the wiles of Satan and the malice of his emissaries, the Indian sorcerers, exposed to the rage of the elements, and every casualty of

forest life, they followed their wandering proselytes to war and to the chase; now wading through morasses, now dragging canoes over rapids and sand-bars; now scorched with heat on the sweltering prairie, and now shivering houseless in the blasts of January. At Kaskaskia and Cahokia they established missions, and built frail churches from the bark of trees, fit emblems of their own transient and futile labors. Morning and evening, the savage worshippers sang praises to the Virgin, and knelt in supplication before the shrine of St. Joseph. . . .

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878)

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR

Gusty and raw was the morning;
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard but the dashing 5
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador,¹ out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide, 10
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the
rider 15
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind. 20
Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino, 25
Had travelled the shore since dawn,

¹ fisher

Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain, 30
And the chill, driving scud of the
breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily
round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steepes of the head-
land 35
Were slippery and wet as he trod;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar. 40

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely;
And "Back!" shouted Pablo, in
wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges 45
Came up from the breakers' hoarse
war;
And "Back, or you perish!" cried
Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the head-
land;
He clutched at the jingling rein, 50
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward, 55
And fought o'er his trusty mule's
head.

They fought till the black wall below
them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning
farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last; 60
And, frenzied with pain, the swart
herdsman
Closed on him with terrible strength,

And jerked him, despite of his
struggles,
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
On the slippery edge of the wall; 66
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar, 70
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand, 5
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee! I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old, 10
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain. 15
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold, 20
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed 25
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more 30
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

TO THE NILE

Mysterious Flood, that through the
silent sands

Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of green Egyptian
lands,
Which were not, but for thee—

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore, 5
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs be-
gan,

When dawned upon thy fresh, un-
trampled shore
The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyra-
mid,

Where the gray Past records its an-
cient speech; 10
But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and
fears

Run blended, o'er the plains of His-
tory:

Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand
years 15

Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festi-
vals?

Or Memnon's music on the Theban
plain?

The carnage, when Cambyses made thy
halls

Ruddy with royal slain? 20

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines
were built

For worship of thine own majestic
flood;

For thee the incense burned, for thee
was spilt

The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that
arose 25

Above thy palms, the pageantry and
state,

Thy current flowed, calmly as now it
flows,

Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might
give,
Whose being is his bounty; from the
slime 30
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations
live,
Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the
balm 35
Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I
bring
No doubtful worship to thy shrine
supreme;
But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
To float upon thy stream! 40

THE QUAKER WIDOW

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah—
come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone,
who came to comfort me;
The still and quiet company a peace
may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that
comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the
bench where Benjamin would sit 5
On First-day afternoons in spring, and
watch the swallows flit;
He loved to smell the sprouting box,
and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and
through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he
cared for flowers—most men
Think such things foolishness—but we
were first acquainted then, 10
One spring; the next he spoke his mind;
the third I was his wife;
And in the spring (it happened so) our
children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not
think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at
Monthly Meeting first we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis
better I should be 15
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—
alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it
seems but one long day—
One quiet Sabbath of the heart—till he
was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a
sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for
all the days to come. 20

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how
hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told
me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his
mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she
knew what best to say.

Then she was still. They sat awhile;
at last she spoke again: 25
"The Lord incline thee to the right!"
And "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas
not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father
Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when
daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I
could not see her crossed. 30
She wears, thee knows, the gayest
gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's
a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress
when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I
felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too
simple for my taste: 35
I wanted lace around the neck, and a
ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him
upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt
more fear than pride,

Till "In the presence of the Lord," he
said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart and I
could say the same. 40

I used to blush when he came near, but
then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held
his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone,
now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee,
too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look
half so green as ours; 45
The woods were coming into leaf, the
meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and
every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything
comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the
wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with
father at the head; 50
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—
'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and
now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the
Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and
fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was
merciful, I see: 55
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and
two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas
not his call, in truth:
And I must rent the dear old place, and
go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine
—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all
the good old ways. 60

But Ruth is still a Friend¹ at heart:
she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved
when she was young;

¹ Quaker

And it was brought upon my mind, re-
membering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things
perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say a spirit
clothed with grace, 65
And pure almost as angels are, may
have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account; the
Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteous-
ness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth:
she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter
should, I know. 70
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but
we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon
a willing mind.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

'Ἀσπασίη, τριλλίστος¹

I heard the trailing garments of the
Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above; 6
The calm, majestic presence of the
Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and de-
light,
The manifold, soft chimes, 10
That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
air
My spirit drank repose;
¹ welcome, thrice prayed-for

The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there,— 15
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
Care,
And they complain no more. 20

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe
this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN
SAID TO THE PSALMIST

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! 5
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, 10
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating 15
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife! 20

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us 25
We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, 30
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, 35
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, 5
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth, 10
And he watched how the veering flaw
did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port, 15
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength; 26
She shuddered and paused, like a
frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
daughtèr,
And do not tremble so; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells
ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea. 40

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light, 45
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies, 50
The lantern gleamed through the
gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled
the wave, 55
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark
and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between 61
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows, 65
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool, 70
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in
ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank, 75
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, 85
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms 5
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can, 10
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy
sledge, 15
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door; 20
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, 25
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes. 36

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close; 40
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life 45
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms, 5
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe 15
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald¹ in song has told,
No Saga taught thee! 20
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land, 25
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;²
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare 35
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark
Until the soaring lark 40
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders. 45
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout³
Wore the long winter out; 50
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's⁴ tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail 55
Filled to o'erflowing.

¹Scandinavian poet ²a species of falcon
³drinking-bout ⁴savage Teutonic warrior

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender; 60
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid, 65
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighte.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast, 70
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all, 75
 Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story. 80

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly, 85
So the loud laugh of scorn
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild, 90
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night 95
 Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen! 100
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast, 105
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,¹ 110
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail, 115
 'Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water! 120

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,— 125
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er, 130
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour, 135
 Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother; 140
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then, 145
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear, 150
Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful!

¹ Cape Skagen

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars
 Up to its native stars 155
 My soul ascended!
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"¹
 Thus the tale ended. 160

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior! 5

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior! 10

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and
 bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior! 15

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior! 20

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior! 25

"Beware the pine tree's withered
 branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last Good-night,
 A voice replied far up the height,
 Excelsior! 30

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior! 35

¹a salutation in drinking a health

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior! 40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior! 45

SERENADE

Stars of the summer night!
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps! 5
 Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps! 10
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps! 15
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her, her lover keeps 20
 Watch! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,
 In the quaint old Flemish city,
 As the evening shades descended,
 Low and loud and sweetly blended, 5
 Low at times and loud at times,
 And changing like a poet's rhymes,
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes
 From the Belfry in the market
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor 10
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,
 When the wrangling bells had ended,
 Slowly struck the clock eleven,
 And, from out the silent heaven,
 Silence on the town descended. 15
 Silence, silence everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 Save that footsteps here and there
 Of some burgher home returning,
 By the street lamps faintly burning, 20
 For a moment woke the echoes
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
 Still I heard those magic numbers,
 As they loud proclaimed the flight 25
 And stolen marches of the night;
 Till their chimes in sweet collision
 Mingled with each wandering vision,
 Mingled with the fortune-telling
 Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies, 30
 Which amid the waste expanses
 Of the silent land of trances
 Have their solitary dwelling;
 All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
 In the quaint old Flemish city. 35

And I thought how like these chimes
 Are the poet's airy rhymes,
 All his rhymes and roundelays,
 His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
 From the belfry of his brain, 40
 Scattered downward, though in vain,
 On the roofs and stones of cities!
 For by night the drowsy ear
 Under its curtains cannot hear,
 And by day men go their ways, 45
 Hearing the music as they pass,
 But deeming it no more, alas!
 Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
 Lodging at some humble inn 50
 In the narrow lanes of life,
 When the dusk and hush of night
 Shut out the incessant din
 Of daylight and its toil and strife,
 May listen with a calm delight 55
 To the poet's melodies,
 Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
 Intermingled with the song,
 Thoughts that he has cherished long;
 Hears amid the chime and singing 60

The bells of his own village ringing,
 And wakes, and finds his slumberous
 eyes
 Wet with most delicious tears.
 Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
 In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, 65
 Listening with a wild delight
 To the chimes that, through the night,
 Rang their changes from the Belfry
 Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceil-
 ing,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished
 arms;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem
 pealing
 Startles the villages with strange
 alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild
 and dreary, 5
 When the death-angel touches those
 swift keys!
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful sympho-
 nies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce
 chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone
 before us, 11
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
 hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the
 Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor, 15
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tar-
 tar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his
 palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with
 dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis¹
 Beat the wild war-drum made of ser-
 pent's skin; 20

¹ flat-topped pyramids

The tumult of each sacked and burning
 village;
 The shout that every prayer for
 mercy drowns;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of
 pillage;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered
 towns;
 The bursting shell, the gateway
 wrenched asunder, ²⁵
 The rattling musketry, the clashing
 blade;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.
 Is it, O man, with such discordant
 noises,
 With such accursed instruments as
 these, ³⁰
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and
 kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
 Were half the power that fills the world
 with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on
 camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from
 error, ³⁵
 There were no need of arsenals nor
 forts:
 The warrior's name would be a name
 abhorred!
 And every nation, that should lift
 again
 Its hand against a brother, on its fore-
 head
 Would wear forevermore the curse of
 Cain! ⁴⁰
 Down the dark future, through long
 generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and
 then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
 vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ
 say, "Peace!"
 Peace! and no longer from its brazen
 portals ⁴⁵
 The blast of War's great organ
 shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immor-
 tals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village ⁵
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, ¹⁰
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling, ¹⁵
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time. ²⁰

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor;
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, ²⁵
 Whose song gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
 And nights devoid of ease, ³⁰
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction ³⁵
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice. ⁴⁰

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection 5
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance 10
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,
 And the current that came from the 15
 ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through 20
 them,
 Rose the belated tide,
 And, streaming into the moonlight,
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often, 25
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight
 And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often, 30
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me 35
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea;
 And only the sorrow of others 40
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands 45
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession 50
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions, 55
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven, 60
 And its wavering image here.

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

This is the forest primeval. The mur-
 muring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments
 green, indistinct in the twilight
 Stand like Druids of eld, with voices
 sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards
 that rest on their bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-
 voiced neighbouring ocean 5
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate
 answers the wail of the forest.
 This is the forest primeval; but where
 are the hearts that beneath it
 Leaped like the roe when he hears in the
 woodland the voice of the hunts-
 man?
 Where is the thatch-roofed village, the
 home of Acadian farmers,

Men whose lives glided on like rivers
 that water the woodlands, 10
 Darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting
 an image of heaven?
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the
 farmers forever departed!
 Scattered like dust and leaves when the
 mighty blasts of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and
 sprinkle them far o'er the ocean,
 Naught but tradition remains of the
 beautiful village of Grand-Pré. 15
 Ye who believe in affection that hopes
 and endures and is patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and
 strength of woman's devotion,
 List to the mournful tradition still sung
 by the pines of the forest;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home
 of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of
 the Basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village
 of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast
 meadows stretched to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture
 to flocks without number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers
 had raised with labor incessant, 5
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at
 stated seasons the flood-gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander
 at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax,
 and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the
 plain; and away to the northward
 Blomidon¹ rose and the forests old,
 and aloft on the mountains 10
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists
 from the mighty Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley but ne'er
 from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed
 the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with
 frames of oak and of chestnut,

¹a rocky headland

Such as the peasants of Normandy
 built in the reign of the Henries. 15
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-
 windows; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and
 shaded the door-way.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer,
 when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street and gilded the
 vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat, in snow-
 white caps and in kirtles 20
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs
 spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose
 noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of
 the wheels and the songs of the
 maidens.
 Solemnly down the street came the
 parish priest, and the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he
 extended to bless them: 25
 Reverend walked he among them; and
 up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words
 of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the laborers home from the
 field; and serenely the sun
 sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight pre-
 vailed. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over
 the roofs of the village 30
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds
 of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the
 homes of peace and contentment.
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple
 Acadian farmers,
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man.
 Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and
 envy, the vice of republics: 35
 Neither locks had they to their doors
 nor bars to their windows,
 But their dwellings were open as day
 and the hearts of the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the
 poorest lived in abundance.
 Somewhat apart from the village,
 and nearer the Basin of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest
 farmer of Grand-Pré, 40

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with
him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and
the pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the
man of seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is
covered with snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and
his cheeks as brown as the oak-
leaves. 45

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of
seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that
grows on the thorn by the way-
side—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed be-
neath the brown shade of her
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of
kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to
the reapers at noontide 50

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah, fair in
sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn,
while the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as
the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation and scatters
blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed with
her chaplet of beads and her
missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle
of blue, and the ear-rings 56

Brought in the olden time from France,
and since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child,
through long generations.

But a celestial brightness, a more
ethereal beauty,

Shone on her face and encircled her
form, when after confession, 40

Homeward serenely she walked with
God's benediction upon her:

When she had passed, it seemed like the
ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak,
the house of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding
the sea; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a
woodbine wreathing around it. 65

Rudely carved was the porch, with
seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and dis-
appeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives
overhung by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions re-
mote by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the
blessed image of Mary. 70

Farther down, on the slope of the hill,
was the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it
a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the
north, were the barns and the
farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains¹
and the antique ploughs and the
harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and
there, in his feathered seraglio, 75

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed
the cock with the self-same

Voice that in ages of old had startled
the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns,
themselves a village: in each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of
thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to
the odorous corn-loft. 80

There too the dove-cot stood, with its
meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love, while above in
the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled
and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the
world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evan-
geline governed his household. 85

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church
and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of
his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her
hand or the hem of her gar-
ment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the
darkness befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to hear
the sound of her footsteps, 90

¹ wagons

Knew not which beat the louder, his
 heart or the knocker of iron;
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron
 Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in
 the dance as he whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a
 part of the music.
 But among all who came young Gabriel
 only was welcome, 95
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the
 blacksmith,
 Who was a mighty man in the village,
 and honored of all men—
 For since the birth of time, throughout
 all ages and nations,
 Has the craft of the smith been held in
 repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their
 children from earliest childhood 100
 Grew up together as brother and sister;
 and Father Felician,
 Priest and pedagogue both in the vil-
 lage, had taught them their let-
 ters
 Out of the selfsame book, with the
 hymns of the church and the plain-
 song.
 But when the hymn was sung, and the
 daily lesson completed,
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge
 of Basil the blacksmith. 105
 There at the door they stood, with won-
 dering eyes to behold him
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the
 horse as a plaything,
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near
 him the tire of the cartwheel
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in
 a circle of cinders.
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in
 the gathering darkness 110
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy
 through every cranny and crevice,
 Warm by the forge within they watched
 the laboring bellows;
 And as its panting ceased, and the
 sparks expired in the ashes,
 Merrily laughed, and said they were
 nuns going into the chapel.
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the
 swoop of the eagle, 115
 Down the hill-side bounding, they
 glided away o'er the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the
 populous nests on the rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous
 stone which the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to re-
 store the sight of its fledglings,
 Lucky was he who found that stone in
 the nest of the swallow! 120
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they
 no longer were children.
 He was a valiant youth; and his face,
 like the face of the morning,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and
 ripened thought into action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart
 and hopes of a woman.
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she
 called; for that was the sunshine
 Which, as the farmers believed, would
 load their orchards with apples: 126
 She, too, would bring to her husband's
 house delight and abundance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy
 faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when
 the nights grow colder and longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the
 Scorpion enters. 130
 Birds of passage sailed through the
 leaden air from the ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of
 tropical islands.
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild
 with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as
 Jacob of old with the angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and
 inclement: 135
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want,
 had hoarded their honey
 Till the hives overflowed; and the In-
 dian hunters asserted
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was
 the fur of the foxes.
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then
 followed that beautiful season
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants
 the Summer of All-Saints.¹ 140
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and
 magical light; and the landscape

¹ Indian summer

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, ¹⁴⁵
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love; and the great sun
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
 While, arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest ¹⁵⁰
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian ¹ adorned with mantles and jewels.
 Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home-
 stead:
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other, ¹⁵⁵
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-
 side, ¹⁶⁰
 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers:
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector ¹⁶⁵
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.

¹ Xerxes

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles, ¹⁷⁰
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
 Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended. ¹⁷⁵
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
 Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
 Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer ¹⁸⁰
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair ¹⁸⁵
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards. ¹⁹⁰
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the
wheel, like the drone of a bag-
pipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united
the fragments together. 195
As in a church, when the chant of the
choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or
words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with
measured motion the clock clicked.
Thus as they sat, there were footsteps
heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door
swung back on its hinges. 200
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes
it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her "beating heart" Evangeline
knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as
their footsteps paused on the thresh-
hold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come,
take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is
always empty without thee; 205
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe
and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when
through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy
friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon
through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus
answered Basil the blacksmith, 210
Taking with easy air the accustomed
seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever
thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou,
when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only
ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou
hadst picked up a horseshoe." 215
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe
that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had
lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the
English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with
their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown;
but all are commanded 220
On the morrow to meet in the church,
where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land.
Alas, in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts
of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Per-
haps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Per-
haps the harvests in England 225
By the untimely rains or untimelier
heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they
would feed their cattle and chil-
dren."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the vil-
lage," said warmly the black-
smith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then,
heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau-
Séjour, nor Port Royal. 230
Many already have fled to the forest,
and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubi-
ous fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and
warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's
sledge and the scythe of the
mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made an-
swer the jovial farmer: 235
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of
our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, be-
sieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, be-
sieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night
may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this
is the night of the contract. 240
Built are the house and the barn: the
merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and,
breaking the glebe round about
them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house
with food for a twelve-month.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with
his papers and ink-horn.

Shall we not, then, be glad, and rejoice
 in the joy of our children?" 245
 As apart by the window she stood, with
 her hand in her lover's,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words
 that her father had spoken,
 And as they died on his lips the worthy
 notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar that toils in
 the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the
 form of the notary public; 250
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken
 floss of the maize, hung
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was
 high; and glasses with hornbows
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of
 wisdom supernal.
 Father of twenty children was he; and
 more than a hundred
 Children's children rode on his knee,
 and heard his great watch tick. 255
 Four long years in the times of the war
 had he languished a captive,
 Suffering much in an old French fort as
 the friend of the English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all
 guile or suspicion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and
 simple and childlike.
 He was beloved by all, and most of all
 by the children; 260
 For he told them tales of the Loup-
 garou in the forest,
 And of the goblin that came in the night
 to water the horses,
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of
 a child who unchristened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen
 the chambers of children;
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen
 talked in the stable, 265
 And how the fever was cured by a
 spider shut up in a nutshell,
 And of the marvellous powers of four-
 leaved clover and horse-shoes,
 With whatsoever else was writ in the
 lore of the village.
 Then up rose from his seat by the fire-
 side Basil the blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and
 slowly extending his right hand, 270

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou
 hast heard the talk in the village,
 And perchance canst tell us some news
 of these ships and their errand."
 Then with modest demeanour made an-
 swer the notary public:
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth,
 yet am never the wiser;
 And what their errand may be I know
 not better than others. 275
 Yet am I not of those who imagine
 some evil intention
 Brings them here; for we are at peace,
 and why, then, molest us?"
 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and
 somewhat irascible blacksmith;
 "Must we in all things look for the how
 and the why and the wherefore?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the
 right of the strongest!" 280
 But, without heeding his warmth, con-
 tinued the notary public:
 "Man is unjust, but God is just, and
 finally justice
 Triumphs; and well I remember a
 story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old
 French fort at Port Royal."
 This was the old man's favorite tale,
 and he loved to repeat it 285
 Whenever neighbours complained that
 any injustice was done them.
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name
 I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen
 statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding
 the scales in its left hand.
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem
 that justice presided 290
 Over the laws of the land and the hearts
 and homes of the people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in
 the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that
 flashed in the sunshine above
 them.
 But in the course of time the laws of
 the land were corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the
 weak were oppressed, and the
 mighty 295
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it
 chanced in a nobleman's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and
ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as
maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to
die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of
the statue of Justice. 300
As to her Father in heaven her innocent
spirit ascended,
Lo, o'er the city a tempest rose; and
the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled
in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clat-
tering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found
the nest of a magpie, 305
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace
of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced but not convinced, when the
story was ended the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak
but findeth no language;
And all his thoughts were congealed
into lines on his face, as the
vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the win-
dow-panes in the winter. 310
Then Evangeline lighted the brazen
lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter
tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its
strength in the village of Grand-
Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew
his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and
the age of the parties, 315
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks
of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly
and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set
like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the
farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid
pieces of silver; 320
And the notary, rising, and blessing the
bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and
drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he sol-
emnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and
mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-
board out of its corner. 325
Soon was the game begun: in friendly
contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccess-
ful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned or a
breach was made in the king-
row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom
of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together,
beholding the moon rise 330
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist
of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite
meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-
me-nots of the angels.
Thus passed the evening away.
Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village
curfew, and straightway 335
Rose the guests and departed; and sil-
ence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-
night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart,
and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers
that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the
tread of the farmer. 340
Soon with a soundless step the foot of
Evangeline followed:
Up the staircase moved a luminous
space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shin-
ing face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and
entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its cur-
tains of white, and its clothes-
press 345
Ample and high, on whose spacious
shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand
of Evangeline woven:
This was the precious dower she would
bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being
proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the
mellow and radiant moonlight 350
Streamed through the windows and
lighted the room, till the heart of
the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the
tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah, she was fair, exceeding fair to be-
hold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming
floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among
the trees of the orchard, 355
Waited her lover and watched for the
gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at
times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing
shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened
the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she
saw serenely the moon pass 360
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and
one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ish-
mael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on
the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet
air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering
shadows, were riding at anchor. 365
Life had long been astir in the village,
and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the
golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the
farms and neighbouring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe
Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund
laugh from the young folk 370
Made the bright air brighter, as up from
the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the
track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and
joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds
of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people;
and noisy groups at the house-
doors 375
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced
and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were
welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived
like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and
what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality
seemed more abundant: 380
For Evangeline stood among the guests
of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and
words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed
the cup as she gave it.
Under the open sky, in the odorous
air of the orchard
Bending with golden fruit, was spread
the feast of betrothal. 385
There in the shade of the porch were
the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy
Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the
cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the
gayest of hearts and of waist-
coats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alter-
nately played on his snow-white 390
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the
jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the
ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant
sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and *Le*
Carillon de Dunkerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat
time to the music. 395
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of
the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the
path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and chil-
dren mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline,
Benedict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel,
 son of the blacksmith! 400
 So passed the morning away. And,
 lo, with a summons sonorous
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and
 over the meadows a drum beat.
 Thronged ere long was the church with
 men. Without, in the churchyard,
 Waited the women: they stood by the
 graves, and hung on the head-
 stones
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and ever-
 greens fresh from the forest. 405
 Then came the guard from the ships,
 and, marching proudly among
 them,
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud
 and dissonant clangor
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums
 from ceiling and casement,—
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the
 ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited
 the will of the soldiers. 410
 Then up rose their commander, and
 spake from the steps of the altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its
 seals, the royal commission:
 "You are convened this day," he said,
 "by his Majesty's orders.
 Clement and kind has he been; but how
 you have answered his kindness,
 Let your own hearts reply! To my
 natural make and my temper 415
 Painful the task is I do, which to you
 I know must be grievous;
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver
 the will of our monarch:
 Namely, that all your lands and dwell-
 ings and cattle of all kinds
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you
 yourselves from this province
 Be transported to other lands. God
 grant you may dwell there 420
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and
 peaceable people!
 Prisoners now I declare you, for such
 is his Majesty's pleasure!"
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry
 solstice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the
 deadly sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the
 field and shatters his windows, 425

Hiding the sun and strewing the ground
 with thatch from the house-roofs,
 Bellowing fly the herds and seek to
 break their inclosures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended
 the words of the speaker.
 Silent a moment they stood in speech-
 less wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sor-
 row and anger, 430
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly
 rushed to the door-way.
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries
 and fierce imprecations
 Rang through the house of prayer, and
 high o'er the heads of the others
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure
 of Basil the blacksmith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by
 the billows: 435
 Flushed was his face and distorted with
 passion, and wildly he shouted,
 "Down with the tyrants of England!
 We never have sworn them allegi-
 ance!
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who
 seize on our homes and our har-
 vests!"
 More he fain would have said, but the
 merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth and dragged
 him down to the pavement. 440
 In the midst of the strife and tumult
 of angry contention,
 Lo, the door of the chancel opened, and
 Father Felician
 Entered, with serious mien, and
 ascended the steps of the altar.
 Raising his reverend hand, with a ges-
 ture he awed into silence
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he
 spake to his people; 445
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in
 accents measured and mournful
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum,
 distinctly the clock strikes:
 "What is this that ye do, my children?
 What madness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life I labored among
 you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love
 one another! 450
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils
 and prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons
of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace,
and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts
overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his
cross is gazing upon you! 455

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meek-
ness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the
prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour
when the wicked assail us;

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O
Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep
in the hearts of his people 460

Sank they, and sobs of contrition suc-
ceeded the passionate outbreak;

And they repeated his prayer,
and said, "O Father, forgive
them!"

Then came the evening service. The
tapers gleamed from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the
priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their
hearts; and the Ave Maria 465

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and
their souls, with devotion trans-
lated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah
ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village
the tidings of ill, and on all
sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house
the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline
stood, with her right hand 470

Shielding her eyes from the level rays
of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mys-
terious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch,
and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-
white cloth on the table:

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the
honey fragrant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the
cheese fresh brought from the
dairy; 476

And at the head of the board the great
arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her
father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er
the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper
shadow had fallen, 480

And from the fields of her soul a fra-
grance celestial ascended—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and
forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered
into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the
disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with linger-
ing steps they departed, 485

Urged by their household cares and the
weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in
golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the
Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the
Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the
church Evangeline lingered. 490

All was silent within; and in vain at
the door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, un-
til, overcome by emotion,

"Gabriell!" cried she aloud with trem-
ulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead nor
the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the
tenantless house of her father: 495

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on
the board stood the supper un-
tasted;

Empty and drear was each room, and
haunted with phantoms of ter-
ror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and
the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the
whispering rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the
sycamore-tree by the window. 500

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the
voice of the neighbouring thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and
governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had
heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she
peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set;
and now on the fifth day ⁵⁰⁵
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping
maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and
mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets
and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their house-
hold goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once
more on their dwellings, ⁵¹⁰
Ere they were shut from sight by the
winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran,
and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped
some fragments of playthings.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they
hurried; and there on the sea-
beach
Piled in confusion lay the household
goods of the peasants. ⁵¹⁵
All day long between the shore and the
ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring
down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun
was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll
of drums from the church-yard.
Thither the women and children
thronged. On a sudden the church-
doors ⁵²⁰
Opened, and forth came the guard, and,
marching in gloomy procession,
Followed the long-imprisoned, but
patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar
from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget
they are weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian
peasants descended ⁵²⁵
Down from the church to the shore,
amid their wives and their daugh-
ters.

Foremost the young men came; and,
raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant
of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inex-
haustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength
and submission and patience!" ⁵³⁰
Then the old men, as they marched,
and the women that stood by the
way-side
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the
birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like
voices of spirits departed.
Half-way down to the shore Evange-
line waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in
the hour of affliction; ⁵³⁵
Calmly and sadly waited, until the
procession approached her
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale
with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly
running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her
head on his shoulder, and whis-
pered,
"Gabriel, be of good cheer! for if we
love one another, ⁵⁴⁰
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, what-
ever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then
suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how
changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and
the fire from his eye, and his foot-
step
Heavier seemed with the weight of the
weary heart in his bosom. ⁵⁴⁵
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped
his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where
words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved
on that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the
tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in
the confusion ⁵⁵⁰
Wives were torn from their husbands,
and mothers, too late, saw their
children

Left on the land, extending their arms
 with wildest entreaties.
 So unto separate ships were Basil and
 Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evange-
 line stood with her father.
 Half the task was not done when the
 sun went down, and the twilight ⁵⁵⁵
 Deepened and darkened around; and in
 haste the reflux ocean
 Fled away from the shore, and left the
 line of the sand-beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with
 kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
 Farther back, in the midst of the house-
 hold goods and the wagons,
 Like to a gypsy camp or a leaguer ¹
 after a battle, ⁵⁶⁰
 All escape cut off by the sea and the
 sentinels near them,
 Lay encamped for the night the house-
 less Acadian farmers.
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated
 the bellowing ocean,
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling
 pebbles, and leaving
 Inland and far up the shore the
 stranded boats of the sailors. ⁵⁶⁵
 Then, as the night descended, the herds
 returned from their pastures;
 Sweet was the moist still air with the
 odor of milk from their udders;
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the
 well-known bars of the farmyard,
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice
 and the hand of the milkmaid.
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the
 church no Angelus sounded, ⁵⁷⁰
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and
 gleamed no lights from the win-
 dows.
 But on the shores meanwhile the eve-
 ning fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the
 sands from wrecks in the tempest.
 Round them shapes of gloom and sor-
 rowful faces were gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of
 men, and the crying of children. ⁵⁷⁵
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth
 to hearth in his parish,
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling
 and blessing and cheering,

¹ a camp

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's
 desolate sea-shore.
 Thus he approached the place where
 Evangeline sat with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the
 face of the old man, ⁵⁸⁰
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and with-
 out either thought or emotion,
 E'en as the face of a clock from which
 the hands have been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words
 and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved
 not, he looked not, he spake not,
 But with a vacant stare ever gazed at
 the flickering fire-light. ⁵⁸⁵
 "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in
 tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said; but his
 heart was full, and his accents
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the
 feet of a child on a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and
 the awful presence of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on
 the head of the maiden, ⁵⁹⁰
 Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the
 silent stars that above them
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by
 the wrongs and sorrows of mortals;
 Then sat he down at her side, and they
 wept together in silence.
 Suddenly rose from the south a light,
 as in autumn the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of
 heaven, and o'er the horizon ⁵⁹⁵
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands
 upon mountain and meadow,
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and
 piling huge shadows together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed
 on the roofs of the village,
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and
 the ships that lay in the roadstead.
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and
 flashes of flame were ⁶⁰⁰
 Thrust through their folds and with-
 drawn, like the quivering hands of
 a martyr.
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds ² and
 the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at
 once from a hundred housetops

² glowing coals

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes
of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the
crowd on the shore and on ship-
board: 605

Speechless at first they stood, then cried
aloud in their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes
in the village of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to
crow in the farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and
anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the
barking of dogs interrupted. 610

Then rose a sound of dread, such as
startles the sleeping encampments,

Far in the western prairies or forests
that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep
by with the speed of the whirl-
wind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes
rush to the river: 614

Such was the sound that arose on the
night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences,
and madly rushed o'er the
meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet
speechless, the priest and the
maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that red-
dened and widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak
to their silent companion,

Lo, from his seat he had fallen, and,
stretched abroad on the seashore,

Motionless lay his form, from which the
soul had departed! 621

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless
head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed
aloud in her terror;

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with
her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep,
oblivious slumber; 625

And when she woke from the trance,
she beheld a multitude near her;

Faces of friends she beheld, that were
mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes and looks of
saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village il-
luminated the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and
gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to
her wavering senses. 631

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it
said to the people,

"Let us bury him here by the sea: when
a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the
unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously
laid in the church-yard." 635

Such were the words of the priest; and
there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village
for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried
the farmer of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated
the service of sorrow,

Lo, with a mournful sound, like the
voice of a vast congregation, 640

Solemnly answered the sea and mingled
its roar with the dirges:

'T was the returning tide, that afar
from the waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came
heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir
and noise of embarking;

And with the ebb of that tide the ships
sailed out of the harbour, 645

Leaving behind them the dead on the
shore and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since
the burning of Grand-Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted
vessels departed,

Bearing a nation, with all its household
gods, into exile,

Exile without an end and without an
example in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the
Acadians landed; 5

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow
when the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that
darken the banks of Newfound-
land.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they
wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to
sultry Southern savannas,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the
lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags
them down to the ocean, 11
Deep in their sands to bury the scat-
tered bones of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and
many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no
longer a friend nor a fireside:

Written their history stands on tablets
of stone in the church-yards. 15
Long among them was seen a maiden
who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently
suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas,
before her extended
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert
of life, with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had
sorrowed and suffered before her, 20
Passions long extinguished, and hopes
long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western
desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed and bones
that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incom-
plete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its
music and sunshine, 25

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fad-
ing, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late
had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till,
urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger
and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless
search and endeavor: 30

Sometimes in church-yards strayed,
and gazed on the crosses and tomb-
stones;

Sat by some nameless grave, and
thought that perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed
to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an in-
articulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and
beckon her forward. 35

Sometimes she spake with those who
had seen her belovèd and known
him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off
place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O,
yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and
both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois¹ are they, and
famous hunters and trappers." 40

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O,
yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of
Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child, why
dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as
Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true,
and spirits as loyal? 45

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's
son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him
thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St.
Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, se-
renely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there fol-
lows my hand and not elsewhere; 50

For when the heart goes before, like a
lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else
lie hidden in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend
and father-confessor,

Said with a smile, "O daughter, thy God
thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection: affection
never was wasted; 55

If it enrich not the heart of another, its
waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain,
shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth
returns again to the fountain.

¹literally, runners of the woods

Patience! accomplish thy labor; accom-
 plish thy work of affection!
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and
 patient endurance is godlike. 60
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love,
 till the heart is made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and
 rendered more worthy of heaven!"
 Cheered by the good man's words,
 Evangeline labored and waited.
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral
 dirge of the ocean,
 But with its sound there was mingled a
 voice that whispered, "Despair
 not!" 65
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want
 and cheerless discomfort,
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards
 and thorns of existence.
 Let me essay, O Muse, to follow the
 wanderer's footsteps—
 Not through each devious path, each
 changeful year of existence,
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's
 course through the valley: 70
 Far from its margin at times, and see-
 ing the gleam of its water
 Here and there, in some open space, and
 at intervals only;
 Then, drawing nearer its banks, through
 sylvan glooms that conceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its
 continuous murmur;
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot
 where it reaches an outlet. 75

II

It was the month of May. Far down
 the Beautiful¹ River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth
 of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and
 swift Mississippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was
 rowed by Acadian boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles, a raft, as it
 were, from the shipwrecked 80
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now
 floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief
 and a common misfortune;

¹ the Ohio

Men and women and children, who,
 guided by hope or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin
 among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian Coast,² and the prairies
 of fair Opelousas. 85
 With them Evangeline went, and her
 guide the Father Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a
 wilderness sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the
 turbulent river;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires,
 encamped on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among
 green islands, where plume-like 90
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy
 crests, they swept with the current;
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where
 silvery sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the
 wimpling waves of their margin,
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large
 flocks of pelicans waded.
 Level the landscape grew; and along
 the shores of the river, 95
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of
 luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters with negro-
 cabins and dove-cots.
 They were approaching the region
 where reigns perpetual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast, and
 groves of orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river
 away to the eastward. 100
 They, too, swerved from their course;
 and, entering the Bayou of Plaque-
 mine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish
 and devious waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended
 in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and ten-
 ebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing
 mosses in midair 105
 Waved like banners that hang on the
 walls of ancient cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and un-
 broken save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees
 returning at sunset,

² the lower Mississippi

Or by the owl as he greeted the moon
 with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced
 and gleamed on the water, 110
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and
 cedar sustaining the arches,
 Down through whose broken vaults it
 fell as through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike and indistinct and strange
 were all things around them;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feel-
 ing of wonder and sadness—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and
 that cannot be compassed. 115
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the
 turf of the prairies,
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of
 the shrinking mimosa,
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad
 forebodings of evil,
 Shrinks and closes the heart ere the
 stroke of doom has attained it.
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained
 by a vision, that faintly 120
 Floated before her eyes and beckoned
 her on through the moonlight:
 It was the thought of her brain that as-
 sumed the shape of a phantom—
 Through those shadowy aisles had
 Gabriel wandered before her,
 And every stroke of the oar now
 brought him nearer and nearer.
 Then, in his place at the prow of the
 boat, rose one of the oarsmen, 125
 And, as a signal sound, if others like
 them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight
 streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
 Wild through the dark colonnades and
 corridors leafy the blast rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence and giving
 tongues to the forest:
 Soundless above them the banners of
 moss just stirred to the music; 130
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died
 in the distance,
 Over the watery floor and beneath the
 reverberant branches.
 But not a voice replied; no answer came
 from the darkness;
 And when the echoes had ceased, like a
 sense of pain was the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept; but the boat-
 men rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, and then singing fa-
 miliar Canadian boat-songs, 136
 Such as they sang of old on their own
 Acadian rivers,
 And through the night were heard
 the mysterious sounds of the
 desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind
 in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and
 the roar of the grim alligator. 140
 Thus ere another noon they emerged
 from those shades; and before
 them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the
 Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the
 slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, re-
 splendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the
 heads of the boatmen. 145
 Faint was the air with the odorous
 breath of magnolia blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon; and num-
 berless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with
 blossoming hedges of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along,
 invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary
 oars were suspended: 150
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows
 that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored; and,
 scattered about on the green-sward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the
 weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the
 cope of a cedar:
 Swinging from its great arms, the trum-
 pet-flower and the grape-vine 155
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the
 ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels
 ascending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that
 flitted from blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as
 she slumbered beneath it;
 Filled was her heart with love, and the
 dawn of an opening heaven 160
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory
 of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the
 numberless islands,
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped
 away o'er the water,
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms
 of hunters and trappers;
 Northward its prow was turned, to the
 land of the bison and beaver. 165
 At the helm sat a youth, with counte-
 nance thoughtful and careworn:
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed
 his brow, and a sadness
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face
 was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with wait-
 ing, unhappy and restless,
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of
 self and of sorrow. 170
 Swiftly they glided along, close under
 the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank and behind a
 screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat where it
 lay concealed in the willows,
 And undisturbed by the dash of their
 oars, and unseen, were the sleepers:
 Angel of God was there none to awaken
 the slumbering maiden. 175
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade
 of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the
 tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers
 awoke; and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,
 "O Father Felician!
 Something says in my heart that near
 me Gabriel wanders. 180
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague
 superstition?
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed
 the truth to my spirit?"
 Then, with a blush; she added, "Alas
 for my credulous fancy!
 Unto ears like thine such words as these
 have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man,
 and he smiled as he answered, 185
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle, nor
 are they to me without meaning.
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word
 that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy that betrays
 where the anchor is hidden:

Therefore trust to thy heart and to
 what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far
 away to the southward, 190
 On the banks of the Têche, are the
 towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
 There the long-wandering bride shall be
 given again to her bridegroom,
 There the long-absent pastor regain his
 flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies
 and forests of fruit-trees;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and
 the bluest of heavens 195
 Bending above and resting its dome on
 the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it
 the Eden of Louisiana."
 And with these words of cheer they
 arose and continued their jour-
 ney.
 Softly the evening came: the sun from
 the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden
 wand o'er the landscape; 200
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and
 water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and
 melted and mingled together;
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud
 with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars,
 on the motionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with in-
 expressible sweetness: 205
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred
 fountains of feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the
 skies and waters around her.
 Then from a neighbouring thicket the
 mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that
 hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods
 of delirious music 210
 That the whole air and the woods and
 the waves seemed silent to listen:
 Plaintive at first were the tones and
 sad; then, soaring to madness,
 Seemed they to follow or guide the
 revel of frenzied Bacchantes;¹
 Then single notes were heard, in sor-
 rowful, low lamentation;

¹ votaries of Bacchus

Till, having gathered them all, he flung
 them abroad in derision, ²¹⁵
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind
 through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a
 crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts
 that throbbed with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where
 it flows through the green Ope-
 lousas,
 And through the amber air, above the
 crest of the woodland, ²²⁰
 Saw the column of smoke that arose
 from a neighbouring dwelling:
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the
 distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'er-
 shadowed by oaks, from whose
 branches
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of
 mystic mistletoe flaunted,
 Such as the Druids cut down with
 golden hatchets at Yule-tide, ²²⁵
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of
 the herdsman. A garden
 Girded it round about with a belt of
 luxuriant blossoms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The
 house itself was of timbers
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and care-
 fully fitted together.
 Large and low was the roof; and on
 slender columns supported, ²³⁰
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad
 and spacious veranda,
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the
 bee, extended around it.
 At each end of the house, amid the
 flowers of the garden,
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's
 perpetual symbol,
 Scenes of endless wooing and endless
 contentions of rivals. ²³⁵
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line
 of shadow and sunshine
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the
 house itself was in shadow,
 And from its chimney-top, ascending
 and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column
 of smoke rose.
 In the rear of the house, from the gar-
 den gate, ran a pathway ²⁴⁰
 Through the great groves of oak to the
 skirts of the limitless prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was
 slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships
 with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a
 motionless calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with
 cordage of grape-vines. ²⁴⁵
 Just where the woodlands met the
 flowery surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish
 saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and
 doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that
 from under the Spanish som-
 brero
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the
 lordly look of its master. ²⁵⁰
 Round about him were numberless
 herds of kine, that were grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breath-
 ing the vapory freshness
 That uprose from the river and spread
 itself over the landscape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his
 side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a
 blast, that resounded ²⁵⁵
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the
 still damp air of the evening.
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white
 horns of the cattle
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse
 currents of ocean:
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bel-
 lowing rushed o'er the prairie,
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a
 shade in the distance. ²⁶⁰
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the
 house, through the gate of the gar-
 den
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the
 maiden advancing to meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang
 in amazement, and forward
 Rushed with extended arms and ex-
 clamations of wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. 265
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
 There, in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful—
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not: and now dark doubts and misgivings 270
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed;
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, 275
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
 Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. 280
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, 285
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
 Therefore be of good cheer: we will follow the fugitive lover; 290
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."
 Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler. 295
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals:
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway 300
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant¹ blacksmith, 305
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour;
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
 Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda, 310
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.
 Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors, 315
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamp-light.

¹ former

Then from his station aloft, at the head
 of the table, the herdsman
 Poured forth his heart and his wine to-
 gether in endless profusion.
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with
 sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
 Thus he spake to his guests, who
 listened, and smiled as they
 listened: 320
 "Welcome once more, my friends, who
 so long have been friendless and
 homeless,
 Welcome once more to a home, that is
 better perchance than the old one!
 Here no hungry winter congeals our
 blood like the rivers;
 Here no stony ground provokes the
 wrath of the farmer—
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through
 the soil as a keel through the
 water; 325
 All the year round the orange-groves
 are in blossom, and grass grows
 More in a single night than a whole
 Canadian summer.
 Here, too, numberless herds run wild
 and unclaimed in the prairies;
 Here, too, lands may be had for the
 asking, and forests of timber
 With a few blows of the axe are hewn
 and framed into houses. 330
 After your houses are built, and your
 fields are yellow with harvests,
 No King George of England shall drive
 you away from your homesteads,
 Burning your dwellings and barns, and
 stealing your farms and your
 cattle."
 Speaking these words, he blew a wrath-
 ful cloud from his nostrils,
 And a huge, brawny hand came thun-
 dering down on the table, 335
 So that the guests all started; and
 Father Felician, astounded,
 Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff
 half-way to his nostrils.
 But the brave Basil resumed, and his
 words were milder and gayer:
 "Only beware of the fever, my friends,
 beware of the fever!
 For it is not like that of our cold
 Acadian climate, 340
 Cured by wearing a spider hung round
 one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the
 door, and footsteps approaching
 Sounded upon the stairs and the floor
 of the breezy veranda:
 It was the neighbouring Creoles and
 small Acadian planters,
 Who had been summoned all to the
 house of Basil the Herdsman. 345
 Merry the meeting was of ancient com-
 rades and neighbours:
 Friend clasped friend in his arms;
 and they who before were as
 — strangers,
 Meeting in exile, became straightway
 as friends to each other,
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a com-
 mon country together.
 But in the neighbouring hall a strain of
 music, proceeding 350
 From the accordant strings of Michael's
 melodious fiddle,
 Broke up all further speech: away, like
 children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave
 themselves to the maddening
 Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept
 and swayed to the music,
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the
 rush of fluttering garments. 355
 Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the
 hall, the priest and the herdsman
 Sat, conversing together of past and
 present and future;
 While Evangeline stood like one en-
 tranced, for within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the
 midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an
 irrepressible sadness 360
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she
 stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night: behind the
 black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose
 the moon; on the river
 Fell here and there through the
 branches a tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a
 darkened and devious spirit; 365
 Nearer and round about her, the mani-
 fold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that
 were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way like
 a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as
 heavy with shadows and night-
 dews,
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The
 calm and the magical moonlight 370
 Seemed to inundate her soul with inde-
 finable longings,
 As, through the gardengate, beneath
 the brown shade of the oak-
 trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge
 of the measureless prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon
 it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled
 and infinite numbers. 375
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts
 of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had
 ceased to marvel and worship,
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on
 the walls of that temple,
 As if a hand had appeared and written
 upon them, "Upharsin."
 And the soul of the maiden, between
 the stars and the fire-flies, 380
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Ga-
 briel! O my beloved!
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I
 cannot behold thee?
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy
 voice does not reach me?
 Ah, how often thy feet have trod this
 path to the prairie!
 Ah, how often thine eyes have looked
 on the woodlands around me! 385
 Ah, how often beneath this oak, return-
 ing from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest and to
 dream of me in thy slumbers!
 When shall these eyes behold, these
 arms be folded about thee?"
 Loud and sudden and near the note of
 a whippoorwill sounded
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon,
 through the neighbouring thickets,
 Farther and farther away it floated and
 dropped into silence. 391
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from
 oracular caverns of darkness;
 And from the moonlit meadow a sigh
 responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and
 all the flowers of the garden
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears,
 and anointed his tresses 395
 With the delicious balm that they bore
 in their vases of crystal.
 "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood
 at the shadowy threshold;
 "See that you bring back the Prodigal
 Son from his fasting and famine,
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept
 when the bridegroom was coming."
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and,
 smiling, with Basil descended 400
 Down to the river's brink, where the
 boatmen already were waiting.
 Thus beginning their journey with
 morning and sunshine and glad-
 ness,
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him
 who was speeding before them,
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead
 leaf over the desert.
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the
 day that succeeded, 405
 Found they trace of his course, in lake
 or forest or river,
 Nor after many days had they found
 him; but vague and uncertain
 Rumours alone were their guides
 through a wild and desolate coun-
 try,
 Till at the little inn of the Spanish town
 of Adayes,
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and
 learned from the garrulous land-
 lord 410
 That on the day before, with horses
 and guides and companions,
 Gabriel left the village and took the
 road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land,
 where the mountains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their
 lofty and luminous summits.
 Down from their desolate, deep ravines,
 where the gorge, like a gateway, 415
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of
 the emigrant's wagon,
 Westward the Oregon flows, and the
 Walleway and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among
 the Wind-river Mountains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley pre-
 cipitate leaps the Nebraska;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-
 bout and the Spanish sierras, 420
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and
 swept by the wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents with ceaseless
 sound descend to the ocean
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud
 and solemn vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are
 the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in
 shadow and sunshine, 425
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses
 and purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds
 and the elk and the roebuck;
 Over them wander the wolves and
 herds of riderless horses;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds
 that are weary with travel;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes
 of Ishmael's children, 430
 Staining the desert with blood; and
 above their terrible war-trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions ma-
 jestic, the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain
 slaughtered in battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scal-
 ing the heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the
 camps of these savage marauders;
 Here and there rise groves from the
 margins of swift-running rivers; 436
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the an-
 chorite monk of the desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig
 for roots by the brookside;
 And over all is the sky, the clear and
 crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God in-
 verted above them. 440
 Into this wonderful land, at the base
 of the Ozark Mountains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters
 and trappers behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides,
 the maiden and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought
 each day to o'ertake him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they
 saw, the smoke of his campfire 445
 Rise in the morning air from the distant
 plain; but at nightfall,
 When they had reached the place, they
 found only embers and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at
 times and their bodies were weary,
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic
 Fata Morgana 1
 Showed them her lakes of light, that
 retreated and vanished before
 them. 450
 Once, as they sat by their evening
 fire, there silently entered
 Into the little camp an Indian woman,
 whose features
 Wore deep traces of sorrow, and pa-
 tience as great as her sorrow.
 She was a Shawnee woman returning
 home to her people,
 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the
 cruel Camanches, 455
 Where her Canadian husband, a
 Coureur-des-Bois, had been mur-
 dered.
 Touched were their hearts at her story,
 and warmest and friendliest wel-
 come
 Gave they, with words of cheer; and
 she sat and feasted among them
 On the buffalo-meat and the venison
 cooked on the embers.
 But when their meal was done, and
 Basil and all his companions, 460
 Worn with the long day's march and
 the chase of the deer and the bison,
 Stretched themselves on the ground,
 and slept where the quivering fire-
 light
 Flashed on their swarthy cheeks and
 their forms wrapped up in their
 blankets,
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent
 she sat and repeated
 Slowly, with soft, low voice and the
 charm of her Indian accent, 465
 All the tale of her love, with its pleas-
 ures and pains and reverses.
 Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and
 to know that another
 Hapless heart like her own had loved
 and had been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity
 and woman's compassion,
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who
 had suffered was near her, 470
 She in turn related her love and all its
 disasters.
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat,
 and when she had ended
 Still was mute; but at length, as if a
 mysterious horror
 Passed through her brain, she spake,
 and repeated the tale of the
 Mowis—
 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who
 won and wedded a maiden, 475
 But, when the morning came, arose and
 passed from the wigwam,
 Fading and melting away and dissolv-
 ing into the sunshine,
 Till she beheld him no more, though she
 followed far into the forest.
 Then, in those sweet, low tones, that
 seemed like a weird incantation,
 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,
 who was wooed by a phantom, 480
 That, through the pines o'er her father's
 lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
 Breathed like the evening wind, and
 whispered love to the maiden,
 Till she followed his green and waving
 plume through the forest,
 And never more returned, nor was seen
 again by her people.
 Silent with wonder and strange sur-
 prise, Evangeline listened 485
 To the soft flow of her magical words,
 till the region around her
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her
 swarthy guest the enchantress.
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark
 Mountains the moon rose,
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mys-
 terious splendor
 Touching the sombre leaves and em-
 bracing and filling the wood-
 land. 490
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed
 by, and the branches
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely
 audible whispers.
 Filled with the thoughts of love was
 Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and in-
 definite terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into
 the nest of the swallow. 495
 It was no earthly fear: a breath from
 the region of spirits
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and
 she felt for a moment
 That, like the Indian maid, she too was
 pursuing a phantom.
 And with this thought she slept, and
 the fear and the phantom had van-
 ished.
 Early upon the morrow the march
 was resumed; and the Shawnee 500
 Said, as they journeyed along, "On the
 western slope of these mountains
 Dwells in his little village the Black
 Robe chief of the Mission.
 Much he teaches the people, and tells
 them of Mary and Jesus:
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and
 weep with pain, as they hear him."
 Then, with a sudden and secret emo-
 tion, Evangeline answered, 505
 "Let us go to the Mission, for there
 good tidings await us!"
 Thither they turned their steeds; and
 behind a spur of the mountains,
 Just as the sun went down, they heard
 a murmur of voices,
 And in a meadow green and broad, by
 the bank of a river,
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the
 tents of the Jesuit Mission. 510
 Under a towering oak, that stood in
 the midst of the village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his
 children. A crucifix fastened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and
 overshadowed by grape-vines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the
 multitude kneeling beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel: aloft,
 through the intricate arches 515
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of
 their vespers,
 Mingling its notes with the soft susur-
 rus² and sighs of the branches.
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the
 travellers, nearer approaching,
 Knelt on the swarded floor and joined
 in the evening devotions.
 But when the service was done, and the
 benediction had fallen 520

² whispering

From the hands of the priest, like
 seed from the hands of the sower,
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to
 the strangers, and bade them
 Welcome; and when they replied, he
 smiled with benignant expression,
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his
 mother-tongue in the forest,
 And with words of kindness conducted
 them into his wigwam. 525
 There upon mats and skins they re-
 posed, and on cakes of the maize-
 ear
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from
 the water-gourd of the teacher.
 Soon was their story told; and the priest
 with solemnity answered,
 "Not six suns have risen and set since
 Gabriel, seated
 On this mat by my side, where now the
 maiden reposes, 530
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose
 and continued his journey!"
 Soft was the voice of the priest, and he
 spake with an accent of kindness;
 But on Evangeline's heart fell his words
 as in winter the snowflakes
 Fall into some lone nest from which
 the birds have departed.
 "Far to the north he has gone," con-
 tinued the priest; "but in autumn,
 When the chase is done, will return
 again to the Mission." 536
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice
 was meek and submissive,
 "Let me remain with thee, for my soul
 is sad and afflicted."
 So seemed it wise and well unto all;
 and betimes on the morrow,
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his
 Indian guides and companions 540
 Homeward Basil returned, and Evan-
 geline stayed at the Mission.
 Slowly, slowly, slowly the days suc-
 ceeded each other—
 Days and weeks and months; and
 the fields of maize that were
 springing
 Green from the ground when a stranger
 she came, now waving above her,
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves
 interlacing and forming 545
 Cloisters for mendicant crows and
 granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize
 was husked; and the maidens
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that
 betokened a lover.
 But at the crooked laughed, and called
 it a thief in the corn-field.
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline
 brought not her lover. 550
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "have
 faith, and thy prayer will be an-
 swered!"
 Look at this delicate flower that lifts its
 head from the meadow;
 See how its leaves all point to the
 north, as true as the magnet:
 It is the compass-flower, that the
 finger of God has suspended
 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the
 traveller's journey 555
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless
 waste of the desert.
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The
 blossoms of passion,
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter
 and fuller of fragrance,
 But they beguile us and lead us astray,
 and their odor is deadly.
 Only this humble plant can guide us
 here, and hereafter 560
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that
 are wet with the dews of nepenthe."
 So came the autumn, and passed,
 and the winter; yet Gabriel came
 not.
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the
 notes of the robin and blue-bird
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood;
 yet Gabriel came not.
 But on the breath of the summer winds
 a rumor was wafted, 565
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or
 odor of blossom:
 Far to the north and east, it said, in
 the Michigan forests,
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of
 the Saginaw river.
 And, with returning guides, that sought
 the lakes of St. Lawrence,
 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went
 from the Mission. 570
 When over weary ways, by long and
 perilous marches,
 She had attained at length the depths
 of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted
and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on,
and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the
wandering maiden: 575

Now in the tents of grace of the meek
Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the bat-
tle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and
populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed
away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope
began the long journey; 580

Faded was she and old, when in dis-
appointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something
away from her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper,
the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint
streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er
her earthly horizon, 585

As in the eastern sky the first faint
streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed
by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of
Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful
stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach
is the emblem of beauty; 590

And the streets still re-echo the names
of the trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the
Dryads whose haunts they mo-
lest.

There from the troubled sea had Evan-
geline landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a
home and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died; and
when he departed, 595

Saw at his side only one of all his hun-
dred descendants.

Something at least there was in the
friendly streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart and
made her no longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the
"Thee" and "Thou" of the
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian
country, 600

Where all men were equal and all were
brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the dis-
appointed endeavour,

Ended, to recommence no more upon
earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were
turned her thoughts and her foot-
steps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy
mists of the morning 605

Roll away, and afar we behold the
landscape below us,

Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and
cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and
she saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer but all illumined with
love, and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying
smooth and fair in the distance. 610

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her
heart was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and
youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his death-
like silence and absence:

Into her thoughts of him time entered
not, for it was not;

Over him years had no power; he was
not changed but transfigured; 615

He had become to her heart as one who
is dead and not absent.

Patience and abnegation of self and de-
votion to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and
sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to
some odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss though filling
the air with aroma. 620

Other hope had she none, nor wish in
life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred
feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister
of Mercy, frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the
crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed
themselves from the sunlight, ⁶²⁵
Where disease and sorrow in garrets
languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was
asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that
all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the
light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn,
as slow through the suburbs ⁶³⁰
Plodded the German farmer, with
flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning
home from its watchings.
Then it came to pass that a pestilence
fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly
by flocks of wild pigeons
Darkening the sun in their flight, with
naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the
month of September, ⁶³⁶
Flooding some silver stream till it
spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing
its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver
stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor
beauty to charm, the oppressor, ⁶⁴⁰
But all perished alike beneath the
scourge of his anger;
Only, alas, the poor, who had neither
friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse,
home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the
midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still,
with its gateway and wicket ⁶⁴⁵
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its
humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord, "The
poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came
the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought,
indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her
forehead with splendor, ⁶⁵⁰

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows
of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city
seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of
the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their
spirits would enter.
Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through
the streets deserted and silent, ⁶⁵⁵
Wending her quiet way, she entered the
door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor
of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather
the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice
in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the
corridors, cooled by the east
wind, ⁶⁶⁰
Distant and soft on her ear fell the
chimes from the belfry of Christ
Church,
And, intermingled with these, across
the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm
of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length
thy trials are ended"; ⁶⁶⁵
And with light in her looks she entered
the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,
careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the ach-
ing brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead,
and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like
drifts of snow by the road-side. ⁶⁷⁰
Many a languid head, upraised as
Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze
while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the
sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw
how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart,
had healed it for ever. ⁶⁷⁵
Many familiar forms had disappeared
in the night-time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and forgotten the flowerets dropped from her fingers, 680

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long and thin and gray were the locks that shaded his temples; 685

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood—

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, 690

That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 695

Heard he that cry of pain; and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, 700

Village and mountain and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and, as slowly he lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered 705

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement. 710

All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!" 715

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,

In the heart of the city, they lie unknown and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them: 720

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches 725

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants whose
 fathers from exile
 Wandered back to their native land to
 die in its bosom.
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and
 the loom are still busy; 730
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps
 and their kirtles of homespun,
 And by the evening fire repeat Evange-
 line's story,
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-
 voiced, neighbouring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate an-
 swers the wail of the forest.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twi-
 light,

In the days that are forgotten,
 In the unremembered ages,
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis, 5
 She a wife but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
 Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
 When her rival, the rejected,
 Full of jealousy and hatred, 10
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,
 Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
 And Nokomis fell affrighted
 Downward through the evening twi-
 light,

On the Muskoday, the meadow, 15
 On the prairie full of blossoms.
 "See! a star falls!" said the people;
 "From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,
 There among the prairie lilies, 20
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,
 In the moonlight and the starlight,
 Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
 And she called her name Wenonah,
 As the first-born of her daughters. 25
 And the daughter of Nokomis
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,
 With the beauty of the moonlight,
 With the beauty of the starlight. 30

And Nokomis warned her often,

Saying oft, and oft repeating,
 "Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
 Listen not to what he tells you; 35
 Lie not down upon the meadow,
 Stoop not down among the lilies,
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm
 you!"

But she heeded not the warning,
 Heeded not those words of wisdom. 40
 And the West-Wind came at evening,
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,
 Found the beautiful Wenonah, 45
 Lying there among the lilies,
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,
 Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
 Thus was born the child of wonder;
 But the daughter of Nokomis,
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,
 In her anguish died deserted 55
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
 "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured,
 "Oh that I were dead, as thou art! 61
 No more work, and no more weeping,
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water, 65
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
 Dark behind it rose the forest,
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
 Rose the firs with cones upon them: 70
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha, 75
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 "Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
 Lulled him into slumber, singing, 81
 "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?"

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!" 85

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-
clubs, 91

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows, 95
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-
trees. 100

Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, 105
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him: 110
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me, 115
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: 121
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there." 126

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: 130
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see
there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us." 135

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: 140
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language, 145
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the lan-
guage, 151

Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly, 155
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller, 160
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with
feathers, 166

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together, 170
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows; 175
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 Laughed, and said between his laughing, 185

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and at a distance
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic, 190
 Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened, 195

Leading downward to the river,
 To the ford across the river,
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
 There he waited till the deer came, 200
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,
 And a deer came down the pathway,
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
 And his heart within him fluttered, 206
 Trembled like the leaves above him,
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
 As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising, 210
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
 But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together, 215
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, 220
 By the ford across the river;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward, 225
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis 230
 Made a banquet in his honor.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,

Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-tahal

Called him Loon-Heart, 'Mahn-go-taysee! 235

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree,
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley!
 I a light canoe will build me, 5
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree! 10

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
 For the Summer-time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha 15
 In the solitary forest,
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,
 When the birds were singing gayly,
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
 And the sun, from sleep awaking, 20
 Started up and said, "Behold me!
 Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying, with a sigh of patience, 25
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled
 Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots, he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward; 30
 Down the trunk from top to bottom,
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar! 35
 Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
 Went a sound, a cry of horror, 40
 Went a murmur of resistance;
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a frame-
work, 45

Like two bows he formed and shaped
them,

Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!

My canoe to bind together, 50
So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning, 55

Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,

"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-
Tree, 60

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-
Tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together 65

That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles, 70
Answered wailing, answered weeping,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fis-
sure, 75

Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedge-
hog!

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,

Make a girdle for my beauty, 80
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur, 85

Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yel-
low, 90

With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,

Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,

On its breast two stars resplendent. 95
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it,

All its mystery and its magic, 100

All the lightness of the birch-tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,

All the larch's supple sinews;

And it floated on the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, 105

Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,

Paddles none he had or needed,

For his thoughts as paddles served him,

And his wishes served to guide him; 110

Swift or slow at will he glided,

Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,

To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind.

Saying, "Help me clear this river 115

Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind

Plunged as if he were an otter,

Dived as if he were a beaver,

Stood up to his waist in water, 120

To his arm-pits in the river,

Swam and shouted in the river,

Tugged at sunken logs and branches,

With his hands he scooped the sand-
bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle. 125

And thus sailed my Hiawatha

Down the rushing Taquamenaw,

Sailed through all its bends and wind-
ings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shal-
lows,

While his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind, 130

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,

In and out among its islands,

Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,

Dragged the dead trees from its chan-
nel, 130

Made its passage safe and certain,

Made a pathway for the people,

From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating
To the bay of Taquamenaw. 140

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!" 5

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha, 10
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward, 15
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!" 20

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better, 25
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling; 30
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs 35
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands, 40
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs! 45
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,

Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answering Hiawatha: 50
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!" 55

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests, 60
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps; 65
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!" 71

On the outskirts of the forest,
Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha; 75
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder, 80
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper, 85
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water.
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes; 90
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison, 95
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows, 100

Could not fight without his arrows.
 Ah, no more such noble warriors
 Could be found on earth as they were!
 Now the men were all like women,
 Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter, 106
 From another tribe and country,
 Young and tall and very handsome,
 Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
 Came to buy her father's arrows, 110
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,
 Lingered long about the doorway,
 Looking back as he departed.
 She had heard her father praise him,
 Praise his courage and his wisdom; 115
 Would he come again for arrows
 To the Falls of Minnehaha?
 On the mat her hands lay idle,
 And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a
 footstep, 120
 Heard a rustling in the branches,
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,
 With the deer upon his shoulders,
 Suddenly from out the woodlands
 Hiawatha stood before them. 125

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
 Looked up gravely from his labor,
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
 Bade him enter at the doorway,
 Saying, as he rose to meet him, 130
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
 Hiawatha laid his burden,
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
 And the maiden looked up at him, 135
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,
 Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
 Made of deer-skin dressed and whit-
 ened, 140

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,
 And so tall the doorway, hardly
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers 145
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,
 Laid aside her mat unfinished, 149
 Brought forth food and set before them,
 Water brought them from the brooklet,
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,

Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
 Listened while the guest was speaking,
 Listened while her father answered, 155
 But not once her lips she opened,
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
 To the words of Hiawatha,
 As he talked of old Nokomis, 160
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,
 As he told of his companions,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,
 And of happiness and plenty 165
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways 170
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
 Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly,
 "That this peace may last forever,
 And our hands be clasped more closely
 And our hearts be more united, 176
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker 180
 Paused a moment ere he answered,
 Smoked a little while in silence,
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
 And made answer very gravely: 185
 "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
 Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
 Neither willing nor reluctant, 190
 As she went to Hiawatha,
 Softly took the seat beside him,
 While she said, and blushed to say it,
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing! 195
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water; 200
 Hand in hand they went together,
 Through the woodland and the meadow,
 Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha 205
 Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off,
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Turned again unto his labor, 210
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,
 Murmuring to himself, and saying:
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,
 Those we love, and those who love us!
 Just when they have learned to help
 us, 215

When we are old and lean upon them,
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
 Wanders piping through the village,
 Beckons to the fairest maiden, 220
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
 Through interminable forests,
 Over meadow, over mountain, 225
 Over river, hill, and hollow.
 Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
 Though they journeyed very slowly,
 Though his pace he checked and slack-
 ened

To the steps of Laughing Water. 230

Over wide and rushing rivers
 In his arms he bore the maiden;
 Light he thought her as a feather,
 As the plume upon his head-gear;
 Cleared the tangled pathway for her, 235
 Bent aside the swaying branches,
 Made at night a lodge of branches,
 And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
 And a fire before the doorway
 With the dry cones of the pine-tree. 240

All the travelling winds went with
 them,

O'er the meadow, through the forest:
 All the stars of night looked at them,
 Watched with sleepless eyes their slum-
 ber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree 245
 Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Scampered from the path before them,
 Peering, peeping from his burrow, 250
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's-ease; 255
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water, 260
 Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the
 branches,
 Saying to them, "O my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, 265
 Life is chequered shade and sunshine,
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at
 them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
 Whispered to them, "O my children, 270
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble;
 Half is mine, although I follow;
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed home-
 ward; 275

Thus it was that Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-
 light,

Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280
 Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

XX

THE FAMINE

O the long and dreary Winter!
 O the cold and cruel Winter!
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper 5
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage; 10
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found
 none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints, 15
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest
 Fell, and could not rise from weakness,

Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine! 20
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children;
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them, 25
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent 30
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water; 35
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me! 40
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence, 45
Hid her face, but made no answer:
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest 50
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not. 55

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunt-
ing,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest 60
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father! 65
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant 70

Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!" 75

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, 80
He had brought his young wife home-
ward

From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance, 85
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched
her, 90

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing, 95
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father 100
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the smoke, that waves and
beckons!" 105

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!" 110

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha 115
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha, 120

Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
 "Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
 Would that I had perished for you,
 Would that I were dead as you are! 125
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha 130
 Lying dead and cold before him,
 And his bursting heart within him
 Uttered such a cry of anguish,
 That the forest moaned and shuddered,
 That the very stars in heaven 135
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speech-
 less,

On the bed of Minnehaha,
 At the feet of Laughing Water,
 At those willing feet, that never 140
 More would lightly run to meet him,
 Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,
 As if in a swoon he sat there, 145
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
 In the snow a grave they made her,
 In the forest deep and darksome, 150
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
 Clothed her in her richest garments,
 Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
 Covered her with snow, like ermine;
 Thus they buried Minnehaha. 155

And at night a fire was lighted,
 On her grave four times was kindled,
 For her soul upon its journey
 To the Islands of the Blessed.
 From his doorway Hiawatha 160
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
 From his sleepless bed uprising,
 From the bed of Minnehaha,
 Stood and watched it at the doorway,
 That it might not be extinguished, 166
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you, 170
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,

Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body. 175
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the Land of the Hereafter!" 180

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town¹
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old
 town,
 And my youth comes back to me. 5
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts." 10

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams, 11
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song, 15
 It murmurs and whispers still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts." 20

I remember the black wharves and the
 slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free; 20
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the
 ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward
 song
 Is singing and saying still: 25
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts." 30

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song

¹ Portland, Maine

Throbs in my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will, 35
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil 40
 bay
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful
 song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts." 45

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early
 loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of
 doves
 In quiet neighborhoods. 50
 And the verse of that sweet old
 song,
 It flutters and murmurs still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
 dart 55
 Across the school-boy's brain;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song 60
 Sings on, and is never still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
 speak;
 There are dreams that cannot die; 65
 There are thoughts that make the
 strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill: 70
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town;
 But the native air is pure and sweet, 75
 And the trees that o'ershadow each
 well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will, 80
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and
 fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that
 were, 85
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful
 song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts." 90

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's
 Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me 5
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair, 10
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning to-
 gether
 To take me by surprise. 16

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall! 20

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, 25
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall, 30
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon 35
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And molder in dust away. 40

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-
 five;
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and
 year. 5

He said to his friend, "If the British
 march
 By land or sea from the town tonight,
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
 Of the North Church tower as a signal
 light,—
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea; 10
 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village and
 farm,
 For the country folk to be up and to
 arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with
 muffled oar 15
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown
 shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where swinging wide at her moorings
 lay
 The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
 A phantom ship, with each mast and
 spar 20

Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk that was magni-
 fied
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley
 and street, 24
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of
 feet,
 And the measured tread of the gren-
 adiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the
 shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
 North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy
 tread,
 To the belfry chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their
 perch
 On the somber rafters, that round him
 made 35
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look
 down

A moment on the roofs of the town, 40
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
 dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's
 tread, 45
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the
secret dread 50
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the
bay,—

A line of black that bends and floats 55
On the rising tide, like a bridge of
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul
Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side, 60
Now gazed at the landscape far and
near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-
girth;

But mostly he watched with eager
search

The belfry-tower of the Old North
Church, 65

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and
still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's
height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
turns, 70

But lingers and gazes, till full on his
sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in pass-
ing, a spark 75

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the
gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that
night;

And the spark struck out by that steed,
in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its
heat. 80

He has left the village and mounted the
steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and broad
and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its
edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge, 85

Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Med-
ford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 90
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock 95
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank
and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast

At the bloody work they would look
upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Con-
cord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,

And felt the breath of the morning
breeze 105

Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one ¹ was safe and asleep in his bed

Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,

Pierced by a British musket-ball. 110

You know the rest. In the books you
have read,

How the British Regulars fired and
fled,—

How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,

From behind each fence and farm-yard
wall,

¹ Captain Isaac Davis

Chasing the red-coats down the lane, 115
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry
of alarm 120

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the
door,

And a word that shall echo forever-
more!

For, borne on the night-wind of the
Past, 125

Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,

The people will waken and listen to
hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere. 130

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and
squire,

On St. John's eve,¹ at vespers, proudly
sat 5

And heard the priests chant the Magni-
ficat.

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,

He caught the words, "*Deposuit
potentes*

De sede, et exaltavit humiles;" 10

And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,

"What mean these words?" The clerk
made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from
their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree." 15
Thereat King Robert muttered scorn-
fully,

"'Tis well that such seditious words are
sung

¹ June 23

Only by priests and in the Latin
tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my
throne!" 20

And leaning back, he yawned and fell
asleep,

Lulled by the chant monotonous and
deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was
no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered
few and faint, 25

Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
around,

But saw no living thing and heard no
sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was
locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then
knocked, 30

And uttered awful threatenings and
complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and
walls

As if dead priests were laughing in their
stalls!

At length the sexton hearing from
without 35

The tumult of the knocking and the
shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house
of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is
there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert
fiercely said,

"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou
afraid?" 40

The frightened sexton, muttering, with
a curse,

"This is some drunken vagabond, or
worse!"

Turned the great key and flung the
portal wide;

A man rushed by him at a single
stride,

Haggard, half naked, without hat or
cloak, 45

Who neither turned, nor looked at him,
nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the
night,
And vanished like a specter from his
sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire, 51
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent
with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage
desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace
gate;

Rushed through the courtyard, thrust-
ing in his rage 55

To right and left each seneschal and
page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding
stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches'
glare.

From hall to hall he passed with
breathless speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not
heed, 60

Until at last he reached the banquet-
room,

Blazing with light, and breathing with
perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-
ring,

King Robert's self in features, form,
and height, 65

But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there

With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,

Though none the hidden Angel recog-
nize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless,
amazed,

The throneless monarch on the Angel
gazed,

Who met his looks of anger and sur-
prise

With the divine compassion of his
eyes;

Then said, "Who art thou and why
com'st thou here?" 75

To which King Robert answered with a
sneer,

"I am the King, and come to claim my
own

From an impostor, who usurps my
throne!"

And suddenly, at these audacious
words,

Up sprang the angry guests, and drew
their swords; 80

The Angel answered, with unruffled
brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's
Jester, thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and
scalloped cape,

And for thy counselor shalt lead an
ape;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they
call 85

And wait upon my henchmen in the
hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries
and prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and
down the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-
door, 90

His heart failed, for he heard, with
strange alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-
arms,

And all the vaulted chamber roar and
ring

With the mock plaudits of "Long live
the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's
first beam, 95

He said within himself, "It was a
dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his
head,

There were the cap and bells beside his
bed,

Around him rose the bare, discolored
walls,

Close by, the steeds were champing in
their stalls, 100

And in the corner, a revolting shape,

Shivering and chattering sat the
wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so
much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his
touch!
Days came and went; and now returned
again 105
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn
and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning
breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his
fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jes-
ters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant
stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks
are shorn, 115
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed
to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsub-
dued.
And when the Angel met him on his
way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would
say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might
feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of
steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his
woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would
fling 125
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am
the King!”

Almost three years were ended; when
there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope
Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to
come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his
guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered
vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine
lined, 135
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the
sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent
made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,
and the stir 141
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock
state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling
gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the
wind, 145
The solemn ape demurely perched be-
hind,
King Robert rode, making huge merri-
ment
In all the country towns through which
they went.

The Pope received them with great
pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's
square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with
prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the
crowd, 155
Into their presence rushed, and cried
aloud,
“I am the King! Look, and behold in
me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to
your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160
Do you not know me? does no voice
within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?”
The Pope in silence, but with troubled
mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance
 serene;
 The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is
 strange sport 165
 To keep a madman for thy Fool at
 court!"
 And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
 Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went
 by,
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the
 sky; 170
 The presence of the Angel, with its
 light,
 Before the sun rose, made the city
 bright,
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of
 men,
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen
 again.
 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, 175
 With haggard eyes the unwonted
 splendor saw,
 He felt within a power unfelt before,
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber
 floor,
 He heard the rushing garments of the
 Lord
 Sweep through the silent air, ascend-
 ing heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once
 more
 Valmond returning to the Danube's
 shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and
 again
 The land was made resplendent with his
 train,
 Flashing along the towns of Italy 185
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
 And when once more within Palermo's
 wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great
 hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent
 towers,
 As if the better world conversed with
 ours, 190
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw
 nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest re-
 tire;

And when they were alone, the Angel
 said,
 "Art thou the King?" Then bowing
 down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon
 his breast, 195
 And meekly answered him: "Thou
 knowest best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of peni-
 tence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way
 to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is
 shriven!" 200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant
 face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and
 clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the
 chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street:
 "He has put down the mighty from
 their seat, 206
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single
 string:
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the
 King!" 210

King Robert, who was standing near
 the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone
 But all appareled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of
 gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they
 found him there 215
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in
 silent prayer.

WEARINESS

O little feet! that such long years
 Must wander on through hopes and
 fears,
 Must ache and bleed beneath your
 load;
 I, nearer to the wayside inn
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin, 5
 Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
 Have still to serve or rule so long,
 Have still so long to give or ask;
 I, who so much with book and pen ¹⁰
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
 With such impatient, feverish heat,
 Such limitless and strong desires; ¹⁵
 Mine, that so long has glowed and
 burned,
 With passions into ashes turned,
 Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
 And crystalline as rays of light ²⁰
 Direct from heaven, their source
 divine;
 Refracted through the mist of years,
 How red my setting sun appears,
 How lurid looks this soul of mine!

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and
 heat,
 Lay down his burden, and with rev-
 erent feet
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the
 floor
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er; ⁵
 Far off the noises of the world re-
 treat;
 The loud vociferations of the street
 Become an undistinguishable roar.
 So, as I enter here from day to day,
 And leave my burden at this minster
 gate, ¹⁰
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed
 to pray,
 The tumult of the time disconsolate
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
 While the eternal ages watch and
 wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn
 these towers!
 This crowd of statues, in whose
 folded sleeves
 Birds build their nests; while cano-
 pied with leaves

Parvis ¹ and portal bloom like trel-
 lised bowers,
 And the vast minster seems a cross of
 flowers! ⁵
 But fiends and dragons on the gar-
 goyle eaves
 Watch the dead Christ between the
 living thieves,
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas
 lowers!
 Ah! from what agonies of heart and
 brain,
 What exultations trampling on de-
 spair, ¹⁰
 What tenderness, what tears, what
 hate of wrong,
 What passionate outcry of a soul in
 pain,
 Uprose this poem of the earth and
 air,
 This mediæval miracle of song!

III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
 And strive to make my steps keep
 pace with thine.
 The air is filled with some unknown
 perfume;
 The congregation of the dead make
 room ⁵
 For thee to pass; the votive tapers
 shine;
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's
 groves of pine
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to
 tomb.
 From the confessionals I hear arise
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies, ¹⁰
 And lamentations from the crypts
 below;
 And then a voice celestial that begins
 With the pathetic words, "Although
 your sins
 As scarlet be," and ends with "as the
 snow."

IV

With snow-white veil and garments as
 of flame,
 She stands before thee, who so long
 ago

¹ church porch

Filled thy young heart with passion
and the woe
From which thy song and all its
splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks
thy name, 5
The ice about thy heart melts as the
snow
On mountain heights, and in swift
overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs
of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a
gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest
cast, 10
Seems on thy lifted forehead to in-
crease;
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered
dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at
last
That perfect pardon which is perfect
peace.

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows
blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men
who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glori-
fied;
And the great Rose upon its leaves
displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic
roundelays, 5
With splendor upon splendor multi-
plied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her
words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen
choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace
and love, 10
And benedictions of the Holy
Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the
spires
O'er all the house-tops and through
heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor
shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea, 5
The voices of the mountains and the
pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar
lines
Are footpaths for the thought of
Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound
is heard, 10
As of a mighty wind, and men de-
vout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new
proselytes,
In their own language hear thy won-
drous word,
And many are amazed, and many
doubt.

CHAUCER

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all
around
With portraitures of huntsman,
hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to
the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine
through the dark 5
Of painted glass in leaden lattice
bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the
sound,
Then writeth in a book like any
clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old
age 10
Made beautiful with song; and as I
read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every
page
Rise odors of ploughed field or
flowery mead.

THE CROSS OF SNOW

In the long, sleepless watches of the
 night,
 A gentle face—the face of one long
 dead—
 Looks at me from the wall, where
 round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale
 light.
 Here in this room she died; and soul
 more white 5
 Never through martyrdom of fire was
 led
 To its repose; nor can in books be
 read
 The legend of a life more benedict.
 There is a mountain in the distant West
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
 Displays a cross of snow upon its
 side. 11
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
 These eighteen years, through all the
 changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since the
 day she died.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
 (1819-1891)

SONG

O moonlight deep and tender,
 A year and more ago,
 Your mist of golden splendor
 Round my betrothal shone!

O elm-leaves dark and dewy, 5
 The very same ye seem,
 The low wind trembles through ye,
 Ye murmur in my dream!

O river, dim with distance,
 Flow thus forever by, 10
 A part of my existence
 Within your heart doth lie!

O stars, ye saw our meeting,
 Two beings and one soul,
 Two hearts so madly beating 15
 To mingle and be whole!

O happy night, deliver
 Her kisses back to me,
 Or keep them all, and give her
 A blissful dream of me! 20

SONNET: WENDELL PHILLIPS

He stood upon the world's broad thresh-
 old; wide
 The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
 He saw God stand upon the weaker
 side,
 That sank in seeming loss before its
 foes:
 Many there were who made great haste
 and sold 5
 Unto the cunning enemy their swords;
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and
 power, and gold,
 And, underneath their soft and flowery
 words,
 Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore
 he went
 And humbly joined him to the weaker
 part, 10
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well con-
 tent
 So he could be the nearer to God's
 heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending
 blood
 Through all the widespread veins of
 endless good.

RHÆCUS

God sends his teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm
 of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race: 5
 Therefore each form of worship that
 hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, rever-
 ence,
 Infolds some germs of goodness and of
 right;
 Else never had the eager soul, which
 loathes 10
 The slothful down of pampered igno-
 rance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human
 heart
 Which makes that all the fables it hath
 coined,
 To justify the reign of its belief 15
 And strengthen it by beauty's right
 divine,
 Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
 Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful
 hands,
 Points surely to the hidden springs of
 truth.
 For, as in nature naught is made in
 vain, 20
 But all things have within their hull of
 use
 A wisdom and a meaning which may
 speak
 Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatso'er the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself, 25
 To make its inspirations suit its
 creed,
 And from the niggard hands of false-
 hood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is
 A sympathy with Nature, which re-
 veals,
 Not less than her own works, pure
 gleams of light 30
 And earnest parables of inward lore.
 Hear now this fairy legend of old
 Greece,
 As full of gracious youth; and beauty
 still
 As the immortal freshness of that grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic
 frieze. 35

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering
 in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its
 fall,
 And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with admir-
 ing care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered
 on. 40
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice be-
 hind
 That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'Twas as
 if the leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had mur-
 mured it,

And, while he paused bewildered, yet
 again
 It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a
 breeze. 45
 He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
 What seemed the substance of a happy
 dream
 Stand there before him, spreading a
 warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy
 oak.
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too
 fair 50
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
 For any that were wont to mate with
 gods.
 All naked like a goddess stood she
 there,
 And like a goddess all too beautiful
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of
 shame. 55
 "Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned
 words
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of
 dew,
 "And with it I am doomed to live and
 die; 59
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can
 give,
 And with a thankful joy it shall be
 thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the
 heart,
 Yet by the prompting of such beauty
 bold, 65
 Answered: "What is there that can
 satisfy
 The endless craving of the soul but
 love?
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of
 that
 Which must be evermore my nature's
 goal."
 After a little pause she said again, 70
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her
 tone,
 "I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous
 gift;
 An hour before the sunset meet me
 here."

And straightway there was nothing he
could see
But the green glooms beneath the
shadowy oak, 75
And not a sound came to his straining
ears
But the low trickling rustle of the
leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and
faith, 80
Men did not think that happy things
were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow
bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart. 85
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was
blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as
he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than
its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not
wings, 90
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through
his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and
strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart
enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too
much,
And, taking with blithe welcome what-
soever 95
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound
in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked
beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the
dice, 100
He joined them, and forgot all else be-
side.

The dice were rattling at the mer-
riest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry
luck,

Just laughed in triumph at a happy
throw,
When through the room there hummed
a yellow bee 105
That buzzed about his ear with down-
dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed
and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was
with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a
rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impa-
tient hand. 110
But still the bee came back, and thrice
again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing
wrath.
Then through the window flew the
wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry
eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting
sun,— 116
And instantly the blood sank from his
heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing
forth,
Ran madly through the city and the
gate, 120
And o'er the plain, which now the
wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad
and dim,
Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he
reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once
more 125
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close
at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but
could see
Naught but the deepening glooms be-
neath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus!
nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or
night, 130
Me, who would fain have blessed thee
with a love

More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble mes-
senger,

And sent'st him back to me with
bruised wings. 135

We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's
works

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from
all.

Farewell! for thou canst never see me
more." 140

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and
groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it
more!"

"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou
art blind,

Not I unmerciful; I can forgive, 145
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's
eyes;

Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured
"Nevermore!"

And Rhœcus after heard no other
sound,

Except the rattling of the oak's crisp
leaves, 150

Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and
down.

The night had gathered round him: o'er
the plain

The city sparkled with its thousand
lights,

And sounds of revel fell upon his ear 155
Harshly and like a curse; above, the
sky,

With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote
the breeze:

Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on
earth. 160

COLUMBUS

The cordage creaks and rattles in the
wind,
With whims of sudden hush; the reeling
sea

Now thumps like solid rock beneath the
stern,

Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes
short, and, falling

Crumbled to whispery foam, slips rus-
tling down 5

The broad backs of the waves, which
jostle and crowd

To fling themselves upon that unknown
shore,

Their used familiar ¹ since the dawn of
time,

Whither this foredoomed life is guided
on

To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring
poise 10

One glittering moment, then to break
fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
The melancholy wash of endless waves,
The sigh of some grim monster unde-
scribed, 14

Fear-painted on the canvas of the dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine!
Yet night brings more companions than
the day

To this drear waste; new constellations
burn,

And fairer stars, with whose calm
height my soul

Finds nearer sympathy than with my
herd 20

Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty
ring

Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
Knowing in vain my own free heaven
beyond.

O God! this world, so crammed with
eager life, 25

That comes and goes and wanders back
to silence

Like the idle wind, which yet man's
shaping mind

Can make his drudge to swell the long-
ing sails

Of highest endeavor,—this mad, un-
thrif world,

Which, every hour, throws life enough
away 30

To make her deserts kind and hospi-
table,

¹ familiar spirit, companion

Lets her great destinies be waved aside
 By smooth, lip-reverent, formal infidels,
 Who weigh the God they not believe
 with gold, 34
 And find no spot in Judas, save that he,
 Driving a duller bargain than he ought,
 Saddled his guild with too cheap precedent.
 O Faith! if thou art strong, thine opposite
 Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer
 Hath ofttimes shot chill palsy through
 the arm 40
 Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed,
 And made the firm-based heart, that
 would have quailed
 The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf
 Wrinkled with frost, and loose upon its stem.
 The wicked and the weak, by some
 dark law, 45
 Have a strange power to shut and rivet down
 Their own horizon round us, to unwing
 Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to blur
 With surly clouds the Future's gleaming peaks,
 Far seen across the brine of thankless
 years. 50
 If the chosen soul could never be alone
 In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
 No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
 Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
 The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude. 55
 The old world is effete; there man with man
 Jostles, and, in the brawl for means to live,
 Life is trod underfoot,—Life, the one block
 Of marble that's vouchsafed wherefrom
 to carve
 Our great thoughts, white and godlike,
 to shine down 60
 The future, Life, the irredeemable block,
 Which one o'er-hasty chisel-dint oft mars,

Scanting our room to cut the features out
 Of our full hope, so forcing us to crown
 With a mean head the perfect limbs, or
 leave 65
 The god's face glowing o'er a satyr's trunk,
 Failure's brief epitaph.

Yes, Europe's world
 Reels on to judgment; there the common need,
 Losing God's sacred use, to be a bond
 'Twixt Me and Thee, sets each one
 scowlingly 70
 O'er his own selfish hoard at bay; no state,
 Knit strongly with eternal fibres up
 Of all men's separate and united weals,
 Self-poised and sole as stars, yet one as light,
 Holds up a shape of large Humanity 75
 To which by natural instinct every man
 Pays loyalty exulting, by which all
 Mould their own lives, and feel their pulses filled
 With the red, fiery blood of the general life,
 Making them mighty in peace, as now
 in war 80
 They are, even in the flush of victory, weak,
 Conquering that manhood which
 should them subdue.
 And what gift bring I to this untried world?
 Shall the same tragedy be played anew,
 And the same lurid curtain drop at last
 On one dread desolation, one fierce
 crash 86
 Of that recoil which on its makers God
 Lets Ignorance and Sin and Hunger
 make,
 Early or late? Or shall that common-wealth
 Whose potent unity and concentric
 force 90
 Can draw these scattered joints and parts of men
 Into a whole ideal man once more,
 Which sucks not from its limbs the life away,
 But sends it flood-tide and creates itself

Over again in every citizen, 95
 Be there built up? For me, I have no
 choice;
 I might turn back to other destinies,
 For one sincere key opes all Fortune's
 doors;
 But whoso answers not God's earliest
 call
 Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
 Of lying open to his genius 101
 Which makes the wise heart certain of
 its ends.

Here am I; for what end God knows,
 not I;
 Westward still points the inexorable
 soul:
 Here am I, with no friend but the sad
 sea, 105
 The beating heart of this great enter-
 prise,
 Which, without me, would stiffen in
 swift death;
 This have I mused on, since mine eye
 could first
 Among the stars distinguish and with
 joy
 Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the
 north, 110
 On some blue promontory of heaven
 lighted
 That juts far out into the upper sea;
 To this one hope my heart hath clung
 for years,
 As would a foundling to the talisman
 Hung round his neck by hands he knew
 not whose; 115
 A poor, vile thing and dross to all be-
 side,
 Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
 By the sad pressure of a mother's hand,
 And unto him it still is tremulous
 With palpitating haste and wet with
 tears, 120
 The key to him of hope and human-
 ness,
 The coarse shell of life's pearl, Expec-
 tancy.
 This hope hath been to me for love and
 fame,
 Hath made me wholly lonely on the
 earth,
 Building me up as in a thick-ribbed
 tower, 125

Wherewith enwalled my watching spirit
 burned,
 Conquering its little island from the
 Dark,
 Sole as a scholar's lamp, and heard
 men's steps,
 In the far hurry of the outward world,
 Pass dimly forth and back, sounds
 heard in dream. 130
 As Ganymede by the eagle was
 snatched up
 From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-
 bearer,
 So was I lifted by my great design:
 And who hath trod Olympus, from his
 eye
 Fades not that broader outlook of the
 gods; 135
 His life's low valleys overbrow earth's
 clouds,
 And that Olympian spectre of the past
 Looms towering up in sovereign
 memory,
 Beckoning his soul from meaner heights
 of doom.
 Had but the shadow of the Thunderer's
 bird, 140
 Flashing athwart my spirit, made of
 me
 A swift-betraying vision's Ganymede,
 Yet to have greatly dreamed precludes
 low ends;
 Great days have ever such a morning-
 red,
 On such a base great futures are built
 up, 145
 And aspiration, though not put in act,
 Comes back to ask its plighted troth
 again,
 Still watches round its grave the un-
 laid
 ghost
 Of a dead virtue, and makes other
 hopes,
 Save that implacable one, seem thin
 and bleak 150
 As shadows of bare trees upon the snow,
 Bound freezing there by the un pitying
 moon.
 While other youths perplexed their
 mandolins,
 Praying that Thetis would her fingers
 twine
 In the lose glories of her lover's hair, 155

And wile another kiss to keep back day,
 I, stretched beneath the many-cen-
 turied shade
 Of some writhed oak, the wood's
 Laocoön,
 Did of my hope a dryad mistress make,
 Whom I would woo to meet me privily,
 Or underneath the stars, or when the
 moon 161
 Flecked all the forest floor with scat-
 tered pearls.
 O days whose memory tames to fawn-
 ing down
 The surly fell of Ocean's bristled neck!

I know not when this hope enthralled
 me first, 165
 But from my boyhood up I loved to
 hear
 The tall pine-forests of the Apennine
 Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
 Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
 The sudden dark of tropic night shut
 down 170
 O'er the huge whisper of great watery
 wastes,
 The while a pair of herons trailingy
 Flapped inland, where some league-
 wide river hurled
 The yellow spoil of unconjectured
 realms
 Far through a gulf's green silence, never
 scarred 175
 By any but the North-wind's hurrying
 keels.
 And not the pines alone; all sights and
 sounds
 To my world-seeking heart paid fealty,
 And catered for it as the Cretan bees
 Brought honey to the baby Jupiter, 180
 Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,
 Godlike foremusing the rough thunder's
 gripe;
 Then did I entertain the poet's song,
 My great Idea's guest, and, passing o'er
 That iron bridge the Tuscan built to
 hell, 185
 I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-chains
 Whose adamantine links, his manacles,
 The western main shook growling, and
 still gnawed.
 I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale
 Of happy Atlantis, and heard Björne's
 keel 190

Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland
 shore:
 I listened, musing, to the prophecy
 Of Nero's tutor-victim; lo, the birds
 Sing darkling, conscious of the climb-
 ing dawn.
 And I believed the poets; it is they 195
 Who utter wisdom from the central
 deep,
 And, listening to the inner flow of
 things,
 Speak to the age out of eternity.

Ah me! old hermits sought for solitude
 In caves and desert places of the earth,
 Where their own heart-beat was the
 only stir 201
 Of living thing that comforted the year;
 But the bald pillar-top of Simeon,
 In midnight's blankest waste, were
 populous,
 Matched with the isolation drear and
 deep 205
 Of him who pines among the swarm of
 men,
 At once a new thought's king and pris-
 oner,
 Feeling the truer life within his life,
 The fountain of his spirit's prophecy,
 Sinking away and wasting, drop by
 drop, 210
 In the ungrateful sands of sceptic ears.
 He in the palace-aisles of untrod woods
 Doth walk a king; for him the pent-up
 cell
 Widens beyond the circles of the stars,
 And all the sceptred spirits of the past
 Come thronging in to greet him as their
 peer; 216
 But in the market-place's glare and
 throng
 He sits apart, an exile, and his brow
 Aches with the mocking memory of its
 crown.
 Yet to the spirit select there is no
 choice; 220
 He cannot say, This will I do, or that,
 For the cheap means putting Heaven's
 ends in pawn,
 And bartering his bleak rocks, the free-
 hold stern
 Of destiny's first-born, for smoother
 fields
 That yield no crop of self-denying will;

A hand is stretched to him from out the
 dark, 226
 Which grasping without question, he is
 led
 Where there is work that he must do for
 God.
 The trial still is the strength's comple-
 ment,
 And the uncertain, dizzy path that
 scales 230
 The sheer heights of supremest purposes
 Is steeper to the angel than the child.
 Chances have laws as fixed as planets
 have,
 And disappointment's dry and bitter
 root,
 Envy's harsh berries, and the choking
 pool 235
 Of the world's scorn, are the right
 mother-milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer their
 kind,
 And break a pathway to those unknown
 realms
 That in the earth's broad shadow lie en-
 thralled;
 Endurance is the crowning quality, 240
 And patience all the passion of great
 hearts;
 These are their stay, and when the
 leaden world
 Sets its hard face against their fateful
 thought,
 And brute strength, like the Gaulish
 conqueror,
 Clangs his huge glaive¹ down in the
 other scale, 245
 The inspired soul but flings his patience
 in,
 And slowly that outweighs the ponder-
 ous globe,—
 One faith against a whole earth's un-
 belief,
 One soul against the flesh of all man-
 kind.
 Thus ever seems it when my soul can
 hear 250
 The voice that errs not; then my
 triumph gleams,
 O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all
 night
 My heart flies on before me as I sail;
 Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,

¹ sword

That rose like Ganges mid the freezing
 snows 255
 Of a world's solitude, sweep broadening
 down,
 And, gathering to itself a thousand
 streams,
 Grow sacred ere it mingle with the sea;
 I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
 With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid
 night, 260
 Fade like a wreath of unreturning mist
 Before the irreversible feet of light;—
 And lo, with what clear omen in the
 east
 On day's gray threshold stands the
 eager dawn,
 Like young Leander rosy from the sea
 Glowing at Hero's lattice! 266

One day more

These muttering shoalbrains leave the
 helm to me:
 God, let me not in their dull ooze be
 stranded;
 Let not this one frail bark, to hollow
 which
 I have dug out the pith and sinewy
 heart 270
 Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
 Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
 Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle
 off
 His cheek-swollen pack, and from the
 leaning mast
 Fortune's full sail strains forward! 275

One poor day!—

Remember whose and not how short it
 is!
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
 A lavish day! One day, with life and
 heart,
 Is more than time enough to find a
 world.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st be-
 side the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless
 gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride
 uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed
 that they 5
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample
 round
 May match in wealth, thou art more
 dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms
 may be:

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
 Spanish prow 10
 Through the primeval hush of Indian
 seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she
 scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish
 hand, 15
 Though most hearts never under-
 stand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded
 eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer
 clime; 20
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or
 time:
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed
 bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
 ment
 In the white lily's breezy tent, 25
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when
 first
 From the dark green thy yellow
 circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the
 grass,
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle
 graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass, 30
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
 ways,
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
 mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle
 through

Some woodland gap, and of a sky
 above, 35
 Where one white cloud like a stray
 lamb doth move.
 My childhood's earliest thoughts are
 linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's
 song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day
 long, 40
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he
 could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were
 happy peers. 45

How like a prodigal doth nature
 seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common
 art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty
 gleam 50
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous
 secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wis-
 dom look
 On all these living pages of God's
 book.

From THE BIGLOW PAPERS

[FIRST SERIES]

No. I

A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM
 TO THE HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKING-
 HAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER,
 INCLOSING A POEM OF HIS SON, MR.
 HOSEA BIGLOW

JAYLEM, june 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to
 Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sar-
 junt a struttin round as popler as a hen with
 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and
 fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt
 he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut

cos he looked a kindo 's though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosity woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figured onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in flit-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee 's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery ' ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosity he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his vases to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby 'he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last vases, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz very well. As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Thrash away, you 'll hev to rattle

On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—

'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle

Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;

Put in stiff, you fifer feller, 5

Let folks see how spry you be,—

Guess you 'll toot till you are yellor

'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten,

Hope it aint your Sunday's best;— 10

Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton

To stuff out a soger's chest:

See we farmers hev to pay fer 't,

Ef you must wear humps like these,

¹ *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.

S'posin' you should try salt hay fer 't,
It would du ez slick ez grease. 16

'T would n't suit them Southun fellers,

They 're a dreffle graspin' set,

We must ollers blow the bellers

Wen they want their irons het; 20

May be it 's all right ez preachin',

But my narves it kind o' grates,

Wen I see the overreachin'

O' them nigger-drivin' States. 24

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,

Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth

(Helped by Yankee renegaders),

Thru the vartu o' the North!

We begin to think it 's nater

To take sarse an' not be riled;— 30

Who 'd expect to see a tater

All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—

There you hev it plain an' flat;

I don't want to go no furdur 35

Than my Testymnt fer that;

God hez sed so plump an' fairly,

It 's ez long ez it is broad,

An' you 've gut to git up airly

Ef you want to take in God. 40

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers

Make the thing a grain more right;

'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers

Will excuse ye in His sight;

Ef you take a sword an' dror it, 45

An' go stick a feller thru,

Guv'ment aint to answer for it,

God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'

Every Sabbath, wet or dry, 50

Ef it 's right to go amowin'

Feller-men like oats an' rye?

I dunno but wut it 's pooty

Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—

But it 's curus Christian dooty 55

This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy

Tell they 're pupple in the face,—

It 's a grand gret cemetary

Fer the barthrights of our race; 60

They jest want this Californy

So 's to lug new slave-states in

To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee 65
Take sech everlastin pains,
All to get the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it 's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two, 70
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I 've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu, 75
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same. 80

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You 're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you 're put upon by wite;
Slavery aint o' nary color, 85
'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jes to make him fill its pus.

Want 'to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you 'll hev to wait; 90
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You 'll begin to kal'late;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin' 95
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Wether I 'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose! 100
She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay 's to mow,—
Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,
You 've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet 's crowin' 105
Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on 't guess they 'll
sprout 110

(Like a peach thet 's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet 's ollers dealin' 115
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her, 121
She 's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless 125
W'ile the wracks are round her
hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Ha'n't they sold your colored seamen?
Ha'n't they made your env'ys w'iz? 1
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen? 131
Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They 'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six. 136

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradooers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own; 140
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South:—

"I 'll return ye good for evil 145
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traider,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,— 150
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I 'd *my* way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t' other, 155
Guess it would n't break my heart;

¹ "whiz"; run away

Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I should n't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind. 160

No. III

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter
his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he
can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P. 5
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o' course,
—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round,
(don't you?) 10
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an'
all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man: 15
He 's ben on all sides thet give places
or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan,—
He 's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet
is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he 20
Sez he shall vote for General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally princerple more 'n an
old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional cree-
turs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'
blood? 25
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut aint, 30

We kind o' thought Christ went agin
war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best
mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an ex-
ploded idee. 35

The side of our country must ollers be
took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is
our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in
a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the
per contry;
An' John P. 40
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to
a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argi-
munts lies;
Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest
fee, faw, fum;
An' thet all this big talk of our des-
tinies 45
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half
rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life 50
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he 55
Sez they did n't know everythin'
down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to
tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these
matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other
wise fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits
in a slough; 60

Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he
hollers out Gee!

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went. 4

As clasps some lake, by gusts unripen,
The blue dome's measureless content;
So my soul held that moment's
heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleep;— 11
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;— 15
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
Cne gush of light these eyes will brim
Only to think she came and went. 20

From A FABLE FOR CRITICS

*Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late),
and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate*

A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

(I LIKE, AS A THING THAT THE READER'S FIRST FANCY
MAY STRIKE, AN OLD-FASHIONED TITLE-PAGE, SUCH AS
PRESENTS A TABULAR VIEW OF THE VOLUME'S CONTENTS),

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES

(MRS. MALAPROP'S WORD)

FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

WHO ACCOMPANIES HIMSELF WITH A RUB-A-DUB-DUB, FULL
OF SPIRIT AND GRACE, ON THE TOP OF THE TUB.

*Set forth in October, the 21st day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.*

It being the commonest mode of procedure,
I premise a few candid remarks

TO THE READER:—

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friends, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I asked their advice when 't would make no confusion. For though (in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a Fable, a frail, slender thing, rhyme-ywinged, with a sting in its tail. But, by addings and alterings not previously planned, digressions chance-hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand, and dawdlings to suit every whimsey's demand (always freeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree),—it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbors, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh; and when, my strained arms with their grown burthen full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure, that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the Public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun of them or *with* them.

So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over-sedulous about courting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a list will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving

the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme), I will honestly give each his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to CLUB their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a somewhat too cynical standpoint, are *meant* to be faithful, for that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr— No, 't is not even prose; 530
I'm speaking of metres; some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;
They're not epics, but that does n't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak; 535
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone, 540
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you

Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be, 545
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

"But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting),—his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t' other the Exchange; 550
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got 555
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected 561
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson. So perfect a balance there is in his head, 565
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it; 570
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,

Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-
 nine parts pure lecturer;
 You are filled with delight at his clear
 demonstration,
 Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the
 occasion,
 With the quiet precision of science he 'll
 sort 'em, 575
 But you can't help suspecting the whole
 a *post mortem*.

"There are persons, mole-blind to the
 soul's make and style,
 Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and
 Carlyle;
 To compare him with Plato would be
 vastly fairer,
 Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the
 rarer; 580
 He sees fewer objects, but clearer,
 truelier,
 If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar;
 That he 's more of a man you might say
 of the one,
 Of the other he 's more of an Emerson;
 C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of
 limb,— 585
 E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and
 slim;
 The one's two thirds Norseman, the
 other half Greek,
 Where the one's most abounding, the
 other 's to seek;
 C.'s generals¹ require to be seen in the
 mass,—
 E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the
 glass; 590
 C. gives nature and God his own fits of
 the blues,
 And rims common-sense things with
 mystical hues,—
 E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
 And looks coolly around him with sharp
 common-sense;
 C. shows you how every-day matters
 unite 595
 With the dim transdiurnal recesses of
 night,—
 While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
 Makes mysteries matters of mere
 every day;
 C. draws all his characters quite à la
 Fuseli,—

¹ general propositions

Not sketching their bundles of muscles
 and thews illy, 600
 He paints with a brush so untamed and
 profuse,
 They seem nothing but bundles of
 muscles and thews;
 E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait
 and severe,
 And a colorless outline, but full, round,
 and clear;—
 To the men he thinks worthy he frankly
 accords 605
 The design of a white marble statue in
 words.
 C. labors to get at the centre, and then
 Take a reckoning from there of his
 actions and men;
 E. calmly assumes the said centre as
 granted,
 And, given himself, has whatever is
 wanted. 610

"He has imitators in scores, who omit
 No part of the man but his wisdom and
 wit,—
 Who go carefully o'er the sky-blue of
 his brain,
 And when he has skimmed it once, skim
 it again;
 If at all they resemble him, you may
 be sure it is 615
 Because their shoals mirror his mists
 and obscurities,
 As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven
 for a minute,
 While a cloud that floats o'er is re-
 flected within it.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool,
 and as dignified,
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never
 is ignified, 815
 Save when by reflection 't is kindled o'
 nights
 With a semblance of flame by the chill
 Northern Lights.
 He may rank (Griswold says so) first
 bard of your nation
 (There's no doubt that he stands in
 supreme iceolation),
 Your topmost Parnassus he may set his
 heel on, 820
 But no warm applauses come, peal fol-
 lowing peal on,—

He's too smooth and too polished to
hang any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you
choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling
enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my
soul, 825
Like being stirred up with the very
North Pole.

"He is very nice reading in summer,
but *inter*
Nos,¹ we don't want *extra* freezing in
winter;
Take him up in the depth of July, my
advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to
ices. 830
But, deduct all you can, there's enough
that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and
wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick
walls, or where'er it is,
Glow, softens, and thrills with the ten-
derest charities—
To you mortals that delve in this trade-
ridden planet? 835
No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their
limestone and granite.

"But, my dear little bardlings, don't
prick up your ears
Nor suppose I would rank you and
Bryant as peers;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean
to say 865
There is nothing in that which is grand
in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets that
knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity
lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too
wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by going
too far; 870
'T would be well if your authors should
all make a trial
Of what virtue there is in severe self-
denial,

¹ between ourselves

And measure their writings by Hesiod's
staff,
Which teaches that all has less value
than half.

"There is Whittier, whose swelling
and vehement heart 875
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the
Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme
and erect,
Underneath the bemummifying wrappers
of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had
more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind
of thing; 880
And his failures arise (though he seem
not to know it)
From the very same cause that has
made him a poet,—
A fervor of mind which knows no sep-
aration
'Twixt simple excitement and pure in-
spiration,
As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred
from not knowing 885
If 't were I or mere wind through her
tripod was blowing;
Let his mind once get head in its favor-
ite direction
And the torrent of verse bursts the
dams of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the
metre along,
The poet may chance to go right or go
wrong, 890
Content with the whirl and delirium of
song;
Then his grammar's not always cor-
rect, nor his rhymes,
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics
sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those are
struck off at white-heats
When the heart in his breast like a trip-
hammer beats, 895
And can ne'er be repeated again any
more
Than they could have been carefully
plotted before:
Like old what's-his-name there at the
battle of Hastings

(Who, however, gave more than mere
rhythmical bastings),
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical
flights 900
For reform and whatever they call
human rights,
Both singing and striking in front of
the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of
Thor;
Anne haec, one exclaims, on beholding
his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox? 905
Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid
din,
Preaching brotherly love and then driv-
ing it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliath
of sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles from
Castaly's spring
Impressed on his hard moral sense with
a sling? 910

"All honor and praise to the right-
hearted bard
Who was true to The Voice when such
service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing
for the slave
When to look but a protest in silence
was brave;
All honor and praise to the women and
men 915
Who spoke out for the dumb and the
down-trodden then!

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so
shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength
that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so
sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so
fleet, 1000
Is worth a descent from Olympus to
meet;
'T is as if a rough oak that for ages
had stood,
With his gnarled bony branches like
ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle
and scathe,

With a single anemone trembly and
rathe; ¹ 1005
His strength is so tender, his wildness
so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to
seek,—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan
Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay
was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she
wanted, 1010
So, to fill out her model, a little she
spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a
woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more ex-
cellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly
man.

"Here's Cooper, who's written six
volumes to show
He's as good as a lord: well, let's
grant that he's so;
If a person prefer that description of
praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than
bays;
But he need take no pains to convince
us he's not 1025
(As his enemies say) the American
Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read
aloud
That one of his novels of which he's
most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever
quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for-
acquitting. 1030
He has drawn you one character,
though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet
with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and, the
thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever
since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it
said, 1035
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over
with red,

¹ early

And his very Long Toms are the same
 useful Nat,
 Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-
 wester hat
 (Though once in a Coffin, a good chance
 was found
 To have slipped the old fellow away
 underground). 1040
 All his other men-figures are clothes
 upon sticks,
 The *dernière chemise*¹ of a man in a fix
 (As a captain besieged, when his garri-
 son's small,
 Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er
 the wall);
 And the women he draws from one
 model don't vary, 1045
 All sappy as maples and flat as a
 prairie.
 When a character's wanted, he goes to
 the task
 As a cooper would do in composing a
 cask;
 He picks out the staves, of their quali-
 ties heedful,
 Just hoops them together as tight as is
 needful, 1050
 And, if the best fortune should crown
 the attempt, he
 Has made at the most something
 wooden and empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate
 Cooper's abilities;
 If I thought you'd do that, I should
 feel very ill at ease;
 The men who have given to *one* charac-
 ter life 1055
 And objective existence are not very
 rife;
 You may number them all, both prose-
 writers and singers,
 Without overrunning the bounds of
 your fingers,
 And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose
 the Vicar. 1060

"There comes Poe, with his raven,
 like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three fifths of him genius and two
 fifths sheer fudge,

¹literally, last shirt

Who talks like a book of iambs and
 pentameters,
 In a way to make people of common
 sense damn metres, 1300
 Who has written some things quite the
 best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all
 squeezed out by the mind,
 Who— But hey-dey! What's this?
 Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
 You must n't fling mud-balls at Long-
 fellow so, 1305
 Does it make a man worse that his
 character's such
 As to make his friends love him (as you
 think) too much?
 Why, there is not a bard at this moment
 alive
 More willing than he that his fellows
 should thrive;
 While you are abusing him thus, even
 now 1310
 He would help either one of you out of
 a slough;
 You may say that he's smooth and all
 that till you're hoarse,
 But remember that elegance also is
 force;
 After polishing granite as much as you
 will,
 The heart keeps its tough old persist-
 ency still; 1315
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you
 at bay;
 Why, he'll live till men weary of Col-
 lins and Gray.
 I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in
 English,
 To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too
 jinglish,
 And your modern hexameter verses are
 no more 1320
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is
 like Homer;
 As the roar of the sea to the coo of a
 pigeon is,
 So, compared to your moderns, sounds
 old Melesigenes;²
 I may be too partial, the reason, per-
 haps, o't is
 That I've heard the old blind man re-
 cite his own rhapsodies, 1325

²Homer

And my ear with that music impregnate
 may be,
 Like the poor exiled shell with the soul
 of the sea,
 Or as one can't bear Strauss when his
 nature is cloven
 To its deeps within deeps by the stroke
 of Beethoven;
 But, set that aside, and 't is truth that
 I speak, ¹³³⁰
 Had Theocritus written in English, not
 Greek,
 I believe that his exquisite sense would
 scarce change a line
 In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral
 Evangeline.
 That's not ancient nor modern, its
 place is apart
 Where time has no sway, in the realm
 of pure Art, ¹³³⁵
 'T is a shrine of retreat from Earth's
 hubbub and strife
 As quiet and chaste as the author's own
 life.

“What! Irving? thrice welcome,
 warm heart and fine brain, ¹⁴⁴⁰
 You bring back the happiest spirit from
 Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever
 were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle
 despair;
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so
 beseeching,
 I sha'n't run directly against my own
 preaching, ¹⁴⁴⁵
 And, having just laughed at their
 Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless
 Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly
 feel,—
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of
 Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the
 chill, ¹⁴⁵⁰
 With the whole of that partnership's
 stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er,
 as a spell,
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, sim-
 mer it well,

Sweeten just to your own private liking,
 then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest re-
 main, ¹⁴⁵⁵
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it
 receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down
 through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature, not
 wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee,—
 just Irving.

“There is Lowell, who 's striving Par-
 nassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together
 with rhyme,
 He might get on alone, spite of bram-
 bles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on
 his shoulders,
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come
 nigh reaching ¹⁵⁸⁵
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt
 singing and preaching;
 His lyre has some chords that would
 ring pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum
 of the shell,
 And rattle away till he 's old as Methu-
 salem,
 At the head of a march to the last new
 Jerusalem.” ¹⁵⁹⁰

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.
 Every pine and fir and hemlock ⁵
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.
 From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow, ¹⁰
 The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.
 I stood and watched by the window
 The noiseless work of the sky,

And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by. 16

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel, 21
Saying, "Father, who makes it
snow?"

And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall, 25
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so
high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding 31
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father 35
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed
her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow. 40

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

OCTOBER, 1861

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked one night in mystery of
dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my
hair,
To think what chanced me by the pallid
gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through
haunted air. . 5

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-
mist
Their halos, wavering thistle downs of
light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some
goblin tryst,

Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in
affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down
the night. 10

Then all was silent, till there smote my
ear
A movement in the stream that checked
my breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of
Death?
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to
hear!" 15

I, looking then, beheld the ancient
Three
Known to the Greek's and to the North-
man's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their end-
less brede,¹
One song: "Time was, Time is, and
Time shall be." 20

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had
deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-mor-
row,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too high for joy, too deep
for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their
faces gleamed. 25

"Still men and nations reap as they
have strawn,"
So sang they, working at their task the
while;
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed
ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's
isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our
shroud be drawn?" 30

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States like children
round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-
horse,
Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest
son of Thor's?" 35

¹ *fabric*

"What make we, murmur'st thou? and
what are we?

When empires must be wound, we bring
the shroud,

The time-old web of the implacable
Three:

Is it too coarse for him, the young and
proud?

Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—
why not he?" 40

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "so
strong, so fair!

Our Fowler whose proud bird would
brook erewhile

No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral
file

For him, life's morn yet golden in his
hair? 45

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un pitying
dames!

I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who
scanned

The stars, Earth's elders, still must
noblest aims

Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of
names?" 50

"When grass-blades stiffen with red
battle-dew,

Ye deem we choose the victor and the
slain:

Say, choose we them that shall be leal
and true

To the heart's longing, the high faith of
brain?

Yet there the victory lies, if ye but
knew. 55

"Three roots bear up Dominion:
Knowledge, Will,—

These twain are strong, but stronger
yet the third,—

Obedience,—'t is the great tap-root that
still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not
stirred,

Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend
their utmost skill. 60

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'T is
not we

Denounce it, but the Law before all
time:

The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance
sublime,

Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper
be? 65

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's
seat

To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their
maw?

Hath he the Many's plaudits found
more sweet

Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for
Law?

Then let him hearken for the dooms-
ter's feet! 70

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in
flintiest rock,

States climb to power by; slippery
those with gold

Down which they stumble to eternal
mock:

No chafferer's hand shall long the scep-
tre hold,

Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell
the block. 75

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and
woe,

Mystic because too cheaply under-
stood;

Dark sayings are not ours; men hear
and know,

See Evil weak, see strength alone in
Good,

Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls
of tow. 80

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time
Is,

That offers choice of glory or of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely
his.

But hasten, Sisters! for even now the
tomb

Grates its slow hinge and calls from the
abyss." 85

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for
him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star by
star
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's
rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden
bar,
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye
grow dim!" 90

"His shall be larger manhood, saved
for those
That walk unblenching through the
trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst
of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven
sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted with
his foes." 95

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for
those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's
lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the
battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divinès,
For the sheathed blade may rust with
darker sin." 100

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls
to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with pur-
pose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor
sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for
their leap!" 105

So cried I with clenched hands and pas-
sionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's
side;
Again the loon laughed mocking, and
again
The echoes bayed far down the night
and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering
brain." 110

From THE BIGLOW PAPERS

[SECOND SERIES]

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an'
still

Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown 5
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldý all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in— 10
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort
died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about 15
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks¹ hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther
Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted. 20

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look 25
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur', 30
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv
'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em. 36

¹ squashes

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il. 40

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Old Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher. 44

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul, 50
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew 55
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,¹
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle. 60

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" 65
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come disign-
 in'"—

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
 clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be persumin'; 70
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on 't other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust 75
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister."

¹ sequel, outcome

Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her. 80

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldys sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind 85
 Whose natures never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
 glued
 Too tight for all expressin', 90
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried 95
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right, John,
 When both my hands was full,
 To stump me to a fight, John,—
 Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess 5
 We know it now," sez he,
 "The lion's paw is all the law,
 Accordin' to J. B.,
 Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John? 10
 Your mark wuz on the guns,
 The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
 Our brothers an' our sons:
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 There's human blood," sez he, 15
 "By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
 Though 't may surprise J. B.
 More'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
 On *your* front-parlor stairs, 20
 Would it jest meet your views, John,
 To wait an' sue their heirs?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 I on'y guess," sez he,
 "Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell, 25
 'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?

"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
 Unless my memory fails.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 (I'm good at thet)," sez he,

"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the
 juice

For ganders with J. B., 35
 No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
 You didn't stop for fuss,—

Britanny's trident prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us. 40

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic's good," sez he,

"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'

Put up by you an' me!" 45

We own the ocean, tu, John:

You mus'n' take it hard,

Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It's *jest* your own back-yard.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess, 50
 Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,

"The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,

Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John, 55
 Of honor when it meant

You didn't care a fig, John,
 But *jest* for *ten per cent?*

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 He's like the rest," sez he: 60

"When all is done, it's number one

Thet's nearest to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez t' you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
 Cos Abram thought 't was right; 65

It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
 Provokin' us to fight.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We've a hard row," sez he,

"To hoe jes now; but thet, somehow, 70
 May happen to J. B.,

Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,

With twenty million people,

An' close to every door, John, 75

A school-house an' a steeple.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

It is a fact," sez he,

"The surest plan to make a Man

Is, think him so, J. B., 80

Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;

An' it's for her sake, now,

They've left the axe an' saw, John,

The anvil an' the plough. 85

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

Ef 't warn't for law," sez he,

"There'd be one shindy from here to

Indy;

An' thet don't suit J. B.

(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John, 91

Thet's honest, just, an' true;

We thought 't would win applause,
 John,

Ef nowheres else, from you.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess 95

His love of right," sez he,

"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:

There's natur' in J. B.,

Ez wal'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*"

John, 100

An' "*All men up*" say we,—

White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:

Now which is *your* idee?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

John preaches wal," sez he; 105

"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,

Why, there's the old J. B.

A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?

It's you thet's to decide; 110

Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,

Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess

Wise men forgive," sez he,

"But not forgit; an' some time yit 115

Thet truth may strike J. B.,

Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,

Clear thru, from sea to sea,

Believe an' understand, John, 120

The *wuth* o' bein' free.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

God's price is high," sez he;

"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B. 125
May larn, like you an' me!"

No. VI

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerents in
law:

Your gra'ma'am put it there,—when,
goodness knows,—

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es;
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'-
son's wife 5

(For, 'thout new funnitoo, wut good
in life?),

An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks
dread

O' the spare chamber, slinks into the
shed,

Where, dim with dust, it fust or last
subsides

To holdin' seeds an' fifty things be-
sides; 10

But better days stick fast in heart an'
husk,

An' all you keep in 't gits a scent o'
musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly
read

Gits kind o' worked into their heart
an' head,

So 's 't they can't seem to write but
jest on sheers 15

With furrin countries or played-out
ideers,

Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way
back:

This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks,
an' things,

Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows
an' sings 20

(Why, I'd give more for one live bobo-
link

Than a square mile o' larks in printer's
ink),—

This makes 'em think our fust o' May
is May,

Which 't ain't, for all the almanicks
can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it 25
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day sel-
dom looks

Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets'-
nests an' hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives. 30
I, with my trousers perched on cowhide
boots,

Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the
roots,

Hev seen ye come to fling on April's
hearse

Your muslin nosegays from the milli-
ner's,

Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen
to choose, 35

An' dance your throats sore in mo-
rocker shoes:

I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come
wut would,

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pethed¹ with
hardihood.

Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind
o' winch,

Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by
the inch; 40

But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to
du,

An' kerry a hollerday, if we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 't wuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where
to find 45

Some blooms thet make the season suit
the mind,

An' seem to metch² the doubtin' blue-
bird's notes,—

Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef
you oncurl,

Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure

ez sin, 51

The rebbel frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May 's so awfully like
May n't,

't would rile a Shaker or an evrige
saint;

Though I own up I like our back'ard
springs 55

¹ pithed² match

Thet kind o' haggel with their greens
 an' things,
 An' when you 'most give up, 'uthout
 more words
 Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves,
 an' birds:
 Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt
 to doubt,
 But when it *doos* git stirred, ther' 's no
 gin-out! 60

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in
 tall trees,
 An' settlin' things in windy Cong-
 gresses,—
 Queer politicians, though, for I'll be
 skinned
 Ef all on 'em don't head against the
 wind.
 'fore long the trees begin to show be-
 lief,— 65
 The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
 Then saffern swarms swing off from all
 the willers
 So plump they look like yaller cater-
 pillars,
 Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands
 unfold
 Softer 'n a baby's be at three days
 old: 70
 Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he
 knows
 Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-
 snows;
 So, choosin' out a handy crotch an'
 spouse,
 He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.
 Then seems to come a hitch,—things
 lag behind, 75
 Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up
 her mind,
 An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh
 their dams
 Heaped-up with ice that dovetails in
 an' jams,
 A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-
 hole cleft,
 Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right
 an' left, 80
 Then all the waters bow themselves
 an' come,
 Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin'
 foam,

Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in
 tune
 An' gives one leap from Aperl into
 June:
 Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you
 think, 85
 Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill
 woods with pink;
 The catbird in the laylock¹-bush is
 loud;
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy
 cloud;
 Red-cedars blossom tu, though few
 folks know it,
 An' look all dipt in sunshine like a
 poet; 90
 The lime-trees pile their solid stacks
 o' shade
 An' drows'ly simmer with the bees'
 sweet trade;
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird
 clings
 An' for the summer vy'ge his ham-
 mock slings;
 All down the loose-walled lanes in
 archin' bowers 95
 The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden
 flowers,
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals
 love to try
 With pins,—they'll worry yourn so,
 boys, bimeby!
 But I don't love your cat'logue style,
 —do you?—
 Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo; 100
 One word with blood in 't 's twice ez
 good ez two:
 'nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the
 year,
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is
 here;
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he
 swings,
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiv-
 erin' wings, 105
 Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru
 the air.
 I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
 In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly
 pains,
 Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to
 walk 110

¹ lilac

Off by myself to hev a privit talk
With a queer critter thet can't seem to
'gree

Along o' me like most folks,—Mister
Me.

Ther' 's times when I'm onsoshle ez a
stone,

An' sort o' suffercate to be alone,— 115

I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks
are nigh,

An' can't bear nothin' closer than the
sky;

Now the wind 's full ez shifty in the
mind

Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'west

weather, 120

My innard vane pints east for weeks
together,

My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my
sins

Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp
ez pins:

Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'
sight

An' take it out in a fair stan'-up
fight 125

With the one cuss I can't lay on the
shelf,

The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—
Myself.

'T wuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-
time:

Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways
rhyme

With nobody's, but off the hendle
flew

An' took things from an east-wind pint
o' view, 131

I started off to lose me in the hills

Where the pines be, up back o' 'Siah's
Mills:

Pines, ef you're blue, are the best
friends I know,

They mope an' sigh an' sheer your
feelin's so,— 135

They hesh the ground beneath so, tu,
I swan,

You half-forgit you've gut a body on.
Ther' 's a small school'us' there where

four roads meet,

The door-steps hollered out by little
feet,

An' side-posts carved with names
whose owners grew 140

To gret men, some on 'em, an' deacons,
tu;

't ain't used no longer, coz the town
hez gut

A high-school, where they teach the
Lord knows wut:

Three-story larnin' 's pop'lar now; I
guess

We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories
less, 145

For it strikes me ther's such a thing ez
sinnin'

By overloadin' children's underpinnin':
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,

An it's a kind o' favorite spot with me.

We're curus critters: *Now* ain't jes the
minute 150

Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it;
Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be per-

fect bliss,—

Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten
o' this;

An' yet there ain't a man thet need be
told

Thet *Now's* the only bird lays eggs
o' gold. 155

A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a

man;

Now, gittin gray, there's nothin I enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy:

So the ole school'us' is a place I choose
Afore all others, ef I want to muse; 161

I set down where I used to set, an'
git

My boyhood back, an' better things
with it,—

Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't
Cherity,

It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret a
rerrity, 165

While Fancy's cushin', free to Prince
and Clown,

Makes the hard bench ez soft ez milk-
weed-down.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath
arternoon

When I sot out to tramp myself in tune,
I found me in the school'us' on my

seat, 170

Drummin' the march to No-wheres
 with my feet.
 Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks
 say,
 Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way:
 It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,
 Or ever hearn, to make your feelin's
 blue. 175

I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell:
 I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,
 Which some folks tell ye now is jest a
 metterfor
 (A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the
 better for);
 I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we'd
 win 180

Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin:
 I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,
 So much a month, warn't givin' Natur'
 fits,—
 Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own
 milk fail,
 To work the cow thet hez an iron
 tail, 185

An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
 Would send up cream to humor ary
 man:
 From this to thet I let my worryin'
 creep,
 Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like streams
 thet glide 190
 'twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each
 side,
 Where both shores' shadders kind o'
 mix an' mingle
 In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either
 single;
 An' when you cast off moorin's from
 To-day,
 An' down towards To-morrer drift
 away, 195

The imiges thet tingle on the stream
 Make a new upside-down'ard world o'
 dream:
 Sometimes they seem like sunrise-
 streaks an' warnin's
 O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-
 mornin's,
 An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o'
 spite, 200

Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't
 gone right.

I'm gret on dreams, an' often when I
 wake,
 I've lived so much it makes my
 mem'ry ache,
 An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in my
 cheer
 'thout hevin' 'em, some good, some bad,
 all queer. 205

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it
 seemed,
 An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally
 dreamed,
 Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha'
 slep',
 When I hearn some un stompin' up the
 step,
 An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make
 four, 210

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door,
 He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an'
 spurs
 With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-
 burrs,
 An' his gret sword behind him sloped
 away
 Long'z a man's speech thet dunno wut
 to say.— 215

"Ef your name's Biglow, an' your
 given-name
 Hosce," sez he, "it's arter you I
 came;
 I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied by
 three."—
 "My wut?" sez I.—"Your gret-gret-
 gret," sez he:
 "You wouldn't ha' never been here but
 for me. 220

Two hundred an' three year ago this
 May
 The ship I come in sailed up Boston
 Bay;
 I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War,—
 But wut on airth hev *you* got up one
 for?
 Coz we du things in England, 'tain't
 for you 225

To git a notion you can du 'em tu:
 I'm told you write in public prints: ef
 true,
 It's nateral you should know a thing
 or two."—
 "Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-
 dorse,—

'twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you
kep' a horse: 230

For brains," sez I, "wutever you may
think,

Ain't boun' to cash the drafs o' pen-
an'-ink,—

Though mos' folks write ez ef they
hoped jes' quickenin'

The churn would argoo skim-milk into
thickenin';

But skim-milk ain't a thing to change
its view 235

O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky
flue.

But du pray tell me, 'fore we furdur go,
How in all Natur' did you come to
know

'bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-
Come?"—

"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-rap-
pin' some, 240

An' danced the tables till their legs wuz
gone,

In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on,"
Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all-split
Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.

But, come now, ef you wun't confess
to knowin', 245

You've some conjectures how the
thing's a-goin'."—

"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't
never known

Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its
own;

An yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the
jints,

It's safe to trust its say on certin pints:
It knows the wind's opinions to a T, 251

An' the wind settles wut the weather'll
be."

"I never thought a scion of our stock
Could grow the wood to make a
weathercock;

When I wuz younger'n you, skurce
more'n a shaver, 255

No airthly wind," sez he, "could make
me waver!"

(Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw
an' forehead,

Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-
hilt forrard.)—

"Jes so it wuz with me," sez I, "I swow,
When I wuz younger'n wut you see
me now,— 260

Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huld'y's
bonnet,

Thet I warn't full-cocked with my
jedgment on it;

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
It's a sight harder to make up my
mind,—

Nor I don't often try tu, when events
Will du it for me free of all expense. 266

The moral question's ollus plain
enough,—

It's jes' the human-natur' side thet's
tough:

Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me
nor you,—

The pinch comes in decidin' wut to
du; 270

Ef you read History, all runs smooth
ez grease,

Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n
idees,—

But come to make it, ez we must to-
day,

Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop
the way:

It's easy fixin' things in facts an' fig-
gers,— 275

They can't resist, nor warn't brought
up with niggers;

But come to try your the'ry on,—why,
then

Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant
men

Actin' ez ugly—"Smite 'em hip an'
thigh!"

Sez gran'ther, "and let every man-child
die! 280

Oh for three weeks o' Crommle an'
the Lord!

Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind the
sword!"—

"Thet kind o' thing worked wal in ole
Judee,

But you forgit how long it's ben A.D.;
You think thet's ellerkence,—I call it

shoddy, 285

A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul nor
body;

I like the plain all-wool o' common-
sense,

Thet warms ye now, an' will a twelve-
month hence.

You took to follerin' where the Prophets
beckoned,

An', fust you knowed on, back come
 Charles the Second; 290
 Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain
 stick,
 An' not to start Millennium too quick;
 We hain't to punish only, but to keep,
 An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry deep."
 "Wall, milk-an'-water ain't the best o'
 glue, 295
 Sez he, "an' so you'll find afore you're
 thru;
 Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-
 shally
 Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally.
 Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck
 gut split,
 Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over
 yit: 300
 Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez
 gin the exe"—
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight
 million necks.
 The hardest question ain't the black
 man's right,
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the white;
 One's chained in body an' can be sot
 free, 305
 But t'other's chained in soul to an idee:
 It's a long job, but we shall worry thru
 it;
 Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must
 du it."
 "Hosee," sez he, "I think you're goin'
 to fail:
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the
 tail; 310
 This 'ere rebellion's nothing but the
 rattle,—
 You'll stomp on thet an' think you've
 won the bettle;
 It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin'
 head,
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it
 dead,—
 An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by
 waitin' 315
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to de-
 batin'!"—
 "God's truth!" sez I,—“an' ef I held
 the club,
 An' knowed jes' where to strike,—but
 there's the rub!”—
 "Strike soon," sez he, "or you'll be
 deadly ailin',—

Folks thet's afear'd to fail are sure o'
 failin'; 320
 God hates your sneakin' creturs thet
 believe
 He'll settle things they run away an'
 leave!"
 He brought his foot down fercely, ez he
 spoke,
 An' give me sech a startle thet I woke.

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21, 1865

I

Weak-winged is song,
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
 Whither the brave deed climbs for
 light:
 We seem to do them wrong,
 Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their
 hearse 5
 Who in warm life-blood wrote their
 nobler verse,
 Our trivial song to honor those who
 come
 With ears attuned to strenuous trump
 and drum,
 And shaped in squadron-strophes their
 desire,
 Live battle-odes whose lines were steel
 and fire: 10
 Yet sometimes feathered words are
 strong,
 A gracious memory to buoy up and save
 From Lethe's¹ dreamless ooze, the
 common grave
 Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes
 back 15
 Her wisest Scholars, those who un-
 derstood
 The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
 And offered their fresh lives to make
 it good:
 No lore of Greece or Rome,
 No science peddling with the names of
 things, 20

¹ the river of forgetfulness

Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
 Can lift our life with wings
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
 many waits,
 And lengthen out our dates
 With that clear fame whose memory
 sings 25
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves
 them and dilates:
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us
 all!
 Not such the trumpet-call
 Of thy diviner mood,
 That could thy sons entice 30
 From happy homes and toils, the fruit-
 ful nest
 Of those half-virtues which the world
 calls best,
 Into War's tumult rude;
 But rather far that stern de-
 vice
 The sponsors chose that round thy
 cradle stood 35
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth
 living,
 Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal
 food, 40
 One heavenly thing whereof earth
 hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's
 best oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their
 toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left
 behind her. 45
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed
 for her;
 But these, our brothers, fought for
 her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness 51
 Of her divine completeness:
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves
 are true,

And what they dare to dream of, dare
 to do; 55
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness
 round her.
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath 61
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on
 them in death. 65

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
 glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the
 last?
 Is earth too poor to give us 70
 Something to live for here that shall
 outlive us?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with For-
 tune's fickle moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free; 75
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true;
 With our laborious hiving
 What men call treasure, and the gods
 call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriv-
 ing, 80
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with
 loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by un-
 seen wires,
 After our little hour of strut and
 rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and
 desires, 85
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal
 fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the
 grave.
 But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a
 rate,

For in our likeness still we shape our
fate. 90
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow
bars 95
To claim its birthright with the hosts
of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthly dullness with the beams
of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than
the Day; 100
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea, 105
Which haunts the soul and will not
let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of un-
degenerate years.

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery
meads, 110
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and
stay 115
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate
way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to
bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
sword 120
Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the
thought,
Whether from Baäl's stone ob-
scene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought, 125

Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue
and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was
fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion
caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock
of men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely; foe-beset, pur-
sued, 131
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then,
my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now
thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy
youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty
phrase, 135
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate; 140
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man, 145
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on man-
hood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his
birth,
Fed from within with all the strength
he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief, 150
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry
grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I
turn
To speak what in my heart will beat
and burn, 155
And hang my wreath on his world-
honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote: 160

For him her Old-World moulds aside
 she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the
 breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,
 and true. 165
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind in-
 deed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved
 to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed
 to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth, 170
 But by his clear-grained human
 worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is
 dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering
 skill, 175
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring
 again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak
 of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our
 cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in
 vapors blind; 180
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-
 lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human
 kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of
 loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
 still, 185
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme de-
 face
 And thwart her genial will;
 Here was a type of the true elder
 race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with
 us face to face. 190
 I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innative weakness there must
 be
 In him who condescends to victory

Such as the Present gives, and cannot
 wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate. 195
 So always firmly he;
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide. 200
 Great captains, with their guns and
 drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like
 a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame. 205
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foresee-
 ing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
 blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can dis-
 cern
 Or only guess some more inspiring
 goal 210
 Outside of Self, enduring as the
 pole,
 Along whose course the flying axles
 burn
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's man-
 lier brood;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexorable
 mind; 215
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it
 masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal
 mood
 That thanks the Fates for their severer
 tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap, 220
 While others skulk in subterfuges
 cheap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the
 boon it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's
 love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above
 All other skills and gifts to culture
 dear, 225

A virtue round whose forehead we
 inwreathe
 Laurels that with a living passion
 breathe
 When other crowns grow, while we
 twine them, sear.
 What brings us thronging these high
 rites to pay,
 And seal these hours the noblest of our
 year, ²³⁰
 Save that our brothers found this bet-
 ter way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and
 milk;
 But 't was they won it, sword in
 hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us
 as silk. ²³⁵
 We welcome back our bravest and
 our best;—
 Ah me! not all! some come not with
 the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as
 any here!
 I strive to mix some gladness with my
 strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear: ²⁴¹
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the
 gaps, ²⁴⁵
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
 turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died
 to gain:
 Fitlier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving;
 I with uncovered head ²⁵⁰
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not.—Say
 not so!
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that re-
 pay,
 But the high faith that failed not by
 the way;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the
 grave; ²⁵⁵
 No ban of endless night exiles the
 brave;

And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed
 behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations
 blow!
 For never shall their aureoled pres-
 ence lack: ²⁶⁰
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler
 show;
 We find in our dull road their shining
 track;

In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good, ²⁶⁶
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-
 hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Ex-
 pectation! ²⁷¹

IX

But is there hope to save
 Even this ethereal essence from the
 grave?
 What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
 wrong
 Save a few clarion names, or golden
 threads of song? ²⁷⁵
 Before my musing eye
 The mighty ones of old sweep by,
 Disvoicèd now and insubstantial
 things,
 As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of
 kings,
 Shadows of empire wholly gone to
 dust, ²⁸⁰
 And many races, nameless long ago,
 To darkness driven by that imperi-
 ous gust
 Of ever-rushing Time that here doth
 blow:
 O visionary world, condition strange,
 Where naught abiding is but only
 change, ²⁸⁵
 Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
 still shift and range!
 Shall we to more continuance make
 pretence?
 Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is
 Wit;

And, bit by bit,
The cunning years steal all from us
but woe; 290

Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,

Save to make green their little length of sods,

Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods? 296

Was dying all they had the skill to do?

That were not fruitless: but the Soul
resents

Such short-lived service, as if blind events

Ruled without her, or earth could so endure; 300

She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;

Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,

Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind, 306

And her clear trump sings succor everywhere

By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;

For soul inherits all that soul could dare:

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span 310

And larger privilege of life than man.
The single deed, the private sacrifice,

So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,

Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes

With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years; 315

But that high privilege that makes all men peers,

That leap of heart whereby a people rise

Up to a noble anger's height,
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,
but grow more bright,

That swift validity in noble veins,
Of choosing danger and disdaining shame, 321

Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact base

But wraps its chosen with angelic might, 324

These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,

These hold great futures in their lusty reins

And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?

Who dare again to say we trace 330
Our lines to a plebeian race?

Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;

Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear: 335

That is best blood that hath most iron in 't.

To edge resolve with, pouring without stint

For what makes manhood dear.

Tell us not of Plantagenets,

Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl 340

Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath

Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,

Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets 345

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears

Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears

With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,

Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied, 351

But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs
 dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates
 our brave. 355
 Lift the heart and lift the head!
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation: 360
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an
 hour
 Beats no march of conscious power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!
 'Tis no Man we celebrate. 365
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of
 Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a
 Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all, 370
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely
 tall,
 Touched but in passing by her
 mantle-hem. 375
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis
 her dower!
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his peo-
 ple? 380
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds
 and waves!
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rock-
 ing steeple!
 Banners, adance with triumph, bend
 your staves!
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering bea-
 con speak, 385
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, White-
 face he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air
 breathe braver: 390
 "Be proud! for she is saved, and all
 have helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of
 the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,
 With room about her hearth for
 all mankind!
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
 more; 395
 From her bold front the helm she
 doth unbind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies
 back to spin,
 And bids her navies, that so lately
 hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their
 thunders in,
 Swimming like birds of calm along
 the unarmful shore. 400
 No challenge sends she to the elder
 world,
 That looked askance and hated; a
 light scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
 mighty knees
 She calls her children back, and
 waits the morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her
 subject seas." 405

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast
 found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
 His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath
 wrought thy peace!
 Bow down in prayer and praise! 410
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
 chised brow.
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours once
 more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled
 hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other
 wore, 415
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know
 it, 420

Among the Nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee, ⁴²⁵

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

AFTER THE BURIAL

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In its bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward ⁵
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews, ¹⁰
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the deeps of darkness ¹⁵
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last! ²⁰

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it, ²⁵
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-
yard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider ³¹
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your moral most dearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on *her* ³⁵
coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death. ⁴⁰

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper pas-
sion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me, ⁴⁵
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my incomes from
dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown, ⁵⁰
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

DEMOCRACY ¹

He must be a born leader or mis-
leader of men, or must have been sent
into the world unfurnished with that
modulating and restraining balance-
wheel which we call a sense of humor,
who, in old age, has as strong a confi-
dence in his opinions and in the neces-
sity of bringing the universe into con-
formity with them as he had in youth.
In a world the very condition of whose
being is that it should be in a perpetual
flux, where all seems mirage, and the
one abiding thing is the effort to dis-
tinguish realities from appearances,
the elderly man must be indeed of a
singularly tough and valid fibre who is
certain that he has any clarified resid-
uum of experience, any assured ver-
dict of reflection, that deserves to be
called an opinion, or who, even if he
had, feels that he is justified in hold-
ing mankind by the button while he

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is expounding it. And in a world of daily—nay, almost hourly—journalism, where every clever man, every man who thinks himself clever, or whom anybody else thinks clever, is called upon to deliver his judgment point-blank and at the word of command on every conceivable subject of human thought, or, on what sometimes seems to him very much the same 10 everything, on every inconceivable display of human want of thought, there is such a spendthrift waste of all those commonplaces which furnish the permitted staple of public discourse that there is little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument on which we have been thrumming so long. In this desperate necessity one is often tempted to think that, if all 20 the words of the dictionary were tumbled down in a heap and then all those fortuitous juxtapositions and combinations that made tolerable sense were picked out and pieced together, we might find among them some poignant suggestions towards novelty of thought or expression. But, alas! it is only the great poets who seem to have this unsolicited profusion of unexpected and 30 incalculable phrase, this infinite variety of topic. For everybody else everything has been said before, and said over again after. He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another 40 with so lofty a vantage of speculation. Where it is so simple if not so easy a thing to hold one's peace, why add to the general confusion of tongues? There is something disheartening, too, in being expected to fill up not less than a certain measure of time, as if the mind were an hour-glass, that need only be shaken and set on one end or the other, as the case 50 may be, to run its allotted sixty minutes with decorous exactitude. I recollect being once told by the late eminent naturalist, Agassiz, that when he

was to deliver his first lecture as professor (at Zürich, I believe) he had grave doubts of his ability to occupy the prescribed three quarters of an hour. He was speaking without notes, and glancing anxiously from time to time at the watch that lay before him on the desk. "When I had spoken a half hour," he said, "I had told them 10 everything I knew in the world, everything! Then I began to repeat myself," he added, roguishly, "and I have done nothing else ever since." Beneath the humorous exaggeration of the story I seemed to see the face of a very serious and improving moral. And yet if one were to say only what he had to say and then stopped, his audience would feel defrauded of their honest 20 measure. Let us take courage by the example of the French, whose exportation of Bordeaux wines increases as the area of their land in vineyards is diminished.

To me, somewhat hopelessly revolving these things, the undelayable year has rolled round, and I find myself called upon to say something in this place, where so many wiser men have 30 spoken before me. Precluded, in my quality of national guest, by motives of taste and discretion, from dealing with any question of immediate and domestic concern, it seemed to me wisest, or at any rate most prudent, to choose a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and to ask your indulgence for a few somewhat generalized remarks on a matter concerning which 40 I had some experimental knowledge, derived from the use of such eyes and ears as Nature had been pleased to endow me withal, and such report as I had been able to win from them. The subject which most readily suggested itself was the spirit and the working of those conceptions of life and polity which are lumped together, whether for reproach or commendation, under the name of Democracy. By 50 temperament and education of a conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travellers saw with delighted amaze-

ment a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletary population. The testimony of Balaam should carry some conviction. I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government in my native land; have watched its advances, or what some would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier; have been an ear-witness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see that Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation.

If universal suffrage has worked ill in our larger cities, as it certainly has, this has been mainly because the hands that wielded it were untrained to its use. There the election of a majority of the trustees of the public money is controlled by the most ignorant and vicious of a population which has come to us from abroad, wholly unpracticed in self-government and incapable of assimilation by American habits and methods. But the finances of our towns, where the native tradition is still dominant and whose affairs are discussed and settled in a public assembly of the people, have been in general honestly and prudently administered. Even in manufacturing towns, where a majority of the voters live by their daily wages, it is not so often the recklessness as the modera-

tion of public expenditure that surprises an old-fashioned observer. "The beggar is in the saddle at last," cries Proverbial Wisdom. "Why, in the name of all former experience, doesn't he ride to the Devil?" Because in the very act of mounting he ceased to be a beggar and became part owner of the piece of property he bestrides. The last thing we need be anxious about is property. It always has friends or the means of making them. If riches have wings to fly away from their owner, they have wings also to escape danger.

I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are enabled to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else. And what wiser use could we make of it than to export it in return for the paupers which some European countries are good enough to send over to us who have not attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them? But bad weather is not the worst thing that is laid at our door. A French gentleman, not long ago, forgetting Burke's monition of how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, has charged us with the responsibility of whatever he finds disagreeable in the morals or manners of his countrymen. If M. Zola or some other competent witness would only go into the box and tell us what those morals and manners were before our example corrupted them! But I confess that I find little to interest and less to edify me in these international bandyings of "You're another."

I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease of Democracy. It is generally people who are in what are called easy circumstances who can afford the leisure to treat themselves to a hand-

some complaint, and these experience an immediate alleviation when once they have found a sonorous Greek name to abuse it by. There is something consolatory also, something flattering to their sense of personal dignity, and to that conceit of singularity which is the natural recoil from our uneasy consciousness of being commonplace, in thinking ourselves victims of a malady by which no one had ever suffered before. Accordingly they find it simpler to class under one comprehensive heading whatever they find offensive to their nerves, their tastes, their interests, or what they suppose to be their opinions, and christen it Democracy, much as physicians label every obscure disease gout, or as cross-grained fellows lay their ill-temper to the weather. But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the cauldron. Bernardo Navagero, speaking of the Provinces of Lower Austria in 1546, tells us that "in them there are five sorts of persons, Clergy, Barons, Nobles, Burghers, and Peasants. Of these last no account is made, *because they have no voice in the Diet.*"

Nor was it among the people that

subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue reaffirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of leaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V. saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the leaven also has become wholly political and social. But there had also been social upheavals before the Reformation and contemporaneously with it, especially among men of Teutonic race. The Reformation gave outlet and direction to an unrest already existing. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power. All persons who see deeper than their plates are rather inclined to thank God for it than to bewail it, for the sores of Lazarus have a poison in them against which Dives has no antidote.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium*¹ has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly

¹ workshop of the world

democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. England, indeed, may be called a monarchy with democratic tendencies, the United States a democracy with conservative instincts. People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. "For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the Rights of Man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths. It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence:—

The wicked and the weak rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal-marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy

tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes, as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and imbed it in the memory. Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing—has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. "Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it,—have not prophesied with the alderman that

the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions,—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses, and whose blood, furtively mingling with the bluest bloods in Europe, has quickened them with its own indomitable impulsion. We drove them into a corner, but they had their revenge, as the wronged are always sure to have it sooner or later. They made their corner the counter and banking-house of the world, and thence they rule it and us with the ignobler sceptre of finance. Your grandfathers mobbed Priestley only that you might set up his statue and make Birmingham the headquarters of English Unitarianism. We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points¹ are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more

natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school of manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen² of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with spectres and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement.

¹ railway switches

² weight, substantial part

Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'"

And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' and he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee;' and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself;' and the door was opened to him." But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority reside in

the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory: the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations, sometimes of property, sometimes of nativity, and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the Rights of Man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the

people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism,—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob, all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law.¹

Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely scattered population and for States already practised in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequalled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that

cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved, on the whole, successful? If it had not, would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a Government there, and on being told that there was, retorted, "Thin I'm agin it!" We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for. The exceptions have been (and they are lamentable exceptions) where these hordes of ignorance and poverty have coagulated in great cities. But the social system is yet to seek which has not to look the same terrible wolf in the eyes. On the other hand, at this very moment Irish peasants are buying up the worn-out farms of Massachusetts, and making them productive again by the same virtues of industry and thrift that once made them profitable to the English ancestors of the men who are deserting them. To have achieved even these prosaic results (if you choose to call them so), and that out of materials the most discordant,—I might say the most recalcitrant,—argues a certain beneficent virtue in the system

¹The effect of the electric telegraph in reproducing this trooping of emotion and perhaps of opinion is yet to be measured. The effect of Darwinism as a disintegrator of humanitarianism is also to be reckoned with. [Lowell's note.]

that could do it, and is not to be accounted for by mere luck. Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that States, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division? In point of fact, far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institutions of the United States are threatened in the not distant future. The right of individual property is no doubt the very corner-stone of civilization as hitherto understood, but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all burdens of the State. It bears those, indeed, which can most easily be borne, but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine. Wealth should not forget this, for poverty is beginning to think of it now and then. Let me not be misunderstood. I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in. Many an ancestral hall here in England has been a nursery of that culture which has been of example and benefit to all. Old gold has a civilizing virtue which new gold must grow old to be capable of secreting.

I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticise any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not

one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen, except in that white-haired king of Brown-ing's, who

Lived long ago
In the morning of the world,
When Earth was nearer Heaven than now.

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble in its pocket a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable.

"What," we exclaim, "shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?" Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity which have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. Have the Serene Highnesses and Enlightened Classes carried on the business of Mankind so well, then, that there is no use in trying a less costly method? The democratic theory is that those Constitutions² are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, "Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one, "Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?" It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us, and in politics a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears. It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided, merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized,

hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire, to a certain degree, the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class, but to a body corporate. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain that, under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our civil war, and, I believe, had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is, perhaps, true that, by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy, ill understood, has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to "the unity and married calm of States." But I feel assured that experience and necessity will cure this evil, as they have shown their power to cure others. And under what frame of policy have evils ever been remedied till they became intolerable, and shook men out of their indolent indifference through their fears?

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius.

If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the saviour of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane sim-

plicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austere genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the First Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*"—a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indifferent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771: "The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more

unfortunate than the very Algerines themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three." England has not been obliging enough to fulfil the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name, and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power. Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstance mend or modify what time and circumstance have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force), but the Socialism which may find a ful-

crum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind"—we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. I do not believe that land should be divided because the quantity of it is limited by nature. Of what may this not be said? *A fortiori*, we might on the same principle insist on a division of human wit, for I have observed that the quantity of this has been even more inconveniently limited. Mr. George himself has an inequitably large share of it. But he is right in his impelling motive; right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy; and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest column of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition, your total is sure to be wrong and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction. State Socialism would cut off the very roots in personal character—self-help, forethought, and frugality—which nourish and sustain the trunk and branches of every vigorous Commonwealth.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state

of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself, for the evils to which human nature is heir. The rule will always hold good that you must

Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not

in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow, 5
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God! 10
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear, 15
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill. 20
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain, 25
A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name;
That thou hast nerved the Afric's
hand
And steeled the Afric's heart, 30
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have
made 35

Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee? 40

Go on, the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom;
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal; 45
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

PENTUCKET

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters
still

Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast 5
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar! 10

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings
stood,

Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps be-
tween. 16

Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and
cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told, 20
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough, 25
The milkmaid carolled by her cow;
From cottage door and household
hearth

Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay. 30

—So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed
all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight
sped 35

The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream. 40
Yet on the still air crept a sound,
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blow-
ing.

Was that the tread of many feet, 45
Which downward from the hillside
beat?

What forms were those which darkly
stood

Just on the margin of the wood?
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight
dim,

Or paling rude, or leafless limb? 50
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs
glowed,

Dark human forms in moonshine
showed,

Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear 55
Swelled on the night air, far and clear;
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock;
Then rang the rifle-shot, and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken
men,— 60

Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain.
Bursting through roof and window
came,

Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and scalp-knives
bared. 66

The morning sun looked brightly
through
The river willows, wet with dew.

No sound of combat filled the air,
 No shout was heard, nor gunshot there;
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke 71
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
 And on the greensward many a stain,
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
 Pentucket, on thy fated head! 76

Even now the villager can tell
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
 Still show the door of wasting oak,
 Through which the fatal death-shot
 broke, 80
 And point the curious stranger where
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare;
 Whose hideous head, in death still
 feared,
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard;
 And still, within the churchyard
 ground, 85
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies
 The victims of that sacrifice.

HAMPTON BEACH

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
 Where, miles away,
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
 A luminous belt, a misty light,
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
 of sandy gray. 5

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
 Against its ground
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
 Still as a picture, clear and free,
 With varying outline mark the coast
 for miles around. 10

On—on—we tread with loose-flung
 rein
 Our seaward way,
 Through dark-green fields and blos-
 soming grain,
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the
 lane,
 And bends above our heads the flower-
 ing locust spray. 15

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
 Comes this fresh breeze,

Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
 While through my being seems to
 flow
 The breath of a new life, the healing
 of the seas! 20

Now rest we, where this grassy
 mound
 His feet hath set
 In the great waters, which have
 bound
 His granite ankles greenly round
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds
 with cool spray wet. 25

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take
 Mine ease to-day:
 Here where these sunny waters break,
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
 All burdens from the heart, all weary
 thoughts away. 30

I draw a freer breath, I seem
 Like all I see—
 Waves in the sun, the white-winged
 gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,
 And far-off sails which flit before the
 south-wind free. 35

So when Time's veil shall fall
 asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden won-
 der,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery
 under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the
 vastness grow. 40

And all we shrink from now may
 seem
 No new revealing;
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream
 The loved and cherished Past upon the
 new life stealing. 45

Serene and mild the untried light
 May have its dawning;
 And, as in summer's northern night
 The evening and the dawn unite,
 The sunset hues of Time blend with
 the soul's new morning. 50

I sit alone; in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and
 gray,
 Shoulder the broken tide away,
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
 mossy cleft and cave. 55

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town?
 I see the mighty deep expand
 From its white line of glimmering
 sand
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer
 waves shuts down! 60

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
 The change of cloud and wave and
 wind;
 And passive on the flood reclined,
 I wander with the waves, and with
 them rise and fall. 65

But look, thou dreamer! wave and
 shore
 In shadow; lie;
 The night-wind warns me back once
 more
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing
 sunset sky. 70

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, fare-
 well!
 I bear with me
 No token stone nor glittering shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory tell
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of mus-
 ing by the Sea. 75

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

The blast from Freedom's Northern
 hills, upon its Southern way,
 Bears greeting to Virginia from Massa-
 chusetts Bay;
 No word of haughty challenging, nor
 battle bugle's peal,
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor
 clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon
 along our highways go; 5
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden
 lies the snow;

And to the land-breeze of our ports,
 upon their errands far,
 A thousand sails of commerce swell,
 but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy
 stormy words and high
 Swell harshly on the Southern winds
 which melt along our sky; 10
 Yet, not one brown, hard hand fore-
 goes its honest labor here,
 No hewer of our mountain oaks sus-
 pends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the
 reefs along St. George's bank;
 Cold on the shores of Labrador the
 fog lies white and dank;
 Through storm, and wave, and blind-
 ing mist, stout are the hearts which
 man 15
 The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the
 sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun
 glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines
 or wrestling with the storms;
 Free as the winds they drive before,
 rough as the waves they roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat
 against their rocky home. 20

What means the Old Dominion? Hath
 she forgot the day
 When o'er her conquered valleys swept
 the Briton's steel array?
 How side by side, with sons of hers,
 the Massachusetts men
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire,
 and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in an-
 swer to the call 25
 Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke
 out from Faneuil Hall?
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry,
 came pulsing on each breath
 Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds
 of "Liberty or Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now
 her sons have proved
 False to their fathers' memory, false
 to the faith they loved; 30

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its
great charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth
and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from
Slavery's hateful hell;
Our voices, at your bidding, take up
the bloodhound's yell;
We gather, at your summons, above our
fathers' graves, 35
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to
tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can
Massachusetts bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her
even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood
moves slow and calm and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck,
a sister's slave and tool! 40

All that a sister State should do, all
that a free State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as
in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden
ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye
yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling
slaves, and burden God's free air 45
With woman's shriek beneath the lash,
and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that
writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against
a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the
cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where
human flesh is sold; 50
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and
count his market value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe
shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink
the Virginia name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves
with rankest weeds of shame;

Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair
universe; 55
We wash our hands forever of your sin
and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal
from Freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts
of Berkshire's mountain men:
The echoes of that solemn voice are
sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every
wind-swept hill. 60

And when the prowling man-thief came
hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's
shaft of gray,
How, through the free lips of the son,
the father's warning spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect,
the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were
lifted up on high, 65
A hundred thousand voices sent back
their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex
the startling summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and
wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex, of
thousands as of one,
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of
Lexington; 70
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from
Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of
ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where
through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods
the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the
mountain larches stir, 75
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry
of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with
the salt sea spray;
And Bristol sent her answering shout
down Narragansett Bay!

Along the broad Connecticut old
Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's wood-
men swept down from Holyoke
Hill. 80

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her
free sons and daughters,
Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound
of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what
tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave
upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calm-
ness we have borne, 85
In answer to our faith and trust, your
insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels;
you've hunted for our lives;
And shaken round our hearths and
homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we
fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine
beneath your soil of sin; 90
We leave ye with your bondmen, to
wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and
godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the
vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is regis-
tered in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders,—no
pirate on our strand! 95
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave
upon our land!

THE SHOEMAKERS

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array; 5
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer! 10
Rap, rap! the measured sound has
grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed
girl 15
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing; 20
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine 25
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges; 30
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right 35
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsman rallied faster. 40

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your
pride,
And duty done your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame, 45
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German; 50
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,

And England's priestcraft shakes to
hear 55
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls
On carpet, or on heather. 60
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff
brogan, 65
With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains, 70
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth com-
mand, 75
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household
maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor. 80

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,—
"All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array, 85
In the old time's pleasant manner:
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the
long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all
green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leav-
ing all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or
the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morn-
ing, the sun rose broad and red, 5
At first a rayless disk of fire, he bright-
ened as he sped;
Yet even his noontide glory fell
chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards and
softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow slop-
ing to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze
with yellow light; 10
Slanting through the painted beeches,
he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay
brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and
laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-
flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the
sunshine of sweet looks. 16

From spire and barn looked westerly
the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood
motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save
the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the
boughs, low rustling as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested;
the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and
shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in val-
leys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the
heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,
through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge,
shone out the yellow ear; 26
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in
many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters;
 and many a creaking wain
 Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its
 load of husk and grain; 30
 Till broad and red, as when he rose,
 the sun sank down, at last,
 And like a merry guest's farewell, the
 day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines,
 on meadow, stream, and pond,
 Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set
 all afire beyond,
 Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a
 milder glory shone, 35
 And the sunset and the moonrise were
 mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twi-
 light lapsed away,
 And deeper in the brightening moon the
 tranquil shadows lay;
 From many a brown old farm-house,
 and hamlet without name,
 Their milking and their home-tasks
 done, the merry huskers came. 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from
 pitchforks in the mow,
 Shone dimly down the lanterns on the
 pleasant scene below;
 The growing pile of husks behind, the
 golden ears before,
 And laughing eyes and busy hands and
 brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of
 look and heart, 45
 Talking their old times over, the old
 men sat apart;
 While up and down the unhusked pile,
 or nestling in its shade,
 At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,
 the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a
 maiden young and fair,
 Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and
 pride of soft brown hair, 50
 The master of the village school, sleek
 of hair and smooth of tongue,
 To the quaint tune of some old psalm,
 a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured 55
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine; 60

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of
 flowers 65
 Our ploughs their furrows made,
 While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
 Beneath the sun of May, 70
 And frightened from our sprouting
 grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of
 June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon 75
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home. 80

There, when the snows about us drift,
 And winter winds are cold,
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk 85
 Around their costly board;
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls, 90
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain, 95
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly: 100

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

PROEM

I love the old melodious lays
 Which softly melt the ages through,
 The songs of Spenser's golden
 days,
 Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
 Sprinkling our noon of time with
 freshest morning dew. 5

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
 To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
 I feel them, as the leaves and
 flowers

In silence feel the dewy showers,
 And drink with glad, still lips the bless-
 ing of the sky. 10

The rigor of a frozen clime,
 The harshness of an untaught ear,
 The jarring words of one whose
 rhyme
 Beat often Labor's hurried time,
 Or Duty's rugged march through storm
 and strife, are here. 15

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
 No rounded art the lack supplies;
 Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
 Or softer shades of Nature's face,
 I view her common forms with un-
 anointed eyes. 20

Nor mine the seer-like power to
 show
 The secrets of the heart and mind;
 To drop the plummet-line below
 Our common world of joy and woe,
 A more intense despair or brighter hope
 to find. 25

Yet here at least an earnest sense
 Of human right and weal is shown;
 A hate of tyranny intense,
 And hearty in its vehemence,
 As if my brother's pain and sorrow were
 my own. 30

O Freedom! if to me belong
 Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
 Nor Marvell's wit and graceful
 song,
 Still with a love as deep and
 strong
 As theirs, I lay, like them, my best
 gifts on thy shrine! 35

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
 Which once he wore!
 The glory from his gray hairs gone
 Forevermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath 5
 A snare for all;
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
 Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might 10
 Have lighted up and led his age,
 Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
 From hope and heaven! 16

Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught 25
 Save power remains;
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled: 30
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze, 35
 And hide the shame!

WORDSWORTH

Written on a blank leaf of his Memoirs

Dear friends, who read the world
 aright,
 And in its common forms discern
 A beauty and a harmony
 The many never learn!

Kindred in soul of him who found 5
 In simple flower and leaf and stone
 The impulse of the sweetest lays
 Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life
 As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
 As a long day of blandest June 11
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
 By strife of sect and party noise,
 The brook-like murmur of his song 15
 Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,
 The primrose by the river's brim,
 And chance-sown daffodil, have found
 Immortal life through him. 20

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
 The rosy tints his sunset brought,
 World-seen, are gladdening all the
 vales
 And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of
 pride 25
 And human passion change and fall;
 But that which shares the life of God
 With Him surviveth all.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

I. NOON

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the
 deep,
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
 The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! O dark, still wood!
 And stiller skies that overbrood 5
 Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,
 through
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
 Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land, 10
 And softer lights and airs more bland,
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain
 friends!
 With mine your solemn spirit blends,
 And life no more hath separate ends. 15

I read each misty mountain sign,
 I know the voice of wave and pine,
 And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
 I lapse into the glad release 20
 Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind!
 As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
 To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away; 25
 A child again, my head I lay
 Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
 Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
 The lake is white with lotus-flowers! 30

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
 And slumberous Conscience, waking
 slow,
 Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall, 35
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain
gray,

It speaks but what the light waves
say,—

Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and
I 40

Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to His creatures wills, 45

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know, 50
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING

Yon mountain's side is black with
night,

While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleam-
ing crown

The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks
down. 55

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply
show

The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains
seem, 60

Dim-looming through the pale, still
light!

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and
grave, 65

Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and
Night

Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light 70
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall
break

His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the
lake! 75

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay hearted Health, and Life in
bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave 80
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay; 85
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering
here,

Shall add, to life's abounding joy, 90
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes 96
One blessing from us, others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace 101
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above 105
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the
wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee⁵
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague un-
rest
And a nameless longing filled her
breast,—¹⁰

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had
known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade¹⁵
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring
that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bub-
bled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,²⁰

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,²⁵
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and won-
dered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and
brown;³⁰

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah
me!"³⁵
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth
coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and
gay,"⁴¹
And the baby should have a new toy
each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe
the poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed
the hill,⁴⁵
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful
air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day⁵¹
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless
tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, ⁵⁵
And health and quiet and loving
words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and
cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode
on,
And Maud was left in the field alone. ⁶⁰

But the lawyers smiled that after-
noon,
When he hummed in court an old love-
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the
well
Till the rain on the unraked clover
fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, ⁶⁵
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise. ⁷⁰

Oft, when the wine in his glass was
red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a se-
cret pain, ⁷⁵
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and
poor,
And many children played round her
door. ⁸⁰

But care and sorrow, and childbirth
pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone
hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow
lot,

And she heard the little spring brook
fall ⁸⁵
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls ⁹¹
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug, ⁹⁵
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, "It might have been." ¹⁰⁰

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or
pen, ¹⁰⁵
The saddest are these: "It might have
been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope
lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! ¹¹⁰

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still 5
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a barefoot boy! 10
 Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy 15
 In the reach-of ear and eye,—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day, 20
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude 25
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young; 30
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way, 36
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks, 40
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy! 45

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees, 50

Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone; 55
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the
 night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond, 61
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too; 65
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread; 70
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, 75
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 80
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!
 Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard, 85
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat: 90
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil, 95
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back, 5
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart 10

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart. 15
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky
lane,

Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt, 20
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase, 26
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads¹ sang: 30
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,²—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck, 36
With his own town's-people on her
deck!

"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!

¹frenzied women

²an inlet of the gulf of St. Lawrence

Brag of your catch of fish again!" 40
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur 45
That wreck shall lie forevermore.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not
be! 50

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed
away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead! 55

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.

Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse re-
frain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corrt 65

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue. 70

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt, 75

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he
cried,—

"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the
skin 80

To the nameless horror that lives
within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the
dead!" 85

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at
sea

Said, "God has touched him! why
should we!" 90

Said an old wife mourning her only
son,

"Cut the rogue's tether and let him
run!"

So with soft relentings and rude ex-
cuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him
in, 95

And left him alone with his shame
and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

From the hills of home forth looking,
far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of
the headland of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to
the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children
of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning,
and its memory waxes old, 5
When along yon breezy headlands with
a pleasant friend I strolled.

Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the
ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom
around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by
the summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the
younger Mather penned, 10
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with
all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like
the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses
of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence;
outward, mean and coarse and
cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over
dull and vulgar clay, 15
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a
web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the
Past; but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from
the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and
the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which
the true man owes his time. 20

So, with something of the feeling which
the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering
Scotland's moorland graveyards
through,
From the graves of old traditions I part
the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones,
and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and for-
ward, hoarse with rolling pebbles,
ran, 25
The garrison-house stood watching on
the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof
and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with
the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry,
south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line,
white with breakers stretching
north,—³⁰

Wood and rock and gleaming sand-
drift, jagged capes, with bush and
tree,

Leaning inland from the smiting of the
wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney,
dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with
their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the
venison haunch was shared,³⁵
And the pewter tankard circled slowly
round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—
talked of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs
and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the
dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the
loom of morning clouds;⁴⁰

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the
depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—
blossoms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by
the tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star
the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank
to husky tones of fear,⁴⁵
As they spake of present tokens of the
powers of evil near;—
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of
steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the
mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-
locks, from the midnight wood they
came,—

Thrice around the block-house march-
ing, met, unharmed, its volleyed
flame;⁵⁰

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture,
sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and
the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest
moved a dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted,
grimly marching in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain,
"thus I foil the Evil One!"⁵⁵
And he rammed a silver button, from
his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved
the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets through
the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on
his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with
his slant wing to the sun.⁶⁰

Like the idle rain of summer sped the
harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once
again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the
sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through
it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain;
"never mortal foes were there;⁶⁵
They have vanished with their leader,
Prince and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill
and prowess naught avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear
their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow,
when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers
watching round the dusky hall:⁷⁰
And they looked to flint and priming,
and they longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let
us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all
the unseen powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage
struck its roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every
head was bowed and bare, 75
Every stout knee pressed the flag-
stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of
the spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote
the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish!
Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching
round the block-house of Cape
Ann. 80

So to us who walk in summer through
the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes
the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in
whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of
an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come
the spectres of the mind, 85
Doubts and fears and dread forebod-
ings, in the darkness undefined;
Round us throng the grim projections
of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness,
and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and
no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence,
and no white wings downward
fly; 90
But the heavenly help we pray for
comes to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive back-
ward all the spirits of the night!

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

An incident of the Sepoy mutiny

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of bloom and heather, 5
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,— 10
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music 15
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept. 20
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair; 26
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground— 30
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groan-
ing;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll 35
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew. 40

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch, 45
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breath-
less,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee 51
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Have-
lock! 55
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
 Stinging all the air to life. 60

But when the far-off dust-cloud
 To plaided legions grew
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, 65
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
 And the tartan clove the turban, 71
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle 75
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes at Lucknow played! 80

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shal-
 low brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-
 barred, 5
 And the poplars tall;
 And the barn's brown length, and the
 cattleyard,
 And the white horns tossing above
 the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the
 sun;
 And down by the brink 10
 Of the brook are her poor flowers,
 weed-o'-errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow;

And the same rose blows, and the same
 sun glows, 15
 And the same brook sings of a year
 ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in
 the breeze;
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care 21
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed
 my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my brow
 and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
 To love, a year; 26
 Down through the beeches I looked at
 last
 On the little red gate and the well-
 sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves, 30
 The sundown's blaze on her window-
 pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the
 eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by
 the door,— 35
 Nothing changed but the hives of
 bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward and back,
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl
 small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of
 black. 40

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of
 one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary
 weeps 45
 For the dead to-day:

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age
away."

But her dog whined low; on the door-
way sill,
With his cane to his chin, 50
The old man sat; and the chore-girl
still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not
hence! 55
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

MY PLAYMATE

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet, 5
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home, 10
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy 15
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May
morns,
But she came back no more. 20

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year 25
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,— 30
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet 35
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea. 40

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice; 45
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,— 50
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet, 55
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago. 60

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

LAUS DEO!

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal, 5
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear, 10
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground. 15
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad; 20
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long 25
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!" 30

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land 35
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war 40
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin; 45
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing, 55
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God! 60

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O friends! with whom my feet have
trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument; 5
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds: 10
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not 15
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the
ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God. 20

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods 25
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, with-
in
Myself, alas! I know: 30
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trembling self-distrust, 35
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries, 40
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim 45
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above, 50
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right. 56

I long for household voices gone,
For-vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong. 60

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak 65
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove; 70
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me 75
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care. 80

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be, 86
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

SNOW-BOUND

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon;
Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold, 11
That checked, mid-vein, the circling
race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore, 16
And felt the strong pulse throbbing
there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly
chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the
cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light 31
The gray day darkened into night,

A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As, zigzag wavering to and fro, 35
 Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
 And ere the early bed-time came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line
 posts 39
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
 The morning broke without a sun;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake and pellicle 45
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own:
 Around the glistening wonder bent 50
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below—
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes: strange domes
 and towers 55

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile
 showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat, 60
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked
 hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.¹ 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
 Count such a summons less than joy?),
 Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn
 low
 To guard our necks and ears from
 snow,

We cut the solid whiteness through;
 And, where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,

¹ the "leaning tower"

And to our own his name we gave,
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
 We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.
 The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And, grave with wonder, gazed about;
 The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
 And forth his speckled harem led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked;
 The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from
 sleep, 90
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
 The loosening drift its breath before.
 Low circling round its southern zone, 95
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist
 shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone
 To the savage air, no social smoke
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak:
 A solitude made more intense 100
 By dreary-voicèd elements—
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying
 blind,

And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
 Beyond the circle of our hearth
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth
 Unbound the spell, and testified
 Of human life and thought outside.
 We minded that the sharpest ear 110
 The buried brooklet could not hear,
 The music of whose liquid lip
 Had been to us companionship,
 And, in our lonely life, had grown
 To have an almost human tone. 115
 As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering
 bank,

We piled with care our nightly stack 120
 Of wood against the chimney-back—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art 125
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,

We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam

On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room 130
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. 135

The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed.

While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "*Under the tree,*" 140

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."*

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood, 145
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white save where some sharp ravine

Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back. 150
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible. 154

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast 161
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head, 166
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,

The mug of cider simmered slow, 171
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved? 176

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray

As was my sire's that winter day, 180
How strange it seems, with so much gone

Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon 185

That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more. 190
We tread the paths their feet have worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn,
We turn the pages that they read, 195

Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust, 200

(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees;

Who hopeless lays his dead away, 205
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death, 210
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,

Or stammered from our school-book
 lore
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
 How often since, when all the land 216
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
 As if a trumpet called, I've heard
 Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:
"Does not the voice of reason cry, 220
'Claim the first right which Nature
gave!
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"
 Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side; 225
 Sat down again to moose and samp
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
 Again for him the moonlight shone 230
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
 Again he heard the violin play
 Which led the village dance away,
 And mingled in its merry whirl
 The grandam and the laughing girl. 235
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths
 along 240
 The low green prairies of the sea.
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
 And, round the rocky Isles of Shoals,
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood
 coals;
 The chowder on the sand-beach made,
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot, 246
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old
 And dream and sign and marvel told
 To sleepy listeners as they lay 250
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,
 Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to
 blow
 The square sail of the gundalow,
 And idle lay the useless oars. 255
 Our mother, while she turned her wheel
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own great-uncle bore 260
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.

Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways), 265
 The story of her early days,
 She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us
 room;
 We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270
 The fame whereof went far and wide
 Through all the simple country side;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
 The loon's weird laughter far away. 275
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow
 grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the wild nuts
 down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280
 The duck's black squadron anchored
 lay,
 And heard the wild-geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave 285
 From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
 Beloved in every Quaker home,
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom:
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! 290
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence, mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under
 breath 295
 Of casting lots for life or death,
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice;
 Then, suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave, 300
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view;
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent
 By Him who gave the tangled ram 305
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks—

The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhousted lyceum. 310
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys 315
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius of old, 320
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes, who interpreted
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said.
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began, 325
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified 330
 (As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's loving view),
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done, 335
 The prodigies of rod and gun;
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew;
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew, 340
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the
 mink
 Went fishing down the river-brink,
 In fields with bean or clover gay
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his
 cell, 345
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid,
 And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his
 shell.
 Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of
 cheer 350
 And voice in dreams I see and hear—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness, 355
 And welcome whereso'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element,

Whose presence seemed the sweet in-
 come
 And womanly atmosphere of home—
 Called up her girlhood memories, 360
 The huskings and the apple-bees,
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
 Weaving through all the poor details
 And homespun warp of circumstance
 A golden woof-thread of romance: 365
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simple faith of maidenhood;
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way;
 The morning dew, that dries so soon 370
 With others, glistened at her noon;
 Though years of toil and soil and care,
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
 All unprofaned she held apart
 The virgin fancies of the heart. 375
 Be shame to him of woman born
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
 Her evening task the stand beside;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice. 385
 O heart sore-tried, thou hast the best
 That Heaven itself could give thee—
 rest,
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and
 things!
 How many a poor one's blessing went
 With thee beneath the low green
 tent 390
 Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
 Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
 Upon the motley-braided mat 395
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
 And holy peace of Paradise.
 O, looking from some heavenly hill, 400
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
 Do those large eyes behold me still?
 With me one little year ago—
 The chill weight of the winter snow 405

For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds
blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod 410
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills 416
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky:
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be
nigh,

A loss in all familiar things, 420
In flower that blooms and bird that
sings.

And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I
hold? 425

What chance can mar the pearl and
gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me?

And while in life's late afternoon,

Where cool and long the shadows
grow,

I walk to meet the night that soon 430

Shall shape and shadow overflow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,

Since near at need the angels are;

And when the sunset gates unbar,

Shall I not see thee waiting stand, 435

And, white against the evening star,

The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,

The master of the district school

Held at the fire his favored place: 440

Its warm glow lit a laughing face

Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce ap-
peared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.

He played the old and simple games

Our modern boyhood scarcely names,

Sang songs, and told us what befalls 446

In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

Born the wild Northern hills among,

From whence his yeoman father wrung

By patient toil subsistence scant, 450

Not competence and yet not want,

He early gained the power to pay

His cheerful, self-reliant way;

Could doff at ease his scholar's gown

To peddle wares from town to town; 455

Or through the long vacation's reach

In lonely lowland districts teach,

Where all the droll experience found

At stranger hearths in boarding
round—

The moonlit skater's keen delight, 460

The sleigh-drive through the frosty
night,

The rustic party with its rough

Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff

And whirling plate and forfeits paid—

His winter task a pastime made. 465

Happy the snow-locked homes wherein

He tuned his merry violin,

Or played the athlete in the barn,

Or held the good dame's winding yarn,

Or mirth-provoking versions told 470

Of classic legends rare and old—

Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome

Had all the commonplace of home,

And little seemed at best the odds

'Twixt Yankee pedlars and old gods, 475

Where Pindus-born Araxes took

The guise of any grist-mill brook,

And dread Olympus at his will

Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed; 480

But at his desk he had the look

And air of one who wisely schemed .

And hostage from the future took

In trained thought and lore of book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed—of such as
he 485

Shall Freedom's young apostles be,

Who, following in War's bloody trail,

Shall every lingering wrong assail:

All chains from limb and spirit strike,

Uplift the black and white alike; 490

Scatter before their swift advance

The darkness and the ignorance,

The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,

Which nurtured Treason's monstrous
growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell 495

Of prison-torture possible;

The cruel lie of caste refute,

Old forms remould, and substitute

For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,

For blind routine, wise-handed skill;

A school-house plant on every hill, 501
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
 The quick wires of intelligence;
 Till North and South, together brought,
 Shall own the same electric thought, 505
 In peace a common flag salute,
 And, side by side in labor's free
 And unresentful rivalry,
 Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest, that winter night, 510
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the
 light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
 The honeyed music of her tongue
 And words of meekness scarcely told
 A nature passionate and bold, 515
 Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
 Its milder features dwarfed beside
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.

She sat among us, at the best
 A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest, 520
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase
 Our homeliness of words and ways.

A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped
 the lash,

Lent the white teeth their dazzling
 flash; 525

And under low brows, black with
 night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous light,
 The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
 Presaging ill to him whom Fate
 Condemned to share her love or hate.
 A woman tropical, intense 531

In thought and act, in soul and sense,
 She blended in a like degree
 The vixen and the devotee,
 Revealing with each freak or feint 535

The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
 The raptures of Siena's saint:
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist;
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes 540
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise;
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout
 Knew every change of scowl and pout;
 And the sweet voice had notes more
 high

And shrill for social battle-cry. 545

Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,

What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock?
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thor-
 oughfares, 550

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen of Lebanon 555

With claims fantastic as her own,
 Her tireless feet have held their way;
 And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
 She watches under Eastern skies,

With hope each day renewed and
 fresh, 560

The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
 Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
 The outward wayward life we see, 565
 The hidden springs we may not
 know;

Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters spun,
 Through what ancestral years has
 run

The sorrow with the woman born, 570
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,

And held the love within her mute,
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy, 575

Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.

It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skein of will and fate, 580
 To show what metes and bounds should
 stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and Providence
 Divide the circle of events;

But He who knows our frame is just,
 Merciful and compassionate, 586
 And full of sweet assurances
 And hope for all the language is
 That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow: 591
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign

Its black hand to the hour of nine. 595
 That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away,
 Then roused himself to safely cover 600
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness 605
 For food and shelter, warmth and
 health,
 And love's contentment more than
 wealth,
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its
 part) 611
 That none might lack, that bitter night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and
 light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,
 With now and then a ruder shock, 616
 Which made our very bedsteads rock;
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;
 And on us, through the unplastered
 wall, 620
 Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
 When hearts are light and life is new;
 Faint and more faint the murmurs
 grew,
 Till in the summer-land of dreams 625
 They softened to the sound of streams,
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
 Of merry voices high and clear, 630
 And saw the teamsters drawing near
 To break the drifted highways out:
 Down the long hillside treading slow
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,
 Shaking the snow from heads upstost,
 Their straining nostrils white with
 frost. 636
 Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain:
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,

Passed, with the cider-mug, their
 jokes 640
 From lip to lip; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
 rolled.
 Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged
 ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound be-
 tween 645
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-
 weighed.
 From every barn a team afoot;
 At every house a new recruit,
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest
 law,
 Haply the watchful young men saw 650
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
 And curious eyes of merry girls,
 Lifting their hands in mock defence
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,
 And reading in each missive tost 655
 The charm with Eden never lost.
 We heard once more the sleigh-bells'
 sound;
 And, following where the teamsters
 led,
 The wise old Doctor went his round,
 Just pausing at our door to say, 660
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
 Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbor sick abed
 At night our mother's aid would need:
 For, one in generous thought and
 deed, 666
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight
 The Quaker matron's inward light,
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
 All hearts confess the saints elect 670
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
 And melt not in an acid sect
 The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on; a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from
 last. 675
 The Almanac we studied o'er,
 Read and reread our little store
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score:
 One harmless novel, mostly hid
 From younger eyes, a book forbid; 680
 And poetry (or good or bad,
 A single book was all we had)

Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted
Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews. 686
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled 691

We saw the marvels that it told:
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades; 695

And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse, 700

Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record mingling in a breath
The wedding knell¹ and dirge of death,
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail, 705

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat; 710
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,

The brazen covers of thy book—
The weird palimpsest old and vast, 719
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past,
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe,
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears, 724

Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed
trees

Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths under-
neath.

Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall, 730
Importunate hours that hours succeed,

¹ Later changed to "bell"

Each clamorous with its own sharp
need,

And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids 735
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloë flowers today!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
Some Truce of God which breaks its
strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few 745
Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures of old days,
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's
blaze! 750

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze be-
yond; 755

The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not
whence,

And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

OUR MASTER

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name 5
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away! 10
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;

Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air? 16

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown. 20

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign: 25
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless; 30
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all 35
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke. 40

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore, 45
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He; 50
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and 55
press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name. 60

Our Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity 65
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance, 70
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness, 75
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none. 80

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee, who loves be-
comes 85
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly
Vine,
Within our earthly sod, 90
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun. 96

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,

We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed. 100

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render Thee 105
Is still our Father's own;
No jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds, 110
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine. 116

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun. 120

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all Thou art, 125
Our noisy championship!
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban; 130
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word, 135
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own. 140

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;

Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift 145
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas
bells,
Thy inward altars raise; 150
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the
people sent
Their wisest men to make the public
laws.

And so, from a brown homestead, where
the Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippo-
wams, 6

And hallowed by pure lives and tran-
quil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the
State

Wisdom and grace in Abraham Daven-
port.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old
year 10
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there
fell

Over the bloom and sweet life of the
Spring,

Over the fresh earth and the heaven of
noon,

A horror of great darkness, like the
night

In day of which the Norland sagas
tell,— 15

The Twilight of the Gods. The low-
hung sky

Was black with ominous clouds, save
where its rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that
which climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell be-
low.

Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-
yard fowls 20
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and look'd homeward; bats on
leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor
died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears
grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet
shatter 25
The black sky, that the dreadful face of
Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as
he look'd
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House,
dim as ghosts, 30
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative
robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us
adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one
accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham
Davenport. 35
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady
voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may
be
The Day of Judgment which the world
awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's com-
mand 40
To occupy till He come. So at the
post
Where He hath set me in His provi-
dence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to
face,—
No faithless servant frightened from
my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest
calls; 45
And therefore, with all reverence, I
would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to
ours.
Bring in the candles." And they
brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the
Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking
hands, 50
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife¹ fisheries.
Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham
Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures
of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not with-
out 55
The shrewd dry humor natural to the
man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all
the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of
God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the
cloud. 60

And there he stands in memory to
this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half
seen
Against the background of unnatural
dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for
fear. 65

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,
As down its long, green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed 5
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips; 10
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine² legend of its name 15
Prowls on its banks alone.

¹ herring

² pertaining to a bear

Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
 As ever Yarrow knew,
 Or, under rainy Irish skies,
 By Spenser's Mulla grew; 20
 And through the gaps of leaning trees
 Its mountain cradle shows:
 The gold against the amethyst,
 The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
 A glory never sung, 26
 Aloft on sky and mountain wall
 Are God's great pictures hung.
 How changed the summits vast and old!
 No longer granite-browed, 30
 They melt in rosy mist; the rock
 Is softer than the cloud;
 The valley holds its breath; no leaf
 Of all its elms is twirled:
 The silence of eternity 35
 Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
 Of mystery is this;
 Yon miracle-play of night and day
 Makes dumb its witnesses. 40
 What unseen altar crowns the hills
 That reach up stair on stair?
 What eyes look through, what white
 wings fan
 These purple veils of air?
 What Presence from the heavenly
 heights 45
 To those of earth stoops down?
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
 On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
 The golden water pales, 50
 And over all the valley-land
 A gray-winged vapor sails.
 I go the common way of all;
 The sunset fires will burn,
 The flowers will blow, the river flow, 55
 When I no more return.
 No whisper from the mountain pine
 Nor lapsing stream shall tell
 The stranger, treading where I tread,
 Of him who loved them well. 60

But beauty seen is never lost,
 God's colors all are fast;
 The glory of this sunset heaven
 Into my soul has passed,

A sense of gladness unconfined 65
 To mortal date or clime;
 As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers, 70
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
 Too soon their wintry frown,
 And snow-cold winds from off them
 shake 75
 The maple's red leaves down.
 But I shall see a summer sun
 Still setting broad and low;
 The mountain slopes shall blush and
 bloom,
 The golden water flow. 80
 A lover's claim is mine on all
 I see to have and hold,—
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,
 And sunsets never cold!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

[CONVERSATION]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men whom it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this which I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After

as jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

[IMPROMPTUS]

What do you think of these verses, ¹⁰ my friends?—Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Act. 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) *Oui et non, ma ²⁰ petite*,—Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written off-hand; the other two took a week,—that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le DERNIER pas qui coute*. Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, ⁴⁰ stern-foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of out-doors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't ⁵⁰ come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turn-

ing them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above.—Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses,—which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

.	youth
.	morning
.	truth
.	warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" ³⁰ written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple,—when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers,—and when she says "Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

"I was only laying down a principle of social diagnosis."

"Yes?"

[A LITTLE POEM]

Here is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a "teetotaller." I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it.

"Dear Sir,—your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc.

"Yours with respect."

Here it is,—with the slight alterations.

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go

While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow!

Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

The purple glebed clusters their life-dews have bled;

How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!

For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines

That were garnered by maidens who laughed through the vines.

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,

strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double,—which I did. But as I never got my pay, I don't know that it made much difference.

[COMMENCEMENT DAY]

"Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass behind the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MERENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silvered rings of the *arcus senilis*!

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a “tailing off”! Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him. The black “colt,” as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

[A LYRIC CONCEPTION]

A lyric conception—my friend, the Poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine,—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head,—then

a long sigh,—and the poem is written.

It is an impromptu, I suppose, then, if you write it so suddenly,—I replied.

No,—said he,—far from it. I said written, but I did not say *copied*. Every such poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet's soul. It comes to him a thought, tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words,—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain; but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it. It is enough to stun and scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and ploughing up those parallel ruts where the wagon trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequences of association. No wonder the ancient made the poetical impulse wholly external. *Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεά.* Goddess,—Muse,—divine afflatus,—something outside always. I never wrote any verses worth reading. I can't. I am too stupid. If I ever copied any that were worth reading, I was only a medium.

(I was talking all this time to our boarders, you understand,—telling them what this poet told me. The company listened rather attentively, I thought, considering the literary character of the remarks.)

The old gentleman opposite all at once asked me if I ever read anything better than Pope's *Essay on Man*? Had I ever perused *McFingal*? He was fond of poetry when he was a boy,—his mother taught him to say many little pieces,—he remembered one beautiful hymn;—and the old gentleman began, in a clear, loud voice for his years,—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens,—

He stopped, as if startled by our silence, and a faint flush ran up beneath the thin white hairs that fell upon his cheek. As I looked round, I was reminded of a show I once saw at the Museum,—the Sleeping Beauty, I think they called it. The old man's sudden breaking out in this way turned every face towards him, and each kept his posture as if changed to stone. 10 Our Celtic Bridget, or Biddy, is not a foolish fat scullion to burst out crying for a sentiment. She is of the serviceable, red-handed, broad-and-high-shouldered type; one of those imported female servants who are known in public by their amorphous style of person, their stoop forwards, and a headlong and as it were precipitous walk,—the waist plunging downwards into the rocking pelvis at every heavy footfall. 20 Bridget, constituted for action, not for emotion, was about to deposit a plate heaped with something upon the table, when I saw the coarse arm stretched by my shoulder arrested,—motionless as the arm of a terra-cotta caryatid; she couldn't set the plate down while the old gentleman was speaking!

He was quite silent after this, still wearing the slight flush on his cheek. Don't ever think the poetry is dead in an old man because his forehead is wrinkled, or that his manhood has left him when his hand trembles! If they ever *were* there, they *are* there still!

By and by we got talking again.—Does a poet love the verses written 40 through him, do you think, Sir?—said the divinity-student.

So long as they are warm from his mind,—carry any of his animal heat about them, *I know* he loves them,—I answered. When they have had time to cool, he is more indifferent.

A good deal as it is with buckwheat cakes,—said the young fellow whom they call John.

The last words, only, reached the ear of the economically organized female in black bombazine.—Buckwheat is skerce and high,—she re-

marked. (Must be a poor relation sponging on our landlady—pays nothing,—so she must stand by the guns and be ready to repel boarders.)

I liked the turn the conversation had taken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again.—I don't think the poems I read you sometimes can be fairly appreciated, given to you as they are in the green state.

—You don't know what I mean by the *green state*? Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and *used*. Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those 20 which must be kept and used I will name three,—meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor,—born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors*¹ herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and 30 gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing, umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see,—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina!

(Don't think I use a meerschaum 50 myself, for *I do not*, though I have owned a calumet since my childhood, which from a naked Pict, of the Mohawk species, my grandsire won, to-

¹ pale death

gether with a tomahawk and beaded knife-sheath; paying for the lot with a bullet-mark on his right cheek. On the maternal side I inherit the loveliest silver-mounted tobacco-stopper you ever saw. It is a little box-wood Triton, carved with charming liveliness and truth. I have often compared it to a figure in Raphael's "Triumph of Galatea." It came to me in an ancient shagreen case,—how old it is I do not know,—but it must have been made since Sir Walter Raleigh's time. If you are curious, you shall see it any day. Neither will I pretend that I am so unused to the more perishable smoking contrivance that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-swell on the Bay of Biscay. I am not unacquainted with that fusiform spiral-wound bundle of chopped stems and miscellaneous incombustibles, the *cigar*, so called, of the shops,—which to "draw" asks the suction-power of a nursling infant Hercules, and to relish, the leathery palate of an old Silenus. I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strike your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved.)

Violins, too,—the sweet old Amati! —the divine Stradivarius! Played on by ancient *maestros*¹ until the bow-hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*,² who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the

stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *dilettante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music; stained, like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept *and used*, like a meerschaum, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum;—the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity,—its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature, by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

[THE HYDROSTATIC PARADOX]

If a fellow attacked my opinions in print would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called *the hydrostatic paradox of controversy?*

Don't know what that means?—Well, I will tell you. You know, that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—*and the fools know it.*

¹ masters

² amateur collector

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout, 5
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe, 10
 When winds were hurrying o'er the
 flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shores shall pluck 15
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep, 20
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone;¹
 I know it hurts her,—though she looks 6
 As cheerful as she can;
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
 Her hair is almost gray; 10
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens, 15
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—

¹ girdle

Vowed she should make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles; 20
 He sent her to a stylish school;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall; 26
 They laced her up, they starved her
 down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinched her feet, they singed her
 hair,
 They screwed it up with pins;— 30
 Oh, never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back;
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth 35
 Might follow on the track;)
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!" 40

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade,
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplished maid.
 For her how happy had it been! 45
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground 5
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found 10
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan, 15

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest 20
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said— 25
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow. 30

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack 35
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat, 40
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring, 45
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

LEXINGTON

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was
creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the
sun,
When from his couch, while his chil-
dren were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered
his gun.
Waving her golden veil 5
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage
and spire;

Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's
fire. 10

On the smooth green where the fresh
leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have
met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is
ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young
grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath, 15
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have
died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its
side. 20

Over the hillsides the wild knell is toll-
ing,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry
come;
As through the storm-clouds the thun-
der-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering
drum.
Fast on the soldier's path 25
Darken the waves of wrath,—
Long have they gathered and loud shall
they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and
wall. 30

Gayly the plume of the horseman was
dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was
prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on
the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn, 35
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on
high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest
Ere the dark hunters the herd have
passed by. 40

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse
 wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods mur-
 mur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is
 waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on
 the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills 45
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the
 plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle, from mountain to
 main. 50
 Green be the graves where her martyrs
 are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to
 their rest,
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold
 flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused
 from his nest.
 Borne on her Northern pine, 55
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and
 to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have
 won! 60

NON-RESISTANCE

Perhaps too far in these considerate
 days
 Has patience carried her submissive
 ways;
 Wisdom has taught us to be calm and
 meek,
 To take one blow, and turn the other
 cheek;
 It is not written what a man shall do 5
 If the rude caitiff smite the other too!
 Land of our fathers, in thine hour of
 need
 God help thee, guarded by the passive
 creed!
 As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and
 cowl,
 When through the forest rings the gray
 wolf's howl; 10

As the deep galleon trusts her gilded
 prow
 When the black corsair slants athwart
 her bow;
 As the poor pheasant, with his peace-
 ful mien,
 Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-
 green,
 When the dark plumage with the crim-
 son beak 15
 Has rustled shadowy from its splintered
 peak,—
 So trust thy friends, whose babbling
 tongues would charm
 The lifted saber from thy foe's arm,
 Thy torches ready for the answering
 peal
 From bellowing fort and thunder-
 freighted keel! 20

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets
 feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled
 wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren
 sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
 their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more un-
 furl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont
 to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing
 shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
 unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the
 new,
 Stole with soft steps its shining arch-
 way through,

Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message
brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lip a clearer note is
born 25
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd
horn!

While on mine ear it rings
Through the deep caves of thought I
hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O
my soul,
As the swift seasons roll! 30
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each, new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea! 35

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green, 5
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like
waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden
caves, 10
Whose streams of brightening purple
rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush.
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away, 14
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net 20

Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging
flame 25
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains, 30
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray 35
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine
ear
With music it is heaven to hear. 40

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will; 44
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine! 50
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms, 55
And mold it into heavenly forms!

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-
SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

Have you heard of the wonderful one-
hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way

It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without de-
lay, 5
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,— 10
Snuffy old drone from the German
hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown. 15
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-
shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking
still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or with-
out,—
And that's the reason, beyond a
doubt, 25
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell
yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the
taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry
raoun'; 30
It should be so built that it *couldn't*
break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty
plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the
strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest 35
T' make that place uz strong uz the
rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village
folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor
broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and
sills; 40
He sent for lancewood to make the
thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the
straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like
cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
ellum,"— 45
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell
'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their
lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-
tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her
through." 56
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll
dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned
gray, 60
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where
were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-
shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and
found 65
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it
then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same. 70
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth
 year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its
 youth, 76
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra
 charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-
 day.— 80

There are traces of age in the one-hoss-
 shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's
 art

Had made it so like in every part 85
 That there wasn't a chance for one to
 start.

For the wheels were just as strong as
 the thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the
 sills,

And the panels just as strong as the
 floor,

And the whipple-tree neither less nor
 more, 90

And the back crossbar as strong as the
 fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.

And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five! 95

This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-horse-
 shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went
 they. 100

The parson was working his Sunday's
 text,—

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped per-
 plexed

At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 First a shiver, and then a thrill, 106
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house
 clock,—

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 What do you think the parson
 found, 111

When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of couse, if you're not a
 dunce, 115

How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once and nothing first,—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say. 120

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
 I only wish a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,) 5
 That I may call my own;—
 And close at hand is such a one, 5
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
 Three courses are as good as ten;—
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
 I always thought cold victual nice;— 11
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
 Give me a mortgage here and there,—
 Some good bank-stock,—some note of
 hand, 15

Or trifling railroad share;—
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names;— 20
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
 But only near St. James;—
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin 25
 To care for such unfruitful things;—
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
 Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
 A ruby and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me;—I laugh at show. 30

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear;)
 I own perhaps I *might* desire
 Some shawls of true cashmere,—
 Some marrowy crapes of China silk 35
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and
 stare;
 An easy gait—two forty-five—
 Suits me; I do not care;— 40
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
 Titians and Raphaels three or four.—
 I love so much their style and tone,— 45
 One Turner, and no more,—
 (A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,
 The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear; 50
 The rest upon an upper floor;—
 Some *little* luxury *there*
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as
 these, 55
 Which others often show for pride,
 I value, for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride;—
 One Stradivarius, I confess,
 Two Meerschauts, I would fain pos-
 sess. 60

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not
 learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl? ¹
 Give grasping pomp its double share,—
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair. 65
¹ inlaid work

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*.— 70
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed
 with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without
 making a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the
 Catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-
 night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who
 says we are more? 5
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show
 him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes!
 white, if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest
 there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse
 the mistake!
 Look close,—you will see not a sign of
 a flake; 10
 We want some new garlands for those
 we have shed,—
 And these are white roses in place of
 the red!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you
 may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were
 old:—
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we
 call "Judge"; 15
 It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's
 all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one
 on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are
 you tonight?
 That's our "Member of Congress," we
 say when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend" What's his
 name?—don't make me laugh. 20

That boy with the grave mathematical
look
Made believe he had written a wonder-
ful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was
true!
So they chose him right in; a good joke
it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a
three-decker-brain, 25
That could harness a team with a logi-
cal chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in
syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now
he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excel-
lent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming
him Smith; 30
But he shouted a song for the brave
and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country,
of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You
think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good
he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop
to his call, 35
And the poor man that knows him
laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with
tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laugh-
ing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops
smiling away? 40

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold
and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its
May!
And when we have done with our life-
lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children,
THE BOYS!

A HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread, 5
And sorrow crown each lingering
year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to
fear, 10
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear, 15
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

A SUN-DAY HYMN

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun to star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray 5
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the longatches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn; 10
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love, 15
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame! 20

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

MARCH 25, 1861

She has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride,—

Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!

She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,

And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,

We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—

Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,

From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;

But we said, "She is hasty,—she does not mean much."

We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;

But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?

Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?

Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain

That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,

Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,

Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,

And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,

Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,

As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow

Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:

Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!

Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,

The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,

There are battles with Fate that can never be won!

The star-flowing banner must never be furled,

For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,

Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;

But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,

Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,

I leave the bright enamelled zones below;

No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,

Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;

Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,

That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow

Along the margin of unmelting snow;

Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,

White realm of peace above the flowering line;

Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!

O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt
planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain
desires,
And all the unclouded blue of
heaven is thine!

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

Dedicated by a contributor to the *Collegian*, 1830, to the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*, 1876

'T was on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints de-
clare:

The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag, 5
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third—and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame. 10
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few;
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well 15
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan; 20
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about, 25
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;
Here stands—each youthful Jehu's
dream—

The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand; 30
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy
lace 35

Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye,—
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these! 40

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!" "Will you?
Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you,—
Pray listen till my story's through. 45
Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay—
Lent to his sexton for the day; 50
(A funeral—so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead).

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare, 55
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him
down,— 60
The steed's, the statesman's, common
lot!

"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region
rung 65
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he
showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-
kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed, 70
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft, 75
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein,—a sight to see! 80

So worn, so lean in every limb,
 It can't be they are saddling him!
 It is! his back the pig-skin strides
 And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
 With look of mingled scorn and mirth
 They buckle round the saddle-girth; 86
 With horsy wink and saucy toss
 A youngster throws his leg across,
 And so, his rider on his back,
 They lead him, limping, to the track, 90
 Far up behind the starting-point,
 To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
 One pitying look old Hiram cast;
 "Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!" 95
 Cried out unsentimental Dan;
 "A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
 Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
 First feels the gathering head of steam,
 With warning cough and threatening
 wheeze 101
 The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
 At first with cautious step sedate,
 As if he dragged a coach of state;
 He's not a colt; he knows full well 105
 That time is weight and sure to tell;
 No horse so sturdy but he fears
 The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
 The old horse nears the judges' stand,
 Beneath his jockey's feather-weight 111
 He warms a little to his gait,
 And now and then a step is tried
 That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!"—Through his ear the summons
 stung 115
 As if a battle-trump had rung;
 The slumbering instincts long unstirred
 Start at the old familiar word;
 It thrills like flame through every
 limb—
 What mean his twenty years to him? 120
 The savage blow his rider dealt
 Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
 The spur that pricked his staring hide
 Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
 Alike to him are spur and rein,— 125
 He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
 Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
 Long ere the quarter was a half,
 The chuckling crowd had ceased to
 laugh; 130
 Tighter his frightened jockey clung
 As in a mighty stride he swung,
 The gravel flying in his track,
 His neck stretched out, his ears laid
 back,
 His tail extended all the while 135
 Behind him like a rat-tail file!
 Off went a shoe,—away it spun,
 Shot like a bullet from a gun;
 The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
 From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
 He drops his whip, he drops his rein, 141
 He clutches fiercely for a mane;
 He'll lose his hold—he sways and
 reels—
 He'll slide beneath those trampling
 heels!
 The knees of many a horseman quake,
 The flowers on many a bonnet shake, 146
 And shouts arise from left and right,
 "Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight!
 Hould tight!"
 "Cling round his neck and don't let go—
 That pace can't hold—there! steady!
 whoa!" 150
 But like the sable steed that bore
 The spectral lover of Lenore,
 His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
 No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
 And now the stand he rushes by, 155
 And "Stop him!—stop him!" is the cry.
 Stand back! he's only just begun—
 He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your
 brains;
 But follow up and grab the reins!" 160
 Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
 And sprang impatient at the word;
 Budd Doble started on his bay,
 Old Hiram followed on his gray,
 And off they spring, and round they go,
 The fast ones doing "all they know." 166
 Look! twice they follow at his heels,
 As round the circling course he wheels,
 And whirls with him that clinging boy
 Like Hector rounds the walls of Troy;
 Still on, and on, the third time
 round! 171

They're tailing off! they're losing
ground!

Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout, 175
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot! 180

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come
again!"

Some took his time,—at least they
tried,

But what it was could none decide;
One said he couldn't understand 185

What happened to his second hand;

One said 2:10; *that* couldn't be—

More like two twenty-two or -three;

Old Hiram settled it at last;

"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish
fast!" 190

The parson's horse had won the bet;

It cost him something of a sweat;

Back in the one-horse shay he went;

The parson wondered what it meant,

And murmured, with a mild surprise

And pleasant twinkle of the eyes, 196

"That funeral must have been a trick,

Or corpses drive at double-quick;

I shouldn't wonder, I declare,

If brother—Jehu—made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say 201

About that tough old trotting bay,

Huddup! Huddup! G'lang! Good day!

Moral for which this tale is told:

A horse *can* trot, for all he's old. 205

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

1887

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters
leave more dear

Than when life's roseate summer on thy
cheek

Burned in the flush of manhood's man-
liest year,

Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak

Thy feet have reached, and mine have
climbed so near! 5

Close on thy footsteps 'mid the land-
scape drear

I stretch my hand thine answering
grasp to seek,

Warm with the love no rippling rhymes
can speak!

Look backward! From thy lofty height
survey

Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories
won, 10

Of dreams made real, largest hopes out-
run!

Look forward! Brighter than earth's
morning ray

Streams the pure light of Heaven's un-
setting sun,

The unclouded dawn of life's immortal
day!

DIVISION AND REUNION

JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782-1850)

SPEECH ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION, DELIVERED IN THE SENATE, MARCH 4, 1850

I have, Senators, believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. Entertaining this opinion, I have, on all proper occasions, endeavored to call the attention of both the two great parties which divide the country to adopt some measure to prevent so great a disaster, but without success. The agitation has been permitted to proceed with almost no attempt to resist it, until it has reached a point when it can no longer be disguised or denied that the Union is in danger. You have thus had forced upon you the greatest and the gravest question that can ever come under your consideration—How can the Union be preserved?

To give a satisfactory answer to this mighty question, it is indispensable to have an accurate and thorough knowledge of the nature and the character of the cause by which the Union is endangered. Without such knowledge it is impossible to pronounce, with any certainty, by what measure it can be saved; just as it would be impossible for a physician to pronounce, in the case of some dangerous disease, with any certainty, by what remedy the patient could be saved, without similar knowledge of the nature and character of the cause which produced it. The first question, then, presented for consideration, in the investigation I propose to make in order to obtain such knowledge, is—What is it that has endangered the Union?

To this question there can be but one answer,—that the immediate cause is the almost universal discontent which pervades all the States composing the Southern section of the Union. This widely-extended discontent is not of recent origin. It commenced with the agitation of the slavery question, and has been increasing ever since. The next question, going one step further back, is—What has caused this widely diffused and almost universal discontent?

It is a great mistake to suppose, as is by some, that it originated with demagogues, who excited the discontent with the intention of aiding their personal advancement, or with the disappointed ambition of certain politicians, who resorted to it as the means of retrieving their fortunes. On the contrary, all the great political influences of the section were arrayed against excitement, and exerted to the utmost to keep the people quiet. The great mass of the people of the South were divided, as in the other section, into Whigs and Democrats. The leaders and the presses of both parties in the South were very solicitous to prevent excitement and to preserve quiet; because it was seen that the effects of the former would necessarily tend to weaken, if not destroy, the political ties which united them with their respective parties in the other section. Those who know the strength of party ties will readily appreciate the immense force which this cause exerted against agitation, and in favor of preserving quiet. But, great as it was, it was not sufficient to prevent the widespread discontent which now pervades the section. No; some cause, far deeper and more powerful than the one supposed, must exist, to account for dis-

content so wide and deep. The question then recurs—What is the cause of this discontent? It will be found in the belief of the people of the Southern States, as prevalent as the discontent itself, that they cannot remain, as things now are, consistently with honor and safety, in the Union. The next question to be considered, is—What has caused this belief?

One of the causes is, undoubtedly, to be traced to the long-continued agitation of the slave question on the part of the North, and the many aggressions which they have made on the rights of the South during the time. I will not enumerate them at present, as it will be done hereafter in its proper place.

There is another lying back of it—²⁰ with which this is intimately connected—that may be regarded as the great and primary cause. This is to be found in the fact that the equilibrium between the two sections, in the Government as it stood when the constitution was ratified and the Government put in action, has been destroyed. At that time there was nearly a perfect equilibrium between the two, which afforded ³⁰ ample means to each to protect itself against the aggression of the other; but, as it now stands, one section has the exclusive power of controlling the Government, which leaves the other without any adequate means of protecting itself against its encroachment and oppression. To place this subject distinctly before you, I have, Senators, prepared a brief statistical statement, ⁴⁰ showing the relative weight of the two sections in the Government under the first census of 1790 and the last census of 1840.

According to the former, the population of the United States, including Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, which then were in their incipient condition of becoming States, but were not actually admitted, amounted to ⁵⁰ 3,929,827. Of this number the Northern States had 1,997,899, and the Southern 1,952,072, making a difference of only 45,827 in favor of the former

States. The number of States, including Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, were sixteen; of which eight, including Vermont, belonged to the Northern section, and eight, including Kentucky and Tennessee, to the Southern,—making an equal division of the States between the two sections under the first census. There was a small ¹⁰ preponderance in the House of Representatives, and in the Electoral College, in favor of the Northern, owing to the fact that, according to the provisions of the constitution, in estimating federal numbers five slaves count but three; but it was too small to affect sensibly the perfect equilibrium which, with that exception, existed at the time. Such was the equality of the ²⁰ two sections when the States composing them agreed to enter into a Federal Union. Since then the equilibrium between them has been greatly disturbed.

According to the last census the aggregate population of the United States amounted to 17,063,357, of which the Northern section contained 9,728,920, and the Southern 7,334,437, making a difference, in round numbers, ³⁰ of 2,400,000. The number of States had increased from sixteen to twenty-six, making an addition of ten States. In the mean time the position of Delaware had become doubtful as to which section she properly belonged. Considering her as neutral, the Northern States will have thirteen and the Southern States twelve, making a difference in the Senate of two Senators ⁴⁰ in favor of the former. According to the apportionment under the census of 1840, there were two hundred and twenty-three members of the House of Representatives, of which the Northern States had one hundred and thirty-five, and the Southern States (considering Delaware as neutral) eighty-seven, making a difference in ⁵⁰ favor of the former in the House of Representatives of forty-eight. The difference in the Senate of two members, added to this, gives to the North in the electoral college, a majority of fifty. Since the census of 1840, four

States have been added to the Union—Iowa, Wisconsin, Florida, and Texas. They leave the difference in the Senate as it stood when the census was taken; but add two to the side of the North in the House, making the present majority in the House in its favor fifty, and in the electoral college fifty-two.

The result of the whole is to give the Northern section a predominance in every department of the Government, and thereby concentrate in it the two elements which constitute the Federal Government,—majority of States, and a majority of their population, estimated in federal numbers. Whatever section concentrates the two in itself possesses the control of the entire Government.

But we are just at the close of the sixth decade, and the commencement of the seventh. The census is to be taken this year, which must add greatly to the decided preponderance of the North in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college. The prospect is, also, that a great increase will be added to its present preponderance in the Senate, during the period of the decade, by the addition of new States. Two territories, Oregon and Minnesota, are already in progress, and strenuous efforts are making to bring in three additional States from the territory recently conquered from Mexico; which, if successful, will add three other States in a short time to the Northern section, making five States; and increasing the present number of its States from fifteen to twenty, and of its Senators from thirty to forty. On the contrary, there is not a single territory in progress in the Southern section, and no certainty that any additional State will be added to it during the decade. The prospect then is, that the two sections in the Senate, should the efforts now made to exclude the South from the newly acquired territories succeed, will stand, before the end of the decade, twenty Northern States to fourteen Southern (considering Delaware as neutral), and forty Northern Senators

to twenty-eight Southern. This great increase of Senators, added to the great increase of members of the House of Representatives and the electoral college on the part of the North, which must take place under the next decade, will effectually and irretrievably destroy the equilibrium which existed when the Government commenced.

Had this destruction been the operation of time, without the interference of Government, the South would have had no reason to complain; but such was not the fact. It was caused by the legislation of this Government, which was appointed, as the common agent of all, and charged with the protection of the interests and security of all. The legislation by which it has been effected, may be classed under three heads. The first, is that series of acts by which the South has been excluded from the common territory belonging to all the States as members of the Federal Union—which have had the effect of extending vastly the portion allotted to the Northern section, and restricting within narrow limits the portion left the South. The next consists in adopting a system of revenue and disbursements, by which an undue proportion of the burden of taxation has been imposed upon the South, and an undue proportion of its proceeds appropriated to the North; and the last is a system of political measures, by which the original character of the Government has been radically changed. I propose to bestow upon each of these, in the order they stand, a few remarks, with the view of showing that it is owing to the action of this Government that the equilibrium between the two sections has been destroyed, and the whole powers of the system centered in a sectional majority.

The first of the series of acts by which the South was deprived of its due share of the territories, originated with the confederacy which preceded the existence of this Government. It is to be found in the provision of the Ordinance of 1787. Its effect was to exclude the South entirely from that

vast and fertile region which lies between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, now embracing five States and one territory. The next of the series is the Missouri compromise, which excluded the South from that large portion of Louisiana which lies north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, excepting what is included in the State of Missouri. The last of the series excluded the South from the whole of the Oregon Territory. All these, in the slang of the day, were what are called slave territories, and not free soil; that is, territories belonging to slaveholding powers and open to the emigration of masters with their slaves. By these several acts, the South was excluded from 1,238,025 square miles—an extent of country considerably exceeding the entire valley of the Mississippi. To the South was left the portion of the Territory of Louisiana lying south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and the portion north of it included in the State of Missouri, with the portion lying south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, including the States of Louisiana and Arkansas, and the territory lying west of the latter, and south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, called the Indian country. These, with the Territory of Florida, now the State, make, in the whole, 238,503 square miles. To this must be added the territory acquired with Texas. If the whole should be added to the Southern section, it would make an increase of 325,520, which would make the whole left to the South, 609,023. But a large part of Texas is still in contest between the two sections, which leaves it uncertain what will be the real extent of the portion of territory that may be left to the South.

I have not included the territory recently acquired by the treaty with Mexico. The North is making the most strenuous efforts to appropriate the whole to herself, by excluding the South from every foot of it. If she should succeed, it will add to that from which the South has already been excluded, 526,078 square miles, and would increase the whole which the North has appropriated to herself, to

1,764,023, not including the portion that she may succeed in excluding us from in Texas. To sum up the whole, the United States, since they declared their independence, have acquired 2,373,046 square miles of territory, from which the North will have excluded the South, if she should succeed in monopolizing the newly acquired territories, about three-fourths of the whole, leaving to the South but about one-fourth.

Such is the first and great cause that has destroyed the equilibrium between the two sections in the Government.

The next is the system of revenue and disbursements which has been adopted by the Government. It is well known that the Government has derived its revenue mainly from duties on imports. I shall not undertake to show that such duties must necessarily fall mainly on the exporting States, and that the South, as the great exporting portion of the Union, has in reality paid vastly more than her due proportion of the revenue; because I deem it unnecessary, as the subject has on so many occasions been fully discussed. Nor shall I, for the same reason, undertake to show that a far greater portion of the revenue has been disbursed at the North, than its due share; and that the joint effect of these causes has been, to transfer a vast amount from South to North, which, under an equal system of revenue and disbursements, would not have been lost to her. If to this be added, that many of the duties were imposed, not for revenue, but for protection,—that is, intended to put money, not in the treasury, but directly into the pocket of the manufacturers,—some conception may be formed of the immense amount which, in the long course of sixty years, has been transferred from South to North. There are no data by which it can be estimated with any certainty; but it is safe to say, that it amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. Under the most moderate estimate, it would be sufficient to add greatly to the wealth of the North, and

thus greatly increase her population by attracting emigration from all quarters to that section.

This, combined with the great primary cause, amply explains why the North has acquired a preponderance in every department of the Government by its disproportionate increase of population and States. The former, as has been shown, has increased, in fifty years, 2,400,000 over that of the South. This increase of population, during so long a period, is satisfactorily accounted for, by the number of emigrants, and the increase of their descendants, which have been attracted to the Northern section from Europe and the South, in consequence of the advantages derived from the causes assigned. If they had not existed—if the South had retained all the capital which has been extracted from her by the fiscal action of the Government; and, if it had not been excluded by the ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri compromise, from the region lying between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, and between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains north of 36° 30'—it scarcely admits of a doubt, that it would have divided the emigration with the North, and by retaining her own people, would have at least equalled the North in population under the census of 1840, and probably under that about to be taken. She would also, if she had retained her equal rights in those territories, have maintained an equality in the number of States with the North, and have preserved the equilibrium between the two sections that existed at the commencement of the Government. The loss, then, of the equilibrium is to be attributed to the action of this Government.

But while these measures were destroying the equilibrium between the two sections, the action of the Government was leading to a radical change in its character, by concentrating all the power of the system in itself. The occasion will not permit me to trace the measures by which this great

change has been consummated. If it did, it would not be difficult to show that the process commenced at an early period of the Government; and that it proceeded, almost without interruption, step by step, until it absorbed virtually its entire powers; but without going through the whole process to establish the fact, it may be done satisfactorily by a very short statement.

That the Government claims, and practically maintains, the right to decide in the last resort, as to the extent of its powers, will scarcely be denied by any one conversant with the political history of the country. That it also claims the right to resort to force to maintain whatever power it claims, against all opposition, is equally certain. Indeed it is apparent, from what we daily hear, that this has become the prevailing and fixed opinion of a great majority of the community. Now, I ask, what limitation can possibly be placed upon the powers of a government claiming and exercising such rights? And, if none can be, how can the separate governments of the States maintain and protect the powers reserved to them by the constitution—or the people of the several States maintain those which are reserved to them, and among others, the sovereign powers by which they ordained and established, not only their separate State Constitutions and Governments, but also the Constitution and Government of the United States? But, if they have no constitutional means of maintaining them against the right claimed by this Government, it necessarily follows that they hold them at its pleasure and discretion, and that all the powers of the system are in reality concentrated in it. It also follows that the character of the Government has been changed, in consequence, from a federal republic, as it originally came from the hands of its framers, into a great national consolidated democracy. It has indeed, at present, all the characteristics of the latter, and not one of the former, although it still retains its outward form.

The result of the whole of these causes combined is—that the North has acquired a decided ascendancy over every department of this Government, and through it a control over all the powers of the system. A single section governed by the will of the numerical majority, has now, in fact, the control of the Government and the entire powers of the system. What was once a constitutional federal republic, is now converted, in reality, into one as absolute as that of the Autocrat of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute government that ever existed.

As, then, the North has the absolute control over the Government, it is manifest that on all questions between it and the South, where there is a diversity of interests, the interest of the latter will be sacrificed to the former, however oppressive the effects may be; as the South possesses no means by which it can resist, through the action of the Government. But if there was no question of vital importance to the South, in reference to which there was a diversity of views between the two sections, this state of things might be endured, without the hazard of destruction to the South. But such is not the fact. There is a question of vital importance to the Southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are as opposite and hostile as they can possibly be.

I refer to the relation between the two races in the Southern section, which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile, regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it. Indeed, to the extent that they conceive that they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for not suppressing it by the use of all and every means. Those less opposed and hostile, regard it as a crime—an of-

fence against humanity, as they call it; and although not so fanatical, feel themselves bound to use all efforts to effect the same object; while those who are least opposed and hostile, regard it as a blot and a stain on the character of what they call the Nation, and feel themselves accordingly bound to give it no countenance or support. On the contrary, the Southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness; and accordingly they feel bound, by every consideration of interest and safety, to defend it.

This hostile feeling on the part of the North towards the social organization of the South long lay dormant; but it only required some cause to act on those who felt most intensely that they were responsible for its continuance, to call it into action. The increasing power of this Government, and of the control of the Northern section over all its departments, furnished the cause. It was this which made an impression on the minds of many, that there was little or no restraint to prevent the Government from doing whatever it might choose to do. This was sufficient of itself to put the most fanatical portion of the North in action, for the purpose of destroying the existing relation between the two races in the South.

The first organized movement towards it commenced in 1835. Then, for the first time, societies were organized, presses established, lecturers sent forth to excite the people of the North, and incendiary publications scattered over the whole South through the mail. The South was thoroughly aroused. Meetings were held everywhere, and resolutions adopted, calling upon the North to apply a remedy to arrest the threatened evil, and pledging themselves to adopt measures for their own protection if it was not arrested. At the meeting of Congress, petitions poured in from the North, calling upon Congress to abolish slav-

ery in the District of Columbia, and to prohibit what they called the internal slave trade between the States—announcing at the same time, that their ultimate object was to abolish slavery, not only in the District, but in the States and throughout the Union. At this period, the number engaged in the agitation was small, and possessed little or no personal influence.

Neither party in Congress had, at that time, any sympathy with them or their cause. The members of each party presented their petitions with great reluctance. Nevertheless, small and contemptible as the party then was, both of the great parties of the North dreaded them. They felt that though small, they were organized in reference to a subject which had a great and a commanding influence over the Northern mind. Each party, on that account, feared to oppose their petitions, lest the opposite party should take advantage of the one who might do so, by favoring them. The effect was that both united in insisting that the petitions should be received, and that Congress should take jurisdiction over the subject. To justify their course, they took the extraordinary ground that Congress was bound to receive petitions on every subject, however objectionable they might be, and whether they had or had not jurisdiction over the subject. These views prevailed in the House of Representatives, and partially in the Senate; and thus the party succeeded, in their first movements, in gaining what they proposed—a position in Congress from which agitation could be extended over the whole Union. This was the commencement of the agitation, which has ever since continued, and which, as is now acknowledged, has endangered the Union itself.

As for myself, I believed at that early period, if the party who got up the petitions should succeed in getting Congress to take jurisdiction, that agitation would follow; and that it would in the end, if not arrested, destroy the Union. I then so expressed myself in

debate, and called upon both parties to take grounds against assuming jurisdiction; but in vain. Had my voice been heeded, and had Congress refused to take jurisdiction, by the united votes of all parties, the agitation which followed would have been prevented; and the fanatical zeal that gives impulse to the agitation, and which has brought us to our present perilous condition, would have become extinguished from the want of fuel to feed the flame. That was the time for the North to have shown her devotion to the Union; but, unfortunately, both of the great parties of that section were so intent on obtaining or retaining party ascendancy, that all other considerations were overlooked or forgotten.

What has since followed are but natural consequences. With the success of their first movement, this small fanatical party began to acquire strength; and with that, to become an object of courtship to both the great parties. The necessary consequence was a further increase of power, and a gradual tainting of the opinions of both of the other parties with their doctrines, until the infection has extended over both; and the great mass of the population of the North, who, whatever may be their opinion of the original abolition party, which still preserves its distinctive organization, hardly ever fail, when it comes to acting, to co-operate in carrying out their measures. With the increase of their influence, they extended the sphere of their action. In a short time after the commencement of their first movement, they had acquired sufficient influence to induce the legislatures of most of the Northern States to pass acts which in effect abrogated the clause of the constitution that provides for the delivery up of fugitive slaves. Not long after, petitions followed to abolish slavery in forts, magazines, and dockyards, and all other places where Congress had exclusive power of legislation. This was followed by petitions and resolutions of legislatures of the Northern States, and popular meetings,

to exclude the Southern States from all territories acquired, or to be acquired; and to prevent the admission of any State hereafter into the Union, which, by its constitution, does not prohibit slavery. And Congress is invoked to do all this, expressly with the view to the final abolition of slavery in the States. That has been avowed to be the ultimate object from the beginning of the agitation until the present time; and yet the great body of both parties of the North, with the full knowledge of the fact, although disavowing the abolitionists, have co-operated with them in almost all their measures.

Such is a brief history of the agitation, as far as it has yet advanced. Now I ask, Senators, what is there to prevent its further progress, until it fulfils the ultimate end proposed, unless some decisive measure should be adopted to prevent it? Has any one of the causes, which had added to its increase from its original small and contemptible beginning until it has attained its present magnitude, diminished in force? Is the original cause of the movement—that slavery is a sin, and ought to be suppressed—weaker now than at the commencement? Or is the abolition party less numerous or influential, or have they less influence with, or control over, the two great parties of the North in elections? Or has the South greater means of influencing or controlling the movements of this Government now, than it had when the agitation commenced? To all these questions but one answer can be given: No—no—no. The very reverse is true. Instead of being weaker, all the elements in favor of agitation are stronger now than they were in 1835, when it first commenced; while all the elements of influence on the part of the South are weaker. Unless something decisive is done, I again ask, what is to stop this agitation, before the great and final object at which it aims—the abolition of slavery in the States—is consummated? Is it, then, not certain, that if something is not done to arrest it, the South will be forced

to choose between abolition and secession? Indeed, as events are now moving, it will not require the South to secede, in order to dissolve the Union. Agitation will of itself effect it, of which its past history furnishes abundant proof—as I shall next proceed to show.

It is a great mistake to suppose that disunion can be effected by a single blow. The cords which bind these States together in one common Union, are far too numerous and powerful for that. Disunion must be the work of time. It is only through a long process, and successively, that the cords can be snapped, until the whole fabric falls asunder. Already the agitation of the slavery question has snapped some of the most important, and has greatly weakened all the others, as I shall proceed to show.

The cords that bind the States together are not only many, but various in character. Some are spiritual or ecclesiastical; some political; others social. Some appertain to the benefit conferred by the Union, and others to the feeling of duty and obligation.

The strongest of those of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature, consisted in the unity of the great religious denominations, all of which originally embraced the whole Union. All these denominations, with the exception, perhaps, of the Catholics, were organized very much upon the principle of our political institutions. Beginning with smaller meetings, corresponding with the political divisions of the country, their organization terminated in one great central assemblage, corresponding very much with the character of Congress. At these meetings the principal clergymen and lay members of the respective denominations, from all parts of the Union, met to transact business relating to their common concerns. It was not confined to what appertained to the doctrines and discipline of the respective denominations, but extended to plans for disseminating the Bible—establishing missions, distributing tracts—and of establish-

ing presses for the publication of tracts, newspapers, and periodicals, with a view of diffusing religious information—and for the support of their respective doctrines and creeds. All this combined contributed greatly to strengthen the bonds of the Union. The ties which held each denomination together formed a strong cord to hold the whole Union together; but, powerful as they were, they have not been able to resist the explosive effect of slavery agitation.

The first of these cords which snapped, under its explosive force, was that of the powerful Methodist Episcopal Church. The numerous and strong ties which held it together are all broken, and its unity gone. They now form separate churches; and, instead of that feeling of attachment and devotion to the interests of the whole church which was formerly felt, they are now arrayed into two hostile bodies, engaged in litigation about what was formerly their common property.

The next cord that snapped was that of the Baptists—one of the largest and most respectable of the denominations. That of the Presbyterian is not entirely snapped, but some of its strands have given way. That of the Episcopal Church is the only one of the four great Protestant denominations which remains unbroken and entire.

The strongest cord of a political character, consists of the many and powerful ties that have held together the two great parties which have, with some modifications, existed from the beginning of the Government. They both extended to every portion of the Union, and strongly contributed to hold all its parts together. But this powerful cord has fared no better than the spiritual. It resisted, for a long time, the explosive tendency of the agitation, but has finally snapped under its force—if not entirely, in a great measure. Nor is there one of the remaining cords which has not been greatly weakened. To this extent the Union has already been destroyed by agitation, in the only way it can be,

by sundering and weakening the cords which bind it together.

If the agitation goes on, the same force, acting with increased intensity, as has been shown, will finally snap every cord, when nothing will be left to hold the States together except force. But, surely that can with no propriety of language be called a Union, when the only means by which the weaker is held connected with the stronger portion is *force*. It may, indeed, keep them connected; but the connection will partake much more of the character of subjugation, on the part of the weaker to the stronger, than the union of free, independent, and sovereign States, in one confederation, as they stood in the early stages of the Government, and which only is worthy of the sacred name of Union.

Having now, Senators, explained what it is that endangers the Union, and traced it to its cause, and explained its nature and character, the question again recurs—How can the Union be saved? To this I answer, there is but one way by which it can be; and that is, by adopting such measures as will satisfy the States belonging to the Southern section, that they can remain in the Union consistently with their honor and their safety. There is, again, only one way by which this can be effected; and that is, by removing the causes by which this belief has been produced. Do this, and discontent will cease, harmony and kind feelings between the sections be restored, and every apprehension of danger to the Union removed. The question then is—How can this be done? But before I undertake to answer this question, I propose to show by what the Union cannot be saved.

It cannot, then, be saved by eulogies on the Union, however splendid or numerous. The cry of "Union, Union—the glorious Union!" can no more prevent disunion than the cry of "Health, health—glorious health!" on the part of the physician, can save a patient lying dangerously ill. So long as the Union, instead of being regarded as a

protector, is regarded in the opposite character, by not much less than a majority of the States, it will be in vain to attempt to conciliate them by pronouncing eulogies on it.

Besides, this cry of Union comes commonly from those whom we cannot believe to be sincere. It usually comes from our assailants. But we cannot believe them to be sincere; for, if they loved the Union, they would necessarily be devoted to the constitution. It made the Union; and to destroy the constitution would be to destroy the Union. But the only reliable and certain evidence of devotion to the constitution is to abstain, on the one hand, from violating it; and to repel, on the other, all attempts to violate it. It is only by faithfully performing these high duties that the constitution can be preserved, and with it the Union.

But how stands the profession of devotion to the Union by our assailants, when brought to this test? Have they abstained from violating the constitution? Let the many acts passed by the Northern States to set aside and annul the clause of the constitution providing for the delivery up of fugitive slaves answer. I cite this, not that it is the only instance (for there are many others), but because the violation in this particular is too notorious and palpable to be denied. Again: have they stood forth faithfully to repel violations of the constitution? Let their course in reference to the agitation of the slavery question, which was commenced and has been carried on for fifteen years, avowedly for the purpose of abolishing slavery in the States—an object all acknowledged to be unconstitutional—answer. Let them show a single instance, during this long period, in which they have denounced the agitators or their attempts to effect what is admitted to be unconstitutional, or a single measure which they have brought forward for that purpose. How can we, with all these facts before us, believe that they are sincere in their profession of devotion to the Union, or avoid believing their pro-

fession is but intended to increase the vigor of their assaults and to weaken the force of our resistance?

Nor can we regard the profession of devotion to the Union, on the part of those who are not our assailants, as sincere, when they pronounce eulogies upon the Union, evidently with the intent of charging us with disunion, without uttering one word of denunciation against our assailants. If friends of the Union, their course should be to unite with us in repelling these assaults, and denouncing the authors as enemies of the Union. Why they avoid this, and pursue the course they do, it is for them to explain.

Nor can the Union be saved by invoking the name of the illustrious Southerner whose mortal remains repose on the western bank of the Potomac. He was one of us—a slaveholder and a planter. We have studied his history, and find nothing in it to justify submission to wrong. On the contrary, his great fame rests on the solid foundation that, while he was careful to avoid doing wrong to others, he was prompt and decided in repelling wrong. I trust that, in this respect, we profited by his example.

Nor can we find any thing in his history to deter us from seceding from the Union, should it fail to fulfil the objects for which it was instituted, by being permanently and hopelessly converted into the means of oppressing instead of protecting us. On the contrary, we find much in his example to encourage us, should we be forced to the extremity of deciding between submission and disunion.

There existed then, as well as now, a union: that between the parent country and her then colonies. It was a union that had much to endear it to the people of the colonies. Under its protecting and superintending care, the colonies were planted, and grew up, and prospered, through a long course of years, until they became populous and wealthy. Its benefits were not limited to them. Their extensive agricultural and other productions gave

birth to a flourishing commerce, which richly rewarded the parent country for the trouble and expense of establishing and protecting them. Washington was born and grew up to manhood under that union. He acquired his early distinction in its service, and there is every reason to believe that he was devotedly attached to it. But his devotion was a rational one. He was attached to it not as an end, but as a means to an end. When it failed to fulfil its end, and instead of affording protection, was converted into the means of oppressing the colonies, he did not hesitate to draw his sword, and head the great movement by which that union was for ever severed, and the independence of these States established. This was the great and crowning glory of his life, which has spread his fame over the whole globe, and will transmit it to the latest posterity.

Nor can the plan proposed by the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, nor that of the administration, save the Union. I shall pass by, without remark, the plan proposed by the Senator, and proceed directly to the consideration of that of the administration. I however assure the distinguished and able Senator, that, in taking this course, no disrespect whatever is intended to him or his plan. I have adopted it, because so many Senators of distinguished abilities, who were present when he delivered his speech, and explained his plan, and who were fully capable to do justice to the side they support, have replied to him.

The plan of the administration cannot save the Union, because it can have no effect whatever towards satisfying the States composing the Southern section of the Union, that they can, consistently with safety and honor, remain in the Union. It is, in fact, but a modification of the Wilmot Proviso. It proposes to effect the same object, —to exclude the South from all territory acquired by the Mexican treaty. It is well known that the South is united against the Wilmot Proviso, and has committed itself by solemn reso-

lutions, to resist, should it be adopted. Its opposition is *not to the name*, but that which it *proposes to effect*. That, the Southern States hold to be unconstitutional, unjust, inconsistent with their equality as members of the common Union, and calculated to destroy irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections. These objections equally apply to what, for brevity, I will call the Executive Proviso. There is no difference between it and the Wilmot, except in the mode of effecting the object; and in that respect, I must say, that the latter is much the least objectionable. It goes to its object openly, boldly, and distinctly. It claims for Congress unlimited power over the territories, and proposes to assert it over the territories acquired from Mexico, by a positive prohibition of slavery. Not so the Executive Proviso. It takes an indirect course, and in order to elude the Wilmot Proviso, and thereby avoid encountering the united and determine resistance of the South, it denies, by implication, the authority of Congress to legislate for the territories, and claims the right as belonging exclusively to the inhabitants of the territories. But to effect the object of excluding the South, it takes care, in the mean time, to let in emigrants freely from the Northern States and all other quarters, except from the South, which it takes special care to exclude by holding up to them the danger of having their slaves liberated under the Mexican laws. The necessary consequence is to exclude the South from the territory, just as effectually as would the Wilmot Proviso. The only difference in this respect is, that what one proposes to effect directly and openly, the other proposes to effect indirectly and covertly.

But the Executive Proviso is more objectionable than the Wilmot, in another and more important particular. The latter, to effect its object, inflicts a dangerous wound upon the constitution, by depriving the Southern States, as joint partners and owners of the territories, of their rights in them; but it

inflicts no greater wound than is absolutely necessary to effect its object. The former, on the contrary, while it inflicts the same wound, inflicts others equally great, and, if possible, greater.

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Having now shown what cannot save the Union, I return to the question with which I commenced, How can the Union be saved? There is but one way ¹⁰ by which it can with any certainty; and that is, by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice; and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the constitution; and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she ²⁰ has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, and remove all cause of discontent, by satisfying the South that she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections, which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can, with any certainty, finally and ³⁰ for ever settle the questions at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party, for it can of itself do nothing—not even protect itself—but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it, to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive ⁴⁰ slaves to be faithfully fulfilled; to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the constitution, by an amendment, which will restore to the South, in substance, the power she possessed of protecting herself, before the equilibrium between the sections was de- ⁵⁰stroyed by the action of this Government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision: one that will protect the South, and which, at

the same time, will improve and strengthen the Government, instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But, I will say, she cannot refuse, if she has half the love of the Union which she professes to have, or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North, and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever, unless to do justice, and to perform her duties under the constitution, should be regarded by her as ²⁰ a sacrifice.

It is time, Senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides, as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we, as the representatives of the States of this Union, regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our re- ³⁰spective views, in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you, who represent the stronger portion, cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we both represent agree to separate and part in peace. If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so; and we shall know what to ⁴⁰ do, when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case, California will become the test question. If you admit her, under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories; with ⁵⁰ the intention of destroying, irretrievably, the equilibrium between the two sections. We would be blind not to perceive in that case, that your real objects are power and aggrandizement,

and infatuated not to act accordingly.

I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly, on this solemn occasion. In doing so, I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself, during the whole period, to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union, if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852)

SPEECH ON THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION, MARCH 7, 1850

MR. PRESIDENT,—I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States. It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States; a body not yet moved from its propriety, not lost to a just sense of its own dignity and its own high responsibilities; and a body to which the country looks, with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions and government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole sea into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths. I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as hold-

ing, or as fit to hold, the helm in this combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity, not without a sense of existing dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be; but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. "Hear me for my cause." I speak to-day, out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich, and so dear to us all. These are the topics that I propose to myself to discuss; these are the motives, and the sole motives, that influence me in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country; and if I can do any thing, however little, for the promotion of these ends, I shall have accomplished all that I expect.

Mr. President, it may not be amiss to recur very briefly to the events which, equally sudden and extraordinary, have brought the country into its present political condition. In May, 1846, the United States declared war against Mexico. Our armies, then on the frontiers, entered the provinces of that republic, met and defeated all her troops, penetrated her mountain passes, and occupied her capital. The marine force of the United States took possession of her forts and her towns, on the Atlantic and on the Pacific. In less than two years a treaty was negotiated, by which Mexico ceded to the United States a vast territory, extending seven or eight hundred miles along the shores of the Pacific, and reaching back over the mountains, and across the desert, until it joins the frontier of the State of

Texas. It so happened, in the distracted and feeble state of the Mexican government, that before the declaration of war by the United States against Mexico had become known in California, the people of California, under the lead of American officers, overthrew the existing Mexican provincial government, and raised an independent flag. When the news arrived at San Francisco that war had been declared by the United States against Mexico, this independent flag was pulled down, and the stars and stripes of this Union hoisted in its stead. So, Sir, before the war was over, the forces of the United States, military and naval, had possession of San Francisco and Upper California, and a great rush of emigrants from various parts of the world took place into California in 1846 and 1847. But now behold another wonder.

In January of 1848, a party of Mormons made a discovery of an extraordinarily rich mine of gold, or rather of a great quantity of gold, hardly proper to be called a mine, for it spread near the surface, on the lower part of the south, or American, branch of the Sacramento. They attempted to conceal their discovery for some time; but soon another discovery of gold, perhaps of greater importance, was made, on another part of the American branch of the Sacramento, and near Sutter's Fort, as it is called. The fame of these discoveries spread far and wide. They inflamed more and more the spirit of emigration towards California, which had already been excited; and adventurers crowded into the country by hundreds, and flocked towards the Bay of San Francisco. This, as I have said, took place in the winter and spring of 1848. The digging commenced in the spring of that year, and from that time to this the work of searching for gold has been prosecuted with a success not heretofore known in the history of this globe. You recollect, Sir, how incredulous at first the American public was at the accounts which reached us of these discoveries; but we all know,

now, that these accounts received, and continue to receive, daily confirmation; and down to the present moment I suppose the assurance is as strong, after the experience of these several months, of the existence of deposits of gold apparently inexhaustible in the regions near San Francisco, in California, as it was at any period of the earlier dates of the accounts.

It so happened, Sir, that although, after the return of peace, it became a very important subject for legislative consideration and legislative decision to provide a proper territorial government for California, yet differences of opinion between the two houses of Congress prevented the establishment of any such territorial government at the last session. Under this state of things, the inhabitants of California, already amounting to a considerable number, thought it to be their duty, in the summer of last year, to establish a local government. Under the proclamation of General Riley, the people chose delegates to a convention; and that convention met at Monterey. It formed a constitution for the State of California, which, being referred to the people, was adopted by them in their primary assemblages. Desirous of immediate connection with the United States, its Senators were appointed and representatives chosen, who have come hither, bringing with them the authentic constitution of the State of California; and they now present themselves, asking, in behalf of their constituents, that it may be admitted into this Union as one of the United States. This constitution, Sir, contains an express prohibition of slavery, or involuntary servitude, in the State of California. It is said, and I suppose truly, that, of the members who composed that convention, some sixteen were natives of, and had been residents in, the slave-holding States, about twenty-two were from the non-slave-holding States, and the remaining ten members were either native Californians or old settlers in that country. This prohibition of slavery,

it is said, was inserted with entire unanimity.

It is this circumstance, Sir, the prohibition of slavery, which has contributed to raise, I do not say it has wholly raised, the dispute as to the propriety of the admission of California into the Union under this constitution. It is not to be denied, Mr. President, nobody thinks of denying, that whatever reasons were assigned at the commencement of the late war with Mexico, it was prosecuted for the purpose of the acquisition of territory, and under the alleged argument that the cession of territory was the only form in which proper compensation could be obtained by the United States from Mexico, for the various claims and demands which the people of this country had against that government. At any rate, it will be found that President Polk's message, at the commencement of the session of December, 1847, avowed that the war was to be prosecuted until some acquisition of territory should be made. As the acquisition was to be south of the line of the United States, in warm climates and countries, it was naturally, I suppose, expected by the South, that whatever acquisitions were made in that region would be added to the slaveholding portion of the United States. Very little of accurate information was possessed of the real physical character, either of California or New Mexico, and events have not turned out as was expected. Both California and New Mexico are likely to come in as free States; and therefore some degree of disappointment and surprise has resulted. In other words, it is obvious that the question which has so long harassed the country, and at times very seriously alarmed the minds of wise and good men, has come upon us for a fresh discussion: the question of slavery in these United States.

Now, Sir, I propose, perhaps at the expense of some detail and consequent detention of the Senate, to review historically this question, which, partly in consequence of its own importance,

and partly, perhaps mostly, in consequence of the manner in which it has been discussed in different portions of the country, has been a source of so much alienation and unkind feeling between them.

We all know, Sir, that slavery has existed in the world from time immemorial. There was slavery, in the earliest periods of history, among the Oriental nations. There was slavery among the Jews; the theocratic government of that people issued no injunction against it. There was slavery among the Greeks; and the ingenious philosophy of the Greeks found, or sought to find, a justification for it exactly upon the grounds which have been assumed for such a justification in this country: that is, a natural and original difference among the races of mankind, and the inferiority of the black or colored race to the white. The Greeks justified their system of slavery upon that idea, precisely. They held the African and some of the Asiatic tribes to be inferior to the white race; but they did not show, I think, by any close process of logic, that if this were true, the more intelligent and the stronger had therefore a right to subjugate the weaker.

The more manly philosophy and jurisprudence of the Romans placed the justification of slavery on entirely different grounds. The Roman jurists, from the first and down to the fall of the empire, admitted that slavery was against the natural law, by which, as they maintained, all men, of whatever clime, color, or capacity, were equal; but they justified slavery, first upon the ground and authority of the law of nations, arguing, and arguing truly, that at that day the conventional law of nations admitted that captives in war, whose lives, according to the notions of the times, were at the absolute disposal of the captors, might, in exchange for exemption from death, be made slaves for life, and that such servitude might descend to their posterity. The jurists of Rome also maintained, that, by the civil law, there

might be servitude or slavery, personal and hereditary; first, by the voluntary act of an individual, who might sell himself into slavery; secondly, by his being reduced into a state of slavery by his creditors, in satisfaction of his debts; and, thirdly, by being placed in a state of servitude or slavery for crime. At the introduction of Christianity, the Roman world was full of slaves; and I suppose there is to be found no injunction against that relation between man and man in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ or of any of his Apostles. The object of the instruction imparted to mankind by the founder of Christianity was to touch the heart, purify the soul, and improve the lives of individual men. That object went directly to the first fountain of all the political and all social relations of the human race, as well as of all true religious feeling, the individual heart and mind of man.

Now, Sir, upon the general nature and influence of slavery there exists a wide difference of opinion between the northern portion of this country and the southern. It is said on the one side, that, although not the subject of any injunction or direct prohibition in the New Testament, slavery is a wrong; that it is founded merely in the right of the strongest; and that it is an oppression, like unjust wars, like all those conflicts by which a powerful nation subjects a weaker to its will; and that, in its nature, whatever may be said of it in the modifications which have taken place, it is not according to the meek spirit of the Gospel. It is not "kindly affectioned"; it does not "seek another's, and not its own"; it does not "let the oppressed go free." These are sentiments that are cherished, and of late with greatly augmented force, among the people of the Northern States. They have taken hold of the religious sentiment of that part of the country, as they have, more or less, taken hold of the religious feelings of a considerable portion of mankind. The South, upon the other side, having

been accustomed to this relation between the two races all their lives, from their birth; having been taught, in general, to treat the subjects of this bondage with care and kindness, and I believe, in general, feeling great kindness for them, have not taken the view of the subject which I have mentioned. There are thousands of religious men, with consciences as tender as any of their brethren at the North, who do not see the unlawfulness of slavery; and there are more thousands, perhaps, that, whatsoever they may think of it in its origin, and as a matter depending upon natural right, yet take things as they are; and, finding slavery to be an established relation of the society in which they live, can see no way in which, let their opinions on the abstract question be what they may, it is in the power of the present generation to relieve themselves from this relation. And candor obliges me to say that I believe they are just as conscientious, many of them, and the religious people, all of them, as they are at the North who hold different opinions.

The honorable Senator from South Carolina the other day alluded to the separation of that great religious community, the Methodist Episcopal Church. That separation was brought about by differences of opinion upon this particular subject of slavery. I felt great concern, as that dispute went on, about the result. I was in hopes that the difference of opinion might be adjusted, because I looked upon that religious denomination as one of the great props of religion and morals throughout the whole country, from Maine to Georgia, and westward to our utmost western boundary. The result was against my wishes and against my hopes. I have read all their proceedings and all their arguments; but I have never yet been able to come to the conclusion that there was any real ground for that separation; in other words, that any good could be produced by that separation. I must say I think there was some want of

candor and charity. Sir, when a question of this kind seizes on the religious sentiments of mankind, and comes to be discussed in religious assemblies of the clergy and laity, there is always to be expected, or always to be feared, a great degree of excitement. It is in the nature of man, manifested by his whole history, that religious disputes are apt to become warm in proportion to the strength of the convictions which men entertain of the magnitude of the questions at issue. In all such disputes there will sometimes be found men with whom every thing is absolute; absolutely wrong, or absolutely right. They see the right clearly; they think others ought so to see it; and they are disposed to establish a broad line of distinction between what is right and what is wrong. They are not seldom willing to establish that line upon their own convictions of truth and justice, and are ready to mark and guard it by placing along it a series of dogmas, as lines of boundary on the earth's surface are marked by posts and stones. There are men who, with clear perceptions, as they think, of their own duty, do not see how too eager a pursuit of one duty may involve them in the violation of others, or how too warm an embracement of one truth may lead to a disregard of other truths equally important. As I heard it stated strongly, not many days ago, these persons are disposed to mount upon some particular duty, as upon a war-horse, and to drive furiously on and upon and over all other duties that may stand in the way. There are men who, in reference to disputes of that sort, are of opinion that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics; and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation. They have, therefore, none too much charity towards others who differ from them. They are apt, too, to think that nothing is good but what is perfect, and that there are no compromises or

modifications to be made in consideration of difference of opinion or in deference to other men's judgment. If their perspicacious vision enables them to detect a spot on the face of the sun, they think that a good reason why the sun should be struck down from heaven. They prefer the chance of running into utter darkness to living in heavenly light, if that heavenly light be not absolutely without any imperfection. There are impatient men; too impatient always to give heed to the admonition of St. Paul, that we are not to "do evil that good may come"; too impatient to wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind. They do not remember that the doctrines and the miracles of Jesus Christ have, in eighteen hundred years, converted only a small portion of the human race; and among the nations that are converted to Christianity, they forget how many vices and crimes, public and private, still prevail, and that many of them, public crimes especially, which are so clearly offences against the Christian religion, pass without exciting particular indignation. Thus wars are waged, and unjust wars. I do not deny that there may be just wars. There certainly are; but it was the remark of an eminent person, not many years ago, on the other side of the Atlantic, that it is one of the greatest reproaches to human nature that wars are sometimes just. The defence of nations sometimes causes a just war against the injustice of other nations. In this state of sentiment upon the general nature of slavery lies the cause of a great part of those unhappy divisions, exasperations, and reproaches which find vent and support in different parts of the Union.

But we must view things as they are. Slavery does exist in the United States. It did exist in the States before the adoption of this Constitution, and at that time. Let us, therefore, consider for a moment what was the state of sentiment, North and South, in regard to slavery, at the time this Constitu-

tion was adopted. A remarkable change has taken place since; but what did the wise and great men of all parts of the country think of slavery then? In what estimation did they hold it at the time when this Constitution was adopted? It will be found, Sir, if we will carry ourselves by historical research back to that day, and ascertain men's opinions by authentic records 10 still existing among us, that there was then no diversity of opinion between the North and the South upon the subject of slavery. It will be found that both parts of the country held it equally an evil, a moral and political evil. It will not be found that, either at the North or at the South, there was much, though there was some, invective against slavery as inhuman and cruel. 20 The great ground of objection to it was political; that it weakened the social fabric; that, taking the place of free labor, society became less strong and labor less productive; and therefore we find from all the eminent men of the time the clearest expression of their opinion that slavery is an evil. They ascribed its existence here, not without truth, and not without some acer- 30 bity of temper and force of language, to the injurious policy of the mother country, who, to favor the navigator, had entailed these evils upon the Colonies. I need hardly refer, Sir, particularly to the publications of the day. They are matters of history on the record. The eminent men, the most eminent men, and nearly all the conspicuous politicians of the South, held 40 the same sentiments; that slavery was an evil, a blight, a scourge, and a curse. There were no terms of reprobation of slavery so vehement in the North at that day as in the South. The North was not so much excited against it as the South; and the reason is, I suppose, that there was much less of it at the North; and the people did not see, or think they saw, the evils so promi- 50 nently as they were seen, or thought to be seen, at the South.

Then, Sir, when this Constitution was framed, this was the light in which

the Federal Convention viewed it. That body reflected the judgment and sentiments of the great men of the South. A member of the other house, whom I have not the honor to know, has, in a recent speech, collected extracts from these public documents. They prove the truth of what I am saying, and the question then was, how to deal with it, and how to deal with it as an evil. They came to this general result. They thought that slavery could not be continued in the country if the importation of slaves were made to cease, and therefore they provided that, after a certain period, the importation might be prevented by the act of the new government. The period of twenty years was proposed by some gentleman from the North, I think, and many members of the Convention from the South opposed it as being too long. Mr. Madison especially was somewhat warm against it. He said it would bring too much of this mischief into the country to allow the importation of slaves for such a period. Because we must take along with us, in the whole of this discussion, when we are considering the sentiments and opinions in which the constitutional provision originated, that the conviction of all men was, that, if the importation of slaves ceased, the white race would multiply faster than the black race, and that slavery would therefore gradually wear out and expire. It may not be improper here to allude to that, I had almost said, celebrated opinion of Mr. Madison. You observe, Sir, that the term *slave*, or *slavery*, is not used in the Constitution. The Constitution does not require that "fugitive slaves" shall be delivered up. It requires that persons held to service in one State, and escaping into another, shall be delivered up. Mr. Madison opposed the introduction of the term *slave* or *slavery*, into the Constitution; for he said that he did not wish to see it recognized by the Constitution of the United States of America that there could be property in men.

Now, Sir, all this took place in the Convention of 1787; but connected with this, concurrent and contemporaneous, is another important transaction, not sufficiently attended to. The Convention for framing this Constitution assembled in Philadelphia in May, and sat until September, 1787. During all that time the Congress of the United States was in session at New York. It was a matter of design, as we know, that the Convention should not assemble in the same city where Congress was holding its sessions. Almost all the public men of the country, therefore, of distinction and eminence, were in one or the other of these two assemblies; and I think it happened, in some instances, that the same gentlemen were members of both bodies. If I mistake not, such was the case with Mr. Rufus King, then a member of Congress from Massachusetts. Now, at the very time when the Convention in Philadelphia was framing this Constitution, the Congress in New York was framing the Ordinance of 1787, for the organization and government of the territory northwest of the Ohio. They passed that Ordinance on the 13th of July, 1787, at New York, the very month, perhaps the very day, on which these questions about the importation of slaves and the character of slavery were debated in the Convention at Philadelphia. So far as we can now learn, there was a perfect concurrence of opinion between these two bodies; and it resulted in this Ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from all the territory over which the Congress of the United States had jurisdiction, and that was all the territory northwest of the Ohio. Three years before, Virginia and other States had made a cession of that great territory to the United States; and a most munificent act it was. I never reflect upon it without a disposition to do honor and justice, and justice would be the highest honor, to Virginia, for the cession of her northwestern territory. I will say, Sir, it is one of her fairest claims to the respect and gratitude of the coun-

try, and that, perhaps, it is only second to that other claim which belongs to her, that from her counsels, and from the intelligence and patriotism of her leading statesmen, proceeded the first idea put into practice of the formation of a general constitution of the United States. The Ordinance of 1787 applied to the whole territory over which the Congress of the United States had jurisdiction. It was adopted two years before the Constitution of the United States went into operation; because the Ordinance took effect immediately on its passage, while the Constitution of the United States, having been framed, was to be sent to the States to be adopted by their Conventions; and then a government was to be organized under it. This Ordinance, then, was in operation and force when the Constitution was adopted, and the government put in motion, in April, 1789.

Mr. President, three things are quite clear as historical truths. One is, that there was an expectation that, on the ceasing of the importation of slaves from Africa, slavery would begin to run out here. That was hoped and expected. Another is, that, as far as there was any power in Congress to prevent the spread of slavery in the United States, that power was executed in the most absolute manner, and to the fullest extent. An honorable member, whose health does not allow him to be here to-day—

A SENATOR. He is here.

I am very happy to hear that he is; may he long be here, and in the enjoyment of health to serve his country! The honorable member said, the other day, that he considered this Ordinance as the first in the series of measures calculated to enfeeble the South, and deprive them of their just participation in the benefits and privileges of this government. He says, very properly, that it was enacted under the old Confederation, and before this Constitution went into effect; but, my present purpose is only to say, Mr. President, that it was established with

the entire and unanimous concurrence of the whole South. Why, there it stands! The vote of every State in the Union was unanimous in favor of the Ordinance, with the exception of a single individual vote, and that individual vote was given by a Northern man. This Ordinance prohibiting slavery for ever northwest of the Ohio has the hand and seal of every Southern member in Congress. It was therefore no aggression of the North on the South. The other and third clear historical truth is, that the Convention meant to leave slavery in the States as they found it, entirely under the authority and control of the States themselves.

This was the state of things, Sir, and this the state of opinion, under which those very important matters were arranged, and those three important things done; that is, the establishment of the Constitution of the United States with a recognition of slavery as it existed in the States; the establishment of the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory, prohibiting, to the full extent of all territory owned by the United States, the introduction of slavery into that territory, while leaving to the States all power over slavery in their own limits; and creating a power, in the new government, to put an end to the importation of slaves, after a limited period. There was entire coincidence and concurrence of sentiment between the North and the South, upon all these questions, at the period of the adoption of the Constitution. But opinions, Sir, have changed, greatly changed; changed North and changed South. Slavery is not regarded in the South now as it was then. I see an honorable member of this body paying me the honor of listening to my remarks; he brings to my mind, Sir, freshly and vividly, what I have learned of his great ancestor, so much distinguished in his day and generation, so worthy to be succeeded by so worthy a grandson, and of the sentiments he expressed in the Convention in Philadelphia.

Here we may pause. There was, if not an entire unanimity, a general concurrence of sentiment running through the whole community, and especially entertained by the eminent men of all parts of the country. But soon a change began, at the North and the South, and a difference of opinion showed itself; the North growing much more warm and strong against slavery, and the South growing much more warm and strong in its support. Sir, there is no generation of mankind whose opinions are not subject to be influenced by what appear to them to be their present emergent and exigent interests. I impute to the South no particularly selfish view in the change which has come over her. I impute to her certainly no dishonest view. All that has happened has been natural. It has followed those causes which always influence the human mind and operate upon it. What, then, have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favor of slavery in the South, which have changed the whole nomenclature of the South on that subject, so that, from being thought of and described in the terms I have mentioned and will not repeat, it has now become an institution, a cherished institution, in that quarter; no evil, no scourge, but a great religious, social, and moral blessing, as I think I have heard it latterly spoken of? I suppose this, Sir, is owing to the rapid growth and sudden extension of the cotton plantations of the South. So far as any motive consistent with honor, justice, and general judgment could act, it was the cotton interest that gave a new desire to promote slavery, to spread it, and to use its labor. I again say that this change was produced by causes which must always produce like effects. The whole interest of the South became connected, more or less, with the extension of slavery. If we look back to the history of the commerce of this country in the early years of this government, what were our exports? Cotton was hardly, or but to a very limited

extent, known. In 1791 the first parcel of cotton of the growth of the United States was exported, and amounted only to 19,200 pounds. It has gone on increasing rapidly, until the whole crop may now, perhaps, in a season of great product and high prices, amount to a hundred millions of dollars. In the years I have mentioned, there was more of wax, more of indigo, 10 more of rice, more of almost every article of export from the South, than of cotton. When Mr. Jay negotiated the treaty of 1794 with England, it is evident from the twelfth article of the treaty, which was suspended by the Senate, that he did not know that cotton was exported at all from the United States.

Well, Sir, we know what followed. 20 The age of cotton became the golden age of our Southern brethren. It gratified their desire for improvement and accumulation, at the same time that it excited it. The desire grew by what it fed upon, and there soon came to be an eagerness for other territory, a new area or new areas for the cultivation of the cotton crop; and measures leading to this result were brought about 30 rapidly, one after another, under the lead of Southern men at the head of the government, they having a majority in both branches of Congress to accomplish their ends. The honorable member from South Carolina observed that there has been a majority all along in favor of the North. If that be true, Sir, the North has acted either very liberally and kindly, or very weakly; 40 for they never exercised that majority efficiently five times in the history of the government, when a division or trial of strength arose. Never. Whether they were out-generalled, or whether it was owing to other causes, I shall not stop to consider; but no man acquainted with the history of the Union can deny that the general lead in the politics of the country, for three fourths 50 of the period that has elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution, has been a Southern lead.

In 1802, in pursuit of the idea of

opening a new cotton region, the United States obtained a cession from Georgia of the whole of her western territory, now embracing the rich and growing States of Alabama and Mississippi. In 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France, out of which the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri have been framed, as slave-holding States. In 1819 the cession of Florida was made, bringing in another region adapted to cultivation by slaves. Sir, the honorable member from South Carolina thought he saw in certain operations of the government, such as the manner of collecting the revenue, and the tendency of measures calculated to promote emigration into the country, what accounts for the more rapid growth of the North than the South. He ascribes that more rapid growth, not to the operation of time, but to the system of government and administration established under this Constitution. That is matter of opinion. To a certain extent it may be true; but it does seem to me that, if any operation of the government can be shown in any degree to have promoted the population, and growth, and wealth of the North, it is much more sure that there are sundry important and distinct operations of the government, about which no man can doubt, tending to promote, and which absolutely have promoted, the increase of the slave interest and the slave territory of the South. It was not time that brought in Louisiana; it was the act of men. It was not time that brought in Florida; it was the act of men. And lastly, Sir, to complete those acts of legislation which have contributed so much to enlarge the area of the institution of slavery, Texas, great and vast and illimitable Texas, was added to the Union as a slave State in 1845; and that, Sir, pretty much closed the whole chapter, and settled the whole account.

That closed the whole chapter and settled the whole account, because the annexation of Texas, upon the conditions and under the guaranties upon

which she was admitted, did not leave within the control of this government an acre of land, capable of being cultivated by slave labor, between this Capitol and the Rio Grande or the Nueces, or whatever is the proper boundary of Texas; not an acre. From that moment the whole country, from this place to the western boundary of Texas, was fixed, pledged, fastened, decided, to be slave territory for ever, by the solemn guaranties of law. And I now say, Sir, as the proposition upon which I stand this day, and upon the truth and firmness of which I intend to act until it is overthrown, that there is not at this moment within the United States, or any territory of the United States, a single foot of land, the character of which, in regard to its being free territory or slave territory, is not fixed by some law, and some irrevocable law, beyond the power of the action of the government. Is it not so with respect to Texas? It is most manifestly so. The honorable member from South Carolina, at the time of the admission of Texas, held an important post in the executive department of the government; he was Secretary of State. Another eminent person of great activity and adroitness in affairs, I mean the late Secretary of the Treasury, was a conspicuous member of this body, and took the lead in the business of annexation, in coöperation with the Secretary of State; and I must say that they did their business faithfully and thoroughly; there was no botch left in it. They rounded it off, and made as close joiner-work as ever was exhibited. Resolutions of annexation were brought into Congress, fitly joined together, compact, efficient, conclusive upon the great objective which they had in view, and those resolutions passed.

Allow me to read a part of these resolutions. It is the third clause of the second section of the resolution of the 1st of March, 1845, for the admission of Texas, which applies to this part of the case. That clause is as follows:—

New States, of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire; and in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri Compromise line, slavery or involuntary servitude (except for crime) shall be prohibited.

Now, what is here stipulated, enacted, and secured? It is, that all Texas south of 36° 30', which is nearly the whole of it, shall be admitted into the Union as a slave State. It was a slave State, and therefore came in as a slave State; and the guaranty is, that new States shall be made out of it, to the number of four, in addition to the State then in existence and admitted at that time by these resolutions, and that such States as are formed out of that portion of Texas lying south of 36° 30' may come in as slave States. I know no form of legislation which can strengthen this. I know no mode of recognition that can add a tittle of weight to it. I listened respectfully to the resolutions of my honorable friend from Tennessee. He proposed to recognize that stipulation with Texas. But any additional recognition would weaken the force of it; because it stands here on the ground of a contract, a thing done for a consideration. It is a law founded on a contract with Texas, and designed to carry that contract into effect. A recognition now, founded not on any consideration or any contract, would not be so strong as it now stands on the face of the resolution. I know no way, I candidly confess, in which this government, acting in good faith, as I trust it always will, can relieve itself from that stipulation and pledge, by any honest course of legislation whatever. And therefore, I say again, that, so far as Texas is con-

cerned, in the whole of that State south of 36° 30', which, I suppose, embraces all the territory capable of slave cultivation, there is no land, not an acre, the character of which is not established by law; a law which cannot be repealed without the violation of a contract, and plain disregard of the public faith.

I hope, Sir, it is now apparent that my proposition, so far as it respects Texas, has been maintained, and that the provision in this article is clear and absolute; and it has been well suggested by my friend from Rhode Island, that that part of Texas which lies north of 36° 30' of north latitude, and which may be formed into free States, is dependent, in like manner, upon the consent of Texas, herself a slave State.

Now, Sir, how came this? How came it to pass that within these walls, where it is said by the honorable member from South Carolina that the free States have always had a majority, this resolution of annexation, such as I have described it, obtained a majority in both houses of Congress? Sir, it obtained that majority by the great number of Northern votes added to the entire Southern vote, or, at least nearly the whole of the Southern vote. The aggregate was made up of Northern and Southern votes. In the House of Representatives there were about eighty Southern votes and about fifty Northern votes for the admission of Texas. In the Senate the vote for the admission of Texas was twenty-seven, and twenty-five against it; and of those twenty-seven votes, constituting the majority, no less than thirteen came from the free States, and four of them were from New England. The whole of these thirteen Senators, constituting within a fraction, you see, one half of all the votes in this body for the admission of this immeasurable extent of slave territory, were sent here by free States.

Sir, there is not so remarkable a chapter in our history of political events, political parties, and political men as is afforded by this admission

of a new slave-holding territory, so vast that a bird cannot fly over it in a week. New England, as I have said, with some of her own votes, supported this measure. Three fourths of the votes of liberty-loving Connecticut were given for it in the other house, and one half here. There was one vote for it from Maine, but, I am happy to say, not the vote of the honorable member who addressed the Senate the day before yesterday, and who was then a Representative from Maine in the House of Representatives; but there was one vote from Maine, ay, and there was one vote for it from Massachusetts, given by a gentleman then representing, and now living in the district in which the prevalence of Free Soil sentiment for a couple of years or so has defeated the choice of any member to represent it in Congress. Sir, that body of Northern and Eastern men who gave those votes at that time are now seen taking upon themselves, in the nomenclature of politics, the appellation of the Northern Democracy. They undertook to wield the destinies of this empire, if I may give that name to a republic, and their policy was, and they persisted in it, to bring into this country and under this government all the territory they could. They did it, in the case of Texas, under pledges, absolute pledges, to the slave interest, and they afterwards lent their aid in bringing in these new conquests, to take their chance for slavery or freedom. My honorable friend from Georgia, in March, 1847, moved the Senate to declare that the war ought not to be prosecuted for the conquest of territory, or for the dismemberment of Mexico. The whole of the Northern Democracy voted against it. He did not get a vote from them. It suited the patriotic and elevated sentiments of the Northern Democracy to bring in a world from among the mountains and valleys of California and New Mexico, or any other part of Mexico, and then quarrel about it; to bring it in, and then endeavor to put upon it the saving grace of the Wilmot

Proviso. There were two eminent and highly respectable gentlemen from the North, and East, then leading gentlemen in the Senate, (I refer, and I do so with entire respect, for I entertain for both of those gentlemen, in general, high regard, to Mr. Dix of New York and Mr. Niles of Connecticut,) who both voted for the admission of Texas. They would not have that vote any other way than as it stood; and they would have it as it did stand. I speak of the vote upon the annexation of Texas. Those two gentlemen would have the resolution of annexation just as it is, without amendment; and they voted for it just as it is, and their eyes were all open to its true character. The honorable member from South Carolina who addressed us the other day was then Secretary of State. His correspondence with Mr. Murphy, the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States in Texas, had been published. That correspondence was all before those gentlemen, and the Secretary had the boldness and candor to avow in that correspondence, that the great object sought by the annexation of Texas was to strengthen the slave interest of the South. Why, Sir, he said so in so many words—

MR. CALHOUN. Will the honorable Senator permit me to interrupt him for a moment?

Certainly.

MR. CALHOUN. I am very reluctant to interrupt the honorable gentleman; but, upon a point of so much importance, I deem it right to put myself *rectus in curia*.³ I did not put it upon the ground assumed by the Senator. I put it upon this ground: that Great Britain had announced to this country, in so many words, that her object was to abolish slavery in Texas, and, through Texas, to accomplish the abolition of slavery in the United States and the world. The ground I put it on was, that it would make an exposed frontier, and, if Great Britain succeeded in her object, it would be impossible that that frontier could be secured against the aggressions of the Abolitionists; and that this government was bound, under the guaranties of the Constitution, to protect us against such a state of things.

That comes, I suppose, Sir, to exactly the same thing. It was, that

³ right in the court

Texas must be obtained for the security of the slave interest of the South.

MR. CALHOUN. Another view is very distinctly given.

That was the object set forth in the correspondence of a worthy gentleman not now living, who preceded the honorable member from South Carolina in the Department of State. There repose in the files of the Department, as I have occasion to know, strong letters from Mr. Upshur to the United States minister in England, and I believe there are some to the same minister from the honorable Senator himself, asserting to this effect the sentiments of this government; namely, that Great Britain was expected not to interfere to take Texas out of the hands of its then existing government and make it a free country. But my argument, my suggestion, is this: that those gentlemen who composed the Northern Democracy, when Texas was brought into the Union, saw clearly that it was brought in as a slave country, and brought in for the purpose of being maintained as slave territory, to the Greek Kalends. I rather think the honorable gentleman who was then Secretary of State might, in some of his correspondence with Mr. Murphy, have suggested that it was not expedient to say too much about this object, lest it should create some alarm. At any rate, Mr. Murphy wrote to him that England was anxious to get rid of the constitution of Texas, because it was a constitution establishing slavery; and that what the United States had to do was to aid the people of Texas in upholding their constitution; but that nothing should be said which should offend the fanatical men of the North. But, Sir, the honorable member did avow this object himself, openly, boldly, and manfully; he did not disguise his conduct or his motives.

MR. CALHOUN. Never, never.

What he means he is very apt to say.

MR. CALHOUN. Always, always.

And I honor him for it.

This admission of Texas was in

1845. Then, in 1847, *flagrante bello*¹ between the United States and Mexico, the proposition I have mentioned was brought forward by my friend from Georgia, and the Northern Democracy voted steadily against it. Their remedy was to apply to the acquisitions, after they should come in, the Wilmot Proviso. What follows? These two gentlemen, worthy and honorable and influential men, (and if they had not been they could not have carried the measure,) these two gentlemen, members of this body, brought in Texas, and by their votes they also prevented the passage of the resolution of the honorable member from Georgia, and then they went home and took the lead in the Free Soil party. And there they stand, Sir! They leave us here, bound in honor and conscience by the resolutions of annexation; they leave us here, to take the odium of fulfilling the obligations in favor of slavery which they voted us into, or else the greater odium of violating those obligations, while they are at home making capital and rousing speeches for free soil and no slavery. And therefore I say, Sir, that there is not a chapter in our history, respecting public measures and public men, more full of what would create surprise, more full of what does create, in my mind, extreme mortification, than that of the conduct of the Northern Democracy on this subject.

Mr. President, sometimes, when a man is found in a new relation to things around him and to other men, he says the world has changed, and that he has not changed. I believe, Sir, that our self-respect leads us often to make this declaration in regard to ourselves when it is not exactly true. An individual is more apt to change, perhaps, than all the world around him. But, under the present circumstances, and under the responsibility which I know I incur by what I am now stating here, I feel at liberty to recur to the various expressions and statements, made at various times, of my own opinions and resolutions respecting the admission of Texas,

¹ while war was being waged

and all that has followed. Sir, as early as 1836, or in the early part of 1837, there was conversation and correspondence between myself and some private friends on this project of annexing Texas to the United States; and an honorable gentleman with whom I have had a long acquaintance, a friend of mine, now perhaps in this chamber, I mean General Hamilton, of South Carolina, was privy to that correspondence. I had voted for the recognition of Texan independence, because I believed it to be an existing fact, surprising and astonishing as it was, and I wished well to the new republic; but I manifested from the first utter opposition to bringing her, with her slave territory, into the Union. I happened, in 1837, to make a public address to political friends in New York, and I then stated my sentiments upon the subject. It was the first time that I had occasion to advert to it; and I will ask a friend near me to have the kindness to read an extract from the speech made by me on that occasion. It was delivered in Niblo's Garden, in 1837.

Mr. Greene then read the following extract from the speech of Mr. Webster, to which he referred:—

"Gentlemen, we all see that, by whomsoever possessed, Texas is likely to be a slave-holding country; and I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do any thing which shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slave-holding States to the Union. When I say that I regard slavery in itself as a great moral, social, and political evil, I only use language which has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slave-holding States. I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. We have slavery already amongst us. The Constitution found it in the Union; it recognized it, and gave it solemn guaranties. To the full extent of these guaranties we are all bound, in honor, in justice, and by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution in favor of the slave-holding States which are already in the Union ought to be fulfilled, and, so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled, in the fulness of their spirit, and to the exactness of their letter. Slavery, as it exists in the States, is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves; they have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power

over it. I shall concur, therefore, in no act, no measure, no menace, no indication of purpose, which shall interfere or threaten to interfere with the exclusive authority of the several States over the subject of slavery as it exists within their respective limits. All this appears to me to be matter of plain and imperative duty.

"But when we come to speak of admitting new States, the subject assumes an entirely different aspect. Our rights and our duties are then both different. . . .

"I see, therefore, no political necessity for the annexation of Texas to the Union; no advantages to be derived from it; and objections to it of a strong, and, in my judgment, decisive character."

I have nothing, Sir, to add to, or to take from, those sentiments. That speech, the Senate will perceive, was made in 1837. The purpose of immediately annexing Texas at that time was abandoned or postponed; and it was not revived with any vigor for some years. In the mean time it happened that I had become a member of the executive administration, and was for a short period in the Department of State. The annexation of Texas was a subject of conversation, not confidential, with the President and heads of departments, as well as with other public men. No serious attempt was then made, however, to bring it about. I left the Department of State in May, 1843, and shortly after, I learned, though by means which were no way connected with official information, that a design had been taken up of bringing Texas, with her slave territory and population, into this Union. I was in Washington at the time, and persons are now here who will remember that we had an arranged meeting for conversation upon it. I went home to Massachusetts and proclaimed the existence of that purpose, but I could get no audience and but little attention. Some did not believe it, and some were too much engaged in their own pursuits to give it any heed. They had gone to their farms or to their merchandise, and it was impossible to arouse any feeling in New England, or in Massachusetts, that should combine the two great political parties against this annexation; and, indeed, there was no hope of bringing

the Northern Democracy into that view, for their leaning was all the other way. But, Sir, even with Whigs, and leading Whigs, I am ashamed to say, there was a great indifference towards the admission of Texas, with slave territory, into this Union. . . .

But now that, under certain conditions, Texas is in the Union, with all her territory, as a slave State, with a solemn pledge, also, that, if she shall be divided into many States, those States may come in as slave States south of 36° 30', how are we to deal with this subject? I know no way of honest legislation, when the proper time comes for the enactment, but to carry into effect all that we have stipulated to do. I do not entirely agree with my honorable friend from Tennessee, that, as soon as the time comes when she is entitled to another representative, we should create a new State. On former occasions, in creating new States out of territories, we have generally gone upon the idea that, when the population of the territory amounts to about sixty thousand, we would consent to its admission as a State. But it is quite a different thing when a State is divided, and two or more States made out of it. It does not follow in such a case that the same rule of apportionment should be applied. That, however, is a matter for the consideration of Congress, when the proper time arrives. I may not then be here; I may have no vote to give on the occasion; but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, according to my view of the matter, this government is solemnly pledged, by law and contract, to create new States out of Texas, with her consent, when her population shall justify and call for such a proceeding, and, so far as such States are formed out of Texan territory lying south of 36° 30', to let them come in as slave States. That is the meaning of the contract which our friends, the Northern Democracy, have left us to fulfil; and I, for one, mean to fulfil it, because I will not violate the faith of the government. What I mean to say is, that the time for the admis-

sion of new States formed out of Texas, the number of such States, their boundaries, the requisite amount of population, and all other things connected with the admission, are in the free discretion of Congress, except this; to wit, that, when new States formed out of Texas are to be admitted, they have a right by legal stipulation and contract, to come in as slave States.

Now, as to California and New Mexico, I hold slavery to be excluded from those territories by a law even superior to that which admits and sanctions it in Texas. I mean the law of nature, of physical geography, the law of the formation of the earth. That law settles for ever, with a strength beyond all terms of human enactment, that slavery cannot exist in California or New Mexico. Understand me, Sir; I mean slavery as we regard it; the slavery of the colored race as it exists in the Southern States. I shall not discuss the point, but leave it to the learned gentlemen who have undertaken to discuss it; but I suppose there is no slavery of that description in California now. I understand that peonism, a sort of penal servitude, exists there, or rather a sort of voluntary sale of a man and his offspring for debt, an arrangement of a peculiar nature known to the law of Mexico. But what I mean to say is, that it is as impossible that African slavery, as we see it among us, should find its way, or be introduced, into California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of great height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are entirely barren; their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray, what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself or communicated by others? I have in-

quired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important subject. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce any body to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers; but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their *tortillas*, and that by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or any thing else on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation?

I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use the current expression of the day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, so far as they are settled at all, which I believe, in regard to New Mexico, will be but partially for a great length of time; free by the arrangement of things ordained by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by a less repealable law than that which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that, if a resolution or a bill were now before us, to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. Such a prohibition would be idle, as it respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains uselessly to reëffirm an ordinance of nature, nor to reenact the will of God. I would put in no Wilmot Proviso for the mere purpose of a taunt or a reproach. I would put into it no evidence of the votes of superior power, exercised for no purpose but to wound the pride, whether a just and a rational pride, or an irrational pride, of the citizens of the Southern States. I have no such object, no such purpose. They would think it a taunt, an indignity; they would think it to be an act taking away from them what they regard as a proper equality of privilege. Whether they expect to realize any benefit from

it or not, they would think it at least a plain theoretic wrong: that something more or less derogatory to their character and their rights had taken place. I propose to inflict no such wound upon any body, unless something essentially important to the country, and efficient to the preservation of liberty and freedom, is to be effected. I repeat, therefore, Sir, and, as I do not propose to address the Senate often on this subject, I repeat it because I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, for the reasons stated, if a proposition were now here to establish a government for New Mexico, and it was moved to insert a provision for a prohibition of slavery, I would not vote for it. . . .

Now, Mr. President, I have established, so far as I proposed to do so, the proposition with which I set out, and upon which I intend to stand or fall; and that is, that the whole territory within the former United States, or in the newly acquired Mexican provinces, has a fixed and settled character, now fixed and settled by law which cannot be repealed; in the case of Texas without a violation of public faith, and by no human power in regard to California or New Mexico; that, therefore, under one or other of these laws, every foot of land in the States or in the Territories has already received a fixed and decided character.

Mr. President, in the excited times in which we live, there is found to exist a state of crimination and recrimination between the North and South. There are lists of grievances produced by each; and those grievances, real or supposed, alienate the minds of one portion of the country from the other, exasperate the feelings, and subdue the sense of fraternal affection, patriotic love, and mutual regard. I shall bestow a little attention, Sir, upon these various grievances existing on the one side and on the other. I begin with complaints of the South. I will not answer, further than I have, the general statements of the honorable Senator from South Carolina, that the North

has prospered at the expense of the South in consequence of the manner of administering this government, in the collecting of its revenues, and so forth. These are disputed topics, and I have no inclination to enter into them. But I will allude to other complaints of the South, and especially to one which has in my opinion just foundation; and that is, that there has been found at the North, among individuals and among legislators, a disinclination to perform fully their constitutional duties in regard to the return of persons bound to service who have escaped into the free States. In that respect, the South, in my judgment, is right, and the North is wrong. Every member of every Northern legislature is bound by oath, like every other officer in the country, to support the Constitution of the United States; and the article of the Constitution which says to these States that they shall deliver up fugitives from service is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. No man fulfils his duty in any legislature who sets himself to find excuses, evasions, escapes from this constitutional obligation. I have always thought that the Constitution addressed itself to the legislatures of the States or to the States themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other States "shall be delivered up," and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the States themselves. When it is said that a person escaping into another State, and coming therefore within the jurisdiction of that State, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the clause is, that the State itself, in obedience to the Constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up. That is my judgment. I have always entertained that opinion, and I entertain it now. But when the subject, some years ago, was before the Supreme Court of the United States, the majority of the judges held that the power to cause fugitives from service to be delivered up was a power to be exercised under the authority of this government. I do not know, on the

whole, that it may not have been a fortunate decision. My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations and the solemnity of judicial decisions. As it now stands, the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up resides in the power of Congress and the national judicature, and my friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee has a bill on the subject now before the Senate, which, with some amendments to it, I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent. And I desire to call the attention of all sober-minded men at the North, of all conscientious men, of all men who are not carried away by some fanatical idea or some false impression, to their constitutional obligations. I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the North as a question of morals and a question of conscience. What right have they, in their legislative capacity or any other capacity, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, or to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all; none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience, nor before the face of the Constitution, are they, in my opinion, justified in such an attempt. Of course it is a matter for their consideration. They probably, in the excitement of the times, have not stopped to consider of this. They have followed what seemed to be the current of thought and of motives, as the occasion arose, and they have neglected to investigate fully the real question, and to consider their constitutional obligations; which, I am sure, if they did consider, they would fulfil with alacrity. I repeat, therefore, Sir, that here is a well-founded ground of complaint against the North, which ought to be removed, which it is now in the power of the different departments of this government to remove; which calls for the enactment of proper laws authorizing the judicature of this government, in the several States, to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves and for their restoration to those who claim them. Wherever I

go, and whenever I speak on the subject, and when I speak here I desire to speak to the whole North, I say that the South has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain; and the North has been too careless of what I think the Constitution peremptorily and emphatically enjoins upon her as a duty. . . .

Then, Sir, there are the Abolition societies, of which I am unwilling to speak, but in regard to which I have very clear notions and opinions. I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable. At the same time, I believe thousands of their members to be honest and good men, perfectly well-meaning men. They have excited feelings; they think they must do something for the cause of liberty; and, in their sphere of action, they do not see what else they can do than to contribute to an Abolition press, or an Abolition society, or to pay an Abolition lecturer. I do not mean to impute gross motives even to the leaders of these societies, but I am not blind to the consequences of their proceedings. I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the South has produced. And is it not plain to every man? Let any gentleman who entertains doubts on this point recur to the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1832, and he will see with what freedom a proposition made by Mr. Jefferson Randolph for the gradual abolition of slavery was discussed in that body. Every one spoke of slavery as he thought; very ignominious and disparaging names and epithets were applied to it. The debates in the House of Delegates on that occasion, I believe, were all published. They were read by every colored man who could read, and to those who could not read, those debates were read by others. At that time Virginia was not unwilling or afraid to discuss this question, and to let that part of her population know as much of the discussion as they could learn. That was in 1832. As has been said by the honorable member from

South Carolina, these Abolition societies commenced their course of action in 1835. It is said, I do not know how true it may be, that they sent incendiary publications into the slave States; at any rate, they attempted to arouse, and did arouse, a very strong feeling; in other words, they created great agitation in the North against Southern slavery. Well, what was the result? 10 The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before, their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle. I wish to know whether any body in Virginia can now talk openly as Mr. Randolph, Governor Mc- 20 Dowell, and others talked in 1832, and sent their remarks to the press? We all know the fact, and we all know the cause; and every thing that these agitating people have done has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster, the slave population of the South.

Again, Sir, the violence of the Northern press is complained of. The press 30 violent! Why, Sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the North against the South, and there are reproaches as vehement in the South against the North. Sir, the extremists of both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And 40 this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish and violent paragraphs in the newspapers, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish and violent 50 speeches in both houses of Congress. In truth, Sir, I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly viti-

ated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our Congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people as much as they have depraved their tastes, I should cry out, "God save the Republic!"

Well, in all this I see no solid grievance, no grievance presented by the South, within the redress of the government, but the single one to which I have referred; and that is, the want of a proper regard to the injunction of the Constitution for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

There are also complaints of the North against the South. I need not go over them particularly. The first and gravest is, that the North adopted the Constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery in the States, and recognizing the right, to a certain extent, of the representation of slaves in Congress, under a state of sentiment and expectation which does not now exist; and that, by events, by circumstances, by the eagerness of the South to acquire territory and extend her slave population, the North finds itself, in regard to the relative influence of the South and the North, of the free States and the slave States, where it never did expect to find itself when they agreed to the compact of the Constitution. They complain, therefore, that instead of slavery being regarded as an evil, as it was then, an evil which all hoped would be extinguished gradually, it is now regarded by the South as an institution to be 40 cherished, and preserved, and extended; an institution which the South has already extended to the utmost of her power by the acquisition of new territory.

Well, then, passing from that, every body in the North reads; and every body reads whatsoever the newspapers contain; and the newspapers, some of them, especially those presses to which I have alluded, are careful to spread about among the people every reproachful sentiment uttered by any Southern man bearing at all against the North; every thing that is calculated to ex-

asperate and to alienate; and there are many such things, as every body will admit, from the South, or some portion of it, which are disseminated among the reading people; and they do exasperate, and alienate, and produce a most mischievous effect upon the public mind at the North. Sir, I would not notice things of this sort appearing in obscure quarters; but one thing has occurred in this debate which struck me very forcibly. An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more slow to give offence to any body, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offence. But what did he say? Why, Sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the South and the laboring people of the North, giving the preference, in all points of condition, and comfort, and happiness, to the slaves of the South. The honorable member, doubtless, did not suppose that he gave any offence, or did any injustice. He was merely expressing his opinion. But does he know how remarks of that sort will be received by the laboring people of the North? Why, who are the laboring people of the North? They are the whole North. They are the people who till their own farms with their own hands; freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, Sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence. If they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created. Such is the case, and such the course of things, among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the South are more in conformity

with the high purposes and destiny of immortal, rational human beings, than the educated, the independent free labor of the North?

There is a more tangible and irritating cause of grievance at the North. Free blacks are constantly employed in the vessels of the North, generally as cooks or stewards. When the vessel arrives at a Southern port, these free colored men are taken on shore, by the police or municipal authority, imprisoned, and kept in prison till the vessel is again ready to sail. This is not only irritating, but exceedingly unjustifiable and oppressive. Mr. Hoar's mission, some time ago, to South Carolina, was a well-intended effort to remove this cause of complaint. The North thinks such imprisonments illegal and unconstitutional; and as the cases occur constantly and frequently, they regard it as a great grievance.

Now, Sir, so far as any of these grievances have their foundation in matters of law, they can be redressed, and ought to be redressed; and so far as they have their foundation in matters of opinion, in sentiment, in mutual crimination and recrimination, all that we can do is to endeavor to allay the agitation, and cultivate a better feeling and more fraternal sentiments between the South and the North.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by any body, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish, I beg

every body's pardon, as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States; now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe. 10 There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, Sir! No, Sir! I will not state 20 what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, Sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its twofold character*.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other! Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, 40 or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? Or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, Sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grand- 50 children would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that

Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty States to defend itself? I know, although the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be, or it is supposed possible that there will be, a Southern Confederacy. I do not mean, when I allude to this statement, that any one seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere, that the idea has been entertained, that, after the dissolution of this Union, a Southern Confederacy might be formed. I am sorry, Sir, that it has ever been thought of, 10 talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination. But the idea, so far as it exists, must be of a separation, assigning the slave States to one side and the free States to the other. Sir, I may express myself too strongly, perhaps, but there are impossibilities in the natural as well as in the physical world, and I hold the idea of a separation of these States, those that 30 are free to form one government, and those that are slave-holding to form another, as such an impossibility. We could not separate the States by any such line, if we were to draw it. We could not sit down here to-day and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are 40 social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could.

Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment, nobody can see where its population is the most dense and growing, without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that ere long the strength of America will be in the Valley of the Mississippi. Well, now, Sir, I beg to 50 inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting that river in two, and leaving free States at its source and on its branches, and slave

States down near its mouth, each forming a separate government? Pray, Sir, let me say to the people of this country, that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, Sir, are five millions of freemen in the free States north of the river Ohio. Can any body suppose that this population can be severed, by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What would become of Missouri? Will she join the *arrondissement* of the slave States? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected, in the new republic, with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it, I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up this great government! to dismember this glorious country; to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government or any people!! No, Sir! no, Sir! There will be no secession! Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

Sir, I hear there is to be a convention held at Nashville. I am bound to believe that, if worthy gentlemen meet at Nashville in convention, their object will be to adopt conciliatory counsels; to advise the South to forbearance and moderation, and to advise the North to forbearance and moderation; and to inculcate principles of brotherly love and affection, and attachment to the Constitution of the country as it now is. I believe, if the convention meet at all, it will be for this purpose; for certainly, if they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, Sir, that, when the treaty of Amiens was concluded between France and Eng-

land, a sturdy Englishman and a distinguished orator, who regarded the conditions of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the House of Commons, that, if King William could know the terms of that treaty, he would turn in his coffin! Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham, in all its emphasis and in all its force, to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of this Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson!

Sir, I wish now to make two remarks, and hasten to a conclusion. I wish to say, in regard to Texas, that if it should be hereafter, at any time, the pleasure of the government of Texas to cede to the United States a portion, larger or smaller, of her territory which lies adjacent to New Mexico, and north of 36° 30' of north latitude, to be formed into free States, for a fair equivalent in money or in the payment of her debt, I think it an object well worthy the consideration of Congress, and I shall be happy to concur in it myself, if I should have a connection with the government at that time.

I have one other remark to make. In my observations upon slavery as it has existed in this country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or melioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to take any lead on this subject, that if any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, Sir, following an example set more than twenty years ago by a great man, then a Senator from New York, I would return to Virginia, and through her to the whole South, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to

this government, for any such purpose as to remove, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with, the free colored population of the Southern States. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands 10 ceded by her. If the residue should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, or such as may be made free, they have my full consent that the government shall pay them any sum of money out of the pro- 20 ceeds of that cession which may be adequate to the purpose.

And now, Mr. President, I draw these observations to a close. I have spoken freely, and I meant to do so. I have sought to make no display. I have sought to enliven the occasion by no animated discussion, nor have I attempted any train of elaborate argu- 30 ment. I have wished only to speak my sentiments, fully and at length; being desirous, once and for all, to let the Senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects. These opinions are not likely to be suddenly changed. If there be any future service that I can render to the country, consistently with these sentiments and opinions, I shall cheerfully render it. 40 If there be not, I shall still be glad to have had an opportunity to disburden myself from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is 50 horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to

us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses the States together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last for ever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles:—

Now, the broad shield complete, the artist
crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean
round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
whole.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1811-1896)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A SENATOR IS BUT A MAN

... Mrs. Bird hastily deposited the 10 various articles she had collected in a small plain trunk, and locking it, desired her husband to see it in the carriage, and then proceeded to call the woman. Soon, arrayed in a cloak, bonnet, and shawl, that had belonged to her benefactress, she appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and Mrs. Bird pressed on after her to the 20 carriage steps. Eliza leaned out of the carriage, and put out her hand,—a hand as soft and beautiful as was given in return. She fixed her large, dark eyes, full of earnest meaning, on Mrs. Bird's face, and seemed going to speak. Her lips moved,—she tried once or twice, but there was no sound,—and pointing upward, with a look never to be forgotten, she fell back in the seat, and 30 covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove on.

What a situation, now, for a patriotic senator, that had been all the week before spurring up the legislature of his native state to pass more stringent resolutions against escaping fugitives, their harborers and abettors!

Our good senator in his native state had not been exceeded by any of his 40 brethren at Washington, in the sort of eloquence which has won for them immortal renown! How sublimely he had sat with his hands in his pockets, and scouted all sentimental weakness of those who would put the welfare of a few miserable fugitives before great state interests!

He was as bold as a lion about it, and "mightily convinced" not only 50 himself, but everybody that heard him;—but then his idea of a fugitive was only an idea of the letters that spell the word,—or, at the most, the image

of a little newspaper picture of a man with a stick and bundle, with "Ran away from the subscriber" under it. The magic of the real presence of distress,—the imploring human eye, the frail, trembling human hand, the despairing appeal of helpless agony,—these he had never tried. He had never thought that a fugitive might be a hap- less mother, a defenceless child,—like that one which was now wearing his lost boy's little well-known cap; and so, as our poor senator was not stone or steel,—as he was a man, and a down-right noble-hearted one, too,—he was, as everybody must see, in a sad case for his patriotism. And you need not exult over him, good brother of the Southern States; for we have some ink- 20 lings that many of you, under similar circumstances, would not do much better. We have reason to know, in Kentucky, as in Mississippi, are noble and generous hearts, to whom never was tale of suffering told in vain. Ah, good brother! is it fair for you to expect of us services which your own brave, honorable heart would not allow you to render, were you in our place?

Be that as it may, if our good senator was a political sinner, he was in a fair way to expiate it by his night's penance. There had been a long continuous period of rainy weather, and the soft, rich earth of Ohio, as every one knows, is admirably suited to the manufacture of mud,—and the road was an Ohio railroad of the good old times.

"And pray, what sort of a road may that be?" says some eastern traveller, who has been accustomed to connect no ideas with a railroad but those of smoothness or speed.

Know, then, innocent eastern friend, that in benighted regions of the west, where the mud is of unfathomable and sublime depth, roads are made of round rough logs, arranged transversely side 50 by side, and coated over in their pristine freshness with earth, turf, and whatsoever may come to hand, and then the rejoicing native calleth it a road, and straightway essayeth to ride

thereupon. In process of time, the rains wash off all the turf and grass aforesaid, move the logs hither and thither, in picturesque positions, up, down, and crosswise, with divers chasms and ruts of black mud intervening.

Over such a road as this our senator went stumbling along, making moral reflections as continuously as under the circumstances could be expected,—the carriage proceeding along much as follows,—bump! bump! bump! slush! down in the mud!—the senator, woman, and child reversing their positions so suddenly as to come, without any very accurate adjustment, against the windows of the down-hill side. Carriage sticks fast, while Cudjoe on the outside is heard making a great muster among the horses. After various ineffectual pullings and twitchings, just as the senator is losing all patience, the carriage suddenly rights itself with a bounce,—two front wheels go down into another abyss, and senator, woman, and child all tumble promiscuously on to the front seat,—senator's hat is jammed over his eyes and nose quite unceremoniously, and he considers himself fairly extinguished;—child cries, and Cudjoe on the outside delivers animated addresses to the horses, who are kicking, and floundering, and straining, under repeated cracks of the whip. Carriage springs up, with another bounce,—down go the hind wheels,—senator, woman, and child fly over on to the back seat, his elbows encountering her bonnet, and both her feet being jammed into his hat, which flies off in the concussion. After a few moments the "slough" is passed, and the horses stop, panting;—the senator finds his hat, the woman straightens her bonnet and hushes her child, and they brace themselves firmly for what is yet to come.

For a while only the continuous bump! bump! intermingled, just by way of variety, with divers side plunges and compound shakes; and they begin to flatter themselves that they are not so badly off, after all. At last, with a

square plunge, which puts all on to their feet and then down into their seats with incredible quickness, the carriage stops,—and, after much outside commotion, Cudjoe appears at the door.

"Please, sir, it's powerful bad spot, this yer. I don't know how we's to get clar out. I'm a thinkin' we'll have to be a gettin' rails."

The senator despairingly steps out, picking gingerly for some firm foothold; down goes one foot an immeasurable depth,—he tries to pull it up, loses his balance, and tumbles over into the mud, and is fished out, in a very despairing condition, by Cudjoe.

But we forbear, out of sympathy to our readers' bones. Western travellers, who have beguiled the midnight hour in the interesting process of pulling down rail fences, to pry their carriages out of mud-holes, will have a respectful and mournful sympathy with our unfortunate hero. We beg them to drop a silent tear, and pass on.

It was full late in the night when the carriage emerged, dripping and bespattered, out of the creek, and stood at the door of a large farm-house.

It took no inconsiderable perseverance to arouse the inmates; but at last the respectable proprietor appeared, and undid the door. He was a great, tall, bristling Orson of a fellow, full six feet and some inches in his stockings, and arrayed in a red flannel hunting-shirt. A very heavy mat of sandy hair, in a decidedly tousled condition, and a beard of some days' growth, gave the worthy man an appearance, to say the least, not particularly prepossessing. He stood for a few minutes holding the candle aloft, and blinking on our travellers with a dismal and mystified expression that was truly ludicrous. It cost some effort of our senator to induce him to comprehend the case fully; and while he is doing his best at that, we shall give him a little introduction to our readers.

Honest old John Van Trompe was once quite a considerable land-holder and slave-owner in the State of Ken-

tucky. Having "nothing of the bear about him but the skin," and being gifted by nature with a great, honest, just heart, quite equal to his gigantic frame, he had been for some years witnessing with repressed uneasiness the workings of a system equally bad for oppressor and oppressed. At last, one day, John's great heart had swelled altogether too big to wear its bonds 10 any longer; so he just took his pocket-book out of his desk, and went over into Ohio, and bought a quarter of a township of good, rich land, made out free papers for all his people,—men, women, and children,—packed them up in wagons, and sent them off to settle down; and then honest John turned his face up the creek, and sat quietly down on a snug, retired farm, to enjoy 20 his conscience and his reflections.

"Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers?" said the senator, explicitly.

"I rather think I am," said honest John, with some considerable emphasis.

"I thought so," said the senator.

"If there's anybody comes," said the good man, stretching his tall, muscular 30 form upward, "why here I'm ready for him; and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em. Give our respects to 'em," said John; "tell 'em it's no matter how soon they call,—make no kinder difference to us," said John, running his fingers through the shock of hair that thatched his head, and bursting out into a great laugh.

Weary, jaded, and spiritless, Eliza dragged herself up to the door, with her child lying in a heavy sleep on her arm. The rough man held the candle to her face, and uttering a kind of compassionate grunt, opened the door of a small bedroom adjoining to the large kitchen where they were standing, and motioned her to go in. He took down 50 a candle, and lighting it, set it upon the table, and then addressed himself to Eliza.

"Now, I say, gal, you needn't be a bit afeard, let who will come here. I'm

up to all that sort o' thing," said he, pointing to two or three goodly rifles over the mantel-piece; "and most people that know me know that 'twouldn't be healthy to try to get anybody out o' my house when I'm agin it. So now you jist go to sleep now, as quiet as if yer mother was a rockin' ye," said he, as he shut the door.

"Why, this is an uncommon handsome un," he said to the senator. "Ah, well; handsome uns has the greatest cause to run, sometimes, if they has any kind o' feelin', such as decent women should. I know all about that."

The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history.

"Oh! ou! aw! now, I want to know?" said the good man, pitifully; "sho! now sho! That's natur now, poor crittur! hunted down now like a deer,—hunted down, jest for havin' natural feelin's, and doin' what no kind o' mother could help a doin'! I tell ye what, these yer things make me come the niggest to swearin', now, o' most anything," said honest John, as he wiped his eyes with the back of a great, freckled, yellow hand. "I tell yer what, stranger, it was years and years before I'd jine the church, 'cause the ministers round in our parts used to preach that the Bible went in for these ere cuttings up,—and I couldn't be up to 'em with their Greek and Hebrew, and so I took up agin 'em, Bible and all. I never jined the church till I found a minister that was up to 'em all in Greek and all that, and he said right the contrary; and 40 then I took right hold, and jined the church,—I did now, fact," said John, who had been all this time uncorking some very frisky bottled cider, which at this juncture he presented.

"Ye'd better jest put up here, now, till daylight," said he, heartily, "and I'll call up the old woman, and have a bed got ready for you in no time."

"Thank you, my good friend," said the senator. "I must be along, to take the night stage for Columbus."

"Ah! well, then, if you must, I'll go a piece with you, and show you a cross road that will take you there better

than the road you came on. That road's mighty bad."

John equipped himself, and, with a lantern in hand, was soon seen guiding the senator's carriage towards a road that ran down in a hollow, back of his dwelling. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten-dollar bill.

"It's for her," he said, briefly.

"Ay, ay," said John, with equal conciseness.

They shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER XIX

ST. CLARE DISCUSSES "THE INSTITUTION"

Miss Ophelia sat down, and pulled out her knitting-work, and sat there grim with indignation. She knit and knit, but while she mused the fire burned; at last she broke out,—

"I tell you, Augustine, I can't get over things so, if you can. It's a perfect abomination for you to defend such a system,—that's *my* mind!"

"What now?" said St. Clare, looking up. "At it again, hey?"

"I say it's perfectly abominable for you to defend such a system!" said Miss Ophelia, with increasing warmth.

"I defend it, my dear lady? Who ever said I did defend it?" said St. Clare.

"Of course, you defend it,—you all do,—all you Southerners. What do you have slaves for, if you don't?"

"Are you such a sweet innocent as to suppose nobody in this world ever does what they don't think is right? Don't you, or didn't you ever, do anything that you did not think quite right?"

"If I do, I repent of it, I hope," said Miss Ophelia, rattling her needles with energy.

"So do I," said St. Clare, peeling his orange; "I'm repenting of it all the time."

"What do you keep on doing it for?"

"Didn't you ever keep on doing wrong, after you'd repented, my good cousin?"

"Well, only when I've been very much tempted," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, I'm very much tempted," said St. Clare; "that's just my difficulty."

"But I always resolve I won't, and I try to break off."

"Well, I have been resolving I won't, off and on, these ten years," said St. Clare; "but I haven't, some how, got clear. Have you got clear of all your sins, cousin?"

"Cousin Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, seriously, and laying down her knitting-work, "I suppose I deserve that you should reprove my shortcomings. I know all you say is true enough; nobody else feels them more than I do; but it does seem to me, after all, there is some difference between me and you. It seems to me I would cut off my right hand sooner than keep on, from day to day, doing what I thought was wrong. But, then, my conduct is so inconsistent with my profession, I don't wonder you reprove me."

"O, now, cousin," said Augustine, sitting down on the floor, and laying his head back in her lap, "don't take on so awfully serious! You know what a good-for-nothing, saucy boy I always was. I love to poke you up,—that's all,—just to see you get earnest. I do think you are desperately, distressingly good; it tires me to death to think of it."

"But this is a serious subject, my boy, Auguste," said Miss Ophelia, laying her hand on his forehead.

"Dismally so," said he; "and I—well, I never want to talk seriously in hot weather. What with mosquitoes and all, a fellow can't get himself up to any very sublime moral flights; and I believe," said St. Clare, suddenly rousing himself up, "there's a theory, now! I understand now why northern nations are always more virtuous than southern ones,—I see into that whole subject."

"O, Auguste, you are a sad rattle-brain!"

"Am I? Well, so I am, I suppose; but for once I will be serious, now; but you must hand me that basket of

oranges;—you see, you'll have to 'stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples,' if I'm going to make this effort. Now," said Augustine, drawing the basket up, "I'll begin: When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a fellow to hold two or three dozen of his fellow-worms in captivity, a decent regard to the opinions of society requires—"

"I don't see that you are growing more serious," said Miss Ophelia.

"Wait,—I'm coming on,—you'll hear. The short of the matter is, cousin," said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression, "on this abstract question of slavery there can, as I think, be but one opinion. Planters, who have money to make by it,—clergymen, 20 who have planters to please,—politicians, who want to rule by it,—may warp and bend language and ethics to a degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity; they can press nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, neither they nor the world believe in it one particle the more. It comes from the devil, that's the short of it; 30 —and, to my mind, it's a pretty respectable specimen of what he can do in his own line."

Miss Ophelia stopped her knitting, and looked surprised; and St. Clare, apparently enjoying her astonishment, went on.

"You seem to wonder; but if you will get me fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it. This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong,—because I know how, and *can* do it,—therefore, I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. What- 50 ever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable, for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun

burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dry-shod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven, at last, as I find convenient. This I take to be about what 10 slavery is. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code, as it stands in our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the abuses of slavery! Humbug! The thing itself is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is because it is *used* in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, for shame's 20 sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not,—we would *scorn* to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who goes the furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him."

St. Clare had started up, and, as his manner was when excited, was walking, with hurried steps, up and down the floor. His fine face, classic as that of a Greek statue, seemed actually to burn with the fervor of his feelings. His large blue eyes flashed, and he gestured with an unconscious eagerness. Miss Ophelia had never seen him in this mood before, and she sat perfectly silent.

"I declare to you," said he, suddenly 40 stopping before his cousin,—"*it's* no sort of use to talk or to feel on this subject,—but I declare to you, there have been times when I have thought, if the whole country would sink, and hide all this injustice and misery from the light, I would willingly sink with it. When I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that 50 every brutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met, was allowed by our laws to become an absolute despot of as many men, women, and children, as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money

enough to buy,—when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls and women,—I have been ready to curse my country, to curse the human race!”

“Augustine! Augustine!” said Miss Ophelia, “I’m sure you’ve said enough. I never, in my life, heard anything like this, even at the north.”

“At the north” said St. Clare, with a sudden change of expression, and resuming something of his habitual careless tone. “Pooh! your northern folks are cold-blooded; you are cool in everything! You can’t begin to curse up hill and down as we can, when we get fairly at it.”

“Well, but the question is,” said Miss Ophelia.

“O, yes, to be sure, the question is,—and a deuce of a question it is! How came *you* in this state of sin and misery? Well, I shall answer in the good old words you used to teach me, Sundays. I came so by ordinary generation. My servants were my father’s, and, what is more, my mother’s; and now they are mine, they and their increase, which bids fair to be a pretty considerable item. My father, you know, came first from New England; and he was just such another man as your father,—a regular old Roman,—upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature; and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence out of them. My mother,” said St. Clare, getting up, and walking to a picture at the end of the room, and gazing upward with a face fervent with veneration, “*she was divine!* Don’t look at me so!—you know what I mean! She probably was of mortal birth; but, as far as ever I could observe, there was no trace of any human weakness or error about her; and everybody that lives to remember her, whether bond or free, servant, acquaintance, relation, all say the same. Why, cousin, that mother has been all that has stood between me

and utter unbelief for years. She was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament,—a living fact, to be accounted for, and to be accounted for in no other way than by its truth. O mother! mother!” said St. Clare, clasping his hands, in a sort of transport; and then suddenly checking himself, he came back, and seating himself on an ottoman, he went on:—

“My brother and I were twins; and they say, you know, that twins ought to resemble each other; but we were in all points a contrast. He had black, fiery eyes, coal-black hair, a strong, fine Roman profile, and a rich brown complexion. I had blue eyes, golden hair, a Greek outline, and fair complexion. He was active and observing, I dreamy and inactive. He was generous to his friends and equals, but proud, dominant, overbearing, to inferiors, and utterly unmerciful to whatever set itself up against him. Truthful we both were, he from pride and courage, I from a sort of abstract ideality. We loved each other about as boys generally do,—off and on, and in general; he was my father’s pet, and I my mother’s.

“There was a morbid sensitiveness and acuteness of feeling in me on all possible subjects, of which he and my father had no kind of understanding, and with which they could have no possible sympathy. But mother did; and so, when I had quarrelled with Alfred, and father looked sternly on me, I used to go off to mother’s room, and sit by her. I remember just how she used to look, with her pale cheeks, her deep, soft, serious eyes, her white dress,—she always wore white; and I used to think of her whenever I read in Revelations about the saints that were arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. She had a great deal of genius of one sort and another, particularly in music; and she used to sit at her organ, playing fine old majestic music of the Catholic church, and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal woman; and I would lay my

head down on her lap, and cry, and dream, and feel,—O immeasurably!—things that I had no language to say!

"In those days, this matter of slavery had never been canvassed as it has now; nobody dreamed of any harm in it.

"My father was a born aristocrat. I think, in some preëxistent state, he must have been in the higher circles of spirits, and brought all his old court pride along with him; for it was in-grain, bred in the bone, though he was originally of poor and not in any way of noble family. My brother was begotten in his image.

"Now, an aristocrat, you know, the world over, has no human sympathies, beyond a certain line in society. In England the line is in one place, in 20 Burmah in another, and in America in another; but the aristocrat of all these countries never goes over it. What would be hardship and distress and injustice in his own class, is a cool matter of course in another one. My father's dividing line was that of color. Among his equals never was a man more just and generous; but he considered the negro, through all possible 30 gradations of color, as an intermediate link between man and animals, and graded all his ideas of justice or generosity on this hypothesis. I suppose, to be sure, if anybody had asked him, plump and fair, whether they had human immortal souls, he might have hemmed and hawed, and said yes. But my father was not a man much troubled with spiritualism; religious senti- 40 ment he had none, beyond a veneration for God, as decidedly the head of the upper classes.

"Well, my father worked some five hundred negroes; he was an inflexible, driving, punctilious business man; everything was to move by system,—to be sustained with unfailing accuracy and precision. Now, if you take into account that all this was to be 50 worked out by a set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless laborers, who had grown up, all their lives, in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do

anything but 'shirk,' as you Vermonters say, you'll see that there might naturally be, on his plantation, a great many things that looked horrible and distressing to a sensitive child, like me.

"Besides all, he had an overseer,—a great, tall, slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont (begging your pardon), who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality, and taken his degree to be admitted to practice. My mother could never endure him, nor I, but he obtained an entire ascendancy over my father; and this man was the absolute despot of the estate.

"I was a little fellow then, but I had the same love that I have now for all kinds of human things,—a kind of passion for the study of humanity, come in what shape it would. I was found in the cabins and among the field-hands a great deal, and, of course, was a great favorite; and all sorts of complaints and grievances were breathed in my ear; and I told them to mother, and we, between us, formed a sort of committee for a redress of grievances. We hindered and repressed a great deal 30 of cruelty, and congratulated ourselves on doing a vast deal of good, till, as often happens, my zeal overacted. Stubbs complained to my father that he couldn't manage the hands, and must resign his position. Father was a fond, indulgent husband, but a man that never flinched from anything that he thought necessary; and so he put down his foot, like a rock, between us 40 and the field-hands. He told my mother, in language perfectly respectful and deferential, but quite explicit, that over the house-servants she should be entire mistress, but that with the field-hands he could allow no interference. He revered and respected her above all living beings; but he would have said it all the same to the Virgin Mary herself, if she had come in the way of his system.

"I used sometimes to hear my mother reasoning cases with him,—endeavoring to excite his sympathies. He would listen to the most pathetic

appeals with the most discouraging politeness and equanimity. 'It all resolves itself into this,' he would say; 'must I part with Stubbs, or keep him? Stubbs is the soul of punctuality, honesty, and efficiency,—a thorough business hand, and as humane as the general run. We can't have perfection; and if I keep him, I must sustain his administration as a whole, even if there are, now and then, things that are exceptionable. All government includes some necessary hardness. General rules will bear hard on particular cases.' This last maxim my father seemed to consider a settler in most alleged cases of cruelty. After he had said that, he commonly drew up his feet on the sofa, like a man that has disposed of a business, and betook himself to a nap, or the newspaper, as the case might be.

"The fact is, my father showed the exact sort of talent for a statesman. He could have divided Poland as easily as an orange, or trod on Ireland as quietly and systematically as any man living. At last my mother gave up, in despair. It never will be known, till the last account, what noble and sensitive natures like hers have felt, cast, utterly helpless, into what seems to them an abyss of injustice and cruelty, and which seems so to nobody about them. It has been an age of long sorrow of such natures, in such a hell-begotten sort of world as ours. What remained for her, but to train her children in her own views and sentiments? Well, after all you say about training, children will grow up substantially what they are by nature, and only that. From the cradle, Alfred was an aristocrat; and as he grew up, instinctively all his sympathies and all his reasonings were in that line, and all mother's exhortations went to the winds. As to me, they sunk deep into me. She never contradicted, in form, anything that my father said, or seemed directly to differ from him; but she impressed, burnt into my very soul, with all the force of her deep, earnest nature, an idea of the dignity and

worth of the meanest human soul. I have looked in her face with solemn awe, when she would point up to the stars in the evening, and say to me, 'See there, Auguste, the poorest, meanest soul on our place will be living, when all these stars are gone forever,—will live as long as God lives!'

"She had some fine old paintings; one, in particular, of Jesus healing a blind man. They were very fine, and used to impress me strongly. 'See there, Auguste,' she would say; 'the blind man was a beggar, poor and loathsome; therefore, he would not heal him afar off! He called him to him, and put his hands on him! Remember this, my boy.' If I had lived to grow up under her care, she might have stimulated me to I know not what of enthusiasm. I might have been a saint, reformer, martyr,—but, alas! alas! I went from her when I was only thirteen, and I never saw her again!"

St. Clare rested his head on his hands, and did not speak for some minutes. After a while, he looked up, and went on:—

"What poor, mean trash this whole business of human virtue is! A mere matter, for the most part, of latitude and longitude, and geographical position, acting with natural temperament. The greater part is nothing but an accident! Your father, for example, settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal; becomes a regular church-member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolition society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is, for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. I can see it leaking out in fifty different ways,—just that same strong, overbearing, dominant spirit. You know very well how impossible it is to persuade some of the folks in your village that Squire Sinclair does not feel above them. The fact is, though he has fallen on democratic times, and embraced a democratic theory, he is to the heart an aristocrat, as much as my father, who ruled over five or six hundred slaves."

Miss Ophelia felt rather disposed to cavil at this picture, and was laying down her knitting to begin, but St. Clare stopped her.

"Now, I know every word you are going to say. I do not say they *were* alike, in fact. One fell into a condition where everything acted against the natural tendency, and the other where everything acted for it; and so one turned out a pretty wilful, stout, overbearing old democrat, and the other a wilful, stout old despot. If both had owned plantations in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould."

"What an undutiful boy you are!" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't mean them any disrespect," said St. Clare. "You know reverence is not my forte. But, to go back to my history:—

"When father died, he left the whole property to us twin boys, to be divided as we should agree. There does not breathe on God's earth a nobler-souled, more generous fellow, than Alfred, in all that concerns his equals; and we got on admirably with this property question, without a single unbrotherly word or feeling. We undertook to work the plantation together; and Alfred, whose outward life and capabilities had double the strength of mine, became an enthusiastic planter, and a wonderfully successful one.

"But two years' trial satisfied me that I could not be a partner in that matter. To have a great gang of seven hundred, whom I could not know personally, or feel any individual interest in, bought and driven, housed, fed, worked like so many horned cattle, trained up to military precision,—the question of how little of life's commonest enjoyments would keep them in working order being a constantly recurring problem,—the *necessity* of drivers and overseers,—the ever-neces-
sary whip, first, last, and only argument,—the whole thing was insufferably disgusting and loathsome to me; and when I thought of my mother's

estimate of one poor human soul, it became even frightful!

"It's all nonsense to talk to me about slaves *enjoying* all this! To this day, I have no patience with the unutterable trash that some of your patronizing Northerners have made up, as in their zeal to apologize for our sins. We all know better. Tell me that any man living wants to work all his days, from day-dawn till dark, under the constant eye of a master, without the power of putting forth one irresponsible volition, on the same dreary, monotonous, unchanging toil, and all for two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes a year, with enough food and shelter to keep him in working order! Any man who thinks that human beings can, as a general thing, be made about as comfortable that way as any other, I wish he might try it. I'd buy the dog, and work him, with a clear conscience!"

"I always have supposed," said Miss Ophelia, "that you, all of you, approved of these things, and thought them *right*,—according to scripture."

"Humbug! We are not quite reduced to that yet. Alfred, who is as determined a despot as ever walked, does not pretend to this kind of defence;—no, he stands, high and haughty, on that good old respectable ground, *the right of the strongest*; and he says, and I think quite sensibly, that the American planter is 'only doing, in another form, what the English aristocracy and capitalists are doing to the lower classes'; that is, I take it, appropriating them, body and bone, soul and spirit, to their use and convenience. He defends both,—and I think, at least, consistently. He says that there can be no high civilization without enslavement of the masses, either nominal or real. There must, he says, be a lower class, given up to physical toil and confined to an animal nature; and a higher one thereby acquires leisure and wealth for a more expanded intelligence and improvement, and becomes the directing soul of the lower. So he reasons, because,

as I said, he is born an aristocrat;—so I don't believe, because I was born a democrat."

"How in the world can the two things be compared?" said Miss Ophelia. "The English laborer is not sold, traded, parted from his family, whipped."

"He is as much at the will of his employer as if he were sold to him. 10 The slave-owner can whip his refractory slave to death,—the capitalist can starve him to death. As to family security, it is hard to say which is the worst,—to have one's children sold, or see them starve to death at home."

"But it's no kind of apology for slavery, to prove that it isn't worse than some other bad thing."

"I didn't give it for one,—nay, I'll 20 say, besides, that ours is the more bold and palpable infringement of human rights; actually buying a man up, like a horse,—looking at his teeth, cracking his joints, and trying his paces, and then paying down for him,—having speculators, breeders, traders, and brokers in human bodies and souls,—sets the thing before the eyes of the civilized world in a more tangible form, 30 though the thing done be, after all, in its nature, the same; that is, appropriating one set of human beings to the use and improvement of another, without any regard to their own."

"I never thought of the matter in this light," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, I've travelled in England some, and I've looked over a good many documents as to the state of 40 their lower classes; and I really think there is no denying Alfred when he says that his slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England. You see, you must not infer, from what I have told you, that Alfred is what is called a hard master; for he isn't. He is despotic, and unmerciful to insubordination; he would shoot a fellow down with as little remorse 50 as he would shoot a buck, if he opposed him. But, in general, he takes a sort of pride in having his slaves comfortably fed and accommodated.

"When I was with him, I insisted that he should do something for their instruction; and, to please me, he did get a chaplain, and used to have them catechized Sunday, though, I believe, in his heart, that he thought it would do about as much good to set a chaplain over his dogs and horses. And the fact is, that a mind stupefied and animalized by every bad influence from the hour of birth, spending the whole of every week-day in unreflecting toil, cannot be done much with by a few hours on Sunday. The teachers of Sunday-schools among the manufacturing population of England, and among plantation-hands in our country, could perhaps testify to the same result, *there and here*. Yet some striking ex- 20 ceptions there are among us, from the fact that the negro is naturally more impressible to religious sentiment than the white."

"Well," said Miss Ophelia, "how came you to give up your plantation life?"

"Well, we jogged on together some time, till Alfred saw plainly that I was no planter. He thought it absurd, after he had reformed, and altered, and improved everywhere, to suit my notions, that I still remained unsatisfied. The fact was, it was, after all, the *THING* that I hated,—the using these men and women, the perpetuation of all this ignorance, brutality, and vice,—just to make money for me!

"Besides, I was always interfering in the details. Being myself one of the laziest of mortals, I had altogether too much fellow-feeling for the lazy; and when poor, shiftless dogs put stones at the bottom of their cotton-baskets to make them weigh heavier, or filled their sacks with dirt, with cotton at the top, it seemed so exactly like what I should do if I were they, I couldn't and wouldn't have them flogged for it.

Well, of course, there was an end of plantation discipline; and Alf and I came to about the same point that I and my respected father did, years before. So he told me that I was a womanish sentimentalist, and would never do for

business life; and advised me to take the bank-stock and the New Orleans family mansion, and go to writing poetry, and let him manage the plantation. So we parted, and I came here."

"But why didn't you free your slaves?"

"Well, I wasn't up to that. To hold them as tools for money-making, I could not;—have them to help spend money, you know, didn't look quite so ugly to me. Some of them were old house-servants, to whom I was much attached; and the younger ones were children to the old. All were well satisfied to be as they were." He paused, and walked reflectively up and down the room.

"There was," said St. Clare, "a time in my life when I had plans and hopes of doing something in this world, more than to float and drift. I had vague, indistinct yearnings to be a sort of emancipator,—to free my native land from this spot and stain. All young men have had such fever-fits, I suppose, some time,—but then—"

"Why didn't you?" said Miss Ophelia;—"you ought not to put your hand to the plough, and look back."

"O, well, things didn't go with me as I expected, and I got the despair of living that Solomon did. I suppose it was a necessary incident to wisdom in us both; but, somehow or other, instead of being actor and regenerator in society, I became a piece of drift-wood, and have been floating and eddying about, ever since. Alfred scolds me, every time we meet; and he has the better of me, I grant,—for he really does something; his life is a logical result of his opinions, and mine is a contemptible *non sequitur*."

"My dear cousin, can you be satisfied with such a way of spending your probation?"

"Satisfied! Was I not just telling you I despised it? But, then, to come back to this point,—we were on this liberation business. I don't think my feelings about slavery are peculiar. I find many men who, in their hearts,

think of it just as I do. The land groans under it; and, bad as it is for the slave, it is worse, if anything, for the master. It takes no spectacles to see that a great class of vicious, improvident, degraded people, among us, are an evil to us, as well as to themselves. The capitalist and aristocrat of England cannot feel that as we do, because they do not mingle with the class they degrade as we do. They are in our houses; they are the associates of our children, and they form their minds faster than we can; for they are a race that children always will cling to and assimilate with. If Eva, now, was not more angel than ordinary, she would be ruined. We might as well allow the small-pox to run among them, and think our children would not take it, as to let them be uninstructed and vicious, and think our children will not be affected by that. Yet our laws positively and utterly forbid any efficient general educational system, and they do it wisely, too; for, just begin and thoroughly educate one generation, and the whole thing would be blown sky high. If we did not give them liberty, they would take it."

"And what do you think will be the end of this?" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't know. One thing is certain,—that there is a mustering among the masses, the world over; and there is a *dies iræ* coming on, sooner or later. The same thing is working in Europe, in England, and in this country. My mother used to tell me of a millennium that was coming, when Christ should reign, and all men should be free and happy. And she taught me, when I was a boy, to pray, 'Thy kingdom come.' Sometimes I think all this sighing, and groaning, and stirring among the dry bones foretells what she used to tell me was coming. But who may abide the day of his appearing?"

"Augustine, sometimes I think you are not far from the kingdom," said Miss Ophelia, laying down her knitting, and looking anxiously at her cousin.

"Thank you for your good opinion;

but it's up and down with me,—up to heaven's gate in theory, down in earth's dust in practice. But there's the tea-bell,—do let's go,—and don't say, now, I haven't had one downright serious talk, for once in my life."

At table, Marie alluded to the incident of Prue. "I suppose you'll think, cousin," she said, "that we are all barbarians."

"I think that's a barbarous thing," said Miss Ophelia, "but I don't think you are all barbarians."

"Well, now," said Marie, "I know it's impossible to get along with some of these creatures. They are so bad they ought not to live. I don't feel a particle of sympathy for such cases. If they'd only behave themselves, it would not happen."

"But, mamma," said Eva, "the poor creature was unhappy; that's what made her drink."

"O, fiddlestick! as if that were any excuse! I'm unhappy, very often. I presume," she said, pensively, "that I've had greater trials than ever she had. It's just because they are so bad. There's some of them that you cannot break in by any kind of severity. I remember father had a man that was so lazy he would run away just to get rid of work, and lie round in the swamps, stealing and doing all sorts of horrid things. That man was caught and whipped, time and again, and it never did him any good; and the last time he crawled off, though he couldn't but just go, and died in the swamp. There was no sort of reason for it, for father's hands were always treated kindly."

"I broke a fellow in, once," said St. Clare, "that all the overseers and masters had tried their hands on in vain."

"You!" said Marie; "well, I'd be glad to know when *you* ever did anything of the sort."

"Well, he was a powerful, gigantic fellow,—a native-born African; and he appeared to have the rude instinct of freedom in him to an uncommon degree. He was a regular African lion. They called him Scipio. Nobody could

do anything with him; and he was sold round from overseer to overseer, till at last Alfred bought him, because he thought he could manage him. Well, one day he knocked down the overseer, and was fairly off into the swamps. I was on a visit to Alf's plantation, for it was after we had dissolved partnership. Alfred was greatly exasperated; but I told him that it was his own fault, and laid him any wager that I could break the man; and finally it was agreed that, if I caught him, I should have him to experiment on. So they mustered out a party of some six or seven, with guns and dogs, for the hunt. People, you know, can get up just as much enthusiasm in hunting a man as a deer, if it is only customary; in fact, I got a little excited myself, though I had only put in as a sort of mediator, in case he was caught.

"Well, the dogs bayed and howled, and we rode and scampered, and finally we started him. He ran and bounded like a buck, and kept us well in the rear for some time; but at last he got caught in an impenetrable thicket of cane; then he turned to bay, and I tell you he fought the dogs right gallantly. He dashed them to right and left, and actually killed three of them with only his naked fists, when a shot from a gun brought him down, and he fell, wounded and bleeding, almost at my feet. The poor fellow looked up at me with manhood and despair both in his eye. I kept back the dogs and the party, as they came pressing up, and claimed him as my prisoner. It was all I could do to keep them from shooting him, in the flush of success; but I persisted in my bargain, and Alfred sold him to me. Well, I took him in hand, and in one fortnight I had him tamed down as submissive and tractable as heart could desire."

"What in the world did you do to him?" said Marie.

"Well, it was quite a simple process. I took him to my own room, had a good bed made for him, dressed his

wounds, and tended him myself, until he got fairly on his feet again. And, in process of time, I had free papers made out for him, and told him he might go where he liked."

"And did he go?" said Miss Ophelia.

"No. The foolish fellow tore the paper in two, and absolutely refused to leave me. I never had a braver, better fellow,—trusty and true as steel. He embraced Christianity afterwards, and became as gentle as a child. He used to oversee my place on the lake, and did it capitally, too. I lost him the first cholera season. In fact, he laid down his life for me. For I was sick, almost to death; and when, through the panic, everybody else fled, Scipio worked for me like a giant, and actually brought me back into life again. But, poor fellow! he was taken, right after, and there was no saving him. I never felt anybody's loss more."

Eva had come gradually nearer and nearer to her father, as he told the story,—her small lips apart, her eyes wide and earnest with absorbing interest.

As he finished, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively.

"Eva, dear child! what is the matter?" said St. Clare, as the child's small frame trembled and shook with the violence of her feelings. "This child," he added, "ought not to hear any of this kind of thing,—she's nervous."

"No, papa, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself, suddenly, with a strength of resolution singular in such a child. "I'm not nervous, but these things *sink into my heart.*"

"What do you mean, Eva?"

"I can't tell you, papa. I think a great many thoughts. Perhaps some day I shall tell you."

"Well, think away, dear,—only don't cry and worry your papa," said St. Clare. "Look here,—see what a beautiful peach I have got for you!"

Eva took it, and smiled, though

there was still a nervous twitching about the corners of her mouth.

"Come, look at the gold-fish," said St. Clare, taking her hand and stepping on to the veranda. A few moments, and merry laughs were heard through the silken curtains, as Eva and St. Clare were pelting each other with roses, and chasing each other among the alleys of the court.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE PICKET-GUARD

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,

"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,

By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,

Will not count in the news of the battle;

Not an officer lost—only one of the men

Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;

Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,

Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind

Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;

While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,

Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread

As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed

Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark
and grim,

Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children
asleep—

For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as
brightly as then ²⁵

That night, when the love yet un-
spoken

Leaped up to his lips—when low-mur-
mured vows

Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over
his eyes,

He dashes off tears that are well-
ing, ³⁰

And gathers his gun closer up to its
place

As if to keep down the heart-swell-
ing.

He passes the fountain, the blasted
pine-tree;

The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes, through the broad
belt of light, ³⁵

Towards the shade of the forest so
dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that
rustled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously
flashing?

It looked like a rifle. . . . "Ha! Mary,
goodby!"

The red life-blood is ebbing and
plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of
the dead—

The picket's off duty forever!

—ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

DIXIE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!

To arms! To arms! To arms, in
Dixie!

Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united! ⁵

CHORUS

To arms! To arms! To arms, in
Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live and die for Dixie! ¹⁰

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie!

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie

Hear the Northern thunders mutter! ¹⁵

Northern flags in South winds flutter!

Send them back your fierce defiance!

Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!

Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre! ²⁰

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,

Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices

At your cannon's ringing voices!

For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,

Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken. ²⁶

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,

Back to their kennels hunt these
beagles!

Cut the unequal bonds asunder!

Let them hence each other plunder! ³⁰

Swear upon your country's altar

Never to submit or falter

Till the spoilers are defeated,

Till the Lord's work is completed!

If the loved ones weep in sadness, ³⁵
Victory soon shall bring them glad-
ness,—

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;

Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

—ALBERT PIKE.

FAREWELL TO BROTHER JONATHAN

Farewell! we must part; we have
turned from the land

Of our cold-hearted brother, with
tyrannous hand,

Who assumed all our rights as a favor
to grant,
And whose smile ever covered the sting
of a taunt;

Who breathed on the fame he was
bound to defend;
Still the craftiest foe, 'neath the guise
of a friend;
Who believed that our bosoms would
bleed at a touch,
Yet could never believe he could goad
them too much;

Whose conscience affects to be seared
with our sin,
Yet is plastic to take all its benefits
in;
The mote in our eye so enormous has
grown,
That he never perceived there's a beam
in his own.

O Jonathan, Jonathan! vassal of pelf,
Self-righteous, self-glorious, yes, every
inch self,
Your loyalty now is all bluster and
boast,
But was dumb when the foemen in-
vaded our coast.

In vain did your country appeal to you
then;
You coldly refused her your money and
men;
Your trade interrupted, you slunk from
her wars,
And preferred British gold to the
Stripes and the Stars!

Then our generous blood was as water
poured forth,
And the sons of the South were the
shields of the North;
Nor our patriot ardor one moment gave
o'er,
Till the foe you had fed we had driven
from the shore!

Long years we have suffered oppro-
brium and wrong;
But we clung to your side with affection
so strong.

That at last, in mere wanton aggres-
sion, you broke
All the ties of our hearts with one mur-
derous stroke.

We are tired of contest for what is our
own;
We are sick of a strife that could never
be done;
Thus our love has died out, and its
altars are dark;
Not Prometheus's self could rekindle
the spark.

O Jonathan, Jonathan! deadly the sin
Of your tigerish thirst for the blood of
your kin;
And shameful the spirit that gloats over
wives
And maidens despoiled of their honor
and lives!

Your palaces rise from the fruits of
our toil;
Your millions are fed from the wealth
of our soil;
The balm of our air brings the health
to your cheek;
And our hearts are aglow with the
welcome we speak.

O brother! beware how you seek us
again,
Lest you brand on your forehead the
signet of Cain;
That blood and that crime on your
conscience must sit;
We may fall—we may perish—but
never submit!

The pathway that leads to the Phari-
see's door
We remember, indeed, but we tread it
no more;
Preferring to turn, with the Publican's
faith,
To the path through the valley and
shadow of death!

—ANONYMOUS.

MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore 5
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland! 10

My mother State! to thee I kneel;
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with
steel, 15
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! 20

Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day, 25
Maryland!

Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey, 30
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and
strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee
wrong, 35
Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And gives a new *Key* to thy song
Maryland! My Maryland! 40

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain;
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain; 45
"Sic semper" ¹ 'tis the proud refrain!
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland! 50

¹ *Sic semper tyrannis*: the motto of Virginia

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek;
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek 55
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! 60

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul, 65
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! 70

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come!
she'll come!

Maryland! My Maryland!

—JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll
gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS

The Union forever, hurrah! boys,
hurrah! 5

Down with the traitor, up with
the star;

While we rally round the flag,
boys, rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of Free-
dom!

We are springing to the call of our
brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Free-
dom; 10

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a
million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the
loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And although they may be poor, not a
man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

So we're springing to the call from the
East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the
land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

—GEORGE F. ROOT.

JOHN BROWN

Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in the
grave;
But John Brown's soul is marching with
the brave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah—
His soul goes marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the army
of the Lord,
He is sworn in as a private in the ranks
of the Lord;
He shall stand at Armageddon with his
brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front when the lines of
battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares
of battle form,
With the column, and charge in the
storm,
When men are marching on.

Ah, foul tyrants, do you hear him when
he comes?
Ah, black traitors, do ye know him as
he comes?

In thunder of the cannon and roll of
the drums,
As we go marching on.

Men may die and moulder in the dust;
Men may die and rise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of
the just,
When God is marching on.

—? H. H. BROWNELL.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the
rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched
hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so
pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em
well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of
shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—"
well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps
off!

Old Massa's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
*In forma pauperis*¹ to God.
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth
Thy rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!

¹ as a pauper

What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn? 30
 "Quick step! we're with him before
 morn!"

That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the
 lists, 35

Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped be-
 fore,

"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall
 roar;

"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's
 score!"

In "Stonewall Jackson's way." 40

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!

Ah! widow, read, with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand.

Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on, 45
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn.

The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

—JOHN W. PALMER.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more,

From Mississippi's winding stream and
 from New England's shore;

We leave our ploughs and workshops,
 our wives and children dear,

With hearts too full for utterance, with
 but a silent tear;

We dare not look behind us, but stead-
 fastly before: 5

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that
 meet the northern sky,

Long moving lines of rising dust your
 vision may descry;

And now the wind, an instant, tears the
 cloudy veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in
 glory and in pride; 10

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
 and bands brave music pour:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the
 growing harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys
 fast forming into line;

And children from their mother's knees
 are pulling at the weeds, 15

And learning how to reap and sow
 against their country's needs;

And a farewell group stands weeping
 at every cottage door:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming,
 by Richmond's bloody tide

To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our
 brothers' bones beside; 20

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to
 wrench the murderous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its frag-
 ments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and
 true have gone before:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

—ANONYMOUS.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
 coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where
 the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning
 of His terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
 hundred circling camps; 5

They have builded Him an altar in the
 evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by
 the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burn-
 ished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so
 with you my grace shall deal; 10

Let the Hero born of woman, crush the
serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
fore His judgment-seat.

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
be jubilant, my feet! 15

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that trans-
figures you and me;

As He died, to make men holy, let us
die to make them free,

While God is marching on. 20

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre such as you seldom see— 5
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons
said;

"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him; and brought him
where

The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome
bed— 11

Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated
breath—

Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such? 15

Weary weeks of the stick and the
crutch;

And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay more, in Death's
despite

The crippled skeleton learned to write.

"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and
then 21

"Dear Captain," inquiring about the
men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day:
Johnston pressed at the front, they
say. 26

Little Giffen was up and away;

A tear—his first—as he bade good-bye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.

"I'll write, if spared." There was news
of the fight, 30

But none of Giffen; he did not write.

I sometimes fancy, that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden
Ring,

With the song of the minstrel in mine
ear,

And the tender legend that trembles
here, 35

I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

—FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting to-night on the old camp
ground;

Give us a song to cheer

Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are
weary to-night, 5

Wishing for the war to cease;

Many are the hearts, looking for
the right,

To see the dawn of peace.

We've been tenting to-night on the old
camp ground,

Thinking of days gone by; 10

Of the loved ones at home, that gave
us the hand,

And the tear that said "Good-by!"

We are tired of the war on the old
camp ground;

Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and the true who've left
their homes; 15
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old
camp ground,

Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears. 20

—WALTER KITTREDGE.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll
sing another song—

Sing it with the spirit that will start
the world along—

Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thou-
sand strong,

While we are marching through
Georgia.

CHORUS

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the
jubilee! 5

Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that
makes you free!"

So we sang the chorus from At-
lanta to the sea,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they
heard the joyful sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our
commissary found! 10

How the sweet potatoes even started
from the ground,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who
wept with joyful tears,

When they saw the honored flag they
had not seen for years;

Hardly could they be restrained from
breaking forth in cheers, 15

While we were marching through
Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will
never reach the coast!"

So the saucy rebels said—and 'twas a
handsome boast,

Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon
with their host,

While we were marching through
Georgia. 20

So we made a thoroughfare for Free-
dom and her train,

Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred
to the main;

Treason fled before us, for resistance
was in vain,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

—HENRY C. WORK.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit,

Thinking, mother dear, of you,

And our bright and happy home so far
away;

And the tears they fill my eyes,

Spite of all that I can do, 5

Though I try to cheer my comrades
and be gay.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
marching,

Cheer up, comrades, they will
come;

And beneath the starry flag

We will breathe the air again 10

Of the freeland in our own beloved
home.

In the battle front we stood,

When their fiercest charge they
made,

And they swept us off a hundred men
or more;

But before we reached their lines, 15

They were beaten back dismayed,

And we heard the cry of victory o'er
and o'er.

So within the prison cell

We are waiting for the day

That shall come to open wide the iron
door; 20

And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends
once more.

—GEORGE F. ROOT.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew, 5
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat; 10
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue, 15
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe. 20
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor, 25
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; 30
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth 35
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray. 40

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are
fading

No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew, 45
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red; 50
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our
dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue, 55
Tears and love for the Gray.

—FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew

up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'," to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of

the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since that is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF POLITICAL VIEWS

NEW SALEM, June 13, 1836

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Journal*: In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication, over the signature of "Many Voters," in which the candidates who are announced in the *Journal* are called upon to "show their hands." Agreed. Here's mine.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.

While acting as their representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several states, to enable our state, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying the interest on it.

If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President.

Very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

LETTER TO ROBERT ALLEN

NEW SALEM, June 21, 1836

DEAR COLONEL: I am told that during my absence last week you passed through this place, and stated publicly that you were in possession of a fact or facts which, if known to the public, would entirely destroy the prospects of N. W. Edwards and myself at the ensuing election; but that, through favor to us, you should forbear to divulge them. No one has needed favors more than I, and, generally, few have been less unwilling to accept them; but in this case favor to me would be injustice to the public, and therefore I must beg your pardon for declining it. That I once had the confidence of the people of Sangamon, is sufficiently evident; and if I have since done anything, either by design or misadventure, which if known would subject me to a forfeiture of that confidence, he that knows of that thing, and conceals it, is a traitor to his country's interest.

I find myself wholly unable to form any conjecture of what fact or facts, real or supposed, you spoke; but my opinion of your veracity will not permit me for a moment to doubt that you at least believed what you said. I am flattered with the personal regard you manifested for me; but I do hope that, on more mature reflection, you will view the public interest as a paramount consideration, and therefore determine to let the worst come. I here assure you that the candid statement of facts on your part, however low it may sink me, shall never break the tie of personal friendship between us. I wish an answer to this, and you are at liberty to publish both, if you choose.

Very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

PROTEST IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY

MARCH 3, 1837

Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both

branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

¹⁰ They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different states.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, ²⁰ unless at the request of the people of the District.

The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

DAN STONE,
A. LINCOLN,

Representatives from the
County of Sangamon.

NOTES FOR A LAW LECTURE

I am not an accomplished lawyer. I find quite as much material for a lecture in those points wherein I have failed as in those wherein I have been moderately successful. The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man of every other calling, is diligence. Leave ⁴⁰ nothing for tomorrow which can be done today. Never let your correspondence fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labor pertaining to it which can then be done. When you bring a common law-suit, if you have the facts for doing so, write the declaration at once. If a law point be involved, examine the books, and note ⁵⁰ the authority you rely on upon the declaration itself, where you are sure to find it when wanted. The same of defenses and pleas. In business not likely to be litigated—ordinary collec-

tion cases, foreclosures, partitions, and the like—make all examinations of titles, and note them and even draft orders and decrees in advance. This course has a triple advantage: it avoids omissions and neglect, saves your labor when once done, performs the labor out of court when you have leisure, rather than in court when you have not. Extemporaneous speaking should be practiced and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If anyone, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance.

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it.

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case, as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client. And when

you lack interest in the case, the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.

There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.

LETTER TO JOHN D. JOHNSTON

January 2, 1851

DEAR JOHNSTON: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, "We can get along very well now"; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could

get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you, that for every dollar that you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. Now, if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the

contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately your brother,
A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO H. D. SHARPE¹

SPRINGFIELD, December 8, 1858

H. D. SHARPE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter of November 9th was duly received. I do not know that you expected or desired an answer; but glancing over the contents of yours again, I am prompted to say that, while I desired the result of the late canvass to have been different, I still regard it as an exceedingly small matter. I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free, and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result.

Respectfully yours,
A. LINCOLN

ADDRESS AT COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK

FEBRUARY 27, 1860

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF NEW YORK: The facts with which I shall deal this evening are mainly old and familiar; nor is there anything new in the general use I shall make of them. If there shall be any novelty, it will be in the mode of presenting the facts, and the inferences and observations following that presentation. In his speech last autumn at Columbus, Ohio, as reported in the *New York Times*, Senator Douglas said:

"Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now."

I fully indorse this, and I adopt it as a text for this discourse. I so adopt

¹From the *Constitutional Edition of Lincoln's Writings*; by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

it because it furnishes a precise and an agreed starting-point for a discussion between Republicans and that wing of the Democracy headed by Senator Douglas. It simply leaves the inquiry: What was the understanding those fathers had of the question mentioned?

What is the frame of government under which we live? The answer must be, "The Constitution of the United States." That Constitution consists of the original, framed in 1787, and under which the present government first went into operation, and twelve subsequently framed amendments, the first ten of which were framed in 1789.

Who were our fathers that framed the Constitution? I suppose the "thirty-nine" who signed the original instrument may be fairly called our fathers who framed that part of the present government. It is almost exactly true to say they framed it, and it is altogether true to say they fairly represented the opinion and sentiment of the whole nation at that time. Their names, being familiar to nearly all, and accessible to quite all, need not now be repeated.

I take these "thirty-nine," for the present, as being "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." What is the question which, according to the text, those fathers understood "just as well, and even better, than we do now"?

It is this: Does the proper division of local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbid our federal government to control as to slavery in our federal territories?

Upon this Senator Douglas holds the affirmative, and Republicans the negative. This affirmation and denial form an issue; and this issue—this question—is precisely what the text declares our fathers understood "better than we." Let us now inquire whether the "thirty-nine," or any of them, ever acted upon this question; and if they did, how they acted upon it—how they expressed that better

understanding. In 1784, three years before the Constitution, the United States then owning the Northwestern Territory, and no other, the Congress of the Confederation had before them the question of prohibiting slavery in that territory, and four of the "thirty-nine" who afterward framed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on that question. Of these, Roger Sherman, Thomas Mifflin, and Hugh Williamson voted for the prohibition; thus showing that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory. The other of the four, James McHenry, voted against the prohibition, showing that for some cause he thought it improper to vote for it.

In 1787, still before the Constitution, but while the convention was in session framing it, and while the Northwestern Territory still was the only territory owned by the United States, the same question of prohibiting slavery in the territory again came before the Congress of the Confederation; and two more of the "thirty-nine" who afterward signed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on the question. They were William Blount and William Few; and they both voted for the prohibition—thus showing that in their understanding no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory. This time the prohibition became a law, being part of what is now well known as the Ordinance of '87.

The question of federal control of slavery in the territories seems not to have been directly before the convention which framed the original Constitution; and hence it is not recorded that the "thirty-nine," or any of them, while engaged on that instrument, expressed any opinion on that precise question.

In 1789, by the first Congress which

sat under the Constitution, an act was passed to enforce the Ordinance of '87, including the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. The bill for this act was reported by one of the "thirty-nine"—Thomas Fitzsimmons, then a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. It went through all its stages without a word of opposition, and finally passed 10 both branches without ayes and nays, which is equivalent to a unanimous passage. In this Congress there were sixteen of the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman, William S. Johnson, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, William Few, Abraham Baldwin, Rufus King, William Paterson, 20 George Clymer, Richard Bassett, George Read, Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, and James Madison.

This shows that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, properly forbade Congress to prohibit slavery in the federal territory; else both their fidelity to correct principle, and their oath to support the Constitution, would have constrained them to oppose the prohibition.

Again, George Washington, another of the "thirty-nine," was then President of the United States, and as such approved and signed the bill, thus completing its validity as a law, and thus showing that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, 40 forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

No great while after the adoption of the original Constitution, North Carolina ceded to the federal government the country now constituting the state of Tennessee; and a few years later Georgia ceded that which now constitutes the states of Mississippi and Alabama. In both deeds of cession it was 50 made a condition by the ceding states that the federal government should not prohibit slavery in the ceded country. Besides this, slavery was then actually

in the ceded country. Under these circumstances, Congress, on taking charge of these countries, did not absolutely prohibit slavery within them. But they did interfere with it—take control of it—even there, to a certain extent. In 1798 Congress organized the territory of Mississippi. In the act of organization they prohibited the bringing of slaves into the territory from any place without the United States, by fine, and giving freedom to slaves so brought. This act passed both branches of Congress without yeas and nays. In that Congress were three of the "thirty-nine" who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, George Read, and Abraham Baldwin. They all probably voted for it. Certainly they would have placed their opposition to it upon record if, in their understanding, any line dividing local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, properly forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

In 1803 the federal government purchased the Louisiana country. Our former territorial acquisitions came from certain of our own states; but this Louisiana country was acquired from a foreign nation. In 1804 Congress gave a territorial organization to that part of it which now constitutes the state of Louisiana. New Orleans, lying within that part, was an old and comparatively large city. There were other considerable towns and settlements, and slavery was extensively and thoroughly intermingled with the people. Congress did not, in the Territorial Act, prohibit slavery; but they did interfere with it—take control of it—in a more marked and extensive way than they did in the case of Mississippi. The substance of the provision therein made in relation to slaves was:

1st. That no slave should be imported into the territory from foreign parts.

2d. That no slave should be carried into it who had been imported into the

United States since the first day of May, 1798.

3d. That no slave should be carried into it, except by the owner, and for his own use as a settler; the penalty in all the cases being a fine upon the violator of the law, and freedom to the slave.

This act also was passed without ayes or nays. In the Congress which passed it there were two of the "thirty-nine." They were Abraham Baldwin and Jonathan Dayton. As stated in the case of Mississippi, it is probable they both voted for it. They would not have allowed it to pass without recording their opposition to it, if, in their understanding, it violated either the line properly dividing local from federal authority, or any provision of the constitution.

In 1819-20 came and passed the Missouri question. Many votes were taken, by yeas and nays, in both branches of Congress, upon the various phases of the general question. Two of the "thirty-nine"—Rufus King and Charles Pinckney—were members of that Congress. Mr. King steadily voted for slavery prohibition and against all compromises, while Mr. Pinckney as steadily voted against slavery prohibition and against all compromises. By this, Mr. King showed that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, was violated by Congress prohibiting slavery in federal territory; while Mr. Pinckney, by his votes, showed that, in his understanding, there was some sufficient reason for opposing such prohibition in that case.

The cases I have mentioned are the only acts of the "thirty-nine," or of any of them, upon the direct issue, which I have been able to discover.

To enumerate the persons who thus acted as being four in 1784, two in 1787, seventeen in 1789, three in 1798, two in 1804, and two in 1819-20, there would be thirty of them. But this would be counting John Langdon, Roger Sherman, William Few, Rufus

King, and George Read each twice, and Abraham Baldwin three times. The true number of those of the "thirty-nine" whom I have shown to have acted upon the question which, by the text, they understood better than we, is twenty-three, leaving sixteen not shown to have acted upon it in any way.

Here, then, we have twenty-three out of our thirty-nine fathers "who framed the government under which we live," who have, upon their official responsibility and their corporal oaths, acted upon the very question which the text affirms they "understood just as well, and even better than we do now"; and twenty-one of them—a clear majority of the whole "thirty-nine"—so acting upon it as to make them guilty of gross political impropriety and willful perjury if, in their understanding, any proper division between local and federal authority, or anything in the Constitution they had made themselves, and sworn to support, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories. Thus the twenty-one acted; and, as actions speak louder than words, so actions under such responsibility speak still louder.

Two of the twenty-three voted against congressional prohibition of slavery in the federal territories, in the instances in which they acted upon the question. But for what reasons they so voted is not known. They may have done so because they thought a proper division of local from federal authority, or some provision or principle of the Constitution, stood in the way; or they may, without any such question, have voted against the prohibition on what appeared to them to be sufficient grounds of expediency. No one who has sworn to support the Constitution can conscientiously vote for what he understands to be an unconstitutional measure, however expedient he may think it; but one may and ought to vote against a measure which he deems constitutional if, at the same time, he deems it inexpedient. It, therefore, would be unsafe to set down even the two who voted against the

prohibition as having done so because, in their understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

The remaining sixteen of the "thirty-nine," so far as I have discovered, have left no record of their understanding upon the direct question of federal control of slavery in the federal territories. But there is much reason to believe that their understanding upon that question would not have appeared different from that of their twenty-three compeers, had it been manifested at all.

For the purpose of adhering rigidly to the text, I have purposely omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any person, however distinguished, other than the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution; and, for the same reason, I have also omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any of the "thirty-nine" even on any other phase of the general question of slavery. If we should look into their acts and declarations on those other phases, as the foreign slave-trade, and the morality and policy of slavery generally, it would appear to us that on the direct question of federal control of slavery in federal territories, the sixteen, if they had acted at all, would probably have acted just as the twenty-three did. Among that sixteen were several of the most noted anti-slavery men of those times—as Dr. Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and Gouverneur Morris—while there was not one now known to have been otherwise, unless it may be John Rutledge, of South Carolina.

The sum of the whole is that of our thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution, twenty-one—a clear majority of the whole—certainly understood that no proper division of local from federal authority, nor any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control slavery in the federal territories; while all the

rest had probably the same understanding. Such, unquestionably, was the understanding of our fathers who framed the original Constitution; and the text affirms that they understood the question "better than we."

But, so far, I have been considering the understanding of the question manifested by the framers of the original Constitution. In and by the original instrument, a mode was provided for amending it; and, as I have already stated, the present frame of "the government under which we live" consists of that original, and twelve amendatory articles framed and adopted since. Those who now insist that federal control of slavery in federal territories violates the Constitution, point us to the provisions which they suppose it thus violates; and, as I understand, they all fix upon provisions in these amendatory articles, and not in the original instrument. The Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, plant themselves upon the Fifth Amendment, which provides that no person shall be deprived of "life, liberty, or property without due process of law"; while Senator Douglas and his peculiar adherents plant themselves upon the Tenth Amendment, providing that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution" "are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

Now, it so happens that these amendments were framed by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution—the identical Congress which passed the act, already mentioned, enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. Not only was it the same Congress, but they were the identical, same individual men who, at the same session, and at the same time within the session, had under consideration, and in progress toward maturity, these constitutional amendments, and this act prohibiting slavery in all the territory the nation then owned. The constitutional amendments were introduced before, and passed after, the act enforcing the Or-

dinance of '87; so that, during the whole pendency of the act to enforce the ordinance, the constitutional amendments were also pending.

The seventy-six members of that Congress, including sixteen of the framers of the original Constitution, as before stated, were preëminently our fathers who framed that part of "the government under which we live" which is now claimed as forbidding the federal government to control slavery in the federal territories.

Is it not a little presumptuous in anyone at this day to affirm that the two things which that Congress deliberately framed, and carried to maturity at the same time, are absolutely inconsistent with each other? And does not such affirmation become impudently absurd when coupled with the other affirmation, from the same mouth, that those who did the two things alleged to be inconsistent, understood whether they really were inconsistent better than we—better than he who affirms that they are inconsistent?

It is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories. I go a step further. I defy anyone to show that any living men in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories.

To those who now so declare I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them.

Now, and here, let me guard a little against being misunderstood. I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand; and most surely not in a case whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we.

If any man at this day sincerely believes that a proper division of local from federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbids the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories, he is right to say so, and to enforce his position by all truthful evidence and fair argument which he can. But he has no right to mislead others who have less access to history, and less leisure to study it, into the false belief that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" were of the same opinion—thus substituting falsehood and deception for truthful evidence and fair argument. If any man at this day sincerely believes "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" used and applied principles, in other cases, which ought to have led them to understand that a proper division of local from federal authority, or some part of the Constitution, forbids the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories, he is right to say so. But he should, at the same time, brave the responsibility of declaring that, in his opinion, he understands their principles better

than they did themselves; and especially should he not shirk that responsibility by asserting that they "understood the question just as well, and even better, than we do now."

But enough! Let all who believe that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now," speak ¹⁰ as they spoke, and act as they acted upon it. This is all Republicans ask—all Republicans desire—in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it be again marked, as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties ²⁰ those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly, maintained. For this Republicans contend, and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen—as I suppose they will not—I would address a few words to the Southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; ³⁰ and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people. Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or, at the best, as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of ⁴⁰ you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite—license, so to speak—among you to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to your- ⁵⁰ selves? Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny

it. That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof; and what is it? Why, that our party had no existence in your section—gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet, are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. You will then begin to discover, as the truth plainly is, that your proof does not touch the issue. The fact that we get ^{no votes in your section is a fact of your making, and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started—to a discussion of the right or} wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle, and we with it, are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section; and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again, upon their official oaths, is in fact so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that

warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory, which act embodied the policy of the government upon that subject up to and at the very moment he penned that warning; and about one year after he penned it, he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure, expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free states.

Bearing this in mind, and seeing that sectionalism has since arisen upon this same subject, is that warning a weapon in your hands against us, or in our hands against you? Could Washington himself speak, would he cast the blame of that sectionalism upon us, who sustain his policy, or upon you, who repudiate it? We respect that warning of Washington, and we commend it to you, together with his example pointing to the right application of it.

But you say you are conservative—eminently conservative—while we are revolutionary, destructive, or something of the sort. What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried? We stick to, contend for, the identical old policy on the point in controversy which was adopted by “our fathers who framed the government under which we live”; while you with one accord reject, and scout, and spit upon that old policy, and insist upon substituting something new. True, you disagree among yourselves as to what that substitute shall be. You are divided on new propositions and plans, but you are unanimous in rejecting and denouncing the old policy of the fathers. Some of you are for reviving the foreign slave-trade; some for a congressional slave-code for the territories; some for Congress forbidding the territories to prohibit slavery within their limits; some for maintaining slavery in the territories through the judiciary; some for the “gur-reat pur-rinciple” that “if one

man would enslave another, no third man should object,” fantastically called “popular sovereignty”; but never a man among you is in favor of federal prohibition of slavery in federal territories, according to the practice of “our fathers who framed the government under which we live.” Not one of all your various plans can show a precedent or an advocate in the century within which our government originated. Consider, then, whether your claim of conservatism for yourselves, and your charge of destructiveness against us, are based on the most clear and stable foundations.

Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. We admit that it is more prominent, but we deny that we made it so. It was not we, but you, who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. What has been will be again, under the same conditions. If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown!! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it, or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it, and especially for persisting in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true, is simply malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the

Harper's Ferry affair, but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold no doctrine, and make no declaration, which were not held to and made by "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." You never dealt fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred, some important state elections were near at hand, and you were in evident glee with the belief that, by charging the blame upon us, you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came, and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander, and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference with your slaves, or with you about your slaves. Surely, this does not encourage them to revolt. True, we do, in common with "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare even this. For anything we say or do, the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your misrepresentations of us in their hearing. In your political contests among yourselves, each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism; and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrection, blood, and thunder among the slaves.

Slave insurrections are no more common now than they were before the Republican party was organized. What induced the Southampton insurrection, twenty-eight years ago, in which at least three times as many lives were lost as at Harper's Ferry? You can scarcely stretch your very elastic fancy to the conclusion that Southampton was "got up by Black Republicanism." In the present state of things in the

United States, I do not think a general, or even a very extensive, slave insurrection is possible. The indispensable concert of action cannot be attained. The slaves have no means of rapid communication; nor can incendiary freemen, black or white, supply it. The explosive materials are everywhere in parcels; but there neither are, nor can be supplied, the indispensable connecting trains.

Much is said by Southern people about the affection of slaves for their masters and mistresses; and a part of it, at least, is true. A plot for an uprising could scarcely be devised and communicated to twenty individuals before some one of them, to save the life of a favorite master or mistress, would divulge it. This is the rule; and the slave revolution in Haiti was not an exception to it, but a case occurring under peculiar circumstances. The gunpowder plot of British history, though not connected with slaves, was more in point. In that case, only about twenty were admitted to the secret; and yet one of them, in his anxiety to save a friend, betrayed the plot to that friend, and, by consequence, averted the calamity. Occasional poisonings from the kitchen, and open or stealthy assassinations in the field, and local revolts extending to a score or so, will continue to occur as the natural results of slavery; but no general insurrection of slaves, as I think, can happen in this country for a long time. Whoever much fears, or much hopes, for such an event, will be alike disappointed.

In the language of Mr. Jefferson, uttered many years ago, "It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degrees, as that the evil will wear off insensibly; and their places be, *pari passu*,¹ filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up."

Mr. Jefferson did not mean to say,

¹ at the same rate

nor do I, that the power of emancipation is in the federal government. He spoke of Virginia; and, as to the power of emancipation, I speak of the slave-holding states only. The federal government, however, as we insist, has the power of restraining the extension of the institution—the power to insure that a slave insurrection shall never occur on any American soil which is now free from slavery.

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts, related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same. The eagerness to cast blame on old England in the one case, and on New England in the other, does not disprove the sameness of the two things.

And how much would it avail you, if you could, by the use of John Brown, Helper's book, and the like, break up the Republican organization? Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this nation, which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the sentiment which created it out of the peaceful channel

of the ballot box into some other channel? What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?

But you will break up the Union rather than submit to a denial of your constitutional rights.

That has a somewhat reckless sound; but it would be palliated, if not fully justified, were we proposing, by the mere force of numbers, to deprive you of some right plainly written down in the Constitution. But we are proposing no such thing.

When you make these declarations you have a specific and well-understood allusion to an assumed constitutional right of yours to take slaves into the federal territories, and to hold them there as property. But no such right is specifically written in the Constitution. That instrument is literally silent about any such right. We, on the contrary, deny that such a right has any existence in the Constitution, even by implication.

Your purpose, then, plainly stated, is that you will destroy the government, unless you be allowed to construe and force the Constitution as you please, on all points in dispute between you and us. You will rule or ruin in all events.

This, plainly, stated, is your language. Perhaps you will say the Supreme Court has decided the disputed constitutional question in your favor. Not quite so. But waiving the lawyer's distinction between *dictum* and decision, the court has decided the question for you in a sort of way. The court has substantially said it is your constitutional right to take slaves into the federal territories, and to hold them there as property. When I say the decision was made in a sort of way, I mean it was made in a divided court, by a bare majority of the judges, and they not quite agreeing with one another in the reasons for making it; that it is so made as that its avowed supporters disagree with one another about its meaning, and that it was mainly

based upon a mistaken statement of fact—the statement in the opinion that “the right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.”

An inspection of the Constitution will show that the right of property in a slave is not “distinctly and expressly affirmed” in it. Bear in mind, the judges do not pledge their judicial opinion that such right is impliedly affirmed in the Constitution; but they pledge their veracity that it is “distinctly and expressly” affirmed there —“distinctly,” that is, not mingled with anything else—“expressly,” that is, in words meaning just that, without the aid of any inference, and susceptible of no other meaning.

If they had only pledged their judicial opinion that such right is affirmed in the instrument by implication, it would be open to others to show that neither the word “slave” nor “slavery” is to be found in the Constitution, nor the word “property” even, in any connection with language alluding to the things slave, or slavery; and that wherever in that instrument the slave is alluded to, he is called a “person”; and wherever his master’s legal right in relation to him is alluded to, it is spoken of as “service or labor which may be due”—as a debt payable in service or labor. Also it would be open to show, by contemporaneous history, that this mode of alluding to slaves and slavery, instead of speaking of them, was employed on purpose to exclude from the Constitution the idea that there could be property in man.

To show all this is easy and certain.

When this obvious mistake of the judges shall be brought to their notice, is it not reasonable to expect that they will withdraw the mistaken statement, and reconsider the conclusion based upon it?

And then it is to be remembered that “our fathers who framed the government under which we live”—the men who made the Constitution—decided this same constitutional question in our favor long ago: decided it with-

out division among themselves when making the decision; without division among themselves about the meaning of it after it was made, and, so far as any evidence is left, without basing it upon any mistaken statement of facts.

Under all these circumstances, do you really feel yourselves justified to break up this government unless such a court decision as yours is, shall be at once submitted to as a conclusive and final rule of political action? But you will not abide the election of a Republican President! In that supposed event, you say, you will destroy the Union; and then, you say, the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear, and mutters through his teeth, “Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!”

To be sure, what the robber demanded of me—my money—was my own; and I had a clear right to keep it; but it was no more my own than my vote is my own; and the threat of death to me, to extort my money, and the threat of destruction to the Union, to extort my vote, can scarcely be distinguished in principle.

A few words now to Republicans. It is exceedingly desirable that all parts of this great confederacy shall be at peace, and in harmony one with another. Let us Republicans do our part to have it so. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill temper. Even though the Southern people will not so much as listen to us, let us calmly consider their demands, and yield to them if, in our deliberate view of our duty, we possibly can. Judging by all they say and do, and by the subject and nature of their controversy with us, let us determine, if we can, what will satisfy them.

Will they be satisfied if the territories be unconditionally surrendered to them? We know they will not. In all their present complaints against us, the territories are scarcely mentioned. Invasions and insurrections are the rage

now. Will it satisfy them if, in the future, we have nothing to do with invasions and insurrections? We know it will not. We so know, because we know we never had anything to do with invasions and insurrections; and yet this total abstaining does not exempt us from the charge and the denunciation.

The question recurs, What will satisfy them? Simply this: we must not only let them alone, but we must somehow convince them that we do let them alone. This, we know by experience, is no easy task. We have been so trying to convince them from the very beginning of our organization, but with no success. In all our platforms and speeches we have constantly protested our purpose to let them alone; but this has had no tendency to convince them. Alike unavailing to convince them is the fact that they have never detected a man of us in any attempt to disturb them.

These natural and apparently adequate means all failing, what will convince them? This, and this only: cease to call slavery wrong, and join them in calling it right. And this must be done thoroughly—done in acts as well as in words. Silence will not be tolerated—we must place ourselves avowedly with them. Senator Douglas' new sedition law must be enacted and enforced, suppressing all declarations that slavery is wrong, whether made in politics, in presses, in pulpits, or in private. We must arrest and return their fugitive slaves with greedy pleasure. We must pull down our free-state constitutions. The whole atmosphere must be disinfected from all taint of opposition to slavery, before they will cease to believe that all their troubles proceed from us.

I am quite aware they do not state their case precisely in this way. Most of them would probably say to us, "Let us alone; do nothing to us, and say what you please about slavery." But we do let them alone—have never disturbed them—so that, after all, it is what we say which dissatisfies them.

They will continue to accuse us of doing, until we cease saying.

I am also aware they have not as yet in terms demanded the overthrow of our free-state constitutions. Yet those constitutions declare the wrong of slavery with more solemn emphasis than do all other sayings against it; and when all these other sayings shall have been silenced, the overthrow of these constitutions will be demanded, and nothing be left to resist the demand. It is nothing to the contrary that they do not demand the whole of this just now. Demanding what they do, and for the reason they do, they can voluntarily stop nowhere short of this consummation. Holding, as they do, that slavery is morally right and socially elevating, they cannot cease to demand a full national recognition of it as a legal right and a social blessing.

Nor can we justifiably withhold this on any ground save our conviction that slavery is wrong. If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view, and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to

spread into the national territories, and to overrun us here in these free states?

If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong; vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of “don’t care” on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists, reversing the divine rule, and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said and undo what Washington did.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

FEBRUARY 11, 1861

MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope

that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

ADDRESS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 22, 1861

MR. CUYLER: I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it.

If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1861

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern states that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses

you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible: that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the states when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on

claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To¹⁰ the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion²⁰ whether this clause should be enforced by national or by state authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should anyone in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be³⁰ kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guar-⁴⁰antees that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states"?

I take the official oath today with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper⁵⁰ to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand un-

repealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find immunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a president under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these states is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of states in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen states expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the

Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787 one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect Union."

But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the states be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity. 10

It follows from these views that no state upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any state or states, against the authority of the United-States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of 20 the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the states. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall 30 withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the 40 national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal 50 as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the federal offices, there will be no attempt to force ob-

noxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances 20 actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need 30 address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any 40 portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from—will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has 50 been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written pro-

vision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guaranties and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible ques-
 tions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by state authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. *May* Congress prohibit slavery in the territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. *Must* Congress protect slavery in the territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other.

If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the states to compose a

new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people.

Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be ex-

tended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction, in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy

and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the federal government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the states, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconception of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the states. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the

North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands¹⁰ at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to²⁰ hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it²⁰ would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of

affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

LETTER TO MAJOR RAMSEY¹

EXECUTIVE MANSION, October 17, 1861

MY DEAR SIR: The lady bearer of this says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO GENERAL G. B. McCLELLAN

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, February 3, 1862

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.

MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall⁴⁰ gladly yield my plan to yours.

First. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Third. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

Fourth. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communications, while mine would?

¹From the *Constitutional Edition* of Lincoln's Writings; by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Fifth. In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MEMORANDUM ACCOMPANYING LETTER
OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO GENERAL
MCLELLAN, DATED FEBRUARY 3, 1862

First. Suppose the enemy should attack us in force before we reach the Occoquan, what?

Second. Suppose the enemy in force shall dispute the crossing of the Occoquan, what? In view of this, might it not be safest for us to cross the Occoquan at Colchester, rather than at the village of Occoquan? This would cost the enemy two miles more of travel to meet us, but would, on the contrary, leave us two miles farther from our ultimate destination.

Third. Suppose we reach Maple Valley without an attack, will we not be attacked there in force by the enemy marching by the several roads from Manassas; and if so, what?

the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN

TELEGRAM TO R. YATES AND
WILLIAM BUTLER

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1862
HON. R. YATES AND WILLIAM BUTLER,
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS:

I fully appreciate General Pope's splendid achievements, with their invaluable results; but you must know that major-generalships in the regular army are not as plenty as blackberries.

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862
HON. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through

TELEGRAM TO GENERAL G. B.
McCLELLAN

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON CITY, October 24, 1862

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN:

I have just read your dispatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO GENERAL JOSEPH
HOOKER

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1863

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

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GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it

has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

TELEGRAM TO GENERAL
JOSEPH HOOKER

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1863. 4 P. M.

MAJOR GENERAL HOOKER: Yours of today was received an hour ago. So much of professional military skill is requisite to answer it that I have turned the task over to General Halleck. He promises to perform it with his utmost care. I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in entrenchments and have you at disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river, I would keep on the same side, and fight him or act on the defense, according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own. But these are mere suggestions which I desire to be controlled by the judgment of yourself and General Halleck.

A. LINCOLN

TELEGRAM TO GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1863

MAJOR GENERAL HOOKER: So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester, and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO GENERAL U. S. GRANT

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1863

MAJOR GENERAL GRANT.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across³⁰ the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO JAMES H. HACKETT

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, August 17, 1863

JAMES H. HACKETT, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your

book and accompanying kind note; and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here, last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are "Lear," "Richard III," "Henry VIII," "Hamlet," and especially "Macbeth." I think nothing equals "Macbeth." It is wonderful.

Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in "Hamlet" commencing "Oh, my offense is rank" surpasses that commencing "To be or not to be." But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of Richard III. Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NA- TIONAL CEMETERY

NOVEMBER 19, 1863

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LETTER TO GENERAL U. S. GRANT

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, April 30, 1864

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT: Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN

MEMORANDUM

AUGUST 23, 1864

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reelected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

A. LINCOLN

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, November 21, 1864

MRS. BIXBY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1865

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years,

during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to

ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—ferently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

LETTER TO THURLOW WEED

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1865.

DEAR MR. WEED:

Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent in-

augural address. I expect the latter to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought¹⁰ needed to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it.

Truly yours,

A. LINCOLN

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
(1822-1909)

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I suppose that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,

"NOLAN. Died on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131°³⁰ W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN:"

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come; and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*.⁴⁰ My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, The Man without a Country." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that⁵⁰ poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under

them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown,—and, I think, to the country at²⁰ large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*,"¹ determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A Man without a Country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition

¹ I do not remember

down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a cane-brake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a man without a country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarendons of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the

lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution; and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz; and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States"

for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw ¹⁰ more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was ²⁰ a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the ³⁰ Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request ⁵⁰ him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on

duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted,—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they ⁴⁰ were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:—

"Washington (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir,—You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court—

martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,

"W. Southard, for the

"Sec'y of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his; and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his

presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats; and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in

port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later, only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet; and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakspeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakspeare,¹⁰ or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been²⁰ suggested to him by one of Fléclier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if, as I say, it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup³⁰ before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homewardbound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise.⁴⁰ He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or⁵⁰ later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise,—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean,—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.¹ Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contradances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old

¹ mishap

Thirteen," gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to,—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no 10 name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said,—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Shubrick, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. 30 He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bot- 40 tom of the set, he said boldly,—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought 50 you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone,

as he always was.—He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now: and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this 20 affair told in three or four ways,—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every 30 man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,— 40 who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though 50 he was exposed all the time,—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun

cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, Sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree: that the Commodore said,—

"I see you do, and I thank you, Sir; and I shall never forget this day, Sir, and you never shall, Sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said,—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain ²⁰ said,—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that in- ³⁰ fernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when ⁴⁰ they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, *Essex* Porter,—that is, the old *Essex* ⁵⁰ Porter, not this *Essex*. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades,

and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French ¹⁰ friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious ⁴⁰ indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew ⁵⁰ admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them,—why Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain,—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess

once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu "click" up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said: "For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice,

and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understand that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish,"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshhead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:—

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these

déviis caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since them. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:—

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write, and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving

her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country 10 Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing 20 anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say,—“Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!”

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck 30 with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, 40 at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Per- 50 haps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*,¹ involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr,—asking him how he liked to be “without a country.” But it is clear, from Burr’s life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom. . . .

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly; and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan’s handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan’s that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington*, corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata; and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,—so much so,

¹ well invented

that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously,—“Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years.”

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say,—

“Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?”

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed; but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first word of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, “if you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed.” Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now; though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:—

Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

“Dear Fred:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told

me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any success-

ful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with

the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*,—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked me who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,—of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he

had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep.

I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where ¹⁰ he had marked the text:—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at ²⁰ Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

'In Memory of

'PHILIP NOLAN,

'Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'

DAVID ROSS LOCKE (1833-1888)
(**"PETROLEUM V. NASBY"**)

MR. NASBY FINDS A NEW
BUSINESS

Post Offis, Confedrit X Roads,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky),
January 20, 1869.

I hev it at last! I see a lite! A grate lite! A brite lite! I shall not go to Noo York, nor shall I be forced to leave the Corners, at least permanently. I hev at last struck ile! I shel live like a gentleman; I shel pay for my likker, and be on an ekal footin with other ⁵⁰ men. Bascom, whose smile is happiness, but whose frown is death, will smile onto me wunst more.

To Miss Soosan Murphy I owe my

present happiness. The minnit I notist she hed put in a claim agin the Government for property yoosed doorin the war by Fedral soljery, I to-wunst saw where my finanshel salvashen wuz. Immejtitly I histed my shingle ez a agent to prosekoot claims agin the Government for property destroyed or yoosed, doorin the late onpleasantnis, by Fedral troops. That shingle hedn't bin out an hour before Joe Bigler hed red it to half the citizens uv the Corners; and in two hours I hed biznis on my hands, and money in my pockets. Ez a matter uv course, I insisted upon a retainin fee uv ten dollars in each case.

Issaker Gavitt and his two younger brothers wuz the first clients I hed. Their case is one uv pekoolyer hardship, and I feel ashooed that Congris will to-wunst afford them the releef they ask. The property destroyed wuz a barn and its contents, wich wuz destroyed by Buell in the second yeer uv the war; that is, the contents wud hev bin destroyed only they wuzn't in the barn, ez they hed bin sold jist previously to the Confedracry. But ez the Elder, peace to his ashes, took ³⁰ Confedrit munny for sed contents, wich munny he, in a moment uv enthoosiasm, invested in Confedrit bonds, wich finally got to be worth nothin, we put in a claim for the valyoo uv the contents ez well ez uv the barn. Beein 70 years uv age when the war broke out, he did not volunteer in the Confedrit service, and consequently never fired a shot at the Old Flag. His two youngest sons ⁴⁰ did, it is troo; but the Elder can't be held responsible for them boys. The estate is entitled to damage jist the same ez tho the Elder wuz alive.

Elder Pennibacker hez also claims to a considerable amount, wich is for fences, crops, barns, and sich, destroyed by Fedral armies. The Elder is not quite certain but that the fences wuz destroyed by order uv a Confedrit General, wich wuz retreetin; and it is possible that the crops, barns, and sich, wuz yoosed up at the same time. It wuz doorin the war, at any rate; and ez the Fedral Government wuz, in his

opinyun, to blame for the war, wich never wood hev bin carried on hed it yeilded ez it ought to hev done, why the Fedral Government ought to pay all these losses. Uv course I shan't put all the Elder's talk into the petishen.

Miss Jane McGrath's case, wich is the one I shel push the hardest, is one wich, ef Congris does not consider favorably, it will show that Congris hez ¹⁰ no bowels. Miss McGrath is a woman. Uv course doorn the war she wuz loyal, ez she understood loyalty. She beleeved in her State. She hed two brothers wich went into the Confedrit servis, and she gave em both horses. But wood any sister let her brother go afoot? Them horses must be set down to the credit uv her sisterly affeckshun. It will be showed, I make no doubt, that ²⁰ when her oldest brother's regiment (he wuz a Colonel) left for the seat uv war, that Miss McGrath presented to it a soot uv colors wich she made with her own hands, wich soot included a black flag with skull and cross-bones onto it. Sposin she did? It wuz loyalty to wat she considered her State. And the fact that doorn the war she rode twelve ³⁰ miles to inform a Confedrit officer that four Fedral soljers wich hed escaped from Andersonville wuz hid in her barn, shoood not operate agin her. Onto her piano ther wuz a choice collection uv Southern songs, and ther is a rumor that in Louisville wunst she did spit in the face uv a Fedral offiser; but wat uv that? Is a great Government goin to inquire closely into sich trifles? Miss McGrath give me the names uv three ⁴⁰ Fedral Generals who campt on her place doorn the last year uv the war, wich wood certify to her loyalty, wich, ef they didn't, wood show that there wuzn't any gratitood in humanity.

Deekin Pogram hez uv course a claim. The Deekin's horses wuz all taken by a Fedral offiser, wich wuz the more aggeravatin, ez the Deekin hed, in addishen to his own, jist bought 25, ⁵⁰ wich he wuz to hev delivered to General Morgan, uv the Confedracy, the next day, who wuz to hev paid for em in gold. They were gobbled. For these

horses the Deekin claims payment. He wuz, doorn the war, strictly nootral. Kentucky did not secede, neither did the Deekin. His boys went into the Confedrit service, and on several occasions he might hev cleaned his trusty rifle and gone out at nite to git a crack at Fedral pickets. Habit is strong, and ez ther were no schoolmasters to shoot, the Deekin must shoot somethin. He considered the war a great misforchoon; and many a time hez the old patriark, with tears streemin down his cheeks, exclaimed, "Why won't Linkin withdraw his troops and let us alone?" He hez bin since the close uv the struggle a hankerin arter Peece. "Let us hev Peece!" is his cry. "Give me back my niggers; let me hev things ez they wunce wuz, and I shel be soothed into quietood." He voted for Micklellan in 1864, and for Seymour in 1868; but that uv course won't count agin him in the matter uv the claim. The minnit he decided to put in the claim he withdrew from the Ku-Klux, uv wich associashun he hez bin chief since the close of the war. He is an inoffensive old man, whose pathway to the tomb needs ^{soothin}. The horses he lost he counts worth \$10,000, and he uv course wants remuneration to the amount uv \$10,000 more for the anguish he suffered seen uv em go.

Almost every white citizen uv the Corners hez a claim, uv wich I shel hev the prosekootin; that is, them wich can raise the retainin fee. Some hundred or more who never hed anything before or ^{doorin} the war, and who are in the same condishen now, hev put in claims for sums rangin from \$10,000 to \$20,000, offrin me the half I git. I may take em. They kin swear to each other's loyalty, wich will redoose the cost uv evidence to a mere nominal sum.

I shel hie me to Washington and got Mrs. Cobb to take hold with me, givin her a share. Ef she succeeds with Congris ez well ez she did with the President, the result will be all that I kin desire.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster).

MR. NASBY LOSES HIS POST OFFICE

On a Farm, Three miles from Confedrit X Roads (wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky)

June 29, 1869.

The die is cast! The guilloteen hez fallen! I am no longer Post-master at Confedrit X Roads, wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky. The place wich knowed me wunst will know me no more forever; the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger; a nigger will hev the openin uv letters addressed to parties residin hereabouts, containin remittances; a nigger will hev the rifin uv letters addrest to lottry managers, and extractin the sweets therefrom; a nigger will be— But I can't dwell upon the disgustin theme no longer.

I hed bin in Washington two weeks assistin the Caucashens uv that city to put their foot upon the heads uv the cussid niggers who ain't content to accept the situashen and remain, ez they alluz hev bin, inferior beins. To say I hed succeeded, is a week expreshen. I organized a raid onto em so effectooally ez to drive no less than thirty uv em out uv employment, twenty-seven uv wich wuz compelled to steel their bread; wich give us a splendid opportoonty to show up the nateral cussidness uv the Afrikin race, wich we improved.

On my arrival at the Corners, I knew to-wunst that suthin wuz wrong. The bottles behind the bar wuz draped in black; the barrels wuz festooned gloomily (wich is our yoosual method of expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

"Wat is it?" gasped I.

Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand towards the Post Offis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. AT THE GENERAL DELIVERY WUZ THE GRINNIN FACE UV A NIGGER! And settin in my chair wuz Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes, and laffin over suthin in a noosepaper.

Bigler caught site uv me, and dartin out, pulled me inside them hitherto sacred precinkins.

"Permit me," sed he, jeerinly, "to interdoose you to yoor successor, Mr. Ceezer Lubby."

"MY SUCCESSOR! Wat does this mean?"

"Show him, Ceezer!"

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, handed me a commishn dooly made out and signed. I saw it all at a glance. I hed left my biznis in the hands uv a depetty. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who distribbited the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto em himself, and in ten days the commishn come all regler; whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possession uv the office. While I wuz absent they hed hed a percession in honor uv the joyful event; sed perceshn consistin uv Pollock, Bigler, and the new Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler remarkt that the percession wuzn't large, but it wuz talented, eminently respectable, and extremely versateel. He (Bigler) carried the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and played the bass drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner inscribed, "Where Afric's sunny fountins roll down the golden sands," with his commission pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair uv anshent cymbals. Bigler remarkt further that the perceshun created a positive sensashun at the Corners, wich I shood think it wood. "It wuzn't," sed the tormentin cuss, "very much like the grand percession wich took place when yoo received yoor commishn. Then the whites at the Corners wuz elated, for they spectid to git wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondinly deprest. They slunk into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this percession there wuz

a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we passed, grinnin exultinly, and the whites wuz deprest correspondinly. It's singler that at the Corners the two races can't feel good both at the same time."

My arrivall hevin become known by the time I got back to Bascom's all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em; and ez I thot uv the joys once tastid, but now 10 forever fled, mine moistened likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner toward me. They regarded me with solisitood, but I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

"Wat shel I do?" I askt. "Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve."

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejake-latid Bascom.

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejake-latid Deekin Pogram; and the same remark wuz made by all uv em with wonderful yoonanimity. Watever differences uv opinyun ther mite be on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

"Gentlemen!" I commenced, backing out into a corner, "is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this—"

I shoood hev gone on at length, but just at that minnit Pollock, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.

"I hev biznis!" sed the Postmaster; "not agreeable biznis, but it's my offshel dooty to perform it."

At the word "offshel," comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz ekkoed by those present.

"I hev in my hand," continyood he, 40 "de bond giben by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez sureties. In dis order hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de 'partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry dollars worf of stamps, paper, twine, &c. None ob 50 dis post offis property turned over to my predecessor by his predecessor, is to be found in de offis, and de objick ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat onless im-

mejit payment be made uv de amount thereof, I am directed by de 'partment to bring soot to-wunst against the sed sureties."

Never before did I so appreciate A. Johnson, and his Postmaster-General Randall. Under their administrashen wat Postmaster wuz ever pulled up for steelin anythin? Ekko ansers. This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back. . . .

Uv course I can't go back to the Corners under eggssistin circumstances. It wood be uncomfortable for me to live there ez matters hev terminated. I shel make my way to Washington, and shel see if I can't git myself electid Manager of a Labor Assosation, and so make a livin till there comes a change in the 20 Administrashen. I wood fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforchintly there ain't enuff in him to tie to. I would ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY
(wich wuz Post Master).

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY
(1851-1889)

THE NEW SOUTH

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, it could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board; which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality—and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement; and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"140 cubits long—40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood—and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting

into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan, was on the continent in his early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of the fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent; that a Cavalier, John Smith, gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbidding men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight; and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the

straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both; 10 and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a 20 fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with 30 a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in vic- 40 tory—in pathos and not in splendor; but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home!

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Ap- 50 pomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his

gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice— 10 what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his 20 social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problems that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his lib- 30 erated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so 40 overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women 50 always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me; and

now I'm going to work." So did the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to; but I'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop; and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again."

I want to say to General Sherman,¹⁰ who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work?²⁰ We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts for more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that³⁰ the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the Southward, wiped out the place where Mason⁴⁰ and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the lathstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have estab-⁵⁰lished thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed.

We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive-oil out of his cottonseed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had a part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political institutions we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we⁵⁰ solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our⁴⁰ people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to⁵⁰ make slavery the cornerstone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the

sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that "he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish; for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle; and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him; but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people.

To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston

surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last, as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people; as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system, compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came be-

cause through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I¹⁰ should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a²⁰ brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory³⁰ which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine; and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—that the American Union was saved from the⁴⁰ wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted,⁵⁰ in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch

witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States, and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.

RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY PROSE

BRET HARTE (1839-1902)

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23d of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, 10 conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was another 20 question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was 30 "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the 40 boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was

professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence 20 with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied 30 the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess;" another who had won the title of "Mother Ship-ton;" and "Uncle Billy," a suspected 40 sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point.

The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five-Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat dragged plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five-Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently towards the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar

was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadows; and, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent," of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—

amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave¹⁰ of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance²⁰ House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from be-³⁰hind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in⁴⁰ Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra⁵⁰ mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the In-

nocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that³⁰ disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they un-⁴⁰affectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were⁵⁰ asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire,

the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered—they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin ²⁰ Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, ³⁰ and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst *sotto voce* to the Innocent, ⁴⁰ "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess ⁵⁰ and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out any-

thing," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meet-

ing hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck,—nigger-luck,—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat,—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For,"⁴⁰ added the gambler with cheerful irrelevance—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the

past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut,—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle¹⁰ of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased²⁰ to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill³⁰ entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney, — story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels" as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long em-

brace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst.

It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting vines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp.

And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand:

†
BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF

JOHN OAKHURST,

WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER 1850,
AND

HANDS IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.

†

And pulseless and cold, with a Deringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who at once was the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry;

but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford; do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar,—in the gulches and barrooms,—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennes-

see one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicious Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by

a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated, resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they

were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpetbag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin'

on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollections, he again had recourse to his pocket handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in thet young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair

thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch, it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpetbag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpetbag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each

other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil doers, in the Red Dog *Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog *Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buck-eye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day;

and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box,—apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart, some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon,—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the

track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and

we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why,"—he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve,—“you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen,” he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, “the fun's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's 20 thanks, to you for your trouble.”

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A 40 secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him and proffering various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were 50 beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the

cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, “It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put ‘Jinny’ in the cart”; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his 10 attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: “There, now, steady, ‘Jinny’,—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—and coming this way, 20 too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!”

And so they met.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH¹
(1836-1907)

MARJORIE DAW

I

DR. DILLON TO EDWARD DELANEY, ESQ.,
AT THE PINES, NEAR RYE, N. H.

August 8, 1872

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately the bone was very skillfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically*; but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last

¹ See also selections from Aldrich's poetry, p. 1019.

man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up near his sofa, one of which he threatens to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon those lemons than he fell into such a rage as I cannot adequately describe. This is only one of his moods, and the least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on him—and it sometimes lasts all day—nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not read the newspapers; books, except as projectiles for Watkins, have no charms for him. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family depending on his daily labor, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anæsthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You

are Flemming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

II

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING,
WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK
August 9, 1872

MY DEAR JACK: I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It is deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will write you a whole post-office full of letters, if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I haven't anything to write about. It isn't as if we were living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with groups of sea-goddesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You

should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farmhouse, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows ¹⁰ looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a story with the odors of the forest and the beat of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's—what's his name?—Tourguenieff, Turguenef, Turgenif, Toorguniff, Turgen- ²⁰ jew—nobody knows how to spell him. Yet I wonder if even a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would hasten down to the Surf House ³⁰ and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built, perhaps in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides—a self-possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, with ⁴⁰ its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a ham- ⁵⁰ mock over there—of pineapple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has golden hair, and dark eyes, and an

emerald-colored illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chaussée*¹ like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendor goes into that hammock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bedroom looks down on that piazza—and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long quiet letter. If you are violent or abusive, I'll take the law to you.

III

JOHN FLEMMING TO EDWARD DELANEY
August 11, 1872

Your letter, dear Ned, was a god-send. Fancy what a fix I am in—I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown-stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation.—I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of *César Birotteau*. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of *Sainte-Beuve* or the *Dictionnaire Universel*, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow do not quite fit my hand; but I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea that Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Chateau Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hi-

¹ shod

bernian swarries¹ in the front basement. Young Cheops up-stairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colorless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down-stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines—is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased! Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement—a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, ten days ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I didn't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbor, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages, and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and can-

zonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of anonymous love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling, the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to India-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the meantime, write!

IV

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING

August 12, 1872

The sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so. If the storyteller becomes prolix and tedious—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here—except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard, elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, ten years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, doesn't it? But after you say it

¹ soirées, evening parties

over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and pansy-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbors before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favorite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree!—How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlor—you know the kind of parlors in farm-houses on the coast, a sort of amphibious parlor, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbors. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the Colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 P.M., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honor them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house.) My father declines on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows

with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis*!¹ Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter—and send me along word how's your leg.

v

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING
August 13, 1872

The party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are; the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Sea-Shell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture, to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers, in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there, she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of Galatea in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprised.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshipped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful

¹ rare bird

possible. There is in it a subtle sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half past ten, and saw the moon rise over the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice, interspersed with marvellous silvery fjords. In the far distance the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The Polar Regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you!* The weather has been disagreeable for several days past—and so have you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it had frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans were. I played quite a spirited solo on the fibula. Then I described you; or, rather, I didn't. I spoke of your amiability, of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how heroically you sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary, the cook, and your man, Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there Jack, you wouldn't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.

Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room, I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation, a high and tender nature—if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character, too.

I am glad that the Daws are such pleasant persons. The Pines is an isolated spot, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here somewhat monotonous before long, with no other society than that of my excellent sire. It is true, I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I haven't a taste for artillery, *moi*.

VI

JOHN FLEMMING TO EDWARD DELANEY
August 17, 1872

For a man who hasn't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I haven't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least.

What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression. You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes—they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of the Pines and the house across the road.* How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for you are great friends by this time, I take it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines or that young Still-water parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, couldn't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite*¹ from her album—she must have an album, you know—and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

Oh—my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

* calling cards

VII

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING
August 20, 1872

You are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbors. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unnamed quantity, a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were shipwrecked together on an uninhabited island—let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be picturesque—I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and coconuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups, but I wouldn't make love to her—not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on old thread-lace and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now.) If such were not my feeling, there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises and consequently in my conclusions; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was

suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning, as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned to you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then, I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded, her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme—and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect which you tell me was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two persons who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favorable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend!

I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbor. The lieutenant of the navy—he is stationed at Rivermouth—sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes

the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I should not be surprised if he had an eye to the heiress; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze victorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie, in *passe-partout*, on the drawing-room mantel-piece. It would be missed at once if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace, on a charge of petty larceny.

P.S.—Enclosed is a spray of *mignonette*, which I advise you to treat tenderly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING

August 22, 1872

Your letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen—with a shadow, a chimera? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something that I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shat-

tering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure that it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this sensible light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw anything more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the faint blush of the berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat. I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead—

When she is good,
She is very, very good,
And when she is bad, she is horrid!

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the bye,

I nearly forgot to say that Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly colored, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which of course the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight doesn't enclose flowers in his letters—to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like Spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

IX

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING

August 23, 1872

I have just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprised. I accept things as persons do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion—the black masses of Rembrandtish shadow under the trees, the fireflies whirling in Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting in the hammock!

It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy to write more.

Thursday Morning.

My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days at the Shoals. In the meanwhile you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

X

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING
August 28, 1872

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favor of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Appledore,¹ that enchanted island—at four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in *your* mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candor, dear Flemming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream—a dream from which the faintest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you enclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

¹ among the Isles of Shoals

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens, and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case, do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here—under the circumstances.

Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest way. She stopped at the door a moment this afternoon in the carriage; she had been over to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an intuition that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy—I end this, leaving several things unsaid, to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine—and mine.

XI

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING
August 29, 1872

I write in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain,—*you* must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything! I saw her for a few moments, an hour ago, in the garden; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these: Lieutenant Bradley—that's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth—has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew

she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradley—urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father—well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why: I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything—except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at all events, do not dream of joining me—Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather wicked. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.

XII

EDWARD DELANEY TO THOMAS DILLON,
M.D., MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK
August 30, 1872

MY DEAR DOCTOR: If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighborhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough,

my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret coöperation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. We shall return to town on the 15th of next month, and my first duty will be to present myself at your hospitable door and satisfy your curiosity, if I have excited it. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, etc., etc.

XIII

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING
August 31, 1872

Your letter, announcing your mad determination to come here, has just reached me. I beseech you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation to R. W. D.; and, though he loves Marjorie devotedly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. I am annoyed to be obliged to point out these things to you. We are on very delicate ground, Jack; the situation is critical, and the slightest mistake in a move would cost us the game. If you consider it worth the winning, be patient. Trust a little to my sagacity. Wait and see what happens. Moreover, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV

TELEGRAMS

September 1, 1872

1—To Edward Delaney

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground.
J. F.

2—To John Flemming

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me.

E. D.

3—To Edward Delaney

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her.

J. F.

4—To John Flemming

Do not think of it. It would be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview.

E. D.

5—To Edward Delaney

Locked her in her room. Good God! That settles the question. I shall leave by the twelve-fifteen express.

J. F.

XV

THE ARRIVAL

On the second day of September, 1872, as the down express, due at 3.40, left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant, whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farmhouse, a few miles from the station, the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farmhouse and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Edward Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There was a letter for Mr. John Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with a Letter.

XVI

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING

September 1, 1872

I am horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought that you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au grand sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father does not know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come—when you arrive! For oh, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD
(1854-1909)From THE NOVEL: WHAT IT IS¹

There is much talk in our day of the realistic school of fiction, and the romantic school, though not often mentioned, is understood to be opposed to it. Of course, it is easy to enter into a long discussion about the exact meanings of the two words; but, on the whole, it seems to be true that if the people who talk about schools of fiction mean anything or wish to mean anything, which sometimes seems doubtful, they mean this: the realist proposes to show men what they are; the romanticist tries to show men what they should be. It is very unlikely that mankind will ever agree as to the relative merits of these two, and the

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discussion which was practically begun in Plato's time is not likely to end so long as people care what they read or what they think. The most any one can do is to give a personal opinion, and that means, of course, that he who expresses it commits himself and publicly takes either the one side or the other. For my part, I believe that more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be, than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art. We all know how bad we are; but it needs much encouragement to persuade some of us to believe that we can really be any better. To create genuine interest, and afford rest and legitimate amusement, without losing sight of that fact, and to do so in a more or less traditional way, seems to be the profession of the novelist who belongs to the romantic persuasion.

That novel-writing is a business I am credibly informed by my publishers. And since that is the case, it must be taken for granted that it is a business which to some extent must be practised like any other and which will succeed or fail in the hands of any particular man according as he is more or less fitted to carry it on. The qualifications for any business are three: native talent, education, and industry. Where there is success of the right kind, the talent and power of application must be taken for granted. The education is and always must be a question of circumstance. With regard to novel-writing, when I speak of education I am not referring to it in the ordinary sense. Some people take a great deal of interest in concrete things, while others care more for humanity. The education of a novelist is the experience of men and women which he has got at first hand in the course of his own life, for he is of that class to whom humanity offers a higher interest than inanimate nature. He can use nature and art only as a scene and background upon which and before which his personages move and have their being. It is his business to present his readers with some-
 thing which I have called the pocket-theater, something which every man may carry in his pocket, believing that he has only to open it in order to look in upon the theater of the living world. To produce it, to prepare it, to put it into a portable and serviceable shape, the writer must know what that living world is, what the men in it do and what the women think, why women shed tears and children laugh and young men make love and old men repeat themselves. While he is writing his book, his human beings must be with him, before him, moving before the eye of his mind and talking into the ear of his heart. He must have lived himself; he must have loved, fought, suffered, and struggled in the human battle. I would almost say that to describe another's death he must himself have died.

All this accounts perhaps for the fact that readers are many and writers few. The reader knows one side of life, his own, better than the writer possibly can, and he reads with the greatest interest those books which treat of lives like his own. But the writer must have seen and known many phases of existence, and this is what the education of the novelist means: to know and understand, so far as he is able, men and women who have been placed in unusual circumstances. And this need not and should not lead him into creating altogether imaginary characters, nor men and women whose circumstances are not only unusual, but altogether impossible. We see grotesque pieces given at the theater—too grotesque—and too often given—which make us laugh, but never make us think. They would not make good novels. The novel must amuse, indeed, but should amuse reasonably, from an intellectual point of view, rather than as a piece of good fun. Its object is to make one see men and women who might really live, talk, and act as they do in the book, and some of whom one would perhaps like to imitate. Its intention is to amuse and please, and certainly not to teach or preach; but

in order to amuse well it must be a finely-balanced creation, neither hysterical with tears nor convulsed with perpetual laughter. The one is as tiring as the other and, in the long run, as unnatural.

It is easy, comparatively speaking, to appeal to the emotions, but it is hard to appeal to the heart. This may sound somewhat contradictory at first, but there is truth in it, nevertheless. The outward emotions are in real life much more the expressions of the temperament than of what we call the heart. We all know that there are men and women who laugh and cry more easily than others, and we are rather inclined to believe that these are not they who feel most deeply. A very difficult question here presents itself. Bacon says somewhere that we are apt to extol the powers of the human intellect without invoking its aid as often as we might. This extolling of humanity has been a fashion of late years, and it has not yet disappeared, though its popularity is waning fast. In England Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D., has recently talked learnedly of "the religion of the body," and Lord Coleridge with eloquence of "the religion of the mind." These things are good enough, no doubt, but what of the religion of the heart, which is after all the only religion there is—if the heart is the earthly representative of the soul? There are some people—fewer than is generally supposed—who really do not believe in the existence of the soul. Let me tell them that they are very near to denying the existence of the heart. Perhaps some of them do, and they may live to repent of their unbelief in this world, if not in the next.

What is the heart, or rather, what do we in common conversation and writing understand by that word? It looks a great deal like attempting to define belief, but belief has received an excellent definition, for belief is knowledge and nothing else, so far as the individual who holds it is concerned. What we call the heart in each man

and woman seems to mean the whole body of innate and inherited instincts, impulses, and beliefs, taken together, and in that relation to one another in which they stand after they have been acted upon throughout the individual's life by the inward vicissitudes and the outward circumstances to which he has been exposed. When all this is quiescent I think we call it Self. When roused to emotional activity we call it the Heart. But whatever we call it, it is to this Self or Heart that everything which is ethic and therefore permanent must appeal.

The foundation of good fiction and good poetry seems to be ethic rather than æsthetic. Everything in either which appeals to the taste, that is, to the æsthetic side, may ultimately perish as a mere matter of fashion; but that which speaks to man as man, independently of his fashions, his habits, and his tastes, must live and find a hearing with humanity so long as humanity is human. The right understanding of men and women leads to the right relations of men and women, and in this way, if in any, a novel may do good; when written to attain this end, it may live; when addressed to the constant element in human nature, it has as good a right and as good a chance of pleasing the men and women of the world in our day, as it had to appeal to the intellect of Pericles or to thrill the delicate sensibilities of Aspasia. Their novels were plays in outward effect, as ours should be in inward substance, and we must needs confess that the form in which their intellectual artistic luxuries were presented to them was superior to that of the modern effort included in four hundred pages at one dollar and twenty-five cents. Possibly, even probably, it is unfair to us to compare ourselves with Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; yet the comparison suggests itself if the definition be true and if our novels really aspire to be plays.

We have indeed something in our favor which the genuine playwright has not. We appeal entirely to the

imagination, and, unless we use algebraic *formulae* or scientific discussion, we give no standard measure in our books by which to judge the whole. We can call up surroundings which never were and never can be possible in the world, and if we are able to do it well enough we can put impossible characters upon our stage and make them do impossible things, and the whole, acting upon a predisposed imagination, may create for the moment something almost like belief in the mind of the reader. We can conceive a tale fantastic beyond the bounds of probability, and if there be a touch of nature in it, we may for a while transport our readers into Fairyland. We can clothe all of this in poetic language if our command of the English tongue be equal to the occasion, and we can lend pathos to a monster and heroism to a burlesque man. But the writer of plays for the real theater cannot do this; if he does, he makes that which in theatrical language is called "burlesque" or a "spectacle"; or, if he be a follower of the "decadent school," he may produce what he has decided to call by a new name—a production not always conducive to a high belief in human nature.

The writer of plays, if he write them for actual performance, has living interpreters, and they and he are judged by the standards of real life. He is to a great extent dependent upon his actors for the effect he hopes to produce, and they are dependent not only upon him, upon their individual education, depth of feeling, and power of expression, but also upon the material conditions and surroundings in which they have to do their work. The most dramatic scene of real life, if it actually took place on the stage of a theater, would seem a very dull and tame affair to any one who chanced to find himself in the body of the house. The fundamental lack of interest, until it has been artificially aroused, is a gulf not to be bridged by such simple means as being really "natural." The art of the actor lies in knowing the precise de-

gree of exaggeration necessary to produce the impression that he is not exaggerating at all—but exaggeration there must be. Without it, neither the words nor the actions can speak or appeal to the intelligence of the spectator.

But we novelists are in an easier position in our relation to our audience. We are granted many privileges and have many advantages which the playwright has not; for we can appeal to the heart almost directly without the conscious intervention of practised eyes and ears, used to realities and eager to judge by real standards. We speak of Edwin's great height, broad shoulders, noble features and silken moustache, and are not obliged to look out for an actor who shall fulfil these conditions of manly beauty before we can be heard without being ridiculous. Angelina's heavy hair is a fact on paper; on the stage it is a wig, and must be a good one. Her liquid blue eyes are blue because we say they are; but it would annoy a playwright to find that his leading actress had light gray eyes, when Edwin must compare them to the depths of the blackest night.

All this is rather frivolous, perhaps; but a little frivolity is to the point here, since there can be no amusement without a dash of it, and we profess to provide diversion to meet the public demand. With most men who have moulded, hacked, and chiselled the world into history, to think has been to act. With us novelists, so far as the world need know us, to think is to dream, and perhaps to dream only little dreams of merely passing significance. Few novelists are poets; only one or two have been statesmen; none have been conquerors. I suppose we are very insignificant figures compared with the great ones of this earth; but to our comfort we may dream, and if we need consolation we may console ourselves, as Montaigne puts it, with the art which small souls have to interest great ones, "*L'art qu'ont*

les petites âmes d'intéresser les grandes."

Frivolity is not weakness, though in excess it may be a weakness. "*Carpe diem*"¹ is a good motto for the morning, but in the evening "*Dulce desipere in loco*"² is not to be despised as a piece of advice. The frivolities of great men and famous women have filled volumes of memoirs, and are not without interest to the little, as our little interests do not always seem dull to the great. The greater men are, the more heart they have, good or bad, and the easier it is to affect them through it, through the multiform feelings which their varied lives have created within them, or through the few strong sentiments by which most of them are ruled, guided, or impelled according as they are conscientious, calculating, or impulsive, and to some extent according to their nationality, a matter which has almost as much to do with the author's dream as with the reader's subjective interpretation of it, and which largely determines the balance between sentiment and sentimentality.

Sentiment heightens the value of works of fiction as sentimentality lowers it. Sentimentality is to sentiment as sensuality to passion. The distinction is not a fine one and has grown common enough in our day to be universally understood. We owe it, I think, to the international balance of sentiment and sentimentality that the novelists of the present day are the French, Anglo-Saxons, and Russians. With all due respect to the great German intelligence, it does not seem capable of producing what we call a novel though it turns out most excellent plays. The German mind, measured by our standard, is sentimental, not romantic. Perhaps there is as much romance to be found in the history and traditions of Germany up to a date which I should place at about forty years ago as there is anywhere in the civilized world. Yet for some reason or other, the modern German, as I have

said, seems to be more sentimental than romantic in his habits of thought and feeling.

It is not possible in a paper of this length to inquire into the foundations of sentimentality and romance. Practically, however, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional life, and as such should have exceptional interest for the majority. When our lives are not filled with emotions, they are too often crammed with insignificant details too insignificant to bear recording in a novel, but yet making up for each of us all the significance life has. The great emotions are not every-day phenomena, and it is the desire to experience them vicariously which creates the demand for fiction and thereby and at the same time a demand for emotion. This is felt more particularly nowadays than formerly.

There was a great deal of artificiality in the last century, and I believe very little real emotion or true sentiment. The evidences of the truth of this statement appear sufficiently, I think, in the current literature, the music, and the social manners of that time. Of the three the music alone has survived. Musicians constitute, in a certain sense, a caste, not unlike the Christian priesthood or the Buddhist brotherhood. Their art is more distinctly handed down from teacher to scholar, from master to pupil, than any other, and this may perhaps account for their unwillingness to break though their traditions and accepted rules. Few persons, however, can listen to an average symphony for orchestra, or sonata for piano, especially to the *allegro* movements, without being struck by the utter conventionality and artificiality of many parts of the production. This, it seems to me, is not due to the instinct of the musician, nor to the taste of the musical public, but is a distinct survival of a former existence,

¹ make use of the day

² dalliance is pleasant in the proper place

as much as the caudal appendage or the buttons on the backs of our coats. This is probably rank heresy from the musical point of view, and, like all I say here, is a mere personal opinion; but to judge by analogy from the remains of other arts cultivated a hundred years ago, there seems to be some foundation for it. Can any one see such plays acted, for instance, as 10 Sheridan's, without being forcibly struck by the total absence of spontaneity and the absolute submission to social routine of the average society man and woman of those days? Sheridan's comedies are undoubtedly as true to their times on the one hand as they are to human nature on the other, but the humanity of them is thrown into vivid and strong relief by the arti- 20 ficiality of the elements in the midst of which the chief actors have their being. As for the literature, it is hardly necessary for me to defend the statement that it was conventional. There was an intellectual dress, as it were, put on by the man of genius of those times. It hung loosely upon Goldsmith's irregular frame. It sat close, well-fitting and fashionable upon Addison, but Samuel 30 Johnson's mighty limbs almost burst its seams and betrayed at every movement the giant who wore it. On a sudden the fashion changed, and it has not done changing yet.

The French Revolution seems to have introduced an emotional phase into social history, and to it we must attribute directly or indirectly many of our present tastes and fashions. With 40 it began the novel in France. With it the novel in the English language made a fresh start and assumed a new form. To take a very simple view of the question, I should like to hazard, as a guess, the theory that when the world had lived at a very high pressure during the French Revolution, the wars of Napoleon, and what has been called the "awakening of the peoples," it had 50 acquired permanently "the emotional habit," just as a man who takes opium or morphia cannot do without the one or the other. There was a general de-

sire felt to go on experiencing without dangerous consequences those varying conditions of hope, fear, disappointment, and triumph in which the whole world's nervous system had thrilled daily during so many years and at such fearful cost. The children of the women who had gone to the scaffold with Marie Antoinette, the sons of the men who had charged with Murat, who had stood by La Tour d'Auvergne, or who had fired their parting shot with Ney, were not satisfied to dwell in returning peace and reviving prosperity with nothing but insipid tales of shepherds and shepherdesses to amuse them. They wanted sterner, rougher stuff. They created a demand, and it was forthwith supplied, and their 20 children and children's children have followed their progenitors' footsteps in war and have adopted their tastes in peace.

Modern civilization, too, has done what it could to stir the hearts of men. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and it is not a play upon words to say that the increased facility of actual communications has widened 30 and deepened those channels of communication which are evil, and increased at the same time the demand for all sorts of emotion, bad or good. Not that emotion of itself is bad. It is often the contrary. Even the momentary reflection of true love is a good thing in itself. It is good that men and women should realize that a great affection is, or can be, a reality 40 to many as well as a convenient amusement or a heart-rending drama to a few.

Modern civilization has created modern vices, modern crimes, modern virtues, austerities, and generosityes. The crimes of to-day were not dreamed of a hundred years ago, any more than the sublimity of the good deeds done in our time to remedy our time's mis- 50 takes. And between the angel and the beast of this ending century lie great multitudes of ever-shifting, ever-changing lives, neither very bad nor

very good, but in all cases very different from what lives used to be in the good old days when time meant time and not money. There, too, in that vast land of mediocrities, emotions play a part of which our grandfathers never heard, and being real, of the living, and of superior interest to those who feel them, reflect themselves in the novel of to-day, diverting the course of true love into very tortuous channels and varying the tale that is ever young with features that are often new. Within a few short months I myself have lived in a land where modern means of communication are not, and I have come to live here, where applied science is doing her best to eliminate distance as a factor from the equation of exchanges, financial and intellectual. The difference between the manifestations of human feeling in Southern Italy and North America is greater and wider than can be explained in intelligible terms. Yet it is but skin-deep. Sentiment, sentimentality, taste, fashion, daily speech, acquired science, and transmitted tradition cleanse, soil, model, or deface the changing shell of mutable mortality, and nothing which appeals to that shell alone can have permanent life; but the prime impulses of the heart are, broadly speaking, the same in all ages and almost in all races. The brave man's beats as strongly in battle to-day, the coward's stands as suddenly still in the face of danger, boys and girls still play with love, men and women still suffer for love, and the old still warn youth and manhood against love's snares—all that and much more comes from depths not reached by civilizations nor changed by fashions. Those deep waters the real novel must fathom, sounding the tide-stream of passion and bringing up such treasures as lie far below and out of sight—out of reach of the individual in most cases—until the art of the storyteller makes him feel that they are or might be his. Cæsar commanded his legionaries to strike at the face. Humanity, the novelist's master, bids him strike only at the heart.

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916)

THE REAL THING¹

I

When the porter's wife (she used to answer the house-bell), announced "A gentleman—with a lady, sir," I had, as I often had in those days, for the wish was father to the thought, an immediate vision of sitters. Sitters my visitors in this case proved to be; but not in the sense I should have preferred. However, there was nothing at first to indicate that they might not have come for a portrait. The gentleman, a man of fifty, very high and very straight, with a moustache slightly grizzled and a dark grey walking-coat admirably fitted, both of which I noted professionally—I don't mean as a barber or yet as a tailor—would have struck me as a celebrity if celebrities often were striking. It was a truth of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution. A glance at the lady helped to remind me of this paradoxical law: she also looked too distinguished to be a "personality." Moreover one would scarcely come across two variations together.

Neither of the pair spoke immediately—they only prolonged the preliminary gaze which suggested that each wished to give the other a chance. They were visibly shy; they stood there letting me take them in—which, as I afterwards perceived, was the most practical thing they could have done. In this way their embarrassment served their cause. I had seen people painfully reluctant to mention that they desired anything so gross as to be represented on canvas; but the scruples of my new friends appeared almost insurmountable. Yet the gentleman might have said "I should like a portrait of my wife," and the lady might have said "I should like a portrait of my husband." Perhaps they were not husband

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and wife—this naturally would make the matter more delicate. Perhaps they wished to be done together—in which case they ought to have brought a third person to break the news.

"We come from Mr. Rivet," the lady said at last, with a dim smile which had the effect of a moist sponge passed over a "sunk" piece of painting, as well as of a vague allusion to vanished beauty.¹⁰ She was as tall and straight, in her degree, as her companion, and with ten years less to carry. She looked as sad as a woman could look whose face was not charged with expression; that is, her tinted oval mask showed friction as an exposed surface shows it. The hand of time had played over her freely, but only to simplify. She was slim and stiff, and so well-dressed, in dark blue²⁰ cloth, with lappets and pockets and buttons, that it was clear she employed the same tailor as her husband. The couple had an indefinable air of prosperous thrift—they evidently got a good deal of luxury for their money. If I was to be one of their luxuries it would behove me to consider my terms.

"Ah, Claude Rivet recommended me?" I inquired; and I added that it³⁰ was very kind of him, though I could reflect that, as he only painted landscape, this was not a sacrifice.

The lady looked very hard at the gentleman, and the gentleman looked round the room. Then staring at the floor a moment and stroking his moustache, he rested his pleasant eyes on me with the remark: "He said you were the right one."

"I try to be, when people want to sit."

"Yes, we should like to," said the lady anxiously.

"Do you mean together?"

My visitors exchanged a glance. "If you could do anything with me, I suppose it would be double," the gentleman stammered.

"Oh yes, there's naturally a higher⁵⁰ charge for two figures than for one."

"We should like to make it pay," the husband confessed.

"That's very good of you," I re-

turned, appreciating so unwonted a sympathy—for I supposed he meant pay the artist.

A sense of strangeness seemed to dawn on the lady. "We mean for the illustrations—Mr. Rivet said you might put one in."

"Put one in—an illustration?" I was equally confused.

"Sketch her off, you know," said the gentleman, coloring.

It was only then that I understood the service Claude Rivet had rendered me; he had told them that I worked in black and white, for magazines, for story-books, for sketches of contemporary life, and consequently had frequent employment for models. These things were true, but it was not less²⁰ true (I may confess it now—whether because the aspiration was to lead to everything or to nothing I leave the reader to guess), that I couldn't get the honors, to say nothing of the emoluments, of a great painter of portraits out of my head. My "illustrations" were my pot-boilers; I looked to a different branch of art (far and away the most interesting it had always seemed³⁰ to me), to perpetuate my fame. There was no shame in looking to it also to make my fortune; but that fortune was by so much further from being made from the moment my visitors wished to be "done" for nothing. I was disappointed; for in the pictorial sense I had immediately *seen* them. I had seized their type—I had already settled what I would do with it. Something that⁴⁰ wouldn't absolutely have pleased them, I afterwards reflected.

"Ah, you're—you're—a—?" I began, as soon as I had mastered my surprise. I couldn't bring out the dingy word "models"; it seemed to fit the case so little.

"We haven't had much practice," said the lady.

"We've got to *do* something, and we've thought that an artist in your line might perhaps make something of us," her husband threw off. He further mentioned that they didn't know many artists and that they had gone first, on

the off-chance (he painted views of course, but sometimes put in figures—perhaps I remembered), to Mr. Rivet, whom they had met a few years before at a place in Norfolk where he was sketching.

"We used to sketch a little ourselves," the lady hinted.

"It's very awkward, but we absolutely *must* do something," her husband ¹⁰ went on.

"Of course, we're not so *very* young," she admitted, with a wan smile.

With the remark that I might as well know something more about them, the husband had handed me a card extracted from a neat new pocket-book (their appurtenances were all of the freshest) and inscribed with the words "Major Monarch." Impressive as ²⁰ these words were they didn't carry my knowledge much further; but my visitor presently added: "I've left the army, and we've had the misfortune to lose our money. In fact our means are dreadfully small."

"It's an awful bore," said Mrs. Monarch.

They evidently wished to be discreet—to take care not to swagger because ³⁰ they were gentlefolks. I perceived they would have been willing to recognise this as something of a drawback, at the same time that I guessed at an underlying sense—their consolation in adversity—that they *had* their points. They certainly had; but these advantages struck me as preponderantly social; such for instance as would help to make a drawing-room look well. How- ⁴⁰ ever, a drawing-room was always, or ought to be, a picture.

In consequence of his wife's allusion to their age Major Monarch observed: "Naturally, it's more for the figure that we thought of going in. We can still hold ourselves up." On the instant I saw that the figure was indeed their strong point. His "naturally" didn't sound vain, but it lighted up the ques- ⁵⁰ tion. "*She* has got the best," he continued, nodding at his wife, with a pleasant after-dinner absence of circumlocution. I could only reply, as if

we were in fact sitting over our wine, that this didn't prevent his own from being very good; which led him in turn to rejoin: "We thought that if you ever have to do people like us, we might be something like it. *She*, particularly—for a lady in a book, you know."

I was so amused by them that, to get more of it, I did my best to take their point of view; and though it was an embarrassment to find myself appraising physically, as if they were animals on hire or useful blacks, a pair whom I should have expected to meet only in one of the relations in which criticism is tacit, I looked at Mrs. Monarch judiciously enough to be able to exclaim, after a moment, with conviction. "Oh yes, a lady in a book!" She was singularly like a bad illustration.

"We'll stand up, if you like," said the Major; and he raised himself before me with a really grand air.

I could take his measure at a glance—he was six feet two and a perfect gentleman. It would have paid any club in process of formation and in want of a stamp to engage him at a salary to stand in the principal window. What struck me immediately was that in coming to me they had rather missed their vocation; they could surely have been turned to better account for advertising purposes. I couldn't of course see the thing in detail, but I could see them make someone's fortune—I don't mean their own. There was something in them for a waistcoat maker, an hotel-keeper or a soap-vendor. I could ⁴⁰ imagine "We always use it" pinned on their bosoms with the greatest effect; I had a vision of the promptitude with which they would launch a table d'hôte.

Mrs. Monarch sat still, not from pride but from shyness, and presently her husband said to her: "Get up, my dear, and show how smart you are." She obeyed, but she had no need to get ⁵⁰ up to show it. She walked to the end of the studio, and then she came back blushing, with her fluttered eyes on her husband. I was reminded of an incident I had accidentally had a glimpse

of in Paris—being with a friend there, a dramatist about to produce a play—when an actress came to him to ask to be intrusted with a part. She went through her paces before him, walked up and down as Mrs. Monarch was doing. Mrs. Monarch did it quite as well, but I abstained from applauding. It was very odd to see such people apply for such poor pay. She looked as if she had ten thousand a year. Her husband had used the word that described her: she was, in the London current jargon, essentially and typically “smart.” Her figure was, in the same order of ideas, conspicuously and irreproachably “good.” For a woman of her age her waist was surprisingly small; her elbow moreover had the orthodox crook. She held her head at the conventional angle; but why did she come to *me*? She ought to have tried on jackets at a big shop. I feared my visitors were not only destitute, but “artistic”—which would be a great complication. When she sat down again I thanked her, observing that what a draughtsman most valued in his model was the faculty of keeping quiet.

“Oh, *she* can keep quiet,” said Major 30 Monarch. Then he added, jocosely: “I’ve always kept her quiet.”

“I’m not a nasty fidget, am I?” Mrs. Monarch appealed to her husband.

He addressed his answers to me. “Perhaps it isn’t out of place to mention—because we ought to be quite business-like, oughtn’t we?—that when I married her she was known as the Beautiful Statue.”

“Oh dear!” said Mrs. Monarch, ruefully.

“Of course I should want a certain amount of expression,” I rejoined.

“Of *course*!” they both exclaimed.

“And then I suppose you know that you’ll get awfully tired.”

“Oh, we *never* get tired!” they eagerly cried.

“Have you had any kind of prac- 50 tice?”

They hesitated—they looked at each other. “We’ve been photographed, *immensely*,” said Mrs. Monarch.

“She means the fellows have asked us,” added the Major.

“I see—because you’re so good-looking.”

“I don’t know what they thought, but they were always after us.”

“We always got our photographs for nothing,” smiled Mrs. Monarch.

“We might have brought some, my 10 dear,” her husband remarked.

“I’m not sure we have any left. We’ve given quantities away,” she explained to me.

“With our autographs and that sort of thing,” said the Major.

“Are they to be got in the shops?” I inquired, as a harmless pleasantry.

“Oh, yes; *hers*—they used to be.”

“Not now,” said Mrs. Monarch, with 20 her eyes on the floor.

II

I could fancy the “sort of thing” they put on the presentation-copies of their photographs, and I was sure they wrote a beautiful hand. It was odd how quickly I was sure of everything that concerned them. If they were now so poor as to have to earn shillings and pence, they never had had much of a margin. Their good looks had been their capital, and they had good-humouredly made the most of the career that this resource marked out for them. It was in their faces, the blankness, the deep intellectual repose of the twenty years of country-house visiting which had given them pleasant 40 intonations. I could see the sunny drawing-rooms, sprinkled with periodicals she didn’t read, in which Mrs. Monarch had continuously sat; I could see the wet shrubberies in which she had walked, equipped to admiration for either exercise. I could see the rich covers the Major had helped to shoot and the wonderful garments in which, late at night, he repaired to the smoking-room to talk about them. I could imagine their leggings and waterproofs, their knowing tweeds and rugs, their rolls of sticks and cases of tackle and neat umbrellas; and I could evoke the

exact appearance of their servants and the compact variety of their luggage on the platforms of country stations.

They gave small tips, but they were liked; they didn't do anything themselves, but they were welcome. They looked so well everywhere; they gratified the general relish for stature, complexion, and "form." They knew it without fatuity or vulgarity, and they respected themselves in consequence. They were not superficial; they were thorough and kept themselves up—it had been their line. People with such a taste for activity had to have some line. I could feel how, even in a dull house, they could have been counted upon for cheerfulness. At present something had happened—it didn't matter what, their little income had grown less, it had grown least—and they had to do something for pocket-money. Their friends liked them, but didn't like to support them. There was something about them that represented credit—their clothes, their manners, their type; but if credit is a large empty pocket in which an occasional chink reverberates, the chink at least must be audible. What they wanted of me was to help to make it so. Fortunately they had no children—I soon divined that. They would also perhaps wish our relations to be kept secret: this was why it was "for the figure"—the reproduction of the face would betray them.

I liked them—they were so simple; and I had no objection to them if they would suit. But, somehow, with all their perfections I didn't easily believe in them. After all they were amateurs, and the ruling passion of my life was the detestation of the amateur. Combined with this was another perversity—an innate preference for the represented subject over the real one: the defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether they *were* or not was a subordinate and almost always a profitless question. There were other considerations, the first of which was that I

already had two or three people in use, notably a young person with big feet, in alpaca, from Kilburn, who for a couple of years had come to me regularly for my illustrations and with whom I was still—perhaps ignobly—satisfied. I frankly explained to my visitors how the case stood; but they had taken more precautions than I supposed. They had reasoned out their opportunity, for Claude Rivet had told them of the projected *édition de luxe* of one of the writers of our day—the rarest of the novelists—who, long neglected by the multitudinous vulgar and dearly prized by the attentive (need I mention Philip Vincent?) had had the happy fortune of seeing, late in life, the dawn and then the full light of a higher criticism—an estimate in which, on the part of the public, there was something really of expiation. The edition in question, planned by a publisher of taste, was practically an act of high reparation; the wood-cuts with which it was to be enriched were the homage of English art to one of the most independent representatives of English letters. Major and Mrs. Monarch confessed to me that they had hoped I might be able to work *them* into my share of the enterprise. They knew I was to do the first of the books, *Rutland Ramsay*, but I had to make clear to them that my participation in the rest of the affair—this first book was to be a test—was to depend on the satisfaction I should give. If this should be limited, my employers would drop me without a scruple. It was therefore a crisis for me, and naturally I was making special preparations, looking about for new people, if they should be necessary, and securing the best types. I admitted however that I should like to settle down to two or three good models who would do for everything.

"Should we have often to—a—put on special clothes?" Mrs. Monarch timidly demanded.

"Dear, yes—that's half the business."

"And should we be expected to supply our own costumes?"

"Oh, no; I've got a lot of things. A painter's models put on—or put off—anything he likes."

"And do you mean—a—the same?"

"The same?"

Mrs. Monarch looked at her husband again.

"Oh, she was just wondering," he exclaimed, "if the costumes are in *general* use." I had to confess that they were, and I mentioned further that some of them (I had a lot of genuine, greasy last-century things), had served their time, a hundred years ago, on living, world-stained men and women. "We'll put on anything that *fits*," said the Major.

"Oh, I arrange that—they fit in the pictures."

"I'm afraid I should do better for the modern books. I would come as you like," said Mrs. Monarch.

"She has got a lot of clothes at home: they might do for contemporary life," her husband continued.

"Oh, I can fancy scenes in which you'd be quite natural." And indeed I could see the slipshod rearrangements of stale properties—the stories I tried to produce pictures for without the exasperation of reading them—whose sandy tracts the good lady might help to people. But I had to return to the fact that for this sort of work—the daily mechanical grind—I was already equipped; the people I was working with were fully adequate.

"We only thought we might be more like *some* characters," said Mrs. Monarch mildly, getting up.

Her husband also rose; he stood looking at me with a dim wistfulness that was touching in so fine a man. "Wouldn't it be rather a pull sometimes to have—a—to have?" He hung fire; he wanted me to help him by phrasing what he meant. But I couldn't—I didn't know. So he brought it out, awkwardly: "The *real* thing; a gentleman, you know, or a lady." I was quite ready to give a general assent—I admitted that there was a great deal in that. This encouraged Major Monarch to say, following up his appeal with an

unacted gulp: "It's awfully hard—we've tried everything." The gulp was communicative; it proved too much for his wife. Before I knew it Mrs. Monarch had dropped again upon a divan and burst into tears. Her husband sat down beside her, holding one of her hands; whereupon she quickly dried her eyes with the other, while I felt embarrassed as she looked up at me. "There isn't a confounded job I haven't applied for—waited for—prayed for. You can fancy we'd be pretty bad first. Secretaryships and that sort of thing? You might as well ask for a peerage. I'd be *anything*—I'm strong; a messenger or a coalheaver. I'd put on a gold-laced cap and open carriage-doors in front of the haberdasher's; I'd hang about a station, to carry portmanteaus; I'd be a postman. But they won't *look* at you; there are thousands, as good as yourself, already on the ground. *Gentlemen*, poor beggars, who have drunk their wine, who have kept their hunters!"

I was as reassuring as I knew how to be, and my visitors were presently on their feet again while, for the experiment, we agreed on an hour. We were discussing it when the door opened and Miss Churm came in with a wet umbrella. Miss Churm had to take the omnibus to Maida Vale and then walk half-a-mile. She looked a trifle blowsy and slightly splashed. I scarcely ever saw her come in without thinking afresh how odd it was that, being so little in herself, she should yet be so much in others. She was a meagre little Miss Churm, but she was an ample heroine of romance. She was only a freckled cockney, but she could represent everything, from a fine lady to a shepherdess; she had the faculty, as she might have had a fine voice or long hair. She couldn't spell, and she loved beer, but she had two or three "points," and practice, and a knack, and mother-wit, and a kind of whimsical sensibility, and a love of the theatre, and seven sisters, and not an ounce of respect, especially for the *h*. The first thing my visitors saw was that her umbrella was

wet, and in their spotless perfection they visibly winced at it. The rain had come on since their arrival.

"I'm all in a soak; there *was* a mess of people in the 'bus. I wish you lived near a stytion," said Miss Churm. I requested her to get ready as quickly as possible, and she passed into the room in which she always changed her dress. But before going out she asked me what 10 it was to get into this time.

"It's the Russian princess, don't you know?" I answered; "the one with the 'golden eyes,' in black velvet, for the long thing in the *Cheapside*."

"Golden eyes? I *say*!" cried Miss Churm, while my companions watched her with intensity as she withdrew. She always arranged herself, when she was late, before I could turn around; and I 20 kept my visitors a little, on purpose, so that they might get an idea, from seeing her, what would be expected of themselves. I mentioned that she was quite my notion of an excellent model—she was really very clever.

"Do you think she looks like a Russian princess?" Major Monarch asked, with lurking alarm.

"When I make her, yes."

"Oh, if you have to *make* her—I!" he reasoned, acutely.

"That's the most you can ask. There are so many that are not makeable."

"Well now, *here's* a lady!"—and with a persuasive smile he passed his arm into his wife's—"who's already made!"

"Oh, I'm not a Russian princess," Mrs. Monarch protested, a little coldly. I could see that she had known some 40 and didn't like them. There, immediately, was a complication of a kind that I never had to fear with Miss Churm.

This young lady came back in black velvet—the gown was rather rusty and very low on her lean shoulders—and with a Japanese fan in her red hands. I reminded her that in the scene I was doing she had to look over someone's head. "I forget whose it is; but it 50 doesn't matter. Just look over a head."

"I'd rather look over a stove," said Miss Churm; and she took her station near the fire. She fell into position,

settled herself into a tall attitude, gave a certain backward inclination to her head and a certain forward droop to her fan, and looked, at least to my prejudiced sense, distinguished and charming, foreign and dangerous. We left her looking so, while I went downstairs with Major and Mrs. Monarch.

"I think I could come about as near 10 it as that," said Mrs. Monarch.

"Oh, you think she's shabby, but you must allow for the alchemy of art."

However, they went off with an evident increase of comfort, founded on their demonstrable advantage in being the real thing. I could fancy them shuddering over Miss Churm. She was very droll about them when I went back, for I told her what they wanted.

"Well, if *she* can sit I'll tyke to book-keeping," said my model.

"She's very lady-like," I replied, as an innocent form of aggravation.

"So much the worse for *you*. That means she can't turn round."

"She'll do for the fashionable novels."

"Oh yes, she'll *do* for them!" my model humorously declared. "Ain't they bad enough without her?" I had 30 often sociably denounced them to Miss Churm.

III

It was for the elucidation of a mystery in one of these works that I first tried Mrs. Monarch. Her husband came with her, to be useful if necessary—it was sufficiently clear that as a general thing he would prefer to come 40 with her. At first I wondered if this were for "propriety's" sake—if he were going to be jealous and meddling. The idea was too tiresome, and if it had been confirmed it would speedily have brought our acquaintance to a close. But I soon saw there was nothing in it and that if he accompanied Mrs. Monarch it was (in addition to the chance of being wanted), simply be- 50 cause he had nothing else to do. When she was away from him his occupation was gone—she never *had* been away from him. I judged, rightly, that in their awkward situation their close

union was their main comfort and that this union had no weak spot. It was a real marriage, an encouragement to the hesitating, a nut for pessimists to crack. Their address was humble (I remember afterwards thinking it had been the only thing about them that was really professional), and I could fancy the lamentable lodgings in which the Major would have been left alone. He could 10 bear them with his wife—he couldn't bear them without her.

He had too much tact to try and make himself agreeable when he couldn't be useful; so he simply sat and waited, when I was too absorbed in my work to talk. But I liked to make him talk—it made my work, when it didn't interrupt it, less sordid, less special. To listen to him was to combine the 20 excitement of going out with the economy of staying at home. There was only one hindrance: that I seemed not to know any of the people he and his wife had known. I think he wondered extremely, during the term of our intercourse, whom the deuce I *did* know. He hadn't a stray sixpence of an idea to fumble for; so we didn't spin it very fine—we confined ourselves to questions 30 of leather and even of liquor (saddlers and breeches-makers and how to get good claret cheap), and matters like "good trains" and the habits of small game. His lore on these last subjects was astonishing; he managed to interweave the station-master with the ornithologist. When he couldn't talk about greater things he could talk cheerfully about smaller, and since I couldn't ac- 40 company him into reminiscences of the fashionable world he could lower the conversation without a visible effort to my level.

So earnest a desire to please was touching in a man who could so easily have knocked one down. He looked after the fire and had an opinion on the draught of the stove, without my asking him, and I could see that he thought 50 many of my arrangements not half clever enough. I remember telling him that if I were only rich I would offer him a salary to come and teach me how

to live. Sometimes he gave a random sigh, of which the essence was: "Give me even such a bare old barrack as *this*, and I'd do something with it!" When I wanted to use him he came alone; which was an illustration of the superior courage of women. His wife could bear her solitary second floor, and she was in general more discreet; showing by various small reserves that she was alive to the propriety of keeping our relations markedly professional—not letting them slide into sociability. She wished it to remain clear that she and the Major were employed, not cultivated, and if she approved of me as a superior, who could be kept in his place, she never thought me quite good enough for an equal.

She sat with great intensity, giving the whole of her mind to it, and was capable of remaining for an hour almost as motionless as if she were before a photographer's lens. I could see she had been photographed often, but somehow the very habit that made her good for that purpose unfitted her for mine. At first I was extremely pleased with her lady-like air, and it was a satisfaction, on coming to follow her lines, to see how good they were and how far they could lead the pencil. But after a few times I began to find her too insurmountably stiff; do what I would with it, my drawing looked like a photograph or a copy of a photograph. Her figure had no variety of expression—she herself had no sense of variety. You may say that this was my business, 40 was only a question of placing her. I placed her in every conceivable position, but she managed to obliterate their differences. She was always a lady certainly, and into the bargain was always the same lady. She was the real thing, but always the same thing. There were moments when I was oppressed by the serenity of her confidence that she *was* the real thing. All her dealings with me and all her husband's were an implication that this was lucky for *me*. Meanwhile I found myself trying to invent types that approached her own, instead of making

her own transform itself—in the clever way that was not impossible, for instance, to poor Miss Churm. Arrange as I would and take the precautions I would, she always, in my pictures, came out too tall—landing me in the dilemma of having represented a fascinating woman as seven feet high, which, out of respect perhaps to my own very much scantier inches, was far from my idea of such a personage.

The case was worse with the Major—nothing I could do would keep him down, so that he became useful only for the representation of brawny giants. I adored variety and range, I cherished human accidents, the illustrative note; I wanted to characterise closely, and the thing in the world I most hated was the danger of being ridden by a type. I had quarrelled with some of my friends about it—I had parted company with them for maintaining that one *had* to be, and that if the type was beautiful (witness Raphael and Leonardo), the servitude was only a gain. I was neither Leonardo nor Raphael; I might only be a presumptuous young modern searcher, but I held that everything was to be sacrificed sooner than character. When they averred that the haunting type in question could easily be character, I retorted, perhaps superficially: "Whose?" It couldn't be everybody's—it might end in being nobody's.

After I had drawn Mrs. Monarch a dozen times I perceived more clearly than before that the value of such a model as Miss Churm resided precisely in the fact that she had no positive stamp, combined of course with the other fact that what she did have was a curious and inexplicable talent for imitation. Her usual appearance was like a curtain which she could draw up at request for a capital performance. This performance was simply suggestive; but it was a word to the wise—it was vivid and pretty. Sometimes, even, I thought it, though she was plain herself, too insipidly pretty; I made it a reproach to her that the figures drawn from her were monotonously (*bêtement*,

as we used to say) graceful. Nothing made her more angry: it was so much her pride to feel that she could sit for characters that had nothing in common with each other. She would accuse me at such moments of taking away her "reputation."

It suffered a certain shrinkage, this queer quantity, from the repeated visits of my new friends. Miss Churm was greatly in demand, never in want of employment, so I had no scruple in putting her off occasionally, to try them more at my ease. It was certainly amusing at first to do the real thing—it was amusing to do Major Monarch's trousers. They *were* the real thing, even if he did come out colossal. It was amusing to do his wife's black hair (it was so mathematically neat,) and the particular "smart" tension of her tight stays. She lent herself especially to positions in which the face was somewhat averted or blurred; she abounded in lady-like back views and *profils perdus*. When she stood erect she took naturally one of the attitudes in which court-painters represent queens and princesses; so that I found myself wondering whether, to draw out this accomplishment, I couldn't get the editor of the *Cheapside* to publish a really royal romance, "A Tale of Buckingham Palace." Sometimes, however, the real thing and the make-believe came into contact; by which I mean that Miss Churm, keeping an appointment or coming to make one on days when I had much work in hand, encountered her invidious rivals. The encounter was not on their part, for they noticed her no more than if she had been the housemaid; not from intentional loftiness, but simply because, as yet, professionally, they didn't know how to fraternise, as I could guess that they would have liked—or at least that the Major would. They couldn't talk about the omnibus—they always walked; and they didn't know what else to try—she wasn't interested in good trains or cheap claret. Besides, they must have felt—in the air—that she was amused at them, secretly derisive

of their ever knowing how. She was not a person to conceal her scepticism if she had had a chance to show it. On the other hand Mrs. Monarch didn't think her tidy; for why else did she take pains to say to me (it was going out of the way, for Mrs. Monarch), that she didn't like dirty women?

One day when my young lady happened to be present with my other sisters (she even dropped in, when it was convenient, for a chat), I asked her to be so good as to lend a hand in getting tea—a service with which she was familiar and which was one of a class that, living as I did in a small way, with slender domestic resources, I often appealed to my models to render. They liked to lay hands on my property, to break the sitting, and sometimes the china—I made them feel Bohemian. The next time I saw Miss Churm after this incident she surprised me greatly by making a scene about it—she accused me of having wished to humiliate her. She had not resented the outrage at the time, but had seemed obliging and amused, enjoying the comedy of asking Mrs. Monarch, who sat vague and silent, whether she would have cream and sugar, and putting an exaggerated simper into the question. She had tried intonations—as if she too wished to pass for the real thing; till I was afraid my other visitors would take offence.

Oh, *they* were determined not to do this: and their touching patience was the measure of their great need. They would sit by the hour, uncomplaining, till I was ready to use them; they would come back on the chance of being wanted and would walk away cheerfully if they were not. I used to go to the door with them to see in what magnificent order they retreated. I tried to find other employment for them—I introduced them to several artists. But they didn't "take," for reasons I could appreciate, and I became conscious, rather anxiously, that after such disappointments they fell back upon me with a heavier weight.

They did me the honor to think that it was I who was most *their* form. They were not picturesque enough for the painters, and in those days there were not so many serious workers in black and white. Besides, they had an eye to the great job I had mentioned to them—they had secretly set their hearts on supplying the right essence for my pictorial vindication of our fine novelist. They knew that for this undertaking I should want no costume-effects, none of the frippery of past ages—that it was a case in which everything would be contemporary and satirical and, presumably, genteel. If I could work with them into it their future would be assured, for the labor would of course be long and the occupation steady.

One day Mrs. Monarch came without her husband—she explained his absence by his having had to go to the City. While she sat there in her usual anxious stiffness there came, at the door, a knock which I immediately recognised as the subdued appeal of a model out of work. It was followed by the entrance of a young man whom I easily perceived to be a foreigner, and who proved in fact an Italian acquainted with no English word but my name, which he uttered in a way that made it seem to include all others. I had not then visited his country, nor was I proficient in his tongue; but as he was not so meanly constituted—what Italian is?—as to depend only on that member for expression, he conveyed to me, in familiar but graceful mimicry, that he was in search of exactly the employment in which the lady before me was engaged. I was not struck with him at first, and while I continued to draw I emitted rough sounds of discouragement and dismissal. He stood his ground, however, not importunately, but with a dumb, dog-like fidelity in his eyes which amounted to innocent impudence—the manner of a devoted servant (he might have been in the house for years), unjustly suspected. Suddenly I saw that this very attitude and expression made a picture, whereupon I told him

to sit down and wait till I should be free. There was another picture in the way he obeyed me; and I observed as I worked that there were others still in the way he looked wonderingly, with his head thrown back, about the high studio. He might have been crossing himself in St. Peter's. Before I finished I said to myself: "The fellow's a bankrupt orange-monger, but he's a treasure."

When Mrs. Monarch withdrew he passed across the room like a flash to open the door for her, standing there with the rapt, pure gaze of the young Dante spellbound by the young Beatrice. As I never insisted, in such situations, on the blankness of the British domestic, I reflected that he had the making of a servant (and I needed one, but couldn't pay him to be only that), as well as of a model; in short I made up my mind to adopt my bright adventurer if he would agree to officiate in the double capacity. He jumped at my offer, and in the event my rashness (for I had known nothing about him), was not brought home to me. He proved a sympathetic though a desultory ministrant, and had in a wonderful degree the *sentiment de la pose*. It was uncultivated, instinctive; a part of the happy instinct which had guided him to my door and helped him to spell out my name on the card nailed to it. He had had no other introduction to me than a guess, from the shape of my high north window, seen outside, that my place was a studio and that as a studio it would contain an artist. He had wandered to England in search of fortune, like other itinerants, and had embarked, with a partner and a small green handcart, on the sale of penny ices. The ices had melted away and the partner had dissolved in their train. My young man wore tight yellow trousers with reddish stripes and his name was Oronte. He was sallow but fair, and when I put him into some old clothes of my own he looked like an Englishman. He was as good as Miss Churm, who could look, when required, like an Italian.

IV

I thought Mrs. Monarch's face slightly convulsed when, on her coming back with her husband, she found Oronte installed. It was strange to have to recognise in a scrap of a lazzarone a competitor to her magnificent Major. It was she who scented danger first, for the Major was anecdotically unconscious. But Oronte gave us tea, with a hundred eager confusions (he had never seen such a queer process), and I think she thought better of me for having at last an "establishment." They saw a couple of drawings that I had made of the establishment, and Mrs. Monarch hinted that it never would have struck her that he had sat for them. "Now the drawings you make from *us*, they look exactly like us," she reminded me, smiling in triumph; and I recognised that this was indeed just their defect. When I drew the Monarchs I couldn't, somehow, get away from them—get into the character I wanted to represent; and I had not the least desire my model should be discoverable in my picture. Miss Churm never was, and Mrs. Monarch thought I hid her, very properly, because she was vulgar; whereas if she was lost it was only as the dead who go to heaven are lost—in the gain of an angel the more.

By this time I had got a certain start with *Rutland Ramsay*, the first novel in the great projected series; that is I had produced a dozen drawings, several with the help of the Major and his wife, and I had sent them in for approval. My understanding with the publishers, as I have already hinted, had been that I was to be left to do my work, in this particular case, as I liked, with the whole book committed to me; but my connection with the rest of the series was only contingent. There were moments when, frankly, it *was* a comfort to have the real thing under one's hand; for there were characters in "*Rutland Ramsay*" that were very much like it. There were people presumably as straight as the Major and women of as

good a fashion as Mrs. Monarch. There was a great deal of country-house life—treated, it is true, in a fine, fanciful, ironical, generalised way—and there was a considerable implication of knickerbockers and kilts. There were certain things I had to settle at the outset; such things for instance as the exact appearance of the hero, the particular bloom of the heroine. The author of course gave me a lead, but there was a margin for interpretation. I took the Monarchs into my confidence, I told them frankly what I was about, I mentioned my embarrassments and alternatives. "Oh, take *him!*" Mrs. Monarch murmured sweetly, looking at her husband; and "What could you want better than my wife?" the Major inquired, with the comfortable candor that now prevailed between us.

I was not obliged to answer these remarks—I was only obliged to place my sitters. I was not easy in mind, and I postponed, a little timidly perhaps, the solution of the question. The book was a large canvas, the other figures were numerous, and I worked off at first some of the episodes in which the hero and the heroine were not concerned. When once I had set *them* up I should have to stick to them—I couldn't make my young man seven feet high in one place and five feet nine in another. I inclined on the whole to the latter measurement, though the Major more than once reminded me that *he* looked about as young as anyone. It was indeed quite possible to arrange him, for the figure, so that it would have been difficult to detect his age. After the spontaneous Oronte had been with me a month, and after I had given him to understand several different times that his native exuberance would presently constitute an insurmountable barrier to our further intercourse, I waked to a sense of his heroic capacity. He was only five feet seven, but the remaining inches were latent. I tried him almost secretly at first, for I was really rather afraid of the judgment my other models would pass on such a choice. If they regarded Miss Churm as little better

than a snare, what would they think of the representation by a person so little the real thing as an Italian street-vendor of a protagonist formed by a public school?

If I went a little in fear of them it was not because they bullied me, because they had got an oppressive foothold, but because in their really pathetic decorum and mysteriously permanent newness they counted on me so intensely. I was therefore very glad when Jack Hawley came home: he was always of such good counsel. He painted badly himself, but there was no one like him for putting his finger on the place. He had been absent from England for a year; he had been somewhere—I don't remember where—to get a fresh eye. I was in a good deal of dread of any such organ, but we were old friends; he had been away for months, and a sense of emptiness was creeping into my life. I hadn't dodged a missile for a year.

He came back with a fresh eye, but with the same old black velvet blouse, and the first evening he spent in my studio we smoked cigarettes till the small hours. He had done no work himself, he had only got the eye; so the field was clear for the production of my little things. He wanted to see what I had done for the *Cheapside*, but he was disappointed in the exhibition. That at least seemed the meaning of two or three comprehensive groans which, as he lounged on my big divan, on a folded leg, looking at my latest drawings, issued from his lips with the smoke of the cigarette.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"What's the matter with *you!*"

"Nothing save that I'm mystified."

"You are indeed. You're quite off the hinge. What's the meaning of this new fad?" And he tossed me, with visible irreverence, a drawing in which I happened to have depicted both my majestic models. I asked if he didn't think it good, and he replied that it struck him as execrable; given the sort of thing I had always represented my-

self to him as wishing to arrive at; but I let that pass, I was so anxious to see exactly what he meant. The two figures in the picture looked colossal, but I supposed this was *not* what he meant, inasmuch as, for aught he knew to the contrary, I might have been trying for that. I maintained that I was working exactly in the same way as when he last had done me the honor to commend me. 10 "Well, there's a big hole somewhere," he answered; "wait a bit and I'll discover it." I depended upon him to do so: where else was the fresh eye? But he produced at last nothing more luminous than "I don't know—I don't like your types." This was lame, for a critic who had never consented to discuss with me anything but the question of execution, the direction of strokes 20 and the mystery of values.

"In the drawings you've been looking at I think my types are very handsome."

"Oh, they won't do!"

"I've had a couple of new models."

"I see you have. *They* won't do."

"Are you very sure of that?"

"Absolutely—they're stupid."

"You mean I am—for I ought to get 30 round that."

"You *can't*—with such people. Who are they?"—

I told him, as far as was necessary, and he declared, heartlessly: "*Ce sont des gens qu'il faut mettre à la porte.*"

"You've never see them; they're awfully good," I compassionately objected.

"Not seen them? Why, all this recent work of yours drops to pieces with them. It's all I want to see of them." 40

"No one else has said anything against it—the *Cheapside* people are pleased."

"Everyone else is an ass, and the *Cheapside* people the biggest asses of all. Come, don't pretend, at this time of day, to have pretty illusions about the public, especially about publishers and editors. It's not for *such* animals 50 you work—it's for those who know, *coloro che sanno*; so keep straight for me if you can't keep straight for yourself. There's a certain sort of thing you

tried for from the first—and a very good thing it is. But this twaddle isn't in it." When I talked with Hawley later about *Rutland Ramsay* and its possible successors he declared that I must get back into my boat again or I would go to the bottom. His voice in short was the voice of warning.

I noted the warning, but I didn't turn my friends out of doors. They bored me a good deal; but the very fact that they bored me admonished me not to sacrifice them—if there was anything to be done with them—simply to irritation. As I look back at this phase they seem to me to have pervaded my life not a little. I have a vision of them as most of the time in my studio, seated, against the wall, on an old velvet bench to be out of the way, and looking like a pair of patient courtiers in a royal ante-chamber. I am convinced that during the coldest weeks of the winter they held their ground because it saved them fire. Their newness was losing its gloss, and it was impossible not to feel that they were objects of charity. Whenever Miss Churm arrived they went away, and after I was fairly launched in *Rutland Ramsay* Miss Churm arrived pretty often. They managed to express to me tacitly that they supposed I wanted her for the low life of the book, and I let them suppose it, since they had attempted to study the work—it was lying about the studio—without discovering that it dealt only with the highest circles. They had dipped into the most brilliant of our novelists without deciphering many passages. I still took an hour from them, now and again, in spite of Jack Hawley's warning: it would be time enough to dismiss them, if dismissal should be necessary, when the rigor of the season was over. Hawley had made their acquaintance—he had met them at my fireside—and thought them a ridiculous pair. Learning that he was a painter they tried to approach him, to show him too that they were the real thing; but he looked at them, across the big room, as if they were miles away; they were a compendium of everything

that he most objected to in the social system of his country. Such people as that, all convention and patent-leather, with ejaculations that stopped conversation, had no business in a studio. A studio was a place to learn to see, and how could you see through a pair of feather beds?

The main inconvenience I suffered at their hands was that, at first, I was shy of letting them discover how my artful little servant had begun to sit to me for *Rutland Ramsay*. They knew that I had been odd enough (they were prepared by this time to allow oddity to artists,) to pick a foreign vagabond out of the streets, when I might have had a person with whiskers and credentials; but it was some time before they learned how high I rated his accomplishments. They found him in an attitude more than once, but they never doubted I was doing him as an organ-grinder. There were several things they never guessed, and one of them was that for a striking scene in the novel, in which a footman briefly figured, it occurred to me to make use of Major Monarch as the menial. I kept putting this off, I didn't like to ask him to don the livery—besides the difficulty of finding a livery to fit him. At last, one day late in the winter, when I was at work on the despised *Oronte* (he caught one's idea in an instant), and was in the glow of feeling that I was going very straight, they came in, the Major and his wife, with their society laugh about nothing (there was less and less to laugh at), like country-callers— they always reminded me of that—who have walked across the park after church and are presently persuaded to stay to luncheon. Luncheon was over, but they could stay to tea—I knew they wanted it. The fit was on me, however, and I couldn't let my ardor cool and my work wait, with the fading daylight, while my model prepared it. So I asked Mrs. Monarch if she would mind laying it out—a request which, for an instant, brought all the blood to her face. Her eyes were on her husband's for a second, and some mute telegraphy passed be-

tween them. Their folly was over the next instant; his cheerful shrewdness put an end to it. So far from pitying their wounded pride, I must add, I was moved to give it as complete a lesson as I could. They bustled about together and got out the cups and saucers and made the kettle boil. I know they felt as if they were waiting on my servant, and when the tea was prepared I said: "He'll have a cup, please—he's tired." Mrs. Monarch brought him one where he stood, and he took it from her as if he had been a gentleman at a party, squeezing a crush-hat with an elbow.

Then it came over me that she had made a great effort for me—made it with a kind of nobleness—and that I owed her a compensation. Each time I saw her after this I wondered what the compensation could be. I couldn't go on doing the wrong thing to oblige them. Oh, it *was* the wrong thing, the stamp of the work for which they sat—Hawley was not the only person to say it now. I sent in a large number of the drawings I had made for *Rutland Ramsay*, and I received a warning that was more to the point than Hawley's. The artistic adviser of the house for which I was working was of opinion that many of my illustrations were not what had been looked for. Most of these illustrations were the subjects in which the Monarchs had figured. Without going into the question of what *had* been looked for, I saw at this rate I shouldn't get the other books to do. I hurled myself in despair upon Miss Churm, I put her through all her paces. I not only adopted *Oronte* publicly as my hero, but one morning when the Major looked in to see if I didn't require him to finish a figure for the *Cheapside*, for which he had begun to sit the week before, I told him that I had changed my mind—I would do the drawing from my man. At this my visitor turned pale and stood looking at me. "Is he your idea of an English gentleman?" he asked.

I was disappointed. I was nervous, I wanted to get on with my work; so I replied with irritation: "Oh, my dear Major—I can't be ruined for *you*!"

He stood another moment; then, without a word, he quitted the studio. I drew a long breath when he was gone, for I said to myself that I shouldn't see him again. I had not told him definitely that I was in danger of having my work rejected, but I was vexed at his not having felt the catastrophe in the air, read with me the moral of our fruitless collaboration, the lesson that, in the deceptive atmosphere of art, even the highest respectability may fail of being plastic.

I didn't owe my friends money, but I did see them again. They re-appeared together, three days later, and under the circumstances there was something tragic in the fact. It was a proof to me that they could find nothing else in life to do. They had threshed the matter out in a dismal conference—they had digested the bad news that they were not in for the series. If they were not useful to me even for the *Cheapside*, their function seemed difficult to determine, and I could only judge at first that they had come, forgivingly, decorously, to take a last leave. This made me rejoice in secret that I had little leisure for a scene; for I had placed both my other models in position together and I was pegging away at a drawing from which I hoped to derive glory. It had been suggested by the passage in which Rutland Ramsay, drawing up a chair to Artemisia's piano-stool, says extraordinary things to her while she ostensibly fingers out a difficult piece of music. I had done Miss Churm at the piano before—it was an attitude in which she knew how to take on an absolutely poetic grace. I wished the two figures to "compose" together, intensely, and my little Italian had entered perfectly into my conception. The pair were vividly before me, the piano had been pulled out; it was a charming picture of blended youth and murmured love, which I had only to catch and keep. My visitors stood and looked at it, and I was friendly to them over my shoulder.

They made no response, but I was used to silent company and went on

with my work, only a little disconcerted (even though exhilarated by the sense that *this* was at least the ideal thing), at not having got rid of them after all. Presently I heard Mrs. Monarch's sweet voice beside, or rather above me: "I wish her hair was a little better done." I looked up and she was staring with a strange fixedness at Miss Churm whose back was turned to her. "Do you mind my just touching it?" she went on—a question which made me spring up for an instant, as with the instinctive fear that she might do the young lady a harm. But she quieted me with a glance I shall never forget—I confess I should like to have been able to paint *that*—and went for a moment to my model. She spoke to her softly, laying a hand upon her shoulder and bending over her; and as the girl, understanding, gratefully assented, she disposed her rough curls, with a few quick passes, in such a way as to make Miss Churm's head twice as charming. It was one of the most heroic personal services I have ever seen rendered. Then Mrs. Monarch turned away with a low sigh and, looking about her as if for something to do, stooped to the floor with a noble humility and picked up a dirty rag that had dropped out of my paint-box.

The Major meanwhile had also been looking for something to do and, wandering to the other end of the studio, saw before him my breakfast things, neglected, unremoved. "I say, can't I be useful *here*?" he called out to me with an irrepressible quaver. I assented with a laugh that I fear was awkward and for the next ten minutes, while I worked, I heard the light clatter of china and the tinkle of spoons and glass. Mrs. Monarch assisted her husband—they washed up my crockery, they put it away. They wandered off into my little scullery, and I afterwards found that they had cleaned my knives and that my slender stock of plate had an unprecedented surface. When it came over me, the latent eloquence of what they were doing, I confess that my drawing was blurred for a moment

—the picture swam. They had accepted their failure, but they couldn't accept their fate. They had bowed their heads in bewilderment to the perverse and cruel law in virtue of which the real thing could be so much less precious than the unreal; but they didn't want to starve. If my servants were my models, my models might be my servants. They would reverse the parts—the others would sit for the ladies and gentlemen, and *they* would do the work. They would still be in the studio—it was an intense dumb appeal to me not to turn them out. "Take us on," they wanted to say—"we'll do *anything*."

When all this hung before me the *afflatus* vanished—my pencil dropped from my hand. My sitting was spoiled and I got rid of my sitters, who were also evidently rather mystified and awestruck. Then, alone with the Major and his wife, I had a most uncomfortable moment. He put their prayer into a single sentence: "I say, you know—just let *us* do for you, can't you?" I couldn't—it was dreadful to see them emptying my slops; but I pretended I could, to oblige them, for about a week. Then I gave them a sum of money to go away; and I never saw them again. I obtained the remaining books, but my friend Hawley repeats that Major and Mrs. Monarch did me a permanent harm, got me into a second-rate trick. If it be true I am content to have paid the price—for the memory.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-1921)

BIRDS'-NESTS

How alert and vigilant the birds are, even when absorbed in building their nests! In an open space in the woods I see a pair of cedar-birds collecting moss from the top of a dead tree. Following the direction in which they fly, I soon discover the nest placed in the fork of a small soft-maple, which stands amid a thick growth of wild-cherry trees and young beeches. Care-

fully concealing myself beneath it, without any fear that the workmen will hit me with a chip or let fall a tool, I await the return of the busy pair. Presently I hear the well-known note, and the female sweeps down and settles unsuspectingly into the half-finished structure. Hardly have her wings rested before her eye has penetrated my screen, and with a hurried movement of alarm she darts away. In a moment the male, with a tuft of wool in his beak, (for there is a sheep-pasture near,) joins her, and the two reconnoitre the premises from the surrounding bushes. With their beaks still loaded, they move around with a frightened look, and refuse to approach the nest till I have moved off and lain down behind a log. Then one of them ventures to alight upon the nest, but, still suspecting all is not right, quickly darts away again. Then they both together come, and after much peeping and spying about, and apparently much anxious consultation, cautiously proceed to work. In less than half an hour it would seem that wool enough has been brought to supply the whole family, real and prospective, with socks, if needles and fingers could be found fine enough to knit it up. In less than a week the female has begun to deposit her eggs,—four of them, in as many days,—white tinged with purple, with black spots on the larger end. After two weeks of incubation, the young are out.

Excepting the American goldfinch, this bird builds later in the spring than any other—its nest, in our northern climate, seldom being undertaken till July. As with the goldfinch, the reason is, probably, that suitable food for the young cannot be had at an earlier period.

Like most of our common species, as the robin, sparrow, bluebird, pewee, wren, etc., this bird sometimes seeks wild, remote localities in which to rear its young; at others, takes up its abode near that of man. I knew a pair of cedar-birds, one season, to build in an apple-tree the branches of which rubbed

against the house. For a day or two before the first straw was laid, I noticed the pair carefully exploring every branch of the tree, the female taking the lead, the male following her with an anxious look and note. It was evident that the wife was to have her choice this time; and, like one who thoroughly knew her mind, she was proceeding to take it. Finally the site was chosen upon a high branch, extending over one low wing of the house. Mutual congratulations and caresses followed, when both birds flew away in quest of building material. That most freely used is a sort of cotton-bearing plant, which grows in old, worn-out fields. The nest is large for the size of the bird, and very soft. It is in every respect a first-class domicile.

On another occasion, while walking or rather loafing in the woods (for I have discovered that one cannot run and read the book of nature) my attention was arrested by a dull hammering, evidently but a few rods off. I said to myself, "Some one is building a house." From what I had previously seen, I suspected the builder to be a read-headed woodpecker in the top of a dead oak stub near by. Moving cautiously in that direction, I perceived a round hole, about the size of that made by an inch-and-a-half auger, near the top of the decayed trunk, and the white chips of the workman strewing the ground beneath. When but a few spaces from the tree, my foot pressed upon a dry twig, which gave forth a very slight snap. Instantly the hammering ceased, and a scarlet head appeared at the door. Though I remained perfectly motionless, forbearing even to wink till my eyes smarted, the bird refused to go on with his work, but flew quietly off to a neighboring tree. What surprised me was, that amid his busy occupation down in the heart of the old tree, he should have been so alert and watchful as to catch the slightest sound from without.

The woodpeckers all build in about the same manner, excavating the trunk or branch of a decayed tree and de-

positing the eggs on the fine fragments of wood at the bottom of the cavity. Though the nest is not especially an artistic work,—requiring strength rather than skill,—yet the eggs and the young of few other birds are so completely housed from the elements, or protected from their natural enemies—the jays, crows, hawks, and owls. A tree with a natural cavity is never selected, but one which has been dead just long enough to have become soft and brittle throughout. The bird goes in horizontally for a few inches, making a hole perfectly round and smooth and adapted to his size, then turns downward, gradually enlarging the hole, as he proceeds, to the depth of ten, fifteen, twenty inches, according to the softness of the tree and the requirements of the female in laying her eggs. A few days since, I climbed up to the nest of the downy wood-pecker, in the decayed top of a sugar-maple. For better protection against driving rains, the hole, which was rather more than an inch in diameter, was made immediately beneath a branch which stretched out almost horizontally from the main stem. It appeared merely a deeper shadow upon the dark and mottled surface of the bark with which the branches were covered, and could not be detected by the eye until one was within a few feet of it. The young chirped vociferously as I approached the nest, thinking it was the old one with food; but the clamor suddenly ceased as I put my hand on that part of the trunk in which they were concealed, the unusual jarring and rustling alarming them into silence. The cavity, which was about fifteen inches deep, was gourd-shaped, and was wrought out with great skill and regularity. The walls were quite smooth and clean and new.

I shall never forget the circumstance of observing a pair of yellow-bellied woodpeckers,—the most rare and secluded, and, next to the red-headed, the most beautiful species found in our woods,—breeding in an old, truncated beech in the Beaverville Mountains, an

offshoot of the Catskills. We had been travelling, three brothers of us, all day in search of a trout lake, which lay far in among the mountains, had twice lost our course in the trackless forest, and, weary and hungry, had sat down to rest upon a decayed log. The chattering of the young, and the passing to and fro of the parent birds, soon arrested my attention. The entrance to the nest was on the east side of the tree, about twenty-five feet from the ground. At intervals of scarcely a minute, the old birds, one after another, would alight upon the edge of the hole with a grub or a worm in their beaks; then each in turn would make a bow or two, cast an eye quickly around, and by a single movement place itself in the neck of the passage. Here it would pause a moment, as if to determine in which expectant mouth to place the morsel, and then disappear within. In about half a minute, during which time the chattering of the young gradually subsided, the bird would again emerge, but this time bearing in its beak the ordure of one of the helpless family. Flying away very slowly with head lowered and extended, as if anxious to hold the offensive object as far from its plumage as possible, the bird dropped the unsavory morsel in the course of a few yards, and, alighting on a tree, wiped its bill on the bark and moss. This seems to be the order all day,—carrying in and carrying out. I watched the birds for an hour, while my companions were taking their turn in exploring the lay of the land around us, and noted no variation of the programme. It would be curious to know if the young are fed and waited upon in regular order, and how, amid the darkness and the crowded state of the apartment, the matter is so neatly managed. But the ornithologists are all silent upon the subject.

This practice of the birds is not so uncommon as it might at first seem. It is indeed almost an invariable rule among all the land birds. With woodpeckers and kindred species, and with birds that burrow in the ground, as

bank swallows, kingfishers, etc., it is a necessity. The accumulation of the excrement in the nest would most likely prove fatal to the young.

But even among birds which neither bore nor mine, but which build a shallow nest on the branch of a tree or upon the ground, as the robin, the finches, the buntings, etc., the ordure of the young is removed to a distance by the parent bird. When the robin is seen going away from its brood with a slow heavy flight, entirely different from its manner a moment before on approaching the nest with a cherry or worm, it is certain to be engaged in this office. One may observe the social sparrow, when feeding its young, pause a moment after the worm has been given, and hop around on the brink of the nest, observing the movements within.

The instinct of cleanliness no doubt prompts the action in all cases, though the disposition to secrecy or concealment may not be unmixed with it.

The swallows form an exception to the rule, the excrement being voided by the young over the brink of the nest. They form an exception, also, to the rule of the secrecy, aiming not so much to conceal the nest as to render it inaccessible.

Other exceptions are the pigeons, hawks, and water-fowls.

But to return. Having a good chance to note the color and markings of the woodpeckers as they passed in and out at the opening of the nest, I saw that Audubon had made a mistake in figuring or describing the female of this species with the red spot upon the head. I have seen a number of pairs of them, and in no instance have I seen the mother bird marked with red.

The male was in full plumage, and I reluctantly shot him for a specimen. Passing by the place again next day, I paused a moment to note how matters stood. I confess it was not without some compunctions that I heard the cries of the young birds, and saw the widowed mother, her cares now doubled,

hastening to and fro in the solitary woods. She would occasionally pause expectantly on the trunk of a tree, and utter a loud call.

It usually happens, when the male of any species is killed during the breeding season, that the female soon procures another mate. There are, most likely, always a few unmated birds, of both sexes, within a given range, and through these the broken links may be restored. Audubon or Wilson, I forget which, tells of a pair of fish-hawks, or ospreys, that built their nest in an ancient oak. The male was so zealous in the defence of the young that it actually attacked with beak and claw a person who attempted to climb into its nest, putting his face and eyes in great jeopardy. Arming himself with a heavy club, the climber felled the gallant bird to the ground and killed him. In the course of a few days the female had procured another mate. But naturally enough the step-father showed none of the spirit and pluck in defence of the brood that had been displayed by the original parent. When danger was nigh, he was seen afar off, sailing around in placid unconcern.

It is generally known that when either the wild turkey or domestic turkey begins to lay, and afterwards to sit and rear the brood, she secludes herself from the male, who then, very suddenly herds with others of his sex, and betakes himself to haunts of his own till male and female, old and young, meet again on common ground, late in the fall. But rob the sitting bird of her eggs, or destroy her tender young, and she immediately sets out in quest of a male, who is no laggard when he hears her call. The same is true of ducks and other aquatic fowls. The propagating instinct is strong, and surmounts all ordinary difficulties. No doubt the widowhood I had caused in the case of the woodpeckers was of short duration, and chance brought, or the widow drummed up, some forlorn male, who was not dismayed by the prospect of having a large family of

half-grown birds on his hands at the outset.

I have seen a fine cock robin paying assiduous addresses to a female bird, as late as the middle of July; and I have no doubt that his intentions were honorable. I watched the pair for half an hour. The hen, I took it, was in the market for the second time that season, but the cock, from his bright, unfaded plumage, looked like a new arrival. The hen resented every advance of the male. In vain he strutted around her and displayed his fine feathers; every now and then she would make at him in the most spiteful manner. He followed her to the ground, poured into her ear a fine half-suppressed warble, offered her a worm, flew back to the tree again with a great spread of plumage, hopped around her on the branches, chirruped, chattered, flew gallantly at an intruder, and was back in an instant at her side. No use,—she cut him short at every turn.

The *dénouement* I cannot relate, as the artful bird, followed by her ardent suitor, soon flew away beyond my sight. It may not be rash to conclude, however, that she held out no longer than was prudent.

On the whole, there seems to be a system of Women's Rights prevailing among the birds, which, contemplated from the standpoint of the male, is quite admirable. In almost all cases of joint interest, the female bird is the most active. She determines the site of the nest, and is usually the most absorbed in its construction. Generally, she is more vigilant in caring for the young, and manifests the most concern when danger threatens. Hour after hour I have seen the mother of a brood of blue grossbeaks pass from the nearest meadow to the tree that held her nest, with a cricket or grasshopper in her bill, while her better-dressed half was singing serenely on a distant tree, or pursuing his pleasures amid the branches.

Yet the male is most conspicuous both by his color and manners and by his song, and is to that extent a shield

to the female. It is thought that the female is humbler clad for her better concealment during incubation. But this is not satisfactory, as in most cases she is relieved from time to time by the male. In the case of the domestic dove, for instance, promptly at mid-day the cock is found upon the nest. I should sooner say that the dull or neutral tints of the female were a provision of nature for her greater safety at all times, as her life is far more precious to the species than that of the male. The indispensable office of the male reduces itself to little more than a moment of time, while that of his mate extends over days and weeks, if not months.

In migrating northward, the males precede the females by eight or ten days; returning in the fall, the females and young precede the males by about the same time.

After the woodpeckers have abandoned their nests, or rather chambers, which they do after the first season, their cousins, the nuthatches, chickadees, and brown creepers, fall heir to them. These birds, especially the creepers and nuthatches, have many of the habits of the picidæ,¹ but lack their powers of bill, and so are unable to excavate a nest for themselves. Their habitation, therefore, is always second-hand. But each species carries in some soft material of various kinds, or, in other words, furnishes the tenement to its liking. The chickadee arranges in the bottom of the cavity a little mat of a light felt-like substance, which looks as if it came from the hatter's, but which is probably the work of numerous worms or caterpillars. On this soft lining the female deposits six white eggs.

I recently discovered one of these nests in a most interesting situation. The tree containing it, a variety of the wild-cherry, stood upon the brink of the bald summit of a high mountain. Gray, time-worn rocks lay piled loosely about, or overtopped the just visible by-ways of the red fox. The trees had

a half-scared look, and that indescribable wildness which lurks about the tops of all remote mountains possessed the place. Standing there, I looked down upon the back of the red-tailed hawk as he flew out over the earth beneath me. Following him, my eye also took in farms and settlements and villages and other mountain ranges that grew blue in the distance.

The parent birds attracted my attention by appearing with food in their beaks, and by seeming much put out. Yet so wary were they of revealing the locality of their brood, or even of the precise tree that held them, that I lurked around over an hour without gaining a point on them. Finally a bright and curious boy who accompanied me secreted himself under a low, projecting rock close to the tree in which we supposed the nest to be, while I moved off around the mountain-side. It was not long before the youth had their secret. The tree, which was low and wide, branching, and overrun with lichens, appeared at a cursory glance to contain not one dry or decayed limb. Yet there was one a few feet long, in which, when my eyes were piloted thither, I detected a small round orifice.

As my weight began to shake the branches, the consternation of both old and young was great. The stump of a limb that held the nest was about three inches thick, and at the bottom of the tunnel was excavated quite to the bark. With my thumb I broke in the thin wall, and the young, which were full-fledged, looked out upon the world for the first time. Presently one of them, with a significant chirp, as much as to say, "It is time we were out of this," began to climb up toward the proper entrance. Placing himself in the hole, he looked around without manifesting any surprise at the grand scene that lay spread out before him. He was taking his bearings, and determining how far he could trust the power of his untried wings to take him out of harm's way. After a moment's pause, with a loud chirp, he launched out and

¹ woodpeckers

made tolerable headway. The others rapidly followed. Each one, as it started upward, from a sudden impulse, contemptuously saluted the abandoned nest with its excrement.

Though generally regular in their habits and instincts, yet the birds sometimes seem as whimsical and capricious as superior beings. One is not safe, for instance, in making any absolute assertion as to their place or mode of building. Ground builders often get up into a bush, and tree builders sometimes get upon the ground or into a tussock of grass. The song sparrow, which is a ground builder, has been known to build in the knot-hole of a fence rail, and a chimney sparrow once got tired of soot and smoke, and fastened its nest on a rafter in a barn. A friend tells me of a pair of barn swallows which, taking a fanciful turn, saddled their nest in the loop of a rope that was pendent from a peg in the peak, and liked it so well that they repeated the experiment next year. I have known the social sparrow, or "hair bird," to build under a shed, in a tuft of hay that hung down, through the loose flooring, from the mow above.

It usually contents itself with half a dozen stalks of dry grass and a few long hairs from a cow's tail, loosely arranged on the branch of an apple-tree. The rough-winged swallow builds in the wall and in old stone heaps, and I have seen the robin build in similar localities. Others have found its nest in old, abandoned wells. The house wren will build in anything that has an accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bombshell. A pair of them once persisted in building their nest in the top of a certain pump-tree, getting in through the opening above the handle. The pump being in daily use, the nest was destroyed more than a score of times. This jealous little wretch has the wise forethought, when the box in which he builds contains two compartments, to fill up one of them, so as to avoid the risk of troublesome neighbors.

The less skilful builders sometimes depart from their usual habit, and take

up with the abandoned nest of some other species. The blue jay now and then lays in an old crow's-nest or cuckoo's-nest. The crow-blackbird, seized with a fit of indolence, drops its eggs in the cavity of a decayed branch. I heard of a cuckoo that dispossessed a robin of its nest; of another, that set a blue jay adrift. Large, loose structures, like the nests of the osprey and certain of the herons, have been found with half a dozen nests of the blackbird set in the outer edges, like so many parasites, or, as Audubon says, like the retainers about the rude court of a feudal baron.

The same birds breeding in a southern climate construct far less elaborate nests than when breeding in a northern climate. Certain species of waterfowl that abandon their eggs to the sand and the sun in the warmer zones, build a nest and sit in the usual way in Labrador. In Georgia, the Baltimore oriole places its nest upon the north side of the tree; in the Middle and Eastern States, it fixes it upon the south or east side, and makes it much thicker and warmer. I have seen one from the South that had some kind of coarse reed or sedge woven into it, giving it an openwork appearance, like a basket.

Very few species use the same material uniformly. I have seen the nest of the robin quite destitute of mud. In one instance, it was composed mainly of long black horse-hairs, arranged in a circular manner, with a lining of fine yellow grass; the whole presenting quite a novel appearance. In another case, the nest was chiefly constructed of a species of rock moss.

The nest for the second brood during the same season is often a mere makeshift. The haste of the female to deposit her eggs as the season advances seems very great, and the structure is apt to be prematurely finished. I was recently reminded of this fact by happening, about the last of July, to meet with several nests of the wood or bush sparrow in a remote blackberry field. The nests with eggs were far less elaborate and compact than the earlier

nests, from which the young had flown.

Day after day, as I go to a certain piece of woods, I observe a male indigo-bird sitting on precisely the same part of a high branch, and singing in his most vivacious style. As I approach, he ceases to sing, and, flirting his tail right and left with marked emphasis, chirps sharply. In a low bush near by, I come upon the object of his solicitude—a thick, compact nest composed largely of dry leaves and fine grass, in which a plain brown bird is sitting upon four pale blue eggs.

The wonder is, that a bird will leave the apparent security of the tree-tops, to place its nest in the way of the many dangers that walk and crawl upon the ground. There, far up out of reach, sings the bird; here, not three feet from the ground, are its eggs or helpless young. The truth is, birds are the greatest enemies of birds, and it is with reference to this fact that many of the smaller species build.

Perhaps the greatest proportion of birds breed along highways. I have known the ruffed grouse to come out of a dense wood, and make its nest at the root of a tree within ten paces of the road, where, no doubt, hawks and crows, as well as skunks and foxes, would be less liable to find it out. Traversing remote mountain-roads through dense woods, I have repeatedly seen the veery, or Wilson's thrush, sitting upon her nest, so near me that I could almost take her from it by stretching out my hand. Birds of prey show none of this confidence in man, and, when locating their nests, avoid rather than seek his haunts.

In a certain locality in the interior of New York, I know, every season, where I am sure to find a nest or two of the slate-colored snowbird. It is under the brink of a low, mossy bank, so near the highway that it could be reached from a passing vehicle with a whip. Every horse or wagon or foot passenger disturbs the sitting bird. But she awaits the near approach of the sound of feet or wheels, and then darts

quickly across the road, barely clearing the ground, and disappears amid the bushes on the opposite side.

In the trees that line one of the main streets and fashionable drives leading out of Washington City, and less than half a mile from the boundary, I have counted the nests of five different species at one time, and that without any very close scrutiny of the foliage, while in many acres of woodland, half a mile off, I searched in vain for a single nest. Among the five, the nest that interested me most was that of the blue grossbeak. Here, this bird, which, according to Audubon's observations in Louisiana, is shy and reclusive, affecting remote marshes and the borders of large ponds of stagnant water, had placed its nest in the lowest twig of the lowest branch of a large sycamore, immediately over a great thoroughfare, and so near the ground that a person standing in a cart or sitting on a horse could have reached it with his hand. The nest was composed mainly of fragments of newspaper and stalks of grass, and though so low, was remarkably well concealed by one of the peculiar clusters of twigs and leaves which characterize this tree. The nest contained young when I discovered it, and though the parent birds were much annoyed by my loitering about beneath the tree, they paid little attention to the stream of vehicles that was constantly passing. It was a wonder to me when the birds could have built it, for they are much shyer when building than at other times. No doubt they worked mostly in the morning, having the early hours all to themselves.

Another pair of blue grossbeaks built in a grave-yard within the city limits. The nest was placed in a low bush, and the male continued to sing at intervals till the young were ready to fly. The song of this bird is a rapid, intricate warble, like that of the indigo-bird, though stronger and louder. Indeed, these two birds so much resemble each other in color, form, manner, voice, and general habits that, were

it not for the difference in size,—the grossbeak being nearly as large again as the indigo-bird,—it would be a hard matter to tell them apart. The females of both species are clad in the same reddish-brown suits. So are the young the first season.

Of course in the deep, primitive woods also are nests; but how rarely we find them! The simple art of the bird consists in choosing common, neutral-tinted material, as moss, dry leaves, twigs, and various odds and ends, and placing the structure on a convenient branch where it blends in color with its surroundings; but how consummate is this art, and how skillfully is the nest concealed! We occasionally light upon it, but who, unaided by the movements of the bird, could find it out? During the present season I went to the woods nearly every day for a fortnight, without making any discoveries of this kind; till one day, paying them a farewell visit, I chanced to come upon several nests. A black and white creeping warbler suddenly became much alarmed as I approached a crumbling old stump in a dense part of the forest. He alighted upon it, chirped sharply, ran up and down its sides, and finally left it with much reluctance. The nest, which contained three young birds nearly fledged, was placed upon the ground at the foot of the stump, and in such a position that the color of the young harmonized perfectly with the bits of bark, sticks, etc., lying about. My eye rested upon them for the second time before I made them out. They hugged the nest very closely, but, as I put down my hand, they all scampered off with loud cries for help, which caused the parent birds to place themselves almost within my reach. The nest was merely a little dry grass arranged in a thick bed of dry leaves.

This was amid a thick undergrowth. Moving on into a passage of large stately hemlocks, with only here and there a small beech or maple rising up into the perennial twilight, I paused to make out a note which was entirely new

to me. It is still in my ear. Though unmistakably a bird note, it yet suggested the bleating of a tiny lambkin. Presently the birds appeared,—a pair of the solitary vireo. They came flitting from point to point, alighting only for a moment at a time, the male silent, but the female uttering this strange, tender note. It was a rendering into some new sylvan dialect of the human sentiment of maidenly love. It was really pathetic in its sweetness and childlike confidence and joy. I soon discovered that the pair were building a nest upon a low branch a few yards away from me. The male flew cautiously to the spot, and adjusted something, and the twain moved on, the female calling to her mate at intervals, *love-e, love-e*, with a cadence and tenderness in the tone that rang in the ear long afterward. The nest was suspended to the fork of a small branch, as is usual with the vireos, plentifully lined with lichens, and bound and rebound with masses of coarse spiderwebs. There was no attempt at concealment except in the neutral tints, which made it look like a natural growth of the dim, gray woods.

Continuing my random walk, I next paused in a low part of the woods, where the larger trees began to give place to a thick second growth that covered an old bark-peeling. I was standing by a large maple, when a small bird darted quickly away from it, as if it might have come out of a hole near its base. As the bird paused a few yards from me, and began to chirp uneasily, my curiosity was at once excited. When I saw it was the female mourning ground warbler, and remembering that the nest of this bird had not yet been seen by any naturalist—that not even Dr. Brewer had ever seen the eggs,—I felt that here was something worth looking for. So I carefully began the search, exploring inch by inch the ground, the base and roots of the tree, and the various shrubbery growths about it, till, finding nothing, and fearing I might really put my foot in it, I bethought me to with-

draw to a distance and after some delay return again, and, thus forewarned, note the exact point from which the bird flew. This I did, and, returning, had little difficulty in discovering the nest. It was placed but a few feet from the maple-tree, in a bunch of ferns, and about six inches from the ground. It was quite a massive nest, composed entirely of the stalks and 10 leaves of dry grass, with an inner lining of fine, dark brown roots. The eggs, three in number, were of light flesh-color, uniformly specked with fine brown specks. The cavity of the nest was so deep that the back of the sitting bird sank below the edge.

In the top of a tall tree, a short distance farther on, I saw the nest of the red-tailed hawk,—a large mass of twigs 20 and dry sticks. The young had flown, but still lingered in the vicinity, and, as I approached, the mother bird flew about over me, squealing in a very angry, savage manner. Tufts of the hair and other indigestible material of the common meadow mouse lay around on the ground beneath the nest.

As I was about leaving the woods my hat almost touched the nest of the 30 red-eyed vireo, which hung basket-like on the end of a low, drooping branch of the beech. I should never have seen it had the bird kept her place. It contained three eggs of the bird's own, and one of the cow bunting. The strange egg was only just perceptibly larger than the others, yet three days after, when I looked into the nest again and found all but one egg hatched, the 40 young interloper was at least four times as large as either of the others, and with such a superabundance of bowels as to almost smother his bedfellows beneath them. That the intruder should fare the same as the rightful occupants, and thrive with them, was more than ordinary potluck; but that it alone should thrive, devouring, as it were, all the rest, is one of 50 those freaks of Nature in which she would seem to discourage the homely virtues of prudence and honesty. Weeds and parasites have the odds

greatly against them, yet they wage a very successful war nevertheless.

The woods hold not such another gem as the nest of the humming-bird. The finding of one is an event to date from. It is the next best thing to finding an eagle's nest. I have met with but two, both by chance. One was placed on the horizontal branch of a chestnut-tree, with a solitary green 10 leaf, forming a complete canopy, about an inch and a half above it. The repeated spiteful dartings of the bird past my ears, as I stood under the tree, caused me to suspect that I was intruding upon some one's privacy; and following it with my eye, I soon saw the nest, which was in process of construction. Adopting my usual tac- 20 tics of secreting myself near by, I had the satisfaction of seeing the tiny artist at work. It was the female unassisted by her mate. At intervals of two or three minutes, she would appear with a small tuft of some cottony substance in her beak, dart a few times through and around the tree, and alighting quickly in the nest, arrange the material she had brought, using her breast 30 as the model.

The other nest I discovered in a dense forest on the side of a mountain. The sitting bird was disturbed as I passed beneath her. The whirring of her wings arrested my attention, when, after a short pause, I had the good luck to see, through an opening in the leaves, the bird return to her nest, which appeared like a mere wart or 40 excrescence on a small branch. The humming-bird, unlike all others, does not alight upon the nest, but flies into it. She enters it as quick as a flash, but as light as a feather. Two eggs are the complement. They are perfectly white, and so frail that only a woman's fingers may touch them. Incubation lasts about ten days. In a week the young have flown.

The only nest like the humming-bird's, and comparable to it in neatness and symmetry, is that of the blue-gray gnat-catcher. This is often saddled upon the limb in the same manner,

though it is generally more or less pendent; it is deep and soft, composed mostly of some vegetable down covered all over with delicate tree-lichens, and, except that it is much larger, appears almost identical with the nest of the humming-bird.

But the nest of nests, the ideal nest, after we have left the deep woods, is unquestionably that of the Baltimore oriole. It is the only perfectly pensile nest we have. The nest of the orchard oriole is indeed mainly so, but this bird generally builds lower and shallower, more after the manner of the vireos.

The Baltimore oriole loves to attach its nest to the swaying branches of the tallest elms, making no attempt at concealment, but satisfied if the position be high and the branch pendent. This nest would seem to cost more time and skill than any other bird structure. A peculiar flax-like substance seems to be always sought after and always found. The nest when completed assumes the form of a large, suspended, gourd-shaped drop. The walls are thin but firm, and proof against the most driving rain. The mouth is hemmed or over-handed with horse-hair, and the sides are usually sewed through and through with the same.

Not particular as to the matter of secrecy, the bird is not particular as to material, so that it be of the nature of strings or threads. A lady friend once told me that, while working by an open window, one of these birds approached during her momentary absence, and, seizing a skein of some kind of thread or yarn, made off with it to its half-finished nest. But the perverse yarn caught fast in the branches, and, in the bird's efforts to extricate it, got hopelessly tangled. She tugged away at it all day, but was finally obliged to content herself with a few detached portions. The fluttering strings were an eyesore to her ever after, and, passing and repassing, she would pause to give them a spiteful jerk, as much as to say, "There is that confounded yarn that gave me so much trouble."

From Pennsylvania, Vincent Barnard (to whom I am indebted for other curious facts) sent me this interesting story of an oriole. He says a friend of his, curious in such things, on observing the bird beginning to build, hung out near the prospective nest skeins of many-colored zephyr yarn, which the eager artist readily appropriated. He managed it so that the bird used nearly equal quantities of various high, bright colors. The nest was made unusually deep and capacious, and it may be questioned if such a thing of beauty was ever before woven by the cunning of a bird. . . .

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

("MARK TWAIN")

(1835-1910)

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI¹

CHAPTER VII

A DARING DEED

When I returned to the pilot-house St. Louis was gone, and I was lost. Here was a piece of river which was all down in my book, but I could make neither head nor tail of it; you understand, it was turned around. I had seen it when coming up-stream, but I had never faced about to see how it looked when it was behind me. My heart broke again, for it was plain that I had got to learn this troublesome river both ways.

The pilot-house was full of pilots, going down to "look at the river." What is called the "upper river" (the two hundred miles between St. Louis and Cairo, where the Ohio comes in) was low; and the Mississippi changes its channel so constantly that the pilots used to always find it necessary to run down to Cairo to take a fresh look, when their boats were to lie in port a week; that is, when the water was at a low stage. A deal of this "looking at the river" was done by poor fellows who seldom had a berth, and

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whose only hope of getting one lay in their being always freshly posted and therefore ready to drop into the shoes of some reputable pilot, for a single trip, on account of such pilot's sudden illness, or some other necessity. And a good many of them constantly ran up and down inspecting the river, not because they ever really hoped to get a berth, but because (they being guests of the boat) it was cheaper to "look at the river" than stay ashore and pay board. In time these fellows grew dainty in their tastes, and only infested boats that had an established reputation for setting good tables. All visiting pilots were useful, for they were always ready and willing, winter or summer, night or day, to go out in the yawl and help buoy the channel or assist the boat's pilot in any way they could. They were likewise welcome because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

We had a fine company of these river inspectors along this trip. There were eight or ten, and there was abundance of room for them in our great pilot-house. Two or three of them wore polished silk hats, elaborate shirt-fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. They were choice in their English, and bore themselves with a dignity proper to men of solid means and prodigious reputation as pilots. The others were more or less loosely clad, and wore upon their heads tall felt cones that were suggestive of the days of the Commonwealth.

I was a cipher in this august company, and felt subdued, not to say torpid. I was not even of sufficient consequence to assist at the wheel when it was necessary to put the tiller hard down in a hurry; the guest that stood nearest did that when occasion required—and this was pretty much all the time, because of the crookedness of the

channel and the scant water. I stood in a corner; and the talk I listened to took the hope all out of me. One visitor said to another:

"Jim, how did you run Plum Point, coming up?"

"It was in the night, there, and I ran it the way one of the boys on the *Diana* told me; started out about fifty yards above the wood-pile on the false point, and held on the cabin under Plum Point till I raised the reef—quarter less twain—then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cottonwood in the bend, then got my stern on the cottonwood, and head on the low place above the point, and came through a-booming—nine and a half."

"Pretty square crossing, ain't it?"

"Yes, but the upper bar's working down fast."

Another pilot spoke up and said:

"I had better water than that, and ran it lower down; started out from the false point—mark twain—raised the second reef abreast the big snag in the bend, and had quarter less twain."

One of the gorgeous ones remarked:

"I don't want to find fault with your leadsmen, but that's a good deal of water for Plum Point, it seems to me."

There was an approving nod all around as this quiet snub dropped on the boaster and "settled" him. And so they went on talk-talk-talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was, "Now, if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must even get up a personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cottonwood and obscure wood-pile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark, unless these guests are gifted with eyes that can pierce through two miles of solid blackness. I wish the piloting business was in Jericho and I had never thought of it."

At dusk, Mr. Bixby tapped the big bell three times (the signal to land), and the captain emerged from his drawing-room in the forward end of the "texas," and looked up inquiringly. Mr. Bixby said:

"We will lay up here all night, captain."

"Very well, sir."

That was all. The boat came to 10 shore and was tied up for the night. It seemed to me a fine thing that the pilot could do as he pleased, without asking so grand a captain's permission. I took my supper and went immediately to bed, discouraged by my day's observations and experiences. My late voyage's note-bookings was but a confusion of meaningless names. It had tangled me all up in a knot every 20 time I had looked at it in the daytime. I now hoped for respite in sleep; but no, it reveled all through my head till sunrise again, a frantic and tireless nightmare.

Next morning I felt pretty rusty and low-spirited. We went booming along, taking a good many chances, for we were anxious to "get out of the river" (as getting on to Cairo was called) before night should overtake us. But Mr. Bixby's partner, the other pilot, presently grounded the boat, and we lost so much time getting her off that it was plain the darkness would overtake us a good long way above the mouth. This was a great misfortune, especially to certain of our visiting pilots, whose boats would have to wait for their return, no matter how long 40 that might be. It sobered the pilot-house talk a good deal. Coming up stream, pilots did not mind low water or any kind of darkness; nothing stopped them but fog. But downstream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run down-stream at night in low water.

There seemed to be one small hope, however. If we could get through the intricate and dangerous Hat Island crossing before night, we could venture

the rest, for we would have plainer sailing and better water. But it would be insanity to attempt Hat Island at night. So there was a good deal of looking at watches all the rest of the day, and a constant ciphering upon the speed we were making; Hat Island was the eternal subject; sometimes hope was high and sometimes we were delayed in a bad crossing, and down it went again. For hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement; it was even communicated to me, and I got to feeling so solicitous about Hat Island, and under such an awful pressure of responsibility, that I wished I might have five minutes on shore to draw a good, full, relieving breath, and start over again. We were standing no regular watches. Each of our pilots ran such portions of the river as he had run when coming up-stream, because of his greater familiarity with it; but both remained in the pilot-house constantly.

An hour before sunset Mr. Bixby took the wheel, and Mr. W. stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent, and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomsday sigh:

"Well, yonder's Hat Island—and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about its being "too bad, too bad—ah, if we could only have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place 40 was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell-tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another; and one who had his hand on the door-knob and had turned it, waited, then presently took away his hand and let the knob turn back again. We bore 50 steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration—but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. Bixby, as the sky darkened and one or

two dim stars came out. The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain! Quarter-less——"

Mr. Bixby pulled two bell-ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine-room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge-cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on—and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching now, with fixed eyes, and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks—for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea—he would meet and fasten her there. Out of the murmur of half-audible talk, one caught a coherent sentence now and then—such as:

"There; she's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause, another subdued voice:

"Her stern's coming down just exactly right, by George!"

"Now she's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered:

"Oh, it was done beautiful—beautiful!"

Now the engines were stopped altogether, and we drifted with the current. Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. The drifting was the dismalest work; it held one's heart

still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do something, anything, to save the vessel. But still Mr. Bixby stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler, by the leadsmen's cries, till it was down to:

"Eight-and-a-half! E-i-g-h-t feet! E-i-g-h-t feet!"

"Seven-and——"

Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet! Six-and——"

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "Now, let her have it—every ounce you've got!" Then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. Bixby was a hero that night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by the river men.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of water, one should know that not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern, but at one place she must pass almost within arm's

reach of a sunken and invisible wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was a compliment to Mr. Bixby uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests. He said:

"By the Shadow of Death, but he's a lightning pilot!"

CHAPTER VIII

PERPLEXING LESSONS

At the end of what seemed a tedious while, I had managed to pack my head full of islands, towns, bars, "points," and bends; and a curiously inanimate mass of lumber it was, too. However, inasmuch as I could shut my eyes and reel off a good long string of these names without leaving out more than ten miles of river in every fifty, I began to feel that I could take a boat down to New Orleans if I could make her skip those little gaps. But of course my complacency could hardly get start enough to lift my nose a trifle into the air, before Mr. Bixby would think of something to fetch it down again. One day he turned on me suddenly with this settler:

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?"

He might as well have asked me my grandmother's opinion of protoplasm. I reflected respectfully, and then said I didn't know it had any particular shape. My gun-powdery chief went off with a bang, of course, and then went on loading and firing until he was out of adjectives.

I had learned long ago that he only carried just so many rounds of ammunition, and was sure to subside into a very placable and even remorseful old smoothbore as soon as they were all gone. That word "old" is merely affectionate; he was not more than thirty-four. I waited. By and by he said:

"My boy, you've got to know the shape of the river perfectly. It is all there is left to steer by on a very dark night. Everything else is blotted out and gone. But mind you, it hasn't the same shape in the night that it has in the daytime."

"How on earth am I ever going to learn it, then?"

"How do you follow a hall at home in the dark? Because you know the shape of it. You can't see it."

"Do you mean to say that I've got to know all the million trifling variations of shape in the banks of this interminable river as well as I know the shape of the front hall at home?"

"On my honor, you've got to know them better than any man ever did know the shapes of the halls in his own house."

"I wish I was dead!"

"Now I don't want to discourage you, but—"

"Well, pile it on me; I might as well have it now as another time."

"You see, this has got to be learned; there isn't any getting around it. A clear starlight night throws such heavy shadows that, if you didn't know the shape of a shore perfectly, you would claw away from every bunch of timber, because you would take the black shadow of it for a solid cape; and you see you would be getting scared to death every fifteen minutes by the watch. You would be fifty yards from shore all the time when you ought to be within fifty feet of it. You can't see a snag in one of those shadows, but you know exactly where it is, and the shape of the river tells you when you are coming to it. Then there's your pitch-dark night; the river is a very different shape on a pitch-dark night from what it is on a starlight night. All shores seem to be straight lines, then, and mighty dim ones, too; and you'd run them for straight lines, only you know better. You boldly drive your boat into what seems to be a solid, straight wall (you knowing very well that in reality there is a curve there), and that wall falls back and

makes way for you. Then there's your gray mist. You take a night when there's one of these grisly, drizzly, gray mists, and then there isn't any particular shape to a shore. A gray mist would tangle the head of the oldest man that ever lived. Well, then, different kinds of moonlight change the shape of the river in different ways. You see——"

"Oh, don't say any more, please! Have I got to learn the shape of the river according to all these five hundred thousand different ways? If I tried to carry all that cargo in my head it would make me stoop-shouldered."

"No! you only learn *the* shape of the river; and you learn it with such absolute certainty that you can always steer by the shape that's in your head, and never mind the one that's before your eyes."

"Very well, I'll try it; but, after I have learned it, can I depend on it? Will it keep the same form and not go fooling around?"

Before Mr. Bixby could answer, Mr. W. came in to take the watch, and he said:

"Bixby, you'll have to look out for President's Island, and all that country clear away up above the Old Hen and Chickens. The banks are caving and the shape of the shores changing like everything. Why, you wouldn't know the point above 40. You can go up inside the old sycamore snag, now."

So that question was answered. Here were leagues of shore changing shape. My spirits were down in the mud again. Two things seemed pretty apparent to me. One was, that in order to be a pilot a man had got to learn more than any one man ought to be allowed to know; and the other was, that he must learn it all over again in a different way every twenty-four hours.

That night we had the watch until twelve. Now it was an ancient river custom for the two pilots to chat a bit when the watch changed. While the relieving pilot put on his gloves and

lit his cigar, his partner, the retiring pilot, would say something like this:

"I judge the upper bar is making down a little at Hale's Point; had quarter twain with the lower lead and mark twain with the other."

"Met one abreast the head of 21, but she was away over hugging the bar, and I couldn't make her out entirely. 10 I took her for the *Sunny South*—hadn't any skylights forward of the chimneys."

And so on. And as the relieving pilot took the wheel his partner would mention that we were in such-and-such a bend, and say we were abreast of such-and-such a man's woodyard or plantation. This was courtesy; I supposed it was necessity. But Mr. W. came on watch full twelve minutes late on this particular night—a tremendous breach of etiquette; in fact, it is the unpardonable sin among pilots. So Mr. Bixby gave him no greeting whatever, but simply surrendered the wheel and marched out of the pilot-house without a word. I was appalled; it was a villainous night for blackness, we were in a particularly wide and blind part of the river, where there was no shape or substance to anything, and it seemed incredible that Mr. Bixby should have left that poor fellow to kill the boat, trying to find out where he was. But I resolved that I would stand by him anyway. He should find that he was not wholly friendless. So I stood around, and waited to be asked where we were. But Mr. W. plunged on serenely through the solid firmament of black cats that stood for an atmosphere, and never opened his mouth. "Here is a proud devil!" thought I; "here is a limb of Satan that would rather send us all to destruction than put himself under obligations to me, because I am not yet one of the salt of the earth and privileged to snub captains and lord it over everything dead and alive in a steamboat." I presently climbed upon the bench; I did not think it was safe to go to sleep while this lunatic was on watch.

However, I must have gone to sleep in the course of time, because the next thing I was aware of was the fact that day was breaking, Mr. W. gone, and Mr. Bixby at the wheel again. So it was four o'clock and all well—but me; I felt like a skinful of dry bones, and all of them trying to ache at once.

Mr. Bixby asked me what I had stayed up there for. I confessed that it was to do Mr. W. a benevolence—tell him where he was. It took five minutes for the entire preposterousness of the thing to filter into Mr. Bixby's system, and then I judge it filled him nearly up to the chin; because he paid me a compliment—and not much of a one either. He said:

"Well, taking you by and large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before. What did you suppose he wanted to know for?"

I said I thought it might be a convenience to him.

"Convenience! D—nation! Didn't I tell you that a man's got to know the river in the night the same as he'd know his own front hall?"

"Well, I can follow the front hall in the dark if I know it is the front hall; but suppose you set me down in the middle of it in the dark and not tell me which hall it is, how am I to know?"

"Well, you've got to, on the river!"

"All right. Then I'm glad I never said anything to Mr. W."

"I should say so! Why, he'd have slammed you through the window and utterly ruined a hundred dollars' worth of window-sash and stuff."

I was glad this damage had been saved, for it would have made me unpopular with the owners. They always hated anybody who had the name of being careless and injuring things.

I went to work now to learn the shape of the river; and of all the eluding and ungraspable objects that ever I tried to get mind or hands on, that was the chief. I would fasten my eyes upon a sharp, wooded point that projected far into the river some miles ahead of me, and go to laboriously photograph-

ing its shape in my brain; and just as I was beginning to succeed to my satisfaction, we would draw up toward it and the exasperating thing would begin to melt away and fold back into the bank! If there had been a conspicuous dead tree standing upon the very point of the cape, I would find that tree inconspicuously merged into the general forest, when I got abreast of it! No prominent hill would stick to its shape long enough for me to make up my mind what its form really was, but it was as dissolving and changeful as if it had been a mountain of butter in the hottest corner of the tropics. Nothing ever had the same shape when I was coming down-stream that it had borne when I went up. I mentioned these little difficulties to Mr. Bixby. He said:

"That's the very main virtue of the thing. If the shapes didn't change every three seconds they wouldn't be of any use. Take this place where we are now, for instance. As long as that hill over yonder is only one hill, I can boom right along the way I'm going; but the moment it splits at the tops and forms a V, I know I've got to scratch to starboard in a hurry, or I'll bang this boat's brains out against a rock; and then the moment one of the prongs of the V swing behind the other, I've got to waltz around to larboard again, or I'll have a misunderstanding with a snag that would snatch the keelson out of this steamboat as neatly as if it were a sliver in your hand. If that hill didn't change its shape on bad nights there would be an awful steamboat graveyard around here inside of a year."

It was plain that I had got to learn the shape of the river in all the different ways that could be thought of, —upside down, wrong end first, inside out, fore-and-aft, and "thort-ships,"—and then know what to do on gray nights when it hadn't any shape at all. So I set about it. In the course of time I began to get the best of this knotty lesson, and my self-complacency moved to the front once more. Mr. Bixby

was all fixed and ready to start it to the rear again. He opened on me after this fashion:

"How much water did we have in the middle crossing at Hole-in-the-Wall, trip before last?"

I considered this an outrage. I said:

"Every trip, down and up, the leadsmen are singing through that tangled place for three-quarters of an hour on a stretch. How do you reckon I can remember such a mess as that?"

"My boy, you've got to remember it. You've got to remember the exact spot and the exact marks the boat lay in when we had the shoalest water, in every one of the five hundred shoal places between St. Louis and New Orleans; and you mustn't get the shoal soundings and marks of one trip mixed up with the shoal soundings and marks of another, either, for they're not often twice alike. You must keep them separate."

When I came to myself again, I said:

"When I get so that I can do that, I'll be able to raise the dead, and then I won't have to pilot a steamboat to make a living. I want to retire from this business. I want a slush-bucket and a brush; I'm only fit for a roustabout. I haven't got brains enough to be a pilot; and if I had I wouldn't have the strength to carry them around, unless I went on crutches."

"Now drop that! When I say I'll learn a man the river, I mean it. And you can depend on it, I'll learn him or kill him."

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN¹

CHAPTER X

After breakfast I wanted to talk about the dead man and guess out how he come to be killed, but Jim didn't want to. He said it would fetch bad luck; and besides, he said, he might come and ha'n't us; he said a man that warn't buried was more likely to go a-ha'n'ting around than one that was

planted and comfortable. That sounded pretty reasonable, so I didn't say no more; but I couldn't keep from studying over it and wishing I knowed who shot the man, and what they done it for.

We rummaged the clothes we'd got, and found eight dollars in silver sewed up in the lining of an old blanket overcoat. Jim said he reckoned the people in that house stole the coat, because if they'd 'a' knowed the money was there they wouldn't 'a' left it. I said I reckoned they killed him, too; but Jim didn't want to talk about that. I says:

"Now you think it's bad luck; but what did you say when I fetched in the snake-skin that I found on the top of the ridge, day before yesterday? You said it was the worst bad luck in the world to touch a snake-skin with my hands. Well, here's your bad luck! We've raked in all this truck and eight dollars besides. I wish we could have some bad luck like this every day, Jim."

"Never you mind, honey, never you mind. Don't you git too peart. It's a comin'! Mind I tell you, it's a-comin'!"

It did come, too. It was a Tuesday that we had that talk. Well, after dinner Friday we was laying around in the grass at the upper end of the ridge, and got out of tobacco. I went to the cavern to get some, and found a rattlesnake in there. I killed him, and curled him up on the foot of Jim's blanket, ever so natural, thinking there'd be some fun when Jim found him there. Well, by night I forgot all about the snake, and when Jim flung himself down on the blanket while I struck a light the snake's mate was there, and bit him.

He jumped up yelling, and the first thing the light showed was the varmint curled up and ready for another spring. I laid him out in a second with a stick, and Jim grabbed pap's whiskey-jug and begun to pour it down.

He was barefooted, and the snake bit him right on the heel. That all comes of my being such a fool as to

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not remember that wherever you leave a dead snake its mate always comes there and curls around it. Jim told me to chop off the snake's head and throw it away, and then skin the body and roast a piece of it. I done it, and he eat it and said it would help cure him. He made me take off the rattles and tie them around his wrist, too. He said that that would help. Then I slid out 10 quiet and throwed the snakes clear away amongst the bushes; for I warn't going to let Jim find out it was all my fault, not if I could help it.

Jim sucked and sucked at the jug, and now and then he got out of his head and pitched around and yelled; but every time he come to himself he went to sucking at the jug again. His foot swelled up pretty big, and so did 20 his leg; but by and by the drunk begun to come, and so I judged he was all right; but I'd druther been bit with a snake than pap's whiskey.

Jim was laid up for four days and nights. Then the swelling was all gone and he was around again. I made up my mind I wouldn't ever take a-holt of a snake-skin again with my hands, now that I see what had come of it. 30 Jim said he reckoned I would believe him next time. And he said that handling a snake-skin was such awful bad luck that maybe we hadn't got to the end of it yet. He said he'd ruther see the new moon over his left shoulder as much as a thousand times than take up a snake-skin in his hand. Well, I was getting to feel that way myself, though I've always reckoned that look- 40 ing at the new moon over your left shoulder is one of the carelessst and foolishst things a body can do. Old Hank Bunker done it once, and bragged about it; and in less than two years he got drunk and fell off of the shot-tower, and spread himself out so that he was just a kind of a layer, as you may say; and they slid him edgeways between two barn doors for a coffin, 50 and buried him so, so they say; but I didn't see it. Pap told me. But anyway, it all come of looking at the moon that way, like a fool.

Well, the days went along, and the river went down between its banks again; and about the first thing we done was to bait one of the big hooks with a skinned rabbit and set it and catch a catfish that was as big as a man, being six foot two inches long, and weighed over two hundred pounds. We couldn't handle him, of course, he would 'a' flung us into Illinois. We just set there and watched him rip and tear around till he drowned. We found a brass button in his stomach and a round ball, and lots of rubbage. We split the ball open with the hatchet, and there was a spool in it. Jim said he'd had it there a long time, to coat it over so and make a ball of it. It was as big a fish as was ever catched in the Mississippi, I reckon. Jim said he hadn't ever seen a bigger one. He would 'a' been worth a good deal over at the village. They peddle out such a fish as that by the pound in the market-house there; everybody buys some of him; his meat's as white as snow and makes a good fry.

Next morning I said it was getting slow and dull, and I wanted to get a stirring-up some way. I said I reckoned I would slip over the river and find out what was going on. Jim liked that notion; but he said I must go in the dark and look sharp. Then he studied it over and said, couldn't I put on some of them old things and dress up like a girl? That was a good notion, too. So we shortened up one of the calico gowns, and I turned up my 40 trouser-legs to my knees and got into it. Jim hitched it behind with the hooks, and it was a fair fit. I put on the sunbonnet and tied it under my chin, and then for a body to look in and see my face was like looking down a joint of stovepipe. Jim said nobody would know me, even in the daytime, hardly. I practised around all day to get the hang of the things, and by and by I could do pretty well in them, only Jim said I didn't walk like a girl; and he said I must quit pulling up my gown to get at my britches-pocket. I took notice, and done better.

I started up the Illinois shore in the canoe just after dark.

I started across to the town from a little below the ferry-landing, and the drift of the current fetched me in at the bottom of the town. I tied up and started along the bank. There was a light burning in a little shanty that hadn't been lived in for a long time, and I wondered who had took up quarters there. I slipped up and peeped in at the window. There was a woman about forty year old in there knitting by a candle that was on a pine table. I didn't know her face; she was a stranger, for you couldn't start a face in that town that I didn't know. Now this was lucky, because I was weakening; I was getting afraid I had come; people might know my voice and find me out. But if this woman had been in such a little town two days she could tell me all I wanted to know; so I knocked at the door, and made up my mind I wouldn't forget I was a girl.

CHAPTER XI

"Come in," says the woman, and I did. She says: "Take a cheer."

I done it. She looked me all over with her little shiny eyes, and says:

"What might your name be?"

"Sarah Williams."

"Where'bouts do you live? In the neighborhood?"

"No'm. In Hookerville, seven mile below. I've walked all the way and I'm all tired out."

"Hungry, too, I reckon. I'll find you something."

"No'm, I ain't hungry. I was so hungry I had to stop two miles below here at a farm; so I ain't hungry no more. It's what makes me so late. My mother's down sick, and out of money and everything, and I come to tell my uncle Abner Moore. He lives at the upper end of the town, she says. I hain't ever been here before. Do you know him?"

"No; but I don't know everybody yet. I haven't lived here quite two weeks. It's a considerable ways to the

upper end of the town. You better stay here all night. Take off your bonnet."

"No," says I; "I'll rest awhile, I reckon, and go on. I ain't afeard of the dark."

She said she wouldn't let me go by myself, but her husband would be in by and by, maybe in a hour and a half, and she'd send him along with me. Then she got to talking about her husband, and about her relations up the river, and her relations down the river, and about how much better off they used to was, and how they didn't know but they'd made a mistake coming to our town, instead of letting well alone—and so on and so on, till I was afeard I had made a mistake coming to her to find out what was going on in the town; but by and by she dropped on to pap and the murder, and then I was pretty willing to let her clatter right along. She told about me and Tom Sawyer finding the twelve thousand dollars (only she got it twenty) and all about pap and what a hard lot he was, and what a hard lot I was, and at last she got down to where I was murdered. I says:

"Who done it? We've heard considerable about these goings-on down in Hookerville, but we don't know who 'twas that killed Huck Finn."

"Well, I reckon there's a right smart chance of people here that'd like to know who killed him. Some think old Finn done it himself."

"No—is that so?"

"Most everybody thought it at first. He'll never know how nigh he come to getting lynched. But before night they changed around and judged it was done by a runaway nigger named Jim."

"Why he——"

I stopped. I reckoned I better keep still. She run on, and never noticed I had put in at all:

"The nigger run off the very night Huck Finn was killed. So there's a reward out for him—three hundred dollars. And there's a reward out for old Finn, too—two hundred dollars. You see, he come to town the morning after

the murder, and told about it, and was out with 'em on the ferry-boat hunt, and right away after he up and left. Before night they wanted to lynch him, but he was gone, you see. Well, next day they found out the nigger was gone; they found out he hadn't ben seen sence ten o'clock the night the murder was done. So then they put it on him, you see; and while they was full of it, next day, back comes old Finn, and went boo-hooing to Judge Thatcher to get money to hunt for the nigger all over Illinois with. The judge gave him some, and that evening he got drunk, and was around till after midnight with a couple of mighty hard-looking strangers, and then went off with them. Well, he ain't come back sence, and they ain't looking for him back till this thing blows over a little, for people thinks now that he killed his boy and fixed things so folks would think robbers done it, and then he'd get Huck's money without having to bother a long time with a lawsuit. People do say he warn't any too good to do it. Oh, he's sly, I reckon. If he don't come back for a year he'll be all right. You can't prove anything on him, you know; everything will be quieted down then, and he'll walk in Huck's money as easy as nothing."

"Yes, I reckon so, 'm. I don't see nothing in the way of it. Has everybody quit thinking the nigger done it?"

"Oh, no, not everybody. A good many thinks he done it. But they'll get the nigger pretty soon now, and maybe they can scare it out of him."

"Why, are they after him yet?"

"Well, you're innocent, ain't you? Does three hundred dollars lay around every day for people to pick up? Some folks think the nigger ain't far from here. I'm one of them—but I hain't talked it around. A few days ago I was talking with an old couple that lives next door in the log shanty, and they happened to say hardly anybody ever goes to that island over yonder that they call Jackson's Island. Don't anybody live there? says I. No, nobody, says they. I didn't say any more, but

I done some thinking. I was pretty near certain I'd seen smoke over there, about the head of the island, a day or two before that, so I says to myself, like as not that nigger's hiding over there; anyway, says I, it's worth the trouble to give the place a hunt. I hain't seen any smoke sence, so I reckon maybe he's gone, if it was him; but husband's going over to see—him and another man. He was gone up the river; but he got back to-day, and I told him as soon as he got here two hours ago."

I had got so uneasy I couldn't set still. I had to do something with my hands; so I took up a needle off of the table and went to threading it. My hands shook, and I was making a bad job of it. When the woman stopped talking I looked up, and she was looking at me pretty curious and smiling a little. I put down the needle and thread, and let on to be interested—and I was, too—and says:

"Three hundred dollars is a power of money. I wish my mother could get it. Is your husband going over there to-night?"

"Oh, yes. He went up-town with the man I was telling you of, to get a boat and see if they could borrow another gun. They'll go over after midnight."

"Couldn't they see better if they was to wait till daytime?"

"Yes. And couldn't the nigger see better, too? After midnight he'll likely be asleep, and they can slip around through the woods and hunt up his campfire all the better for the dark, if he's got one."

"I didn't think of that."

The woman kept looking at me pretty curious, and I didn't feel a bit comfortable. Pretty soon she says:

"What did you say your name was, honey?"

"M—Mary Williams."

Somehow it didn't seem to me that I said it was Mary before, so I didn't look up—seemed to me I said it was Sarah; so I felt sort of cornered, and was afeard maybe I was looking it, too.

I wished the woman would say something more; the longer she set still the uneasier I was. But now she says:

"Honey, I thought you said it was Sarah when you first come in?"

"Oh, yes'm, I did. Sarah Mary Williams. Sarah's my first name. Some calls me Sarah, some calls me Mary."

"Oh, that's the way of it?"

"Yes'm."

I was feeling better then, but I wished I was out of there, anyway. I couldn't look up yet.

Well, the woman fell to talking about how hard times was, and how poor they had to live, and how the rats was as free as if they owned the place, and so forth and so on, and then I got easy again. She was right about the rats. You'd see one stick his nose out of a hole in the corner every little while. She said she had to have things handy to throw at them when she was alone, or they wouldn't give her no peace. She showed me a bar of lead twisted up into a knot, and said she was a good shot with it generly, but she'd wrenched her arm a day or two ago, and didn't know whether she could throw true now. But she watched for a chance, and directly banged away at a rat; but she missed him wide, and said, "Ouch!" it hurt her arm so. Then she told me to try for the next one. I wanted to be getting away before the old man got back, but of course I didn't let on. I got the thing, and the first rat that showed his nose I let drive, and if he'd 'a' stayed where he was he'd 'a' been a tolerable sick rat. She said that was first-rate, and she reckoned I would hive the next one. She went and got the lump of lead and fetched it back, and brought along a hank of yarn which she wanted me to help her with. I held up my two hands and she put the hank over them, and went on talking about her husband's matters. But she broke off to say:

"Keep your eye on the rats. You better have the lead in your lap, handy."

So she dropped the lump into my lap just at that moment, and I clapped my legs together on it, and she went on

talking. But only about a minute. Then she took off the hank and looked me straight in the face, and very pleasant, and says:

"Come, now, what's your real name?"

"Wh-hat, mum?"

"What's your real name? Is it Bill, or Tom, or Bob?—or what is it?"

I reckon I shook like a leaf, and I didn't know hardly what to do. But I says:

"Please to don't poke fun at a poor girl like me, mum. If I'm in the way here, I'll——"

"No, you won't. Set down and stay where you are. I ain't going to hurt you, and I ain't going to tell on you, nuther. You just tell me your secret, and trust me. I'll keep it; and, what's more, I'll help you. So'll my old man if you want him to. You see, you're a runaway 'prentice, that's all. It ain't anything. There ain't no harm in it. You've been treated bad, and you made up your mind to cut. Bless you, child, I wouldn't tell on you. Tell me all about it now, that's a good boy."

So I said it wouldn't be no use to try to play it any longer, and I would just make a clean breast and tell her everything, but she mustn't go back on her promise. Then I told her my father and mother was dead, and the law had bound me out to a mean old farmer in the country thirty mile back from the river, and he treated me so bad I couldn't stand it no longer; he went away to be gone a couple of days, and so I took my chance and stole some of his daughter's old clothes and cleared out, and I had been three nights coming the thirty miles. I traveled nights, and hid daytimes and slept, and the bag of bread and meat I carried from home lasted me all the way, and I had a-plenty. I said I believed my uncle Abner Moore would take care of me, and so that was why I struck out for this town of Goshen.

"Goshen, child? This ain't Goshen. This is St. Petersburg. Goshen's ten mile further up the river. Who told you this was Goshen?"

"Why, a man I met at daybreak this

morning, just as I was going to turn into the woods for my regular sleep. He told me when the roads forked I must take the right hand, and five mile would fetch me to Goshen."

"He was drunk, I reckon. He told you just exactly wrong."

"Well, he did act like he was drunk, but it ain't no matter now. I got to be moving along. I'll fetch Goshen before 10 daylight."

"Hold on a minute. I'll put you up a snack to eat. You might want it."

So she put me up a snack, and says:

"Say, when a cow's laying down, which end of her gets up first? Answer up prompt now—don't stop to study over it. Which end gets up first?"

"The hind end, mum."

"Well, then, a horse?"

"The for'ard end, mum."

"Which side of a tree does the moss grow on?"

"North side."

"If fifteen cows is browsing on a hillside, how many of them eats with their heads pointed the same direction?"

"The whole fifteen, mum."

"Well, I reckon you have lived in the 30 country. I thought maybe you was trying to hocus me again. What's your real name, now?"

"George Peters, mum."

"Well, try to remember it, George. Don't forget and tell me it's Elexander before you go, and then get out by saying it's George Alexander when I catch you. And don't go about women in that old calico. You do a girl tolerable 40 poor, but you might fool men, maybe. Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to it; hold the needle still and poke the thread at it; that's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does t'other way. And when you throw at a rat or anything, hitch yourself up a-tiptoe and fetch your hand up over your head 50 as awkward as you can, and miss your rat about six or seven foot. Throw stiff-armed from the shoulder, like there was a pivot there for it to turn on,

like a girl; not from the wrist and elbow, with your arm out to one side, like a boy. And, mind you, when a girl tries to catch anything in her lap she throws her knees apart; she don't clap them together, the way you did when you caught the lump of lead. Why, I spotted you for a boy when you was threading the needle; and I contrived the other things just to make certain. Now trot along to your uncle, Sarah Mary Williams George Elexander Peters, and if you get into trouble you send word to Mrs. Judith Loftus, which is me, and I'll do what I can to get you out of it. Keep the river road all the way, and next time you tramp take shoes and socks with you. The river road's a rocky one, and your feet'll be 20 in a condition when you get to Goshen, I reckon."

I went up the bank about fifty yards, and then I doubled on my tracks and slipped back to where my canoe was, a good piece below the house. I jumped in, and was off in a hurry. I went upstream far enough to make the head of the island, and then started across. I took off the sun-bonnet, for I didn't want no blinders on then. When I was about the middle I heard the clock begin to strike, so I stops and listens; the sound come faint over the water but clear—eleven. When I struck the head of the island I never waited to blow, though I was most winded, but I shoved right into the timber where my old camp used to be, and started a good fire there on a high and dry spot.

Then I jumped in the canoe and dug out for our place, a mile and a half below, as hard as I could go. I landed, and slopped through the timber and up the ridge and into the cavern. There Jim laid, sound asleep on the ground. I roused him out and says:

"Git up and hump yourself, Jim! There ain't a minute to lose. They're after us!"

Jim never asked no questions, he never said a word; but the way he worked for the next half an hour showed about how he was scared. By that time everything we had in the

world was on our raft, and she was ready to be shoved out from the willow cove where she was hid. We put out the camp-fire at the cavern the first thing, and didn't show a candle outside after that.

I took the canoe out from the shore a little piece, and took a look; but if there was a boat around I couldn't see it, for stars and shadows ain't good to see by. Then we got out the raft and slipped along down in the shade, past the foot of the island dead still—never saying a word.

CHAPTER XII

It must 'a' been close onto one o'clock when we got below the island at last, and the raft did seem to go mighty slow. If a boat was to come along we was going to take to the canoe and break for the Illinois shore; and it was well a boat didn't come, for we hadn't ever thought to put the gun in the canoe, or a fishing-line, or anything to eat. We was in ruther too much of a sweat to think of so many things. It warn't good judgment to put everything on the raft.

If the men went to the island I just expect they found the camp-fire I built, and watched it all night for Jim to come. Anyways, they stayed away from us, and if my building the fire never fooled them it warn't no fault of mine. I played it as low down on them as I could.

When the first streak of day began to show we tied up to a tow-head in a big bend on the Illinois side, and hacked off cottonwood branches with the hatchet, and covered up the raft with them so she looked like there had been a cave-in in the bank there. A towhead is a sand-bar that has cottonwoods on it as thick as harrow-teeth.

We had mountains on the Missouri shore and heavy timber on the Illinois side, and the channel was down the Missouri shore at that place, so we warn't afraid of anybody running across us. We laid there all day, and watched the rafts and steamboats

spin down the Missouri shore, and up-bound steamboats fight the big river in the middle. I told Jim all about the time I had jabbering with that woman; and Jim said she was a smart one, and if she was to start after us herself she wouldn't set down and watch a camp-fire—no, sir, she'd fetch a dog. Well, then, I said, why couldn't she tell her husband to fetch a dog? Jim said he bet she did think of it by the time the men was ready to start, and he believed they must 'a' gone up-town to get a dog and so they lost all that time, or else we wouldn't be here on a tow-head sixteen or seventeen mile below the village—no, indeedy, we would be in that same old town again. So I said I didn't care what was the reason they didn't get us as long as they didn't.

When it was beginning to come on dark we poked our heads out of the cottonwood thicket, and looked up and down and across; nothing in sight; so Jim took up some of the top planks of the raft and built a snug wigwam to get under in blazing weather and rainy, and to keep the things dry. Jim made a floor for the wigwam, and raised it a foot or more above the level of the raft, so now the blankets and all the traps was out of reach of steamboat waves. Right in the middle of the wigwam we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep with a frame around it for to hold it to its place; this was to build a fire on in sloppy weather or chilly; the wigwam would keep it from being seen. We made an extra steering-oar too, because one of the others might get broken on a snag or something. We fixed up a short forked stick to hang the old lantern on, because we must always light the lantern whenever we see a steamboat coming down-stream, to keep from getting run over; but we wouldn't have to light it for up-stream boats unless we see we was in what they call a "crossing"; for the river was pretty high yet, very low banks being still a little under water; so up-bound boats didn't always run the channel, but hunted easy water.

This second night we run between

seven and eight hours, with a current that was making over four mile an hour. We caught fish and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting along down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking aloud, and it warn't often that we laughed—only a little kind of a low chuckle. We had mighty good weather, as a general thing, and nothing ever happened to us at all—that night, nor the next, nor the next.

Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights, not a house could you see. The fifth night we passed St. Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up. In St. Petersburg they used to say there was twenty or thirty thousand people in St. Louis, but I never believed it till I see that wonderful spread of lights at two o'clock that still night. There warn't a sound there; everybody was asleep.

Every night now I used to slip ashore toward ten o'clock at some little village, and buy ten or fifteen cents' worth of meal or bacon or other stuff to eat; and sometimes I lifted a chicken that warn't roosting comfortable, and took him along. Pap always said, take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot. I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway.

Mornings before daylight I slipped into corn-fields and borrowed a watermelon, or a mushmelon, or a punkin, or some new corn, or things of that kind. Pap always said it warn't no harm to borrow things if you was meaning to pay them back some time; but the widow said it warn't anything but a soft name for stealing, and no decent body would do it. Jim said he reckoned the widow was partly right and pap was partly right; so the best way would be for us to pick out two or three

things from the list and say we wouldn't borrow them any more—then he reckoned it wouldn't be no harm to borrow the others. So we talked it over all one night, drifting along down the river, trying to make up our minds whether to drop the watermelons, or the cantelopes, or the mushmelons, or what. But toward daylight we got it all settled satisfactorily, and concluded to drop crab-apples and p'simmons. We warn't feeling just right before that, but it was all comfortable now. I was glad the way it come out, too, because crab-apples ain't very good, and the p'simmons wouldn't be ripe for two or three months yet.

We shot a water-fowl now and then that got up too early or didn't go to bed early enough in the evening. Take it all round, we lived pretty high.

The fifth night below St. Louis we had a big storm after midnight, with a power of thunder and lightning, and the rain poured down in a solid sheet. We stayed in the wigwam and let the raft take care of itself. When the lightning glared out we could see a big straight river ahead, and high, rocky bluffs on both sides. By and by, says I, "Hel-lo, Jim, looky yonder!" It was a steamboat that had killed herself on a rock. We was drifting straight down for her. The lightning showed her very distinct. She was leaning over, with part of her upper deck above water, and you could see every little chimbley-guy clean and clear, and a chair by the big bell, with an old slouch hat hanging on the back of it, when the flashes come.

Well, it being away in the night and stormy, and all so mysterious-like, I felt just the way any other boy would 'a' felt when I seen that wreck laying there so mournful and lonesome in the middle of the river. I wanted to get aboard of her and slink around a little, and see what there was there. So I says:

"Le's land on her, Jim."

But Jim was dead against it at first. He says:

"I doan' want to go foolin' 'long er no wrack. We's doin' blame' well, en

we better let blame' well alone, as de good book says. Like as not dey's a watchman on dat wrack."

"Watchman your grandmother," I says; "there ain't nothing to watch but the texas¹ and the pilothouse; and do you reckon anybody's going to resk his life for a texas and a pilothouse such a night as this, when it's likely to break up and wash off down the river any 10 minute?" Jim couldn't say nothing to that, so he didn't try. "And besides," I says, "we might borrow something worth having out of the captain's stateroom. Seegars, I bet you—and cost five cents apiece, solid cash. Steamboat captains is always rich, and get sixty dollars a month, and they don't care a cent what a thing costs, you know, long as they want it. Stick a 20 candle in your pocket; I can't rest, Jim, till we give her a rummaging. Do you reckon Tom Sawyer would ever go by this thing? Not for pie, he wouldn't. He'd call it an adventure—that's what he'd call it; and he'd land on that wreck if it was his last act. And wouldn't he throw style into it?—wouldn't he spread himself, nor nothing? Why, you'd think it was Christopher C'lumbus discovering Kingdom Come. I wish 30 Tom Sawyer was here."

Jim he grumbled a little, but give in. He said we mustn't talk any more than we could help, and then talk mighty low. The lightning showed us the wreck again just in time, and we fetched the stabboard derrick, and made fast there.

The deck was high out here. We 40 went sneaking down the slope of it to labboard, in the dark, towards the texas, feeling our way slow with our feet, and spreading our hands out to fend off the guys, for it was so dark we couldn't see no sign of them. Pretty soon we struck the forward end of the skylight, and clumb on to it; and the next step fetched us in front of the captain's door, which was open, and by 50 Jimminy, away down through the texas-hall we see a light! and all in the

same second we seem to hear low voices in yonder!

Jim whispered and said he was feeling powerful sick, and told me to come along. I says, all right, and was going to start for the raft; but just then I heard a voice wail out and say:

"Oh, please don't, boys; I swear I won't ever tell!"

Another voice said, pretty loud:

"It's a lie, Jim Turner. You've acted this way before. You always want mor'n your share of the truck, and you've always got it, too, because you've swore 't if you didn't you'd tell. But this time you've said it just one time too many. You're the meanest, treacherousest hound in this country."

By this time Jim was gone for the 20 raft. I was just-a-biling with curiosity; and I says to myself, Tom Sawyer wouldn't back out now, and so I won't either; I'm a-going to see what's going on here. So I dropped on my hands and knees in the little passage, and crept aft in the dark till there warn't but one stateroom betwixt me and the cross-hall of the texas. Then in there I see a man stretched on the floor and tied hand and foot, and two men standing over him, and one of them had a dim lantern in his hand, and the other one had a pistol. This one kept pointing the pistol at the man's head on the floor, saying:

"I'd like to! And I orter, too—a mean skunk!"

The man on the floor would shrivel up and say.

"Oh, please don't, Bill; I hain't ever going to tell."

And every time he said that the man with the lantern would laugh and say:

"Deed you *ain't*! You never said no truer thing 'n that, you bet you." And once he said: "Hear him beg! and yit if we hadn't got the best of him and tied him he'd 'a' killed us both. And what 50 for? Jist for nothin'. Jist because we stood on our *rights*—that's what for. But I lay you ain't a-goin' to threaten nobody any more, Jim Turner. Put up that pistol, Bill."

Bill says:

¹a structure on the upper deck containing officers' cabins, etc.

"I don't want to, Jake Packard. I'm for killin' him—and didn't he kill old Hatfield jist for the same way—and don't he deserve it?"

"But I don't *want* him killed, and I've got my reasons for it."

"Bless yo' heart for them words, Jake Packard! I'll never forgit you long's I live!" says the man on the floor, sort of blubbering.

Packard didn't take no notice of that, but hung up his lantern on a nail and started toward where I was, there in the dark, and motioned Bill to come. I crawfished as fast as I could about two yards, but the boat slanted so that I couldn't make very good time, so to keep from getting run over and caught I crawled into a stateroom on the upper side. The man came a-pawing along in the dark, and when Packard got to my stateroom, he says:

"Here—come in here."

And in he come, and Bill after him. But before they got in I was up in the upper berth, cornered, and sorry I come. Then they stood there, with their hands on the ledge of the berth, and talked. I couldn't see them, but I could tell where they was by the whiskey they'd been having. I was glad I didn't drink whiskey; but it wouldn't made much difference anyway, because most of the time they couldn't 'a' treed me because I didn't breathe. I was too scared. And, besides, a body *couldn't* breathe and hear such talk. They talked low and earnest. Bill wanted to kill Turner. He says:

"He's said he'll tell, and he will. If we was to give both our shares to him *now* it wouldn't make no difference after the row and the way we've served him. Shore's you're born, he'll turn state's evidence; *now* you hear me. I'm for putting him out of his troubles."

"So'm I," says Packard, very quiet.

"Blame it, I'd sorter begun to think you wasn't. Well, then, that's all right. Le's go and do it."

"Hold on a minute; I hain't had my say yit. You listen to me. Shooting's good, but there's quieter ways if the thing's *got* to be done. But what I say

is this: it ain't good sense to go court'n' around after a halter if you can git at what you're up to in some way that's just as good and at the same time don't bring you into no resks. Ain't that so?"

"You bet it is. But how you goin' to manage it this time?"

"Well, my idea is this: we'll rustle around and gather up whatever pick-in's we've overlooked in the staterooms, and shove for shore and hide the truck. Then we'll wait. Now I say it ain't a-goin' to be more'n two hours befo' this wrack breaks up and washes off down the river. See? He'll be drowned, and won't have nobody to blame for it but his own self. I reckon that's a considerable sight better 'n killin' him. I'm unfavorable to killin' a man as long as you can git aroun' it; it ain't good sense, it ain't good morals. Ain't I right?"

"Yes, I reck'n you are. But s'pose she don't break up and wash off?"

"Well, we can wait the two hours anyway and see, can't we?"

"All right, then; come along."

So they started, and I lit out, all in a cold sweat, and scrambled forward. It was dark as pitch there; but I said, in a kind of a coarse whisper, "Jim!" and he answered up, right at my elbow, with a sort of a moan, and I says:

"Quick, Jim, it ain't no time for fooling around and moaning; there's a gang of murderers in yonder, and if we don't hunt up their boat and set her drifting down the river so these fellows can't get away from the wreck there's one of 'em going to be in a bad fix. But if we find their boat we can put all of 'em in a bad fix—for the sheriff'll get 'em. Quick—hurry! I'll hunt the labboard side, you hunt the stabboard. You start at the raft, and——"

"Oh, my lordy, lordy! Raf'? Dey ain't no raf' no mo'; she done broke loose en gone!—en here we is!"

CHAPTER XIII

Well, I catched my breath and most fainted. Shut up on a wreck with such a gang as that! But it warn't no time

to be sentimentering. We'd *got* to find that boat now—had to have it for ourselves. So we went a-quaking and shaking down the stabboard side, and slow work it was, too—seemed a week before we got to the stern. No sign of a boat. Jim said he didn't believe he could go any farther—so scared he hadn't hardly any strength left, he said. But I said, come on, if we get left on this wreck we are in a fix, sure. So on we prowled again. We struck for the stern of the texas, and found it, and then scrabbled along forwards on the skylight, hanging on from shutter to shutter, for the edge of the skylight was in the water. When we got pretty close to the cross-hall door there was the skiff, sure enough! I could just barely see her. I felt ever so thankful. In another second I woud'a' been aboard of her, but just then the door opened. One of the men stuck his head out only about a couple of foot from me, and I thought I was gone; but he jerked it in again, and says:

"Heave that blame lantern out o' sight, Bill!"

He flung a bag of something into the boat, and then got himself in and set down. It was Packard. Then Bill he come out and got in. Packard says, in a low voice:

"All ready—shove off!"

I couldn't hardly hang on to the shutters, I was so weak. But Bill says:

"Hold on—'d you go through him?"

"No. Didn't you?"

"No. So he's got his share o' the cash yet."

"Well, then, come along; no use to take truck and leave money."

"Say, won't he suspicion what we're up to?"

"Maybe he won't. But we got to have it anyway. Come along."

So they got out and went in.

The door slammed to because it was on the careened side; and in a half second I was in the boat, and Jim come tumbling after me. I out with my knife and cut the rope, and away we went!

We didn't touch an oar, and we didn't speak nor whisper, nor hardly

even breathe. We went gliding swift along, dead silent, past the tip of the paddle-box, and past the stern; then in a second or two more we was a hundred yards below the wreck, and the darkness soaked her up, every last sign of her, and we was safe, and knowed it.

When we was three or four hundred yards downstream we see the lantern show like a little spark at the texas door for a second, and we knowed by that that the rascals had missed their boat, and was beginning to understand that they was in just as much trouble now as Jim Turner was.

Then Jim manned the oars, and we took out after our raft. Now was the first time that I begun to worry about the men—I reckon I hadn't had time to before. I begun to think how dreadful it was, even for murderers, to be in such a fix. I says to myself, there ain't no telling but I might come to be a murderer myself yet, and then how would I like it? So says I to Jim:

"The first light we see we'll land a hundred yards below it or above it, in a place where it's a good hiding place for you and the skiff, and then I'll go and fix up some kind of a yarn, and get somebody to go for that gang and get them out of their scrape, so they can be hung when their time comes."

But that idea was a failure; for pretty soon it begun to storm again, and this time worse than ever. The rain poured down, and never a light showed; everybody in bed, I reckon. We boomed along down the river, watching for lights and watching for our raft. After a long time the rain let up, but the clouds stayed, and the lightning kept whimpering, and by and by a flash showed us a black thing ahead, floating, and we made for it.

It was the raft, and mighty glad was we to get aboard it again. We seen a light now away down to the right, on shore. So I said I would go for it. The skiff was half full of plunder which that gang had stole there on the wreck. We hustled it on to the raft in a pile, and I told Jim to float along down, and

show a light when he judged he had gone about two mile, and keep it burning till I come; then I manned my oars and shoved for the light. As I got down towards it three or four more showed—up on a hillside. It was a village. I closed in above the shore light, and laid on my oars and floated. As I went by I see it was a lantern hanging on the jackstaff of a double-hull ferryboat. I skimmed around for the watchman, a-wondering whereabouts he slept; and by and by I found him roosting on the bitts forward, with his head down between his knees. I gave his shoulder two or three little shoves, and begun to cry.

He stirred up in a kind of a startlish way; but when he see it was only me he took a good gap and stretch, and he says:

"Hello, what's up? Don't cry, bub. What's the trouble?"

I says:

"Pap, and mam, and sis, and——"

Then I broke down. He says:

"Oh, dang it now, don't take on so; we all has to have our troubles, and this'n 'll come out all right. What's the matter with 'em?"

"They're — they're — are you the watchman of the boat?"

"Yes," he says, kind of pretty-well-satisfied like. "I'm the captain and the owner and the mate and the pilot and watchman and head deck-hand; and sometimes I'm the freight and passengers. I ain't as rich as old Jim Hornback, and I can't be so blame' generous and good to Tom, Dick, and Harry as what he is, and slam around money the way he does; but I've told him many a time 't I wouldn't trade places with him; for, says I, a sailor's life's the life for me, and I'm derved if I'd live two miles out of town, where there ain't nothing ever goin' on, not for all his spondulicks and as much more on top of it. Says I——"

I broke in and says:

"They're in an awful peck of trouble, and——"

"Who is?"

"Why, pap and mam and sis and

Miss Hooker; and if you'd take your ferryboat and go up there——"

"Up where? Where are they?"

"On the wreck."

"What wreck?"

"Why, there ain't but one."

"What, you don't mean the Walter Scott?"

"Yes."

"Good land! what are they doin' there, for gracious sakes?"

"Well, they didn't go there a-purpose."

"I bet they didn't! Why, great goodness, there ain't no chance for 'em if they don't git off mighty quick! Why, how in the nation did they ever git into such a scrape?"

"Easy enough. Miss Hooker was a-visiting up there to the town——"

"Yes, Booth's Landing—go on."

"She was a-visiting there at Booth's Landing, and just in the edge of the evening she started over with her nigger woman in the horse-ferry to stay all night at her friend's house, Miss What-you-may-call-her—I disremember her name—and they lost their steering-oar, and swung around and went a-floating down, stern first, about two mile, and saddle-baggsed on the wreck, and the ferryman and the nigger woman and the horses was all lost, but Miss Hooker she made a grab and got aboard the wreck. Well, about an hour after dark we come along down in our trading-scow, and it was so dark we didn't notice the wreck till we was right on it; and so we saddle-baggsed; but all of us was saved but Bill Whipple—and oh, he *was* the best cretur!—I most wish 't it had been me, I do."

"By George! It's the beatenest thing I ever struck. And *then* what did you all do?"

"Well, we hollered and took on, but it's so wide there we couldn't make nobody hear. So pap said somebody got to get ashore and get help somehow. I was the only one that could swim, so I made a dash for it, and Miss Hooker she said if I didn't strike help sooner, come here and hunt up her uncle, and he'd fix the thing. I made the land

about a mile below, and been fooling along ever since, trying to get people to do something, but they said, 'What, in such a night and such a current? There ain't no sense in it; go for the steam-ferry.' Now if you'll go and——"

"By Jackson, I'd like to, and, blame it, I don't know but I will; but who in the dingnation's a-going to *pay* for it? Do you reckon your pap——"

"Why *that's* all right. Miss Hooker, she tole me, particular, that her uncle Hornback——"

"Great guns! is *he* her uncle? Looky here, you break for that light over yonder-way, and turn out west when you git there, and about a quarter of a mile out you'll come to the tavern; tell 'em to dart you out to Jim Hornback's, and he'll foot the bill. And don't you fool around any, because he'll want to know the news. Tell him I'll have his niece all safe before he can get to town. Hump yourself, now; I'm a-going up around the corner here to roust out my engineer."

I struck for the light, but as soon as he turned the corner I went back and got into my skiff and bailed her out, and then pulled up shore in the easy water among some wood-boats—for I couldn't rest easy till I could see the ferryboat start. But take it all around, I was feeling ruther comfortable on accounts of taking all this trouble for that gang, for not many would 'a' done it. I wished the widow knowed about it. I judged she would be proud of me for helping these rapsallions, because rapsallions and dead-beats is the kind the widow and good people takes the most interest in.

Well, before long here comes the wreck, dim and dusky, sliding along down! A kind of cold shiver went through me, and then I struck out for her. She was very deep, and I see in a minute there warn't much chance for anybody being alive in her. I pulled all around her and hollered a little, but there wasn't any answer; all dead still. I felt a little bit heavy-hearted about the gang, but not much, for I reckoned if they could stand it I could.

Then here comes the ferryboat; so I shoved for the middle of the river on a long down-stream slant; and when I judged I was out of eye-reach I laid on my oars, and looked back and see her go and smell around the wreck for Miss Hooker's remainders, because the captain would know her uncle Hornback would want them; and then pretty soon the ferryboat gave it up and went for the shore, and I laid into my work and went a-booming down the river.

It did seem a powerful long time before Jim's light showed up; and when it did show it looked like it was a thousand mile off. By the time I got there the sky was beginning to get a little gray in the east; so we struck for an island, and hid the raft, and sunk the skiff, and turned in and slept like dead people.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837-1920)

From LITERARY BOSTON AS I
KNEW IT ¹

IX

The first time I saw Whittier was in Fields's room at the publishing office, where I had come upon some editorial errand to my chief. He introduced me to the poet: a tall, spare figure in black of Quaker cut, with a keen, clean-shaven face, black hair, and vivid black eyes. It was just after his poem, *Snow-Bound*, had made its great success, in the modest fashion of those days, and had sold not two hundred thousand but twenty thousand, and I tried to make my compliment. I contrived to say that I could not tell him how much I liked it; and he received the inadequate expression of my feeling with doubtless as much effusion as he would have met something more explicit and abundant. If he had judged fit to take my contract off my hands in any way, I think he would have been less able to do so than any of his New England contemporaries. In him, as I have suggested, the

¹ Copyright by Harper & Brothers, 1900.

Quaker calm was bound by the frosty Puritanic air, and he was doubly cold to the touch of the stranger, though he would thaw out to old friends, and sparkle in laugh and joke. I myself never got so far with him as to experience this geniality, though afterwards we became such friends as an old man and a young man could be who rarely met. Our better acquaintance began with some talk, at a second meeting, about Bayard Taylor's *Story of Kennett*, which had then lately appeared, and which he praised for its fidelity to Quaker character in its less amiable aspects. No doubt I had made much of my own Quaker descent (which I felt was one of the things I had to be proud of), and he therefore spoke the more frankly of those traits of brutality into which the primitive sincerity of the sect sometimes degenerated. He thought the habit of plain-speaking had to be jealously guarded to keep it from becoming rude-speaking, and he matched with stories of his own some things I had heard my father tell of Friends in the backwoods who were Foes to good manners.

Whittier was one of the most generous of men towards the work of others, especially the work of a new man, and if I did anything that he liked, I could count upon him for cordial recognition. In the quiet of his country home at Danvers he apparently read all the magazines, and kept himself fully abreast of the literary movement, but I doubt if he so fully appreciated the importance of the social movement. Like some others of the great anti-slavery men, he seemed to imagine that mankind had won itself a clear field by destroying chattel slavery, and he had no sympathy with those who think that the man who may any moment be out of work is industrially a slave. This is not strange; so few men last over from one reform to another that the wonder is that any should, not that one should not. Whittier was prophet for one great need of the divine to man, and he spoke his message with a fervor that at times was

like the trembling of a flame, or the quivering of midsummer sunshine. It was hard to associate with the man as one saw him, still, shy, stiff, the passion of his verse. This imbued not only his anti-slavery utterances, but equally his ballads of the old witch and Quaker persecution, and flashed a far light into the dimness where his interrogations of Mystery pierced. Whatever doubt there can be of the fate of other New England poets in the great and final account, it seems to me that certain of these pieces make his place secure.

There is great inequality in his work, and I felt this so strongly that when I came to have full charge of the Magazine,¹ I ventured once to distinguish. He sent me a poem, and I had the temerity to return it, and beg him for something else. He magnanimously refrained from all show of offence, and after a while, when he had printed the poem elsewhere, he gave me another. By this time, I perceived that I had been wrong, not as to the poem returned, but as to my function regarding him and such as he. I had made my reflections, and never again did I venture to pass upon what contributors of his quality sent me. I took it and printed it, and praised the gods; and even now I think that with such men it was not my duty to play the censor in the periodical which they had made what it was. They had set it in authority over American literature, and it was not for me to put myself in authority over them. Their fame was in their own keeping, and it was not my part to guard it against them.

After that experience I not only practised an eager acquiescence in their wish to reach the public through the *Atlantic*, but I used all the delicacy I was master of in bowing the way to them. Sometimes my utmost did not avail, or more strictly speaking it did not avail in one instance with Emerson. He had given me upon much entreaty a poem which was one of his greatest and best, but the proof-reader found a nominative at odds with its verb. We had

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*

some trouble in reconciling them, and some other delays, and meanwhile Doctor Holmes offered me a poem for the same number. I now doubted whether I should get Emerson's poem back in time for it, but unluckily the proof did come back in time, and then I had to choose between my poets, or acquaint them with the state of the case, and let them choose what I should do. I really ¹⁰ felt that Doctor Holmes had the right to precedence, since Emerson had withheld his proof so long that I could not count upon it; but I wrote to Emerson, and asked (as nearly as I can remember) whether he would consent to let me put his poem over to the next number, or would prefer to have it appear in the same number with Doctor Holmes's; the subjects were cognate, and I had my ²⁰ misgivings. He wrote me back to "return the proofs and break up the forms." I could not go to this iconoclastic extreme with the electrotypes of the magazine, but I could return the proofs.

I did so, feeling that I had done my possible, and silently grieving that there could be such ire in heavenly minds.

x

Emerson, as I say, I had once met in Cambridge, but Whittier never; and I have a feeling that poet as Cambridge felt him to be, she had her reservations concerning him. I cannot put these into words which would not oversay them, but they were akin to those she might have refined upon in regard to Mrs. ⁴⁰ Stowe. Neither of these great writers would have appeared to Cambridge of the last literary quality; their fame was with a world too vast to be the test that her own

"One entire and perfect crysolite" would have formed. Whittier in fact had not arrived at the clear splendor of his later work without some earlier ⁵⁰ turbidity; he was still from time to time capable of a false rhyme, like *morn* and *dawn*. As for the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* her syntax was such a

snare to her that it sometimes needed the combined skill of all the proof-readers and the assistant editor to extricate her. Of course, nothing was ever written into her work, but in changes of diction, in correction of solecisms, in transposition of phrases, the text was largely rewritten on the margin of her proofs. The soul of her art was present, but the form was so often absent, that when it was clothed on anew, it would have been hard to say whose cut the garment was of in many places. In fact, the proof-reading of the *Atlantic Monthly* was something almost fearfully scrupulous and perfect. The proofs were first read by the under proof-reader in the printing-office; then the head reader passed them to me perfectly clean as to typography, with his own abundant and most intelligent comments on the literature; and then I read them, making what changes I chose, and verifying every quotation, every date, every geographical and biographical name, every foreign word to the last accent, every technical and scientific term. Where it was possible or at all desirable, the proof was next ³⁰ submitted to the author. When it came back to me, I revised it, accepting or rejecting the author's judgment according as he was entitled by his ability and knowledge or not to have them. The proof now went to the printers for correction; they sent it again to the head reader, who carefully revised it and returned it again to me. I read it a second time, and it was again corrected. ⁴⁰ After this it was revised in the office and sent to the stereotyper, from whom it came to the head reader for a last revision in the plates.

It would not do to say how many of the first American writers owed their correctness in print to the zeal of our proof-reading, but I may say that there were very few who did not owe something. The wisest and ablest were the ⁵⁰ most patient and grateful, like Mrs. Stowe, under correction; it was only the beginners and the more ignorant who were angry; and almost always the proof-reading editor had his way on

disputed points. I look back now, with respectful amazement at my proficiency in detecting the errors of the great as well as the little. I was able to discover mistakes even in the classical quotations of the deeply lettered Sumner, and I remember, in the earliest years of my service on the *Atlantic*, waiting in this statesman's study amidst the prints and engravings that attested his personal 10 resemblance to Edmund Burke, with his proofs in my hand and my heart in my mouth, to submit my doubts of his Latinity. I forget how he received them; but he was not a very gracious person.

Mrs. Stowe was a gracious person, and carried into age the inalienable charm of a woman who must have been very charming earlier. I met her only 20 at the Fieldses' in Boston, where one night I witnessed a controversy between her and Doctor Holmes concerning homœopathy and allopathy which lasted well through dinner. After this lapse of time, I cannot tell how the affair ended, but I feel sure of the liking with which Mrs. Stowe inspired me. There was something very simple, very motherly in her, and something divinely 30 sincere. She was quite the person to take *au grand sérieux* the monstrous imaginations of Lady Byron's jealousy and to feel it on her conscience to make public report of them when she conceived that the time had come to do so.

XI

In Francis Parkman I knew much 40 later than in some others a differentiation of the New England type which was not less characteristic. He, like so many other Boston men of letters, was of patrician family, and of those easy fortunes which Clio prefers her sons to be of; but he paid for these advantages by the suffering in which he wrought at what is, I suppose, our greatest history. He wrought at it 50 piecemeal, and sometimes only by moments, when the terrible headaches which tormented him, and the disorder of the heart which threatened his life,

allowed him a brief respite for the task which was dear to him. He must have been more than a quarter of a century in completing it, and in this time, as he once told me, it had given him a day-laborer's wages; but of course money was the least return he wished from it. I read the irregularly successive volumes of *The Jesuits in North America*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, 10 *the Wolfe and Montcalm*, and the others that went to make up the whole history with a sufficiently noisy enthusiasm, and our acquaintance began by his expressing his gratification with the praises of them that I had put in print. We entered into relations as contributor and editor, and I know that he was pleased with my eagerness to 20 get as many detachable chapters from the book in hand as he could give me for the magazine, but he was of too fine a politeness to make this the occasion of his first coming to see me. He had walked out to Cambridge, where I then lived, in pursuance of a regimen which, I believe, finally built up his health; that it was unsparing, I can testify from my own share in one of his 30 constitutionals in Boston, many years later.

His experience in laying the groundwork for his history, and his researches in making it thorough, were such as to have liberated him to the knowledge of other manners and ideals, but he remained strictly a Bostonian, and as immutably of the Boston social and literary faith as any I knew in that capital of accomplished facts. He had lived like an Indian among the wild Western tribes; he consorted with the Canadian archæologists in their mousings among the colonial archives of their fallen state; every year he went to Quebec or Paris to study the history of New France in the original documents; European society was open to him everywhere; but he had those 50 limitations which I nearly always found in the Boston men. I remember his talking to me of *The Rise of Silas Lap- ham*, in a somewhat troubled and uncertain strain, and interpreting his rise

as the achievement of social recognition, without much or at all liking it or me for it. I did not think it my part to point out that I had supposed the rise to be a moral one; and later I fell under his condemnation for certain high crimes and misdemeanors I had been guilty of against a well-known ideal in fiction. These in fact constituted lese-majesty of romanticism, which seemed to be disproportionately dear to a man who was in his own way trying to tell the truth of human nature as I was in mine. His displeasures passed, however, and my last meeting with our greatest historian, as I think him, was of unalloyed friendliness. He came to me during my final year in Boston for nothing apparently but to tell me of his liking for a book of mine describing boy-life in Southern Ohio a half-century ago. He wished to talk about many points of this, which he found the same as his own boyhood in the neighborhood of Boston; and we could agree that the life of the Anglo-Saxon boy was pretty much the same everywhere. He had helped himself into my apartment with a crutch, but I do not remember how he had fallen lame. It was the end of his long walks, I believe, and not long afterwards I had the grief to read of his death. I noticed that perhaps through his enforced quiet, he had put on weight; his fine face was full; whereas when I first knew him he was almost delicately thin of figure and feature. He was always of a distinguished presence, and his face had a great distinction.

It had not the appealing charm I found in the face of James Parton, another historian I knew in my Boston days. I cannot say how much his books, once so worthily popular, are now known, but I have an abiding sense of their excellence. I have not read the *Life of Voltaire*, which was the last, but all the rest, from the first, I have read, and if there are better American biographies than those of *Franklin* or of *Jefferson*, I could not say where to find them. The *Greeley* and the *Burr* were younger books, and so was the

Jackson, and they were not nearly so good; but to all the author had imparted the valuable humanity in which he abounded. He was never of the fine world of literature, the world that sniffs and sneers, and abashes the simple-hearted reader. But he was a true artist, and English born as he was, he divined American character as few Americans have done. He was a man of eminent courage, and in the days when to be an agnostic was to be almost an outcast, he had the heart to say of the Mysteries, that he did not know them. He outlived the condemnation that this brought, and I think that no man ever came near him without in some measure loving him. To me he was of a most winning personality, which his strong, gentle face expressed, and a cast in the eye which he could not bring to bear directly upon his *vis-à-vis*, endeared. I never met him without wishing more of his company, for he seldom failed to say something to whatever was most humane and most modern in me. Our last meeting was at Newburyport, whither he had long before removed from New York, and where in the serene atmosphere of the ancient Puritan town he found leisure and inspiration for his work. He was not then engaged upon any considerable task, and he had aged and broken somewhat. But the old geniality, the old warmth glowed in him, and made a summer amidst the storm of snow that blinded the wintry air without. A new light had then lately come into my life, by which I saw all things that did not somehow tell for human brotherhood dwarfish and ugly, and he listened, as I imagined, to what I had to say with the tolerant sympathy of a man who has been a long time thinking those things, and views with a certain amusement the zeal of the fresh discoverer.

There was yet another historian in Boston, whose acquaintance I made later than either Parkman's or Parton's, and whose very recent death leaves me with the grief of a friend. No one, indeed, could meet John Cod-

man Ropes without wishing to be his friend, or without finding a friend in him. He had his likes and his dislikes, but he could have had no enmities except for evil and meanness. I never knew a man of higher soul, or sweeter nature, and his whole life was a monument of character. It cannot wound him now to speak of the cruel deformity which came upon him in his boyhood, and haunted all his after days with suffering. His gentle face showed the pain which is always the part of the hunchback, but nothing else in him confessed a sense of the affliction, and the resolute activity of his mind denied it in every way. He was, as is well known, a very able lawyer, in full practice, while he was making his studies of military history, and winning recognition for almost unique insight and thoroughness in that direction, though I believe that when he came to embody the results in those extraordinary volumes recording the battles of our civil war, he retired from the law in some measure. He knew these battles more accurately than the generals who fought them, and he was of a like proficiency in the European wars from the time of Napoleon down to our own time. I have heard a story, which I cannot vouch for, that when foreknowledge of his affliction, at the outbreak of our civil war, forbade him to be a soldier, he became a student of soldiership, and wreaked in that sort the passion of his most gallant spirit. But whether this was true or not, it is certain that he pursued the study with a devotion which never blinded him to the atrocity of war. Some wars he could excuse and even justify, but for any war that seemed wanton or aggressive, he had only abhorrence.

The last summer of a score that I had known him, we sat on the veranda of his cottage at York Harbor, and looked out over the moonlit sea, and he talked of the high and true things, with the inextinguishable zest for the inquiry which I always found in him, though he was then feeling the approaches of the malady which was so

soon to end all groping in these shadows for him. He must have faced the fact with the same courage and the same trust with which he faced all facts. From the first I found him a deeply religious man, not only in the ecclesiastical sense, but in the more mystical meanings of the word, and he kept his faith as he kept his youth to the last. Every one who knew him, knows how young he was in heart, and how he liked to have those that were young in years about him. He wished to have his house in Boston, as well as his cottage at York, full of young men and young girls, whose joy of life he made his own, and whose society he preferred to his contemporaries'. One could not blame him for that, or for seeking the sun, whenever he could, but it would be a false notion of him to suppose that his sympathies were solely or chiefly with the happy. In every sort, as I knew him, he was fine and good. The word is not worthy of him, after some of its uses and associations, but if it were unsmutched by these, and whitened to its primitive significance, I should say he was one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever knew.

WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER
(“O. HENRY”)
(1862-1910)

THE FURNISHED ROOM¹

Restless, shifting, fugacious as time itself is a certain vast bulk of the population of the red brick district of the lower West Side. Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished room to furnished room, transients forever—transients in abode, transients in heart and mind. They sing “Home, Sweet Home” in ragtime; they carry their *lares et penates* in a bandbox; their vine is entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

Hence the houses of this district,

¹From *The Four Million*, by O. Henry. Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones no doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant guests.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his hat-band and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house whose bell he had rung, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome surfeited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let. "Come in," said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. "I have a third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?"

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsworn. It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

"This is the room," said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. "It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer—no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the minute. The water's

at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch. Miss B'retta Sprowls—you may have heard of her—Oh, that was just the stage names—right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It's a room everybody likes. It never stays idle long."

"Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?" asked the young man.

"They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they comes and they goes."

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

"A young girl—Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish, gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."

"No, I don't remember the name. Them stage people has names they changes as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No, I don't call that one to mind."

No. Always no. Five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audiences of theatres from all-star casts down to music halls so low that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great, water-girt city held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles con-

stantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophisticated comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a foot-wide cheap pier glass between two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its diverse tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered rectangular, tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gray-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house—The Huguenot Lovers, The First Quarrel, The Wedding Breakfast, Psyche at the Fountain. The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Amazonian ballet. Upon it were some desolate flotsam cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port—a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a

diamond in staggering letters the name "Marie." It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury—perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness—and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, softshod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully; above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house—a dank savour rather than a smell—a cold, musty effluvium as from underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odour of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud: "What, dear?" as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odour clung to him and wrapped him

around. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odour? Surely it must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had touched, that had caressed him?

"She has been in this room," he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odour that she had loved and made her own—whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hair-pins—those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infinite of mood, and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent with heliotrope; he hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theatre programme, a pawnbroker's card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black satin hair-bow, which halted him, poised between ice and fire. But the black satin hair-bow also is femininity's demure, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a hound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging matting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign, unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognisant of the call. Once again he answered loudly: "Yes, dear!" and turned, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and

colour and love and outstretched arms in the odour of mignonette. Oh, God! whence that odour, and since when have odours had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found corks and cigarettes. There he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic tenant; but of her whom he sought, and who may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he found no trace.

And then he thought of the house-keeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

"Will you tell me, madam," he besought her, "who occupied the room I have before I came?"

"Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. Miss B'retta Sprowls it was in the theatres, but Misses Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over——"

"What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls—in looks, I mean?"

"Why, black-haired, sir, short, and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday."

"And before they occupied it?"

"Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Missis Crowder and her two children, that stayed four months; and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember."

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead. The essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of mignonette had departed.

In its place was the old, stale odour of mouldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and taut he turned out the light, turned the gas full on again, and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

* * * * *

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where housekeepers fgather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor, back, this evening," said Mrs. Purdy across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

"Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. "You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?" she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

"Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy, in her furriest tones, "are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool."

"'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by renting rooms we kape alive. Ye have the rale sense for business, ma'am. There be many people will rayjiet the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it."

"As you say, we has our living to be making," remarked Mrs. Purdy.

"Yis, ma'am; 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake ago this day I helped ye lay out the third floor, back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be killin' herself wid the gas—a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am."

"She'd a-been called handsome, as you say," said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, "but for that mole she had a-growin' by her left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool."

JACK LONDON (1876-1916)

ALL GOLD CANYON¹

It was the green heart of the canyon, where the walls swerved back from the rigid plan and relieved their harshness of line by making a little sheltered nook and filling it to the brim with sweetness and roundness and softness. Here all things rested. Even the narrow stream ceased its turbulent down-rush long enough to form a quiet pool. Knee-deep in the water, with drooping head and half-shut eyes, drowsed a red-coated, many-antlered buck.

On one side, beginning at the very lip of the pool, was a tiny meadow, a cool, resilient surface of green that extended to the base of the frowning wall. Beyond the pool a gentle slope of earth ran up and up to meet the opposing wall. Fine grass covered the slope—grass that was spangled with flowers, with here and there patches of color, orange and purple and golden. Below, the canyon was shut in. There was no view. The walls leaned together abruptly and the canyon ended in a chaos of rocks, moss-covered and hidden by a green screen of vines and creepers and boughs of trees. Up the canyon, rose far hills and peaks, the big foothills, pine-covered and remote. And far beyond, like clouds upon the border of the sky, towered minarets of white, where the Sierra's eternal snows flashed austere the blazes of the sun.

There was no dust in the canyon. The leaves and flowers were clean and virginal. The grass was young velvet. Over the pool three cottonwoods sent their snowy fluffs fluttering down the quiet air. On the slope the blossoms of the wine-wooded manzanita filled the air with springtime odors, while the leaves, wise with experience, were already beginning their vertical twist against the coming aridity of summer. In the open spaces on the slope, beyond the farthest shadow reach of the manzanita, poised the mariposa lilies, like

¹ Copyright, The Macmillan Company.

so many flights of jeweled moths suddenly arrested and on the verge of trembling into flight again. Here and there that woods harlequin, the madrone, permitting itself to be caught in the act of changing its pea green trunk to madder red, breathed its fragrance into the air from great clusters of waxen bells. Creamy white were these bells, shaped like lilies of the valley, with the sweetness of perfume that is of the springtime.

There was not a sigh of wind. The air was drowsy with its weight of perfume. It was a sweetness that would have been cloying had the air been heavy and humid. But the air was sharp and thin. It was as starlight transmuted into atmosphere, shot through and warmed by sunshine, and flower-drenched with sweetness.

An occasional butterfly drifted in and out through the patches of light and shade. And from all about rose the low and sleepy hum of mountain bees—feasting Sybarites that jostled one another good-naturedly at the board, nor found time for rough discourtesy. So quietly did the little stream drip and ripple its way through the canyon that it spoke only in faint and occasional gurgles. The voice of the stream was as a drowsy whisper, ever interrupted by dozings and silences, ever lifted again in the awakenings.

The motion of all things was a drifting in the heart of the canyon. Sunshine and butterflies drifted in and out among the trees. The hum of the bees and the whisper of the stream were a drifting of sound. And the drifting sound and drifting color seemed to weave together in the making of a delicate and intangible fabric which was the spirit of the place. It was a spirit of peace that was not of death, but of smooth-pulsing life, of quietude that was not silence, of movement that was not action, of repose that was quick with existence without being violent with struggle and travail. The spirit of the place was the spirit of the peace of the living, somnolent with the ease-

ment and content of prosperity, and undisturbed by rumors of far wars.

The red-coated, many-antlered buck acknowledged the lordship of the spirit of the place and dozed knee-deep in the cool, shaded pool. There seemed no flies to vex him, and he was languid with rest. Sometimes his ears moved when the stream awoke and whispered; but they moved lazily, with foreknowledge that it was merely the stream grown garrulous at discovery that it had slept.

But there came a time when the buck's ears lifted and tensed with swift eagerness for sound. His head was turned down the canyon. His sensitive, quivering nostrils scented the air. His eyes could not pierce the green screen through which the stream rippled away, but to his ears came the voice of a man. It was a steady, monotonous, singsong voice. Once the buck heard the harsh clash of metal upon rock. At the sound he snorted with a sudden start that jerked him through the air from water to meadow, and his feet sank into the young velvet, while he pricked his ears and again scented the air. Then he stole across the tiny meadow, pausing once and again to listen, and faded away out of the canyon like a wraith, soft-footed and without sound.

The clash of steel-shod soles against the rocks began to be heard, and the man's voice grew louder. It was raised in a sort of chant and became distinct with nearness, so that the words could be heard:

Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace
(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun',
(Yo' will meet wid d' Lord in d' mornin'!).

A sound of scrambling accompanied the song, and the spirit of the place fled away on the heels of the red-coated buck. The green screen was burst asunder, and a man peered out at the meadow and the pool and the sloping sidehill. He was a deliberate sort of man. He took in the scene

with one embracing glance, then ran his eyes over the details to verify the general impression. Then, and not until then, did he open his mouth in vivid and solemn approval:—

"Smoke of life an' snakes of purgatory! Will you just look at that! Wood an' water an' grass an' a side-hill! A pocket hunter's delight an' a cayuse's paradise! Cool green for 10 tired eyes! Pink pills for pale people ain't in it. A secret pasture for prospectors and a resting place for tired burros, by damn!"

He was a sandy-complexioned man in whose face geniality and humor seemed the salient characteristics. It was a mobile face, quick-changing to inward mood and thought. Thinking was in him a visible process. Ideas 20 chased across his face like wind-flaws across the surface of a lake. His hair, sparse and unkempt of growth, was as indeterminate and colorless as his complexion. It would seem that all the color of his frame had gone into his eyes, for they were startlingly blue. Also, they were laughing and merry eyes, within them much of the naïveté and wonder of the child; and yet, in an unassertive way, they contained much of calm self-reliance and strength of purpose founded upon self-experience and experience of the world.

From out the screen of vines and creepers he flung ahead of him a miner's pick and shovel and gold-pan. Then he crawled out himself into the open. He was clad in faded overalls and black cotton shirt, with hob-nailed 40 brogans on his feet, and on his head a hat whose shapelessness and stains advertised the rough usage of wind and rain and sun and camp smoke. He stood erect, seeing wide-eyed the secrecy of the scene and sensuously inhaling the warm, sweet breath of the canyon garden through nostrils that dilated and quivered with delight. His eyes narrowed to laughing slits of blue, 50 his face wreathed itself in joy, and his mouth curled in a smile as he cried aloud:—

"Jumping dandelions and happy

hollyhocks, but that smells good to me! Talk about your attar o' roses an' cologne factories! They ain't in it!"

He had the habit of soliloquy. His quick-changing facial expressions might tell every thought and mood, but the tongue, perforce, ran hard after, repeating, like a second Boswell.

The man lay down on the lip of the pool and drank long and deep of its water. "Tastes good to me," he murmured, lifting his head and gazing across the pool at the sidehill, while he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The sidehill attracted his attention. Still lying on his stomach, he studied the hill formation long and carefully. It was a practised eye that traveled up the slope to the crumbling canyon-wall and back and down again to the edge of the pool. He scrambled to his feet and favored the sidehill with a second survey.

"Looks good to me," he concluded, picking up his pick and shovel and gold-pan.

He crossed the stream below the pool, stepping agilely from stone to stone. Where the sidehill touched the water he dug up a shovelful of dirt and put it into the gold-pan. He squatted down, holding the pan in his two hands, and partly immersing it in the stream. Then he imparted to the pan a deft circular motion that sent the water sluicing in and out through the dirt and gravel. The larger and the lighter particles worked to the surface, and these, by a skillful dipping movement 40 of the pan, he spilled out and over the edge. Occasionally, to expedite matters, he rested the pan and with his fingers raked out the large pebbles and pieces of rock.

The contents of the pan diminished rapidly until only fine dirt and the smallest bits of gravel remained. At this stage he began to work very deliberately and carefully. It was fine washing, and he washed fine and finer, with a keen scrutiny and delicate and fastidious touch. At last the pan seemed empty of everything but water;

but with a quick semicircular flint that sent the water flying over the shallow rim into the stream, he disclosed a layer of black sand on the bottom of the pan. So thin was this layer that it was like a streak of paint. He examined it closely. In the midst of it was a tiny golden speck. He dribbled a little water in over the depressed edge of the pan. With a quick flint he sent the water sluicing across the bottom, turning the grains of black sand over and over. A second tiny golden speck rewarded his effort.

The washing had now become very fine—fine beyond all need of ordinary placer mining. He worked the black sand, a small portion at a time, up the shallow rim of the pan. Each small portion he examined sharply, so that his eyes saw every grain of it before he allowed it to slide over the edge and away. Jealously, bit by bit, he let the black sand slip away. A golden speck, no larger than a pin point, appeared on the rim, and by his manipulation of the water it returned to the bottom of the pan. And in such fashion another speck was disclosed, and another. Great was his care of them. Like a shepherd he herded his flock of golden specks so that not one should be lost. At last, of the pan of dirt nothing remained but his golden herd. He counted it, and then, after all his labor, sent it flying out of the pan with one final swirl of water.

But his blue eyes were shining with desire as he rose to his feet. "Seven," he muttered aloud, asserting the sum of the specks for which he had toiled so hard and which he had so wantonly thrown away. "Seven," he repeated, with the emphasis of one trying to impress a number on his memory.

He stood still a long while, surveying the hillside. In his eyes was a curiosity, new aroused and burning. There was an exultance about his bearing and keenness like that of a hunting animal catching the fresh scent of game.

He moved down the stream a few steps and took a second panful of dirt.

Again came the careful washing, the jealous herding of the golden specks, and the wantonness with which he sent them flying into the stream when he had counted their number.

"Five," he muttered, and repeated, "five."

He could not forbear another survey of the hill before filling the pan farther down the stream. His golden herds diminished. "Four, three, two, two, one," were his memory tabulations as he moved down the stream. When but one speck of gold rewarded his washing, he stopped and built a fire of dry twigs. Into this he thrust the gold-pan and burned it till it was blue-black. He held up the pan and examined it critically. Then he nodded approbation. Against such a color background he could defy the tiniest yellow speck to elude him.

Still moving down the stream, he panned again. A single speck was his reward. A third pan contained no gold at all. Not satisfied with this, he panned three times again, taking his shovels of dirt within a foot of one another. Each pan proved empty of gold, and the fact, instead of discouraging him, seemed to give him satisfaction. His elation increased with each barren washing, until he arose, exclaiming jubilantly,—

"If it ain't the real thing, may God knock off my head with sour apples!"

Returning to where he had started operations, he began to pan up the stream. At first his golden herds increased — increased prodigiously. "Fourteen, eighteen, twenty-one, twenty-six," ran his memory tabulations. Just above the pool he struck his richest pan—thirty-five colors.

"Almost enough to save," he remarked regretfully as he allowed the water to sweep them away.

The sun climbed to the top of the sky. The man worked on. Pan by pan, he went up the stream, the tally of results steadily decreasing.

"It's just booful, the way it peters out," he exulted when a shovelful of

dirt contained no more than a single speck of gold.

And when no specks at all were found in several pans, he straightened up and favored the hillside with a confident glance.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket!" he cried out, as though to an auditor hidden somewhere above him beneath the surface of the slope. "Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket! I'm a-comin', I'm a-comin', an' I'm shorely gwine to get yer! You heah me, Mr. Pocket? I'm gwine to get yer as shore as punkins ain't cauliflowers!"

He turned and flung a measuring glance at the sun poised above him in the azure of the cloudless sky. Then he went down the canyon, following the line of shovel holes he had made in filling the pans. He crossed the stream below the pool and disappeared through the green screen. There was little opportunity for the spirit of the place to return with its quietude and repose, for the man's voice, raised in ragtime song, still dominated the canyon with possession.

After a time, with a greater clashing of steel-shod feet on rock, he returned. The green screen was tremendously agitated. It surged back and forth in the throes of a struggle. There was a loud grating and clanging of metal. The man's voice leaped to a higher pitch and was sharp with imperative-ness. A large body plunged and panted. There was a snapping and ripping and rending, and amid a shower of falling leaves a horse burst through the screen. On its back was a pack, and from this trailed broken vines and torn creepers. The animal gazed with astonished eyes at the scene into which it had been precipitated, then dropped its head to the grass and began contentedly to graze. A second horse scrambled into view, slipping once on the mossy rocks and regaining equilibrium when its hoofs sank into the yielding surface of the meadow. It was riderless, though on its back was a high-horned Mexican saddle, scarred and discolored by long usage.

The man brought up the rear. He

threw off pack and saddle, with an eye to camp location, and gave the animals their freedom to graze. He unpacked his food and got out frying pan and coffeepot. He gathered an armful of dry wood, and with a few stones made a place for his fire.

"My!" he said, "but I've got an appetite. I could scoff iron filings an' horseshoe nails an' thank you kindly, ma'am, for a second helpin'."

He straightened up, and, while he reached for matches in the pocket of his overalls, his eyes traveled across the pool to the sidehill. His fingers had clutched the matchbox, but they relaxed their hold and the hand came out empty. The man wavered perceptibly. He looked at his preparations for cooking and he looked at the hill.

"Guess I'll take another whack at her," he concluded, starting to cross the stream.

"They ain't no sense in it, I know," he mumbled apologetically. "But keepin' grub back an hour ain't goin' to hurt none, I reckon."

A few feet back from his first line of test pans he started a second line. The sun dropped down the western sky, the shadows lengthened, but the man worked on. He began a third line of test pans. He was cross-cutting the hillside, line by line, as he ascended. The center of each line produced the richest pans, while the ends came where no colors showed in the pan. And as he ascended the hillside the lines grew perceptibly shorter. The regularity with which their length diminished served to indicate that somewhere up the slope the last line would be so short as to have scarcely length at all, and that beyond could come only a point. The design was growing into an inverted "V." The converging sides of this "V" marked the boundaries of the gold-bearing dirt.

The apex of the "V" was evidently the man's goal. Often he ran his eye along the converging sides and on up the hill, trying to divine the apex, the point where the gold-bearing dirt must cease. Here resided "Mr. Pocket"—

for so the man familiarly addressed the imaginary point above him on the slope, crying out,—

"Come down out o' that, Mr. Pocket! Be right smart an' agreeable, an' come down!"

"All right," he would add later, in a voice resigned to determination. "All right, Mr. Pocket. It's plain to me I got to come right up an' snatch you out bald-headed. An' I'll do it! I'll do it!" he would threaten still later.

Each pan he carried down to the water to wash, and as he went higher up the hill the pans grew richer, until he began to save the gold in an empty baking-powder can which he carried carelessly in his hip pocket. So engrossed was he in his toil that he did not notice the long twilight of oncoming night. It was not until he tried vainly to see the gold colors in the bottom of the pan that he realized the passage of time. He straightened up abruptly. An expression of whimsical wonderment and awe overspread his face as he drawled,—

"Gosh darn my buttons! if I didn't plumb forget dinner!"

He stumbled across the stream in the darkness and lighted his long delayed fire. Flapjacks and bacon and warmed-over beans constituted his supper. Then he smoked a pipe by the smoldering coals, listening to the night noises and watching the moonlight stream through the canyon. After that he unrolled his bed, took off his heavy shoes, and pulled the blankets up to his chin. His face showed white in the moonlight, like the face of a corpse. But it was a corpse that knew its resurrection, for the man rose suddenly on one elbow and gazed across at his hillside.

"Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called sleepily. "Good night."

He slept through the early gray of morning until the direct rays of the sun smote his closed eyelids, when he awoke with a start and looked about him until he had established the continuity of his existence and identified

his present self with the days previously lived.

To dress, he had merely to buckle on his shoes. He glanced at his fireplace and at his hillside, wavered, but fought down the temptation and started the fire.

"Keep yer shirt on, Bill; keep yer shirt on," he admonished himself. "What's the good of rushin'? No use in gettin' all het up an' sweaty. Mr. Pocket'll wait for you. He ain't a-runnin' away before you can get yer breakfast. Now, what you want, Bill, is something fresh in yer bill o' fare. So it's up to you to go an' get it."

He cut a short pole at the water's edge and drew from one of his pockets a bit of line and a draggled fly that had once been a royal coachman.

"Mebbe they'll bite in the early morning," he muttered, as he made his first cast into the pool. And a moment later he was gleefully crying: "What'd I tell you, eh? What'd I tell you?"

He had no reel, nor any inclination to waste time, and by main strength, and swiftly, he drew out of the water a flashing ten inch trout. Three more, caught in rapid succession, furnished his breakfast. When he came to the stepping-stones on his way to his hillside, he was struck by a sudden thought, and paused.

"I'd just better take a hike downstream a ways," he said. "There's no tellin' what cuss may be snoopin' around."

But he crossed over on the stones, and with a "I really oughter take that hike," the need of the precaution passed out of his mind and he fell to work.

At nightfall he straightened up. The small of his back was stiff from stooping toil, and as he put his hand behind him to soothe the protesting muscles, he said:—

"Now what d'ye think of that, by damn? I clean forgot my dinner again! If I don't watch out, I'll sure be degeneratin' into a two-meal-a-day crank."

"Pockets is the damndest things I

ever see for makin' a man absent-minded," he communed that night, as he crawled into his blankets. Nor did he forget to call up the hillside, "Good night, Mr. Pocket! Good night!"

Rising with the sun, and snatching a hasty breakfast, he was early at work. A fever seemed to be growing in him, nor did the increasing richness of the test pans allay this fever. There was a flush in his cheek other than that made by the heat of the sun, and he was oblivious to fatigue and the passage of time. When he filled a pan with dirt, he ran down the hill to wash it; nor could he forbear running up the hill again, panting and stumbling profanely, to refill the pan.

He was now a hundred yards from the water, and the inverted "V" was assuming definite proportions. The width of the pay dirt steadily decreased, and the man extended in his mind's eye the sides of the "V" to their meeting place far up the hill. This was his goal, the apex of the "V," and he panned many times to locate it.

"Just about two yards above that manzanita bush an' a yard to the right," he finally concluded.

Then the temptation seized him. "As plain as the nose on your face," he said, as he abandoned his laborious crosscutting and climbed to the indicated apex. He filled a pan and carried it down the hill to wash. It contained no trace of gold. He dug deep, and he dug shallow, filling and washing a dozen pans, and was unrewarded even by the tiniest golden speck. He was enraged at having yielded to the temptation, and cursed himself blasphemously and pridelessly. Then he went down the hill and took up the crosscutting.

"Slow an' certain, Bill; slow an' certain," he crooned. "Short cuts to fortune ain't in your line, an' it's about time you know it. Get wise, Bill; get wise. Slow an' certain's the only hand you can play; so go to it, an' keep to it, too."

As the crosscuts decreased, showing that the sides of the "V" were converg-

ing, the depth of the "V" increased. The gold trace was dipping into the hill. It was only at thirty inches beneath the surface that he could get colors in his pan. The dirt he found at twenty-five inches from the surface, and at thirty-five inches, yielded barren pans. At the base of the "V," by the water's edge, he had found the gold colors at the grass roots. The higher he went up the hill, the deeper the gold dipped. To dig a hole three feet deep in order to get one test pan was a task of no mean magnitude; while between the man and the apex intervened an untold number of such holes to be dug. "An' there's no tellin' how much deeper it'll pitch," he sighed, in a moment's pause, while his fingers soothed his aching back.

Feverish with desire, with aching back and stiffening muscles, with pick and shovel gouging and mauling the soft brown earth, the man toiled up the hill. Before him was the smooth slope, spangled with flowers and made sweet with their breath. Behind him was devastation. It looked like some terrible eruption breaking out on the smooth skin of the hill. His slow progress was like that of a slug, befouling beauty with a monstrous trail.

Though the dipping gold trace increased the man's work, he found consolation in the increasing richness of the pans. Twenty cents, thirty cents, fifty cents, sixty cents, were the values of the gold found in the pans, and at nightfall he washed his banner pan, which gave him a dollar's worth of gold dust from a shovelful of dirt.

"I'll just bet it's my luck to have some inquisitive cuss come buttin' in here on my pasture," he mumbled sleepily that night as he pulled the blankets up to his chin.

Suddenly he sat upright. "Bill!" he called sharply. "Now, listen to me, Bill; d'ye hear! It's up to you, tomorrow mornin', to mosey round an' see what you can see. Understand? To-morrow morning, an' don't you forget it!"

He yawned and glanced across at his

sidehill. "Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called.

In the morning he stole a march on the sun, for he had finished breakfast when its first rays caught him, and he was climbing the wall of the canyon where it crumbled away and gave footing. From the outlook at the top he found himself in the midst of loneliness. As far as he could see, chain after chain of mountains heaved themselves into his vision. To the east his eyes, leaping the miles between range and range and between many ranges, brought up at last against the white-peaked Sierras—the main crest, where the backbone of the Western world reared itself against the sky. To the north and south he could see more distinctly the cross systems that broke through the main trend of the sea of mountains. To the west the ranges fell away, one behind the other, diminishing and fading into the gentle foothills that, in turn, descended into the great valley which he could not see.

And in all that mighty sweep of earth he saw no sign of man nor of the handiwork of man—save only the torn bosom of the hillside at his feet. The man looked long and carefully. Once, far down his own canyon, he thought he saw in the air a faint hint of smoke. He looked again and decided that it was the purple haze of the hills made dark by a convolution of the canyon wall at its back.

"Hey, you, Mr. Pocket!" he called down into the canyon. "Stand out from under! I'm a-comin', Mr. Pocket! I'm a-comin'!"

The heavy brogans on the man's feet made him appear clumsy-footed, but he swung down from the giddy height as lightly and airily as a mountain goat. A rock, turning under his foot on the edge of the precipice, did not disconcert him. He seemed to know the precise time required for the turn to culminate in disaster, and in the meantime he utilized the false footing itself for the momentary earth contact necessary to carry him on into safety. Where the earth sloped so

steeply that it was impossible to stand for a second upright, the man did not hesitate. His foot pressed the impossible surface for but a fraction of the fatal second and gave him the bound that carried him onward. Again, where even the fraction of a second's footing was out of the question, he would swing his body past by a moment's hand-grip on a jutting knob of rock, a crevice, or a precariously rooted shrub. At last, with a wild leap and yell, he exchanged the face of the wall for an earth slide and finished the descent in the midst of several tons of sliding earth and gravel.

His first pan of the morning washed out over two dollars in coarse gold. It was from the center of the "V." To either side the diminution in the values of the pans was swift. His lines of crosscutting holes were growing very short. The converging sides of the inverted "V" were only a few yards apart. Their meeting point was only a few yards above him. But the pay streak was dipping deeper and deeper into the earth. By early afternoon he was sinking the test holes five feet before the pans could show the gold trace.

For that matter, the gold trace had become something more than a trace; it was a placer mine in itself, and the man resolved to come back after he had found the pocket and work over the ground. But the increasing richness of the pans began to worry him. By late afternoon the worth of the pans had grown to three and four dollars. The man scratched his head perplexedly and looked a few feet up the hill at the manzanita bush that marked approximately the apex of the "V." He nodded his head and said oracularly:—

"It's one o' two things, Bill; one o' two things. Either Mr. Pocket's spilled himself all out an' down the hill, or else Mr. Pocket's that damned rich you maybe won't be able to carry him all away with you. And that'd be hell, wouldn't it, now?" He chuckled at contemplation of so pleasant a dilemma.

Nightfall found him by the edge of the stream, his eyes wrestling with the gathering darkness over the washing of a five-dollar pan.

"Wisht I had an electric light to go on working," he said.

He found sleep difficult that night. Many times he composed himself and closed his eyes for slumber to overtake him; but his blood pounded with too strong desire, and as many times his eyes opened and he murmured wearily, "Wisht it was sun-up."

Sleep came to him in the end, but his eyes were open with the first paling of the stars, and the gray of dawn caught him with breakfast finished and climbing the hillside in the direction of the secret abiding place of Mr. Pocket.

The first crosscut the man made, there was space for only three holes, so narrow had become the pay streak and so close was he to the fountain-head of the golden stream he had been following for four days.

"Be ca'm, Bill; be ca'm," he admonished himself, as he broke ground for the final hole where the sides of the "V" had at last come together in a point.

"I've got the almighty cinch on you, Mr. Pocket, an' you can't lose me," he said many times as he sank the hole deeper and deeper.

Four feet, five feet, six feet, he dug his way down into the earth. The digging grew harder. His pick grated on broken rock. He examined the rock. "Rotten quartz," was his conclusion as, with the shovel, he cleared the bottom of the hole of loose dirt. He attacked the crumbling quartz with the pick, bursting the disintegrating rock asunder with every stroke.

He thrust his shovel into the loose mass. His eye caught a gleam of yellow. He dropped the shovel and squatted suddenly on his heels. As a farmer rubs the clinging earth from fresh dug potatoes, so the man, a piece of rotten quartz held in both hands, rubbed the dirt away.

"Sufferin' Sardanapolis!" he cried.

"Lumps an' chunks of it! Lumps an' chunks of it!"

It was only half rock he held in his hand. The other half was virgin gold. He dropped it into his pan and examined another piece. Little yellow was to be seen, but with his strong fingers he crumbled the rotten quartz away till both hands were filled with glowing yellow. He rubbed the dirt away from fragment after fragment, tossing them into the gold-pan. It was a treasure hole. So much had the quartz rotted away that there was less of it than there was of gold. Now and again he found a piece to which no rock clung—a piece that was all gold. A chunk, where the pick had laid open the heart of the gold, glittered like a handful of yellow jewels, and he cocked his head at it and slowly turned it around and over to observe the rich play of the light upon it.

"Talk about yer Too Much Gold diggin's!" the man snorted contemptuously. "Why, this diggin' 'd make it look like thirty cents. This diggin' is All Gold. An' right here an' now I name this yere canyon 'All Gold Canyon,' b' gosh!"

Still squatting on his heels, he continued examining the fragments and tossing them into the pan. Suddenly there came to him a premonition of danger. It seemed a shadow had fallen upon him. But there was no shadow. His heart had given a great jump up into his throat and was choking him. Then his blood slowly chilled and he felt the sweat of his shirt cold against his flesh.

He did not spring up nor look around. He did not move. He was considering the nature of the premonition he had received, trying to locate the source of the mysterious force that had warned him, striving to sense the imperative presence of the unseen thing that threatened him. There is an aura of things hostile, made manifest by messengers too refined for the senses to know; and this aura he felt, but knew not how he felt it. His was the feeling as when a cloud passes over

the sun. It seemed that between him and life had passed something dark and smothering and menacing; a gloom, as it were, that swallowed up life and made for death—his death.

Every force of his being impelled him to spring up and confront the unseen danger, but his soul dominated the panic, and he remained squatting on his heels, in his hands a chunk of gold. He did not dare to look around, but he knew by now that there was something behind him and above him. He made believe to be interested in the gold in his hand. He examined it critically, turned it over and over, and rubbed the dirt from it. And all the time he knew that something behind him was looking at the gold over his shoulder.

Still feigning interest in the chunk of gold in his hand, he listened intently and he heard the breathing of the thing behind him. His eyes searched the ground in front of him for a weapon, but they saw only the uprooted gold, worthless to him now in his extremity. There was his pick, a handy weapon on occasion; but this was not such an occasion. The man realized his predicament. He was in a narrow hole that was seven feet deep. His head did not come to the surface of the ground. He was in a trap.

He remained squatting on his heels. He was quite cool and collected; but his mind, considering every factor, showed him only his helplessness. He continued rubbing the dirt from the quartz fragments and throwing the gold into the pan. There was nothing else for him to do. Yet he knew that he would have to rise up, sooner or later, and face the danger that breathed at his back. The minutes passed, and with the passage of each minute he knew that by so much he was nearer the time when he must stand up, or else—and his wet shirt went cold against his flesh again at the thought—or else he might receive death as he stooped there over his treasure.

Still he squatted on his heels, rub-

bing dirt from gold and debating in just what manner he should rise up. He might rise up with a rush and claw his way out of the hole to meet whatever threatened on the even footing above ground. Or he might rise up slowly and carelessly, and feign casually to discover the thing that breathed at his back. His instinct and every fighting fiber of his body favored the mad, clawing rush to the surface. His intellect, and the craft thereof, favored the slow and cautious meeting with the thing that menaced and which he could not see. And while he debated, a loud, crashing noise burst on his ear. At the same instant he received a stunning blow on the left side of the back, and from the point of impact felt a rush of flame through his flesh. He sprang up in the air, but halfway to his feet collapsed. His body crumpled in like a leaf withered in sudden heat, and he came down, his chest across his pan of gold, his face in the dirt and rock, his legs tangled and twisted because of the restricted space at the bottom of the hole. His legs twitched convulsively several times. His body was shaken as with a mighty ague. There was a slow expansion of the lungs, accompanied by a deep sigh. Then the air was slowly, very slowly, exhaled, and his body as slowly flattened itself down into inertness.

Above, revolver in hand, a man was peering down over the edge of the hole. He peered for a long time at the prone and motionless body beneath him. After a while the stranger sat down on the edge of the hole so that he could see into it, and rested the revolver on his knee. Reaching his hand into a pocket, he drew out a wisp of brown paper. Into this he dropped a few crumbs of tobacco. The combination became a cigarette, brown and squat, with the ends turned in. Not once did he take his eyes from the body at the bottom of the hole. He lighted the cigarette and drew its smoke into his lungs with a caressing intake of the breath. He smoked slowly. Once the cigarette went out and he relighted it.

And all the while he studied the body beneath him.

In the end he tossed the cigarette stub away and rose to his feet. He moved to the edge of the hole. Spanning it, a hand resting on each edge, and with the revolver still in the right hand, he muscled his body down into the hole. While his feet were yet a yard from the bottom he released his hands and dropped down.

At the instant his feet struck bottom he saw the pocket miner's arm leap out, and his own legs knew a swift, jerking grip that overthrew him. In the nature of the jump his revolver hand was above his head. Swiftly as the grip had flashed about his legs, just as swiftly he brought the revolver down. He was still in the air, his fall in process of completion, when he pulled the trigger. The explosion was deafening in the confined space. The smoke filled the hole so that he could see nothing. He struck the bottom on his back, and like a cat's the pocket miner's body was on top of him. Even as the miner's body passed on top, the stranger crooked in his right arm to fire; and even in that instant the miner, with a quick thrust of elbow, struck his wrist. The muzzle was thrown up and the bullet thudded into the dirt of the side of the hole.

The next instant the stranger felt the miner's hand grip his wrist. The struggle was now for the revolver. Each man strove to turn it against the other's body. The smoke in the hole was clearing. The stranger, lying on his back, was beginning to see dimly. But suddenly he was blinded by a handful of dirt deliberately flung into his eyes by his antagonist. In that moment of shock his grip on the revolver was broken. In the next moment he felt a smashing darkness descend upon his brain, and in the midst of the darkness even the darkness ceased.

But the pocket miner fired again and again, until the revolver was empty. Then he tossed it from him and,

breathing heavily, sat down on the dead man's legs.

The miner was sobbing and struggling for breath. "Measly skunk!" he panted; "a-campin' on my trail an' lettin' me do the work, an' then shootin' me in the back!"

He was half crying from anger and exhaustion. He peered at the face of the dead man. It was sprinkled with loose dirt and gravel, and it was difficult to distinguish the features.

"Never laid eyes on him before," the miner concluded his scrutiny. "Just a common an' ordinary thief, damn him! An' he shot me in the back! He shot me in the back!"

He opened his shirt and felt himself, front and back, on his left side. "Went clean through, and no harm done!" he cried jubilantly. "I'll bet he aimed all right all right; but he drew the gun over when he pulled the trigger—the cuss! But I fixed 'm! Oh, I fixed 'm!"

His fingers were investigating the bullet hole in his side, and a shade of regret passed over his face. "It's goin' to be stiffer'n hell," he said. "An' it's up to me to get mended an' get out o' here."

He crawled out of the hole and went down the hill to his camp. Half an hour later he returned, leading his pack horse. His open shirt disclosed the rude bandages with which he had dressed his wounds. He was slow and awkward with his left-hand movements, but that did not prevent his using the arm.

The bight of the pack rope under the dead man's shoulders enabled him to heave the body out of the hole. Then he set to work gathering up his gold. He worked steadily for several hours, pausing often to rest his stiffening shoulder and to exclaim:—

"He shot me in the back, the measly skunk! He shot me in the back!"

When his treasure was quite cleaned up and wrapped securely into a number of blanket covered parcels, he made an estimate of its value.

"Four hundred pounds, or I'm a Hot-

tentot," he concluded. "Say two hundred in quartz an' dirt—that leaves two hundred pounds of gold. Bill! Wake up! Two hundred pounds of gold! Forty thousand dollars! An' it's yourn—all yourn!"

He scratched his head delightedly and his fingers blundered into an unfamiliar groove. They quested along it for several inches. It was a crease ¹⁰ through his scalp where the second bullet had plowed.

He walked angrily over to the dead man.

"You would, would you?" he bullied. "You would, eh? Well, I fixed you good an' plenty, an' I'll give you decent burial, too. That's more'n you'd have done for me."

He dragged the body to the edge of ²⁰ the hole and toppled it in. It struck the bottom with a dull crash, on its side, the face twisted up to the light. The miner peered down at it.

"An' you shot me in the back!" he said accusingly.

With pick and shovel he filled the hole. Then he loaded the gold on his horse. It was too great a load for the animal, and when he had gained his ³⁰ camp he transferred part of it to his saddle horse. Even so, he was compelled to abandon a portion of his outfit—pick and shovel and gold-pan, extra food and cooking utensils, and divers odds and ends.

The sun was at the zenith when the man forced the horses at the screen of vines and creepers. To climb the huge boulders the animals were com- ⁴⁰ pelled to uprear and struggle blindly through the tangled mass of vegetation. Once the saddle horse fell heavily and the man removed the pack to get the animal on his feet. After it started on its way again the man thrust his head out from among the leaves and peered up at the sidehill.

"The measly skunk!" he said, and disappeared.

There was a ripping and tearing of ⁵⁰ vines and boughs. The trees surged back and forth, marking the passage of the animals through the midst of

them. There was a clashing of steel-shod hoofs on stone, and now and again an oath or a sharp cry of command. Then the voice of the man was raised in song:—

Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace
(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun'
(Yo' will meet wid d' Lord in d' mornin'!).

The song grew faint and fainter, and through the silence crept back the spirit of the place. The stream once more drowsed and whispered; the hum of the mountain bees rose sleepily. Down through the perfume-weighted air fluttered the snowy fluffs of the cottonwoods. The butterflies drifted in and out among the trees, and over all blazed the quiet sunshine. Only remained the hoof marks in the meadow and the torn hillside to mark the boisterous trail of the life that had broken the peace of the place and passed on.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919)

THE STRENUOUS LIFE¹

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that ⁵⁰ peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy

¹From *The Strenuous Life*. Copyright, The Century Co.

of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city 10 great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure 20 merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not 30 admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present 40 merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the 50 field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period,

not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows, if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

In the last analysis a healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of "the fear of 30 maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day." When such words can be truthfully written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and 40 women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those 50 poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that

peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, 10 and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the 20 blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days, let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffer- 30 ing and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced; but we have our tasks, and woe 40 to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them, sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk, busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day, until sud- 50 denly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of

unwarlike and isolated ease is bound, in the end, to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. In 1898 we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest, or enter into it as be- seemed a brave and high-spirited people; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners. So it is now. We cannot avoid the re- sponsibilities that confront us in Ha- waii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philip- pines. All we can decide is whether we shall meet them in a way that shall redound to the national credit, or whether we shall make of our dealings with these new problems a dark and shameful page in our history. To re- fuse to deal with them at all merely amounts to dealing with them badly. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution, there is, of course, always danger that we may not solve it aright; but to refuse to under- take the solution simply renders it cer- tain that we cannot possibly solve it aright. The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the na- tion undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and an army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work, by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valor of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag. These are the men who fear the strenu- ous life, who fear the only national life

which is really worth leading. They believe in that cloistered life which saps the hardy virtues in a nation, as it saps them in the individual; or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which recognizes in commercialism the be-all and end-all of national life, instead of realizing that, though an indispensable element, it is, after all, but one of the many elements that go ¹⁰ to make up true national greatness. No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the archi- ²⁰ tects of our material prosperity, to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads, to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is still greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives ³⁰ that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race.

We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters ⁴⁰ who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests, and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the isthmian canal, and we must ⁵⁰ grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West.

So much for the commercial side. From the standpoint of international honor the argument is even stronger. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us echoes of glory, but they also left us a legacy of duty. If we drove out a mediæval tyranny only to make room for savage anarchy, we had better not have begun the task at all. It is worse than idle to say that we have no duty to perform, and can leave to their fates the islands we have conquered. Such a course would be the course of infamy. It would be followed at once by utter chaos in the wretched islands themselves. Some stronger, manlier power would have to step in and do the work, and we would have shown ourselves weaklings, unable to carry to successful completion the labors that great and high-spirited nations are eager to undertake.

The work must be done; we cannot escape our responsibility; and if we are worth our salt, we shall be glad of the chance to do the work—glad of the chance to show ourselves equal to one of the great tasks set modern civilization. But let us not deceive ourselves ^{as to the importance of the task.} Let us not be misled by vainglory into underestimating the strain it will put on our powers. Above all, let us, as we value our own self-respect, face the responsibilities with proper seriousness, courage, and high resolve. We must demand the highest order of integrity and ability in our public men who are to grapple with these new problems. We must hold to a rigid accountability those public servants who show un-
faithfulness to the interests of the nation or inability to rise to the high level of the new demands upon our strength and our resources.

Of course we must remember not to judge any public servant by any one act, and especially should we beware of attacking the men who are merely the occasions and not the causes of disaster. Let me illustrate what I mean by the army and the navy. If twenty years ago we had gone to war, we should have found the navy as abso-

lutely unprepared as the army. At that time our ships could not have encountered with success the fleets of Spain any more than nowadays we can put untrained soldiers, no matter how brave, who are armed with archaic black-powder weapons, against well-drilled regulars armed with the highest type of modern repeating rifle. But in the early eighties the attention of the nation became directed to our naval needs. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that in the summer of 1898 it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world. We rightly pay all honor to the men controlling the navy at the time it won these great deeds, honor to Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, to the captains who handled the ships in action, to the daring lieutenants who braved death in the smaller craft, and to the heads of bureaus at Washington who saw that the ships were so commanded, so armed, so equipped, so well engined, as to insure the best results. But let us also keep ever in mind that all this would not have availed if it had not been for the wisdom of the men who during the preceding fifteen years had built up the navy. Keep in mind the secretaries of the navy during those years; keep in mind the senators and congressmen who by their votes gave the money necessary to build and to armor the ships, to construct the great guns, and to train the crews; remember also those who actually did build the ships, the armor, and the guns; and remember the admirals and captains who handled battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo-boat on the high seas, alone and in squadrons, developing the seamanship, the gunnery, the power of acting together, which their successors utilized so gloriously at Manila and off Santiago. And, gentlemen, remember the converse, too. Remember that justice has two sides. Be just to those who built up the navy, and, for the sake of the future of the country, keep in mind those who opposed its building up. Read the *Congressional Record*. Find out the senators and congressmen who opposed the grants for building the new ships; who opposed the purchase of armor, without which the ships were worthless; who opposed any adequate maintenance for the Navy Department, and strove to cut down the number of men necessary to man our fleets. The men who did all these things were one and all working to bring disaster on the country. They have no share in the glory of Manila, in the honor of Santiago. They have no cause to feel proud of the valor of our sea-captains, of the renown of our flag. Their motives may or may not have been good, but their acts were heavily fraught with evil. They did ill for the national honor, and we won in spite of their sinister opposition.

Now, apply all this to our public men of to-day. Our army has never been built up as it should be built up. I shall not discuss with an audience like this the puerile suggestion that a nation of seventy millions of freemen is in danger of losing its liberties from the existence of an army of one hundred thousand men, three-fourths of whom will be employed in certain foreign islands, in certain coast fortresses, and on Indian reservations. No man of good sense and stout heart can take such a proposition seriously. If we are such weaklings as the proposition implies, then we are unworthy of freedom in any event. To no body of men in the United States is the country so much indebted as to the splendid officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy. There is no body from which the country has less to fear, and none of which it should be prouder, none which it should be more anxious to upbuild.

Our army needs complete reorganization,—not merely enlarging,—and the reorganization can only come as the

result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established, and the positions of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster officers should be filled by detail from the line. Above all, the army must be given the chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish war, major-generals in command of divisions who had never before com-
 10 manded three companies together in the field. Yet, incredible to relate, Congress has shown a queer inability to learn some of the lessons of the war. There were large bodies of men in both branches who opposed the declaration of war, who opposed the ratification of peace, who opposed the upbuilding of the army, and who even opposed the purchase of armor at a reasonable price
 20 for the battle-ships and cruisers, thereby putting an absolute stop to the building of any new fighting-ships for the navy. If, during the years to come, any disaster should befall our arms, afloat or ashore, and thereby any shame come to the United States, remember that the blame will lie upon the men whose names appear upon the roll-call of Congress on the wrong side of these
 30 great questions. On them will lie the burden of any loss of our soldiers and sailors, of any dishonor to the flag; and upon you and the people of this country will lie the blame if you do not repudiate, in no unmistakable way, what these men have done. The blame will not rest upon the untrained commander of untried troops, upon the civil officers of a department the organization of
 40 which has been left utterly inadequate, or upon the admiral with an insufficient number of ships; but upon the public men who have so lamentably failed in forethought as to refuse to remedy these evils long in advance, and upon the nation that stands behind those public men.

So, at the present hour, no small share of the responsibility for the blood
 50 shed in the Philippines, the blood of our brothers, and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes, lies at the thresholds of those who so long delayed the

adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them—a war, too, in which our own brave men who follow the flag must pay with their blood for the silly, mock humanitarianism of the prattlers who sit at home in peace.

The army and the navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the western hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course we
 20 are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty toward the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is
 30 hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a
 40 freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

In the West Indies and the Philippines alike we are confronted by most
 50 difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way; for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race. If we are too weak, too

selfish, or too foolish to solve them, some bolder and abler people must undertake the solution. Personally, I am far too firm a believer in the greatness of my country and the power of my countrymen to admit for one moment that we shall ever be driven to the ignoble alternative.

The problems are different for the different islands. Porto Rico is not large enough to stand alone. We must govern it wisely and well, primarily in the interest of its own people. Cuba is, in my judgment, entitled ultimately to settle for itself whether it shall be an independent state or an integral portion of the mightiest of republics. But until order and stable liberty are secured, we must remain in the island to insure them; and infinite tact, judgment, moderation, and courage must be shown by our military and civil representatives in keeping the island pacified, in relentlessly stamping out brigandage, in protecting all alike, and yet in showing proper recognition to the men who have fought for Cuban liberty. The Philippines offer a yet graver problem. Their population includes half-caste and native Christians, warlike Moslems, and wild pagans. Many of their people are utterly unfit for self-government, and show no signs of becoming fit. Others may in time become fit, but at present can only take part in self-government under a wise supervision, at once firm and beneficent. We have driven Spanish tyranny from the islands. If we now let it be replaced by savage anarchy, our work has been for harm and not for good. I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretense of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about "liberty" and the "consent of the governed," in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men. Their doctrines, if

carried out, would make it incumbent upon us to leave the Apaches of Arizona to work out their own salvation, and to decline to interfere in a single Indian reservation. Their doctrines condemn your forefathers and mine for ever having settled in these United States.

England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men accustomed to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally, and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilization. So, if we do our duty aright in the Philippines, we will add to that national renown which is the highest and finest part of national life, will greatly benefit the people of the Philippine Islands, and, above all, we will play our part well in the great work of uplifting mankind. But to do this work, keep ever in mind that we must show in a very high degree the qualities of courage, of honesty, and of good judgment. Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering, in dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are not saved from being treasonable merely by the fact that they are despicable.

When once we have put down armed resistance, when once our rule is acknowledged, then an even more difficult task will begin, for then we must see to it that the islands are administered with absolute honesty and with good judgment. If we let the public service of the islands be turned into the prey of the spoils politician, we shall have begun to tread the path which Spain trod to her own destruction. We must send out there only good and able men, chosen for their fitness, and not be-

cause of their partizan service, and these men must not only administer impartial justice to the natives and serve their own government with honesty and fidelity, but must show the utmost tact and firmness, remembering that, with such people as those with whom we are to deal, weakness is the greatest of crimes, and that next to weakness comes lack of consideration¹⁰ for their principles and prejudices.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet²⁰ to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1905

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we

have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights.
⁴⁰ But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid.
⁵⁰ No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other Powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is today, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching, purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved the

Republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this Republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this Republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918)

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL AND
CHARTRES¹

From CHAPTER VIII

THE TWELFTH-CENTURY GLASS

At last we are face to face with the crowning glory of Chartres. Other churches have glass,—quantities of it, and very fine,—but we have been trying to catch a glimpse of the glory which stands behind the glass of Chartres, and gives it quality and feeling of its own. For once the architect is useless and his explanations are pitiable; the painter helps still less; and the decorator, unless he works in glass, is the poorest guide of all, while if he

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works in glass, he is sure to lead wrong; and all of them may toil until Pierre Mauclerc's stone Christ comes to life, and condemns them among the unpardonable sinners on the southern portal, but neither they nor any other artist will ever create another Chartres. You had better stop here, once for all, unless you are willing to feel that Chartres was made what it is, not by the artist, but by the Virgin.

If this imperial presence is stamped on the architecture and the sculpture with an energy not to be mistaken, it radiates through the glass with a light and color that actually blind the true servant of Mary. One becomes, sometimes, a little incoherent in talking about it; one is ashamed to be as extravagant as one wants to be; one has no business to labor painfully to explain and prove to one's self what is as clear as the sun in the sky; one loses temper in reasoning about what can only be felt, and what ought to be felt instantly, as it was in the twelfth century, even by the *truie qui file* and the *ane qui vielle*. Any one should feel it that wishes; any one who does not wish to feel it can let it alone. Still, it may be that not one tourist in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand of the English-speaking race—does feel it, or can feel it even when explained to him, for we have lost many senses. . . .

No artist would have ventured to put up, before the eyes of Mary in Majesty, above the windows so dear to her, any object that she had not herself commanded. Whether a miracle was necessary, or whether genius was enough, is a point of casuistry which you can settle with Albertus Magnus or Saint Bernard, and which you will understand as little when settled as before; but for us, beyond the futilities of unnecessary doubt, the Virgin designed this rose; not perhaps in quite the same perfect spirit in which she designed the lancets, but still wholly for her own pleasure and as her own idea. She placed upon the breast of her Church—which symbolized herself—a jewel so gorgeous that no earthly majesty could

bear comparison with it, and which no other heavenly majesty has rivalled. As one watches the light play on it, one is still overcome by the glories of the jewelled rose and its three gemmed pendants; one feels a little of the effect she meant it to produce even on infidels, Moors, and heretics, but infinitely more on the men and women who adored her;—not to dwell too long upon it, one admits that hers is the only Church. One would admit anything that she should require. If you had only the soul of a shrimp, you would crawl, like the Abbé Suger, to kiss her feet.

Unfortunately she is gone, or comes here now so rarely that we never shall see her; but her genius remains as individual here as the genius of Blanche of Castile and Pierre de Dreux in the transepts. That the three lancets were her own taste, as distinctly as the Trianon was the taste of Louis XIV, is self-evident. They represent all that was dearest to her; her Son's glory on her right; her own beautiful life in the middle; her royal ancestry on her left: the story of her divine right, thrice-told. The pictures are all personal, like family portraits. Above them the man who worked in 1200 to carry out the harmony, and to satisfy the Virgin's wishes, has filled his rose with a dozen or two little compositions in glass, which reveal their subjects only to the best powers of a binocle. Looking carefully, one discovers at last that this gorgeous combination of all the hues of Paradise contains or hides a Last Judgment—the one subject carefully excluded from the old work, and probably not existing on the south portal for another twenty years. If the scheme of the western rose dates from 1200, as is reasonable to suppose, this Last Judgment is the oldest in the church, and makes a link between the theology of the first crusade, beneath, and the theology of Pierre Mauclerc in the south porch. The churchman is the only true and final judge on his own doctrine, and we neither know nor care to know the facts; but we are as good

judges as he of the feeling, and we are at full liberty to feel that such a Last Judgment as this was never seen before or since by churchman or heretic, unless by virtue of the heresy which held that the true Christian must be happy in being damned since such is the will of God. That this blaze of heavenly light was intended, either by the Virgin or by her workmen, to convey ideas of terror or pain, is a notion which the Church might possibly preach, but which we sinners knew to be false in the thirteenth century as well as we know it now. Never in all these seven hundred years has one of us looked up at this rose without feeling it to be Our Lady's promise of Paradise.

Here as everywhere else throughout the church, one feels the Virgin's presence, with no other thought than her majesty and grace. To the Virgin and to her suppliants, as to us, who though outcasts in other churches can still hope in hers, the Last Judgment was not a symbol of God's justice or man's corruption, but of her own infinite mercy. The Trinity judged, through Christ;—Christ loved and pardoned, through her. She wielded the last and highest power on earth and in hell. In the glow and beauty of her nature, the light of her Son's infinite love shone as the sunlight through the glass, turning the Last Judgment itself into the highest proof of her divine and supreme authority. The rudest ruffian of the Middle Ages, when he looked at this Last Judgment, laughed; for what was the Last Judgment to her! An ornament, a plaything, a pleasure! a jewelled decoration which she wore on her breast! Her chief joy was to pardon; her eternal instinct was to love; her deepest passion was pity! On her imperial heart the flames of hell showed only the opaline colours of heaven. Christ the Trinity might judge as much as He pleased, but Christ the Mother would rescue; and her servants could look boldly into the flames.

If you, or even our friends the priests who still serve Mary's shrine, suspect

that there is some exaggeration in this language, it will only oblige you to admit presently that there is none; but for the moment we are busy with glass rather than with faith, and there is a world of glass here still to study. Technically, we are done with it. The technique of the thirteenth century comes naturally and only too easily out of that of the twelfth. Artistically, the motive remains the same, since it is always the Virgin; but although the Virgin of Chartres is always the Virgin of Majesty, there are degrees in the assertion of her majesty even here, which effect the art and qualify its feeling. Before stepping down to the thirteenth century, one should look at these changes of the Virgin's royal presence.

First and most important as record is the Stone Virgin on the south door of the western portal, which we studied, with her Byzantine Court; and the second, also in stone, is of the same period, on one of the carved capitals of the portal, representing the Adoration of the Magi. The third is the glass Virgin at the top of the central lancet. All three are undoubted twelfth-century work; and you can see another at Paris, on the same door of Notre Dame, and still more on Abbé Suger's window at Saint-Denis, and, later, within a beautiful grisaille at Auxerre; but all represent the same figure; a Queen, enthroned, crowned, with the symbols of royal power, holding in her lap the infant King whose guardian she is. Without pretending to know what special crown she bears, we can assume, till corrected, that it is the Carolingian imperial, not the Byzantine. The Trinity nowhere appears except as implied in the Christ. At the utmost, a mystic hand may symbolize the Father. The Virgin as represented by the artists of the twelfth century in the Ile de France and at Chartres seems to be wholly French in spite of the Greek atmosphere of her workmanship. One might almost insist that she is blonde, full in face, large in figure, dazzlingly beautiful, and not more than

thirty years of age. The child never seems to be more than five.

You are equally free to see a Southern or Eastern type in her face, and perhaps the glass suggests a dark type, but the face of the Virgin on the central lancet is a fourteenth-century restoration which may or may not reproduce the original, while all the other Virgins represented in the glass, except 10 one, belong to the thirteenth century. The possible exception is a well-known figure called Notre-Dame-de-la-Belle-Verrière in the choir next the south transept. A strange, almost uncanny feeling seems to haunt this window, heightened by the veneration in which it was long held as a shrine, though it is now deserted for Notre-Dame-du-Pilier on the opposite side of the choir. 20 The charm is partly due to the beauty of the scheme of the angels, supporting, saluting, and incensing the Virgin and Child with singular grace and exquisite feeling, but rather that of the thirteenth than of the twelfth century. Here too the face of the Virgin is not ancient. Apparently the original glass was injured by time or accident, and the colors were covered or renewed by 30 a simple drawing in oil. Elsewhere the color is thought to be particularly good, and the window is a favorite mine of motives for artists to exploit; but to us its chief interest is its singular depth of feeling. The Empress Mother sits full-face, on a rich throne and dais, with the Child on her lap repeating her attitude, except that her hands support His shoulders. She wears her crown; 40 her feet rest on a stool, and both stool, rug, robe, and throne are as rich as color and decoration can make them. At last a dove appears, with the rays of the Holy Ghost. Imperial as the Virgin is, it is no longer quite the unlimited empire of the western lancet. The aureole encircles her head only; she holds no sceptre; the Holy Ghost seems to give her support which she did not need before, while Saint Gabriel 50 and Saint Michael, her archangels, with their symbols of power, have disappeared. Exquisite as the angels are who surround and bear up her throne, they assert no authority. The window itself is not a single composition; the panels below seem inserted later merely to fill up the space; six represent the Marriage of Cana, and the three at the bottom show a grotesque little démon tempting Christ in the Desert. The effect of the whole, in this angle which is almost always dark or filled with shadow, is deep and sad, as though the Empress felt her authority fail, and had come down from the western portal to reproach us for neglect. The face is haunting. Perhaps its force may be due to nearness, for this is the only instance in glass of her descending so low that we can almost touch her, and see what the twelfth century instinctively felt in the features which, even in their beatitude, were serious and almost sad under the austere responsibilities of infinite pity and power.

No doubt the window is very old, or perhaps an imitation or reproduction of one which was much older; but to the pilgrim its interest lies mostly in its personality, and there it stands alone. Although the Virgin reappears 30 again and again in the lower windows,—as in those on either side of the Belle-Verrière; in the remnant of window representing her miracles at Chartres, in the south aisle next the transept; in the fifteenth century window of the chapel of Vendôme which follows; and in the third window which follows that of Vendôme and represents her coronation,—she does not show herself again 40 in all her majesty till we look up to the high windows above. There we shall find her in her splendor on her throne, above the high altar, and still more conspicuously in the Rose of France in the north transept. Still again she is enthroned in the first window of the choir next the north transept. Elsewhere we can see her standing, but never does she come down to us in the full splendor of her presence. Yet 50 wherever we find her at Chartres, and of whatever period, she is always Queen. Her expression and attitude are always calm and commanding.

She never calls for sympathy by hysterical appeals to our feelings; she does not even altogether command, but rather accepts the voluntary, unquestioning, unhesitating, instinctive faith, love, and devotion of mankind. She will accept ours, and we have not the heart to refuse it; we have not even the right, for we are her guests.

WOODROW WILSON (1856-1924)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy,

where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own, Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate.

Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. 10 Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its school- 20 ing there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical 40 Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of

how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where 30 no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here to-day not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln—he stands in need of none—but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy, as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must

constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions, and doctrines of right, and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

FLAG-DAY ADDRESS

JUNE 14, 1917

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us,—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the

fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away,—for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the fire before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose, for which this great flag has never been carried before, or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. When they found that they could not do that, their agents diligently spread sedition amongst us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance,—and some of these agents were men connected with the official Embassy of the German Government itself here in our own Capital. They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us, and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her,—and that, not by indirection, but by direct suggestion from the Foreign

Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe. And many of our own people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace, it was denied us, and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now, as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged, that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power, and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their

natural tools and instruments of domination.

Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well advanced intrigues lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Servia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Servia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else! It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial

and political units which could be kept together only by force,—Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Roumanians, Turks, Armenians,—the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be 10 satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution.

But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own 20 way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution. Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation, ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Ber- 30 lin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single Power. Servia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Roumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish 40 statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not 50 peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been

public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept.

That government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go farther; it dare not go back. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet; and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate 30 their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people: they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it—an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed they are safe, and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they

succeed, America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction.—Socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed, and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or coöperation in western Europe, and a counter-revolution fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom; and all Europe will arm for the next, the final struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters; declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions; set England at the center of

the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world; appeal to our ancient tradition of isolation in the politics of the nations; and seek to undermine the government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German Government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and nowhere are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a people's war, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included; and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments,—a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

WALTER HINES PAGE
(1855-1918)

LETTERS ¹

To EDWARD M. HOUSE

LONDON, February 24, 1914.

MY DEAR HOUSE:

You'll be interested in these pamphlets by Sir Max Waechter, who has opened an office here and is spending much money to "federate" Europe. I enclose also an article about him from the *Daily Telegraph*, which tells how he has interviewed most of the Old World monarchs. Get also, immediately, the new two-volume life of Lord Lyons, Minister to the United States during the Civil War, and subsequently Ambassador to France. You will find an interesting account of the campaign of about 1870 to reduce armaments, when old Bismarck dumped the whole basket of apples by marching against France. You know I sometimes fear some sort of repetition of that experience. Some government (probably Germany) will see bankruptcy staring it in the face, and the easiest way out will seem a great war. Bankruptcy before a war would be ignominious; after a war, it could be charged to "glory." . . .

Always heartily yours,

W. H. P.

P. S. There's nothing like the President. By George! the passage of the arbitration treaty (renewal) almost right off the bat, and apparently the tolls discrimination coming presently to its repeal! Sir Edward Grey remarked to me yesterday: "Things are clearing up!" I came near saying to him: "Have you any miracles in mind that you'd like to see worked?" Wilson stock is at a high premium on this side of the water, in spite of the momentary impatience caused by Benton's death.

W. H. P.

TO THE PRESIDENT

LONDON, Sunday, August 9, 1914.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

God save us! What a week it has been! Last Sunday I was down at the cottage ² I have taken for the summer—an hour out of London—uneasy because of the apparent danger and 10 of what Sir Edward Grey had told me. During the day people began to go to the Embassy, but not in great numbers—merely to ask what to do in case of war. The Secretary whom I had left in charge on Sunday telephoned me every few hours and laughingly told funny experiences with nervous women who came in and asked absurd questions. Of course, we all knew 20 the grave danger that war might come, but nobody could by the wildest imagination guess at what awaited us. On Monday I was at the Embassy earlier than I think I had ever been there before, and every member of the staff was already on duty. Before breakfast time the place was filled—packed like sardines. This was two days before war was declared. There was no 30 chance to talk to individuals, such was the jam. I got on a chair and explained that I had already telegraphed to Washington—on Saturday—suggesting the sending of money and ships, and asking them to be patient. I made a speech to them several times during the day, and kept the Secretaries doing so at intervals. More than 2,000 Americans crowded into those offices (which 40 are not large) that day. We were kept there till two o'clock in the morning. The Embassy has not been closed since.

Mr. Kent, of the Bankers Trust Company in New York, volunteered to form an American Citizens' Relief Committee. He and other men of experience and influence organized themselves at the Savoy Hotel. . . . We now have an orderly organization at 50 four places: The Embassy, the Consul-General's Office, the Savoy, and the American Society in London, and everything is going well. Those two

² at Ockham, Surrey

¹ From *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick. Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Company.

first days, there was, of course, great confusion. Crazy men and weeping women were imploring and cursing and demanding—God knows it was bedlam turned loose. I have been called a man of the greatest genius for an emergency by some, by others a damned fool, by others every epithet between these extremes. Men shook English banknotes in my face and demanded United States money and swore our Government and its agents ought all to be shot. Women expected me to hand them steamship tickets home. When some found out they could not get tickets on the transports (which they assumed would sail the next day) they accused me of favoritism. . . .

Then came the declaration of war, most dramatically. Tuesday night, five minutes after the ultimatum had expired, the Admiralty telegraphed to the fleet "Go." In a few minutes the answer came back, "Off." Soldiers began to march through the city, going to the railway stations. An indescribable crowd so blocked the streets about the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office, that at one o'clock in the morning I had to drive in my car by other streets to get home.

The next day the German Embassy was turned over to me. I went to see the German Ambassador at three o'clock in the afternoon. He came down in his pajamas, a crazy man. I feared he might literally go mad. He is of the anti-war party, and he had done his best and utterly failed. This interview was one of the most pathetic experiences of my life. The poor man had not slept for several nights. Then came the crowds of frightened Germans, afraid that they would be arrested. They besieged the German Embassy and our Embassy. I put one of our naval officers in the German Embassy, put the United States seal on the door to protect it, and we began business there, too. Our naval officer has moved in—sleeps there. He has an assistant, a stenographer, a messenger: and I gave him the German automobile and chauffeur and two

English servants that were left there. He has the job well in hand now, under my and Laughlin's supervision. But this has brought still another new lot of diplomatic and governmental problems—a lot of them. Three enormous German banks in London have, of course, been closed. Their managers pray for my aid. Howling women come and say their innocent German husbands have been arrested as spies. English, Germans, Americans—everybody has daughters and wives and invalid grandmothers alone in Germany. In God's name, they ask, what can I do for them? Here come stacks of letters sent under the impression that I can send them to Germany. . . .

I am having a card catalogue, each containing a sort of who's who, of all Americans in Europe of whom we hear. This will be ready by the time the *Tennessee* comes. Fifty or more stranded Americans—men and women—are doing this work free.

I have a member of Congress in the general reception room of the Embassy answering people's questions—three other volunteers as well.

We had a world of confusion for two or three days. But all this work is now well organized and it can be continued without confusion or cross purposes. I meet committees and lay plans and read and write telegrams from the time I wake till I go to bed. But, since it is now all in order, it is easy. Of course I am running up the expenses of the Embassy—there is no help for that; but the bill will be really exceedingly small because of the volunteer work—for a while. I have not and shall not consider the expense of whatever it seems absolutely necessary to do—of other things I shall always consider the expense most critically. Everybody is working with everybody else in the finest possible spirit. I have made out a sort of military order to the Embassy staff, detailing one man with clerks for each night, and forbidding the others to stay there till midnight. None of us slept more than a few

hours last week. It was not the work that kept them after the first night or two, but the sheer excitement of this awful cataclysm. All London has been awake for a week. Soldiers are marching day and night; immense throngs block the streets about the government offices. But they are all very orderly. Every day Germans are arrested on suspicion; and several of them have committed suicide. Yesterday one poor American woman yielded to the excitement and cut her throat. I find it hard to get about much. People stop me on the street, follow me to luncheon, grab me as I come out of any committee meeting—to know my opinion of this or that—how can they get home? Will such-and-such a boat fly the American flag? Why did I take the German Embassy? I have to fight my way about and rush to an automobile. I have had to buy me a second one to keep up the racket. Buy?—no—only bargain for it, for I have not any money. But everybody is considerate, and that makes no matter for the moment. This little cottage in an out-of-the-way place, twenty-five miles from London, where I am trying to write and sleep, has been found by people today, who come in automobiles to know how they may reach their sick kinspeople in Germany. I have not had a bath for three days: as soon as I got in the tub, the telephone rang an "urgent" call.

Upon my word, if one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace. One surprise follows another so rapidly that one loses all sense of time: it seems an age since last Sunday.

I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half-an-hour and threw up his hands and said, "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?" Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and

weeping and crying out, "My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague."

Along with all this tragedy came two reverend American peace delegates who got out of Germany by the skin of their teeth and complain that they lost all the clothes they had except what they had on. "Don't complain," said I, "but thank God you saved your skins." Everybody has forgotten what war means—forgotten that folks get hurt. But they are coming around to it now. A United States Senator telegraphs me: "Send my wife and daughter home on the first ship." Ladies and gentlemen filled the steerage of that ship—not a bunk left; and his wife and daughter are found three days later sitting in a swell hotel waiting for me to bring them stateroom tickets on a silver tray! One of my young fellows in the Embassy rushes into my office saying that a man from Boston with letters of introduction from Senators and Governors and Secretaries, et. al., was demanding tickets of admission to a picture-gallery, and a Secretary to escort him there.

"What shall I do with him?"

"Put his proposal to a vote of the 200 Americans in the room, and see them draw and quarter him."

I have not yet heard what happened. A woman writes me four pages to prove how dearly she loves my sister and invites me to her hotel—five miles away—"please to tell her about the sailing of the steamships." Six American preachers pass a resolution unanimously "urging our Ambassador to telegraph our beloved, peace-loving President to stop this awful war"; and they come with simple solemnity to present their resolution. Lord save us, what a world!

And this awful tragedy moves on to—what? We do not know what is really happening, so strict is the censorship. But it seems inevitable to me that Germany will be beaten, that the horrid period of alliances and armaments will not come again, that England will gain even more of the earth's surface, that Russia may next play

the menace; that all Europe (as much as survives) will be bankrupt; that relatively we shall be immensely stronger financially and politically—there must surely come many great changes—very many, yet undreamed of. Be ready; for you will be called on to compose this huge quarrel. I thank Heaven for many things—first, the Atlantic Ocean; second, that you ¹⁰ refrained from war in Mexico; third, that we kept our treaty—the canal tolls victory, I mean. Now, when all this half of the world will suffer the unspeakable brutalization of war, we shall preserve our moral strength, our political powers, and our ideals.

God save us!

W. H. P.

TO ARTHUR W. PAGE

WILSFORD MANOR, SALISBURY,
July 8, 1917.

DEAR ARTHUR:

Since admirals and generals began to come from home, they and the war have taken my time so completely, day and night, that I haven't lately written you many things that I should like to tell you. I'll try here—a house of ³⁰ a friend where the only other guest besides your mother and me is Edward Grey. This is the first time I've seen him since he left office. . . .

Sims is the idol of the British Admiralty, and he is doing his job just as well as any man could with the tools and the chance that he has. He has made the very best of the chance, and he has completely won the confidence and admiration of this side of the world.

Pershing made an admirable impression here, and in France he has simply set them wild with joy. His coming and his little army have been worth what a real army will be worth later. It is well he came to keep the French in line.

The army of doctors and nurses have ⁵⁰ had a similar effect.

Even the New England saw-mill units have caused a furor of enthusiasm. They came with absolute Yan-

kee completeness of organization—with duplicate parts of all their machinery, tents, cooks, pots, and pans, and everything ship-shape. The only question they asked was, "Say, where the hell are them trees you want sawed up?" That's the way to do a job! Yankee stock is made high here by such things as that. . . .

The chief fact that grows upon me is that all the facts must be brought out to show the kinship in blood and ideals of the two great English-speaking nations. . . . The truth should be forcibly and convincingly told and retold to the end of the chapter, and our national life should proceed on its natural historic lines, with its proper historic outlook and background. We ²⁰ can do something to bring this about.

Affectionately,

W. H. P.

H. L. MENCKEN (1880—)

THE POET AND HIS ART ¹

"A good prose style," says Dr. Otto ³⁰ Jespersen in his great monograph, *The Growth and Structure of the English Language*, "is everywhere a late acquirement, and the work of whole generations of good authors is needed to bring about the easy flow of written prose." The learned philologist is here speaking of Old English, or, as it used to be called when you and I were at the breast of enlightenment, Anglo-⁴⁰ Saxon. An inch or so lower down the page he points out that what he says of prose is by no means true of verse—that poetry of very respectable quality is often written by peoples and individuals whose prose is quite as crude and graceless as that, say, of a latter-day American statesman—that even the so-called Anglo-Saxons of Beowulf's time, a race as barbarous as the modern Jugo-Slavs or Mississippians, were yet capable, on occasion, of writ-

¹ Reprinted from *Prejudices*, by H. L. Mencken, by permission of Alfred H. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

ing dithyrambs of an indubitable sweet gaudiness.

The point needs no laboring. A glance at the history of any literature will prove its soundness. Moreover, it is supported by what we see around us every day—that is, if we look in literary directions. Some of the best verse in the modern movement, at home and abroad, has been written by intellectual adolescents who could no more write a first rate paragraph in prose than they could leap the Matterhorn—girls just out of Newnham and Vassar, young army officers, elderly fat women, obscure lawyers and doctors, newspaper reporters, all sorts of hollow dilettanti, male and female. Ninetenths of the best poetry of the world has been written by poets less than 20 thirty years old; a great deal more than half of it has been written by poets under twenty-five. One always associates poetry with youth, for it deals chiefly with the ideas that are peculiar to youth, and its terminology is quite as youthful as its content. When one hears of a poet past thirty-five, he seems somehow unnatural and even a trifle obscene; it is as if one encountered a greying man who still played the Chopin waltzes and believed in elective affinities. But prose, obviously, is a sterner and more mature matter. All the great masters of prose (and especially of English prose, for its very resilience and brilliance make it extraordinarily hard to write) have had to labor for years before attaining to their mastery of it. The early prose of Abraham Lincoln was remarkable 40 only for its badness; it was rhetorical and bombastic, and full of supernumerary words; in brief, it was a kind of poetry. It took years and years of hard striving for him to develop the simple and exquisite prose of his last half-decade. So with Thomas Henry Huxley, perhaps the greatest virtuoso of plain English who has ever lived. 50 His first writings were competent but undistinguished; he was almost a grandfather before he perfected his superb style. And so with Anatole

France, and Addison, and T. B. Macaulay, and George Moore, and A. E., and Lord Dunsany, and Nietzsche, and to go back to antiquity, Marcus Tullius Cicero. I have been told that the average age of the men who made the Authorized Version of the Bible was beyond sixty years. Had they been under thirty they would have made it 10 lyrical; as it was, they made it colossal.

The reason for all this is not far to seek. Prose, however powerful in its appeal to the emotions, is always based primarily upon logic, and is thus scientific; poetry, whatever its so-called intellectual content, is always based upon mere sensations, and is thus loose and disorderly. A man must have acquired discipline over his feelings before he can write sound prose; he must have learned how to subordinate his transient ideas to more general and permanent ideas; above all, he must have acquired a good "head" for words, which is to say, a capacity for resisting their mere lascivious lure. But to write acceptable poetry, or even good poetry, he needs none of these things. If his hand runs away with his head it 30 is actually a merit. If he writes what everyone knows to be untrue, in terms that no sane adult would ever venture to use in real life, it is a proof of his divine afflation. If he slops over and heaves around in a manner never hitherto observed on land or sea, the fact proves his originality. The so-called "forms" of verse and the rules of rhyme and rhythm do not offer him 40 difficulties; they offer him refuges. Their purpose is not to keep him in order, but simply to give him countenance by providing him with a formal orderliness when he is most out of order. Using them is like swimming with bladders. The first literary composition of a quick-minded child is always some sort of jingle. It starts out with an inane idea—half an idea. Sticking 50 to prose, it could go no further. But to its primary imbecility it nows adds a meaningless phrase which, while logically unrelated, provides an agreeable concord in mere sound—and the

result is the primordial tadpole of a sonnet. All the sonnets of the world, save a few of miraculous (and perhaps accidental) quality, partake of this fundamental nonsensicality. In all of them there are ideas that would sound idiotic in prose, and phrases that would sound clumsy and uncouth in prose. But the rhyme scheme conceals this nonsensicality. As a substitute for the missing logical plausibility it offers a sensuous harmony. Reading the thing, one gets a vague effect of agreeable sound, and so the intrinsic feebleness is overlooked. It is, in a sense, like observing a pretty girl, competently dressed and made up, across the footlights. But translating the poem into prose is like meeting and marrying her.

II

Much of the current discussion of poetry is corrupted by a fundamental error. That error consists in regarding the thing itself as a simple entity, to be described conveniently in a picturesque phrase. "Poetry," says one critic, "is the statement of overwhelming emotional values." "Poetry," says another, "is an attempt to purge language of everything except its music and its pictures." "Poetry," says a third, "is the entering of delicately imaginative plateaus." "Poetry," says a fourth, "is truth carried alive into the heart by a passion." "Poetry," says a fifth, "is compacted of what seems, not of what is." "Poetry," says a sixth, "is the expression of thought in musical language." "Poetry," says a seventh, "is the language of a state of crisis." And so on, and so on. *Quod est poetica?* They all answer, and yet they all fail to answer. Poetry, in fact, is two quite distinct things. It may be either or both. One is a series of words that are intrinsically musical, in clang-tint and rhythm, as the single word *cellar-door* is musical. The other is a series of ideas, false in themselves, that offer a means of emotional and imaginative escape from the harsh

realities of every day. In brief (I succumb, like all the rest, to phrase-making), poetry is a comforting piece of fiction set to more or less lascivious music—a slap on the back in waltz time—a grand release of longings and repressions to the tune of flutes, harps, sackbuts, psalteries and the usual strings.

As I say, poetry may be either the one thing or the other—caressing music or caressing assurance. It need not necessarily be both. Consider a familiar example from *Othello*:

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owed'st yesterday.

Here the sense, at best, is surely very vague. Probably not one auditor in a hundred, hearing an actor recite these glorious lines, attaches any intelligible meaning to the archaic word *owed'st*, the corner-stone of the whole sentence. Nevertheless, the effect is stupendous. The passage assaults and benumbs the faculties like Schubert's "Ständchen" or the slow movement of his *Tragische symphony*; hearing it is a sensuous debauch; the man anæsthetic to it could stand unmoved before Chartres cathedral. One easily recalls many other such bursts of pure music—in Poe, in Heine, in Swinburne, in Marlowe, even in Tennyson. Two-thirds of the charm of reading Chaucer (setting aside the Rabelaisian comedy) comes out of the mere burble of the words; the meaning, to a modern Englishman or American, is often extremely obscure, and sometimes downright undecipherable. The whole fame of Poe, as a poet, is based upon five short poems. Of them, three are almost pure music. Their intellectual content is of the vaguest. No one would venture to reduce them to plain English. Even Poe himself always thought of them, not as statements of poetic ideas, but as simple utterances of poetic (*i.e.*, musical) sounds.

It was the American, Sidney Lanier, himself a competent poet, who first

showed the dependence of poetry upon music. He had little to say, unfortunately, about the clang-tint of words; what concerned him almost exclusively was rhythm. In *The Science of English Verse*, he showed that the charm of this rhythm could be explained in the technical terms of music—that all the old gabble about dactyls and spondees was no more than a dog Latin in-
 10 vented by men who were fundamentally ignorant of the thing they discussed. Lanier's book was the first intelligent work ever published upon the nature and structure of the sensuous content of poetry. He struck out into such new and far paths that the professors of prosody still lag behind him after half a century, quite unable to understand a poet who was also a shrewd critic and
 20 a first-rate musician. But if, so deeply concerned with rhythm, he marred his treatise by forgetting clang-tint, he marred it still more by forgetting content. Poetry that is all music is obviously relatively rare, for only a poet who is also a natural musician can write it, and natural musicians are much rarer in the world than poets. Ordinary poetry, average poetry, thus
 30 depends in part upon its ideational material, and perhaps even chiefly. It is the *idea* expressed in a poem, and not the mellifluousness of the words used to express it, that arrests and enchants the average connoisseur. Often, indeed, he disdains this mellifluousness, and argues that the idea ought to be set forth without the customary pretty jingling, or, at most, with only the scant
 40 jingling that lies in rhythm—in brief, he wants his ideas in the nude, and so advocates *vers libre*.

It was another American, this time Professor F. C. Prescott, of Cornell University, who first gave scientific attention to the intellectual content of poetry. His book is called *Poetry and Dreams*. Its virtue lies in the fact that it rejects all the customary mysti-
 50 cal and romantic definitions of poetry, and seeks to account for the thing in straightforward psychological terms. Poetry, says Prescott, is simply the ver-

bal materialization of a day-dream, the statement of a cherished wish, an attempt to satisfy a subconscious longing by saying that it is satisfied. In brief, poetry represents imagination's bold effort to escape from the cold and clammy facts that hedge us in—to soothe the wrinkled and fevered brow with beautiful balderdash.

On the precise nature of this beautiful balderdash you can get all the information you need by opening at random the nearest book of verse. The ideas you will find in it may be divided into two main divisions. The first consists of denials of objective facts; the second of denials of subjective facts. Specimen of the first sort:

God's in His heaven,
 All's well with the world.

Specimen of the second:

I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

It is my contention that all poetry (forgetting, for the moment, its possible merit as mere sound) may be resolved into either the one or the other of these frightful imbecilities—that its essential character lies in its bold flouting of what every reflective adult knows to be the truth. The poet, imagining him to be sincere, is simply one who disposes of all the horrors of life on this earth, and of all the difficulties presented by his own inner weaknesses no less, by the childish device of denying them. Is it a well-known fact that love is an emotion that is almost as perishable as eggs—that it is biologically impossible for a given male to yearn for a given female more than a few brief years? Then the poet disposes of it by assuring his girl that he will nevertheless love her forever—more, by pledging his word of honour that he believes that *she* will love
 him forever. Is it equally notorious that there is no such thing as justice in the world—that the good are tortured
 50 insanely and the evil go free and prosper? Then the poet composes a piece crediting God with a mysterious and

unintelligible theory of jurisprudence, whereby the torture of the good is a sort of favor conferred upon them for their goodness. Is it of almost equally widespread report that no healthy man likes to contemplate his own inevitable death—that even in time of war, with a vast pumping up of emotion to conceal the fact, every soldier hopes and believes that he, personally, will escape? Then the poet, first carefully introducing himself into a bomb-proof, achieves strophes declaring that he is free from all such weakness—that he will deliberately seek a rendezvous with death, and laugh ha-ha when the bullet finds him.

The precise nature of the imbecility thus solemnly set forth depends, very largely, of course, upon the private prejudices and yearnings of the poet, and the reception that is given it depends, by the same token, upon the private prejudices and yearnings of the reader. That is why it is often so difficult to get any agreement upon the merits of a definite poem, i.e., to get any agreement upon its capacity to soothe. There is the man who craves only the animal delights of a sort of Moslem paradise; to him, if he be an American, *The Frost is on the Pumpkin* is a noble poem. There is the man who yearns to get out of the visible universe altogether, and tread the fields of asphodel: for him there is delight only in the mystical poetry of Crashaw, Thompson, Yeats and company. There is the man who revolts against the sordid Christian notion of immortality—an eternity to be spent flapping wings with pious green-grocers and oleaginous bishops; he finds his escape in the gorgeous blasphemies of Swinburne. There is, to make an end of examples, the man who, with an inferiority complex eating out his heart, is moved by a great desire to stalk the world in heroic guise: he may go to the sonorous swanking of Kipling, or he may go to something more subtle, to some poem in which the boasting is more artfully concealed, say Christina Rossetti's *When I am Dead*. Many

men, many complexes, many secret yearnings! They collect, of course, in groups; if the group happens to be large enough, the poet it is devoted to becomes famous. Kipling's great fame, in the days before the War, is thus easily explained. He appealed to the commonest of all types of man, next to the sentimental type—which is to say, he appealed to the bully and braggart type, the chest-slapping type, the patriot type. Less harshly described, to the boy type. All of us have been Kiplingomaniacs at some time or another. I was myself a very ardent one at seventeen, and wrote many grandiloquent sets of verse in the manner of *Tommy Atkins* and *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*. But if the gifts of observation and reflection have been given to us, by war or increasing years, we get over it. There comes a time when we no longer yearn to be heroes, but seek only peace—maybe even hope for quick extinction. Then we turn to Swinburne and *The Garden of Proserpine*—more false assurances, more mellifluous play-acting, another tinkling make-believe—but how sweet on blue days!

III

Thus a man's preferences in poetry constitute an excellent means of estimating his inner cravings and credulities. The music disarms his critical sense, and he confesses to cherishing ideas that he would repudiate with indignation if they were put into plain words. I say he cherishes those ideas. Maybe he simply tolerates them unwillingly; maybe they are simply inescapable heritages from his barbarous ancestors, like his vermiform appendix. Think of the poems you like, and you will come upon many such intellectual fossils—ideas that you by no means subscribe to openly, but that nevertheless give you a strange joy. I put myself on the block as Exhibit A. There is my delight in a sonnet, *Tears*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese, an American who should be better known than she is. Nothing could do more violence

to my overt beliefs. Put into prose, the doctrine in the poem would exasperate and even enrage me. There is no man in Christendom who is less a Christian than I am. But here the dead hand grabs me by the ear: My heathen ancestors were converted to Christianity in the year 1535, and remained of that faith until near the middle of the eighteenth century. Observe, now, the load I carry; more than two hundred years of Christianity, and a thousand or more years of worship of heathen gods before that—at least twelve hundred years of uninterrupted belief in the immortality of the soul. Is it any wonder that, betrayed by the incomparable music of Miss Reese's Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, my conscious faith is lulled to sleep, thus giving my subconscious a chance to wallow in its immemorial superstitions?

Even so, my vulnerability to such superstitions is very low, and it tends to grow less as I increase in years and wisdom. As I have said, I once throbbed to the drum-beat of Kipling; later on, I was responsive to the mellow romanticism of Tennyson; now it takes one of the genuinely fundamental delusions of the human race to move me. But progress is not continuous; it has interludes. There are days when every one of us experiences a sort of ontogenetic back-firing, and returns to an earlier stage of development. It is on such days that grown men break down and cry like children; it is then that they play games, or cheer the flag, or fall in love. And it is then that they are in the mood for poetry, and get comfort out of its asseverations of the obviously not true. A truly civilized man, when he is wholly himself, derives no pleasure from hearing a poet state, as Browning stated, that this world is perfect. Such tosh not only does not please him; it definitely offends him, as he is offended by an idiotic article in a newspaper; it roils him to encounter so much stupidity in Christendom. But he may like it when he is drunk, or suffering from some low fever, or staggering be-

neath some great disaster. Then, as I say, the ontogenetic process reverses itself, and he slides back into infancy. Then he goes to poets, just as he goes to women and to dogmatic theology. The very highest orders of men, perhaps, never suffer from such malaises of the spirit, or, if they suffer from them, never succumb to them. These are men who are so thoroughly civilized, that even the most severe attack upon the emotions is not sufficient to dethrone their reason. Charles Darwin was such a man. There was never a moment in his life when he sought religious consolation, and there was never a moment when he turned to poetry; in fact, he regarded all poetry as silly. Other first-rate men, more sensitive to the possible music in it, regard it with less positive aversion, but I have never heard of a truly first-rate man who got any permanent satisfaction out of its content. The Browning Societies of the latter part of the nineteenth century (and I choose the Browning Societies because Browning's poetry was often more or less logical in content, and thus above the ordinary intellectually) were not composed of such men as Huxley, Spencer, Lecky, Buckle and Trevelyan, but of third-rate schoolmasters, moony old maids, candidates for theosophy, literary vicars, collectors of Rogers groups, and other such Philistines. The chief propagandist for Browning in the United States was not Henry Adams, or William Sumner, or Daniel C. Gilman, but an obscure professor of English who was also an ardent spook-chaser. And what is thus true ontogenetically is also true phylogenetically. That is to say, poetry is chiefly produced and esteemed by peoples that have not yet come to maturity. The Romans had a dozen poets of the first talent before they had a single prose writer of any skill whatsoever. So did the English. So did the Germans. In our own day we see the Negroes of the Southern American States producing religious and secular verse of such quality that it is taken over by the

whites, and yet the number of Negroes who show a decent prose style is still very small, and there is no sign of it increasing. Similarly, the white authors of America, during the past ten or fifteen years, have produced a great mass of very creditable poetry, and yet the quality of the national prose remains very low, and the Americans with prose styles of any distinction could be counted on the fingers of the two hands.

IV

So far I have spoken chiefly of the content of poetry. In its character as a sort of music it is plainly a good deal more respectable, and makes an appeal to a far higher variety of reader, or, at all events, to a reader in a state of greater mental clarity. A capacity for music—by which I mean melody, harmony and clang-tint—comes late in the history of every race. The savage can apprehend rhythm, but he is quite incapable of carrying a tune in any intelligible scale. The Negro navvies of the American South, who are commonly regarded as very musical, are actually only rhythmical; they never invent melodies, but only rhythms. And the whites to whom their barbarous dance-tunes chiefly appeal are in their own stage of culture. When one observes a room full of well-dressed men and women swaying and wriggling to the tune of some villainous dance from the Mississippi levees, one may assume very soundly that they are the sort of folk who play golf and bridge, and prefer *The Rosary* to *Heart of Darkness*, and believe in the League of Nations. A great deal of superficial culture is compatible with that pathetic barbarism, and even a high degree of æsthetic sophistication in other directions. The Greeks who built the Parthenon knew no more about music than a hog knows of predestination; they were almost as ignorant in that department as the modern Iowans or New Yorkers. It was not, indeed, until the Renaissance that music as we know it appeared in the world, and it

was not until less than two centuries ago that it reached a high development. In Shakespeare's day music was just getting upon its legs in England; in Goethe's day it was just coming to full flower in Germany; in France and America it is still in the savage state. It is thus the youngest of the arts, and the most difficult, and hence, the noblest. Any sane young man of twenty-two can write an acceptable sonnet, or design a habitable house, or draw a horse that will not be mistaken for an automobile, but before he may write even a bad string quartette he must go through a long and arduous training, just as he must sweat and strive for years before he may write prose that is instantly recognizable as prose, and not as a string of mere words.

The virtue of such great poets as Shakespeare does not lie in the content of their poetry, but in its music. The content of the Shakespearean plays, in fact, is often puerile, and sometimes quite incomprehensible. No scornful essays by George Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris were needed to demonstrate the fact; it lies plainly in the text. One moans sourly over the spectacle of generations of pedants debating the question of Hamlet's mental processes; the simple fact is that Shakespeare gave him no more mental processes than a bishop has, but merely employed him as a convenient spout for some of the finest music ever got into words. Assume that he has all the hellish sagacity of a Nietzsche, and that music remains unchanged; assume that he is as idiotic as an ambassador, and it still remains unchanged. As it is intoned on the stage by actors, the poetry of Shakespeare commonly loses content altogether. One cannot make out what the *cabotin* is saying; one can only observe that it is beautiful. There are whole speeches in the Shakespearean plays whose meaning is unknown even to scholars—and yet they remain favorites, and well deserve to. Who knows, again, what the sonnets are about? Is the bard talking about

the inn-keeper's wife at Oxford, or about a love affair of a pathological character? Some say one thing, and some the other. But all who have ears must agree that the sonnets are extremely beautiful stuff—that the English language reaches in them the topmost heights of conceivable beauty. Shakespeare thus ought to be ranked among the musicians, along with 10 Beethoven. As a philosopher he was a ninth-rater—but so was old Ludwig. I wonder what he would have done with prose? I can't make up my mind about it. One day I believe that he would have written prose as good as Dryden's, and the next I begin to fear that he would have produced something as bad as Swinburne's. He had the ear, but he lacked the logical sense. 20 Poetry has done enough when it charms, but prose must also convince.

I do not forget, of course, that there is a borderland in which it is hard to say, of this or that composition, whether it is prose or poetry. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is commonly reckoned as prose, and yet I am convinced that it is quite as much poetry as the Queen Mab speech, or Marlowe's mighty 30 elegy of Helen of Troy. More, it is so read and admired by the great masses of the American people. It is an almost perfect specimen of a comforting but unsound asseveration put into rippling and hypnotizing words; done into plain English, the statements of fact in it would make even a writer of school history-books laugh. In the main, the test is to be found in the 40 audience rather than in the poet. If that audience is naturally intelligent and in a sober and critical mood, demanding sense and proofs, then nearly all poetry becomes prose; if, on the contrary, it is congenitally maudlin, or has a few drinks aboard, or is in love, or is otherwise in a soft and believing mood, then even the worst of prose, if it has a touch of soothing sing-song 50 in it, becomes moving poetry.

But at the extremes, of course, there are indubitable poetry and incurable prose, and the difference is not hard

to distinguish. Prose is simply a form of writing in which the author intends that his statements shall be accepted as conceivably true, even when they are about imaginary persons and events. Its appeal is to the fully conscious and alertly reasoning man. Poetry is a form of writing in which the author attempts to disarm reason 10 and evoke emotion, partly by presenting images that awaken a powerful response in the subconscious and partly by the mere sough and blubber of words. Poetry is not distinguished from prose, as Dr. Lowes says in his *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, by an exclusive phraseology, but by a peculiar attitude of mind—an attitude of self-delusion, of fact-denying, of 20 saying what isn't true. It is essentially an effort to elude the bitter facts of life, whereas prose is essentially a means of unearthing and exhibiting them. Immediately the thing acquires a literal meaning it ceases to be poetry; immediately it becomes capable of convincing an adult and perfectly sober man during the hours between breakfast and luncheon it is indisputably 30 prose.

This quality of untruthfulness pervades all poetry, good and bad. You will find it in the very best poetry that the world has so far produced, to wit, in the sonorous poems of the Jewish Scriptures. The ancient Jews were stupendous poets. Moreover, they were shrewd psychologists, and so knew the capacity of poetry, given the believing 40 mind, to convince and enchant—in other words, its capacity to drug the auditor in such a manner that he accepts it literally, as he might accept the baldest prose. This danger in poetry, given auditors impressionable enough, is too little estimated and understood. It is largely responsible for the persistence of sentimentality in a world apparently designed for the one purpose of manufacturing cynics. It is probably chiefly responsible for the survival of Christianity, despite the hard competition that it has met with from other religions. The theology of

Christianity—i.e., its prose—is certainly no more convincing than that of half a dozen other religions that might be named; it is, in fact, a great deal less convincing than the theology of, say, Buddhism. But the poetry of Christianity is infinitely more lush and beautiful than that of any other religion ever heard of. There is more lovely poetry in one of the Psalms than in all the non-Christian scriptures of the world taken together. More, this poetry is in both Testaments, the New as well as the Old. Who could imagine a more charming poem than that of the Child in the Manger? It has enchanted the world for nearly two thousand years. It is simple, exquisite, and overwhelming. Its power to arouse emotion is so great that even in our age, it is at the bottom of fully a half of the kindliness, romanticism, and humane sentimentality that survive in Christendom. It is worth a million syllogisms.

Once, after ploughing through sixty or seventy volumes of bad verse, I described myself as a poetry-hater. The epithet was and is absurd. The truth is that I enjoy poetry quite as much as the next man—when the mood is on me. But what mood? The mood, in a few words, of intellectual and spiritual fatigue, the mood of revolt against the insoluble riddle of existence, the mood of disgust and despair. Poetry, then, is a capital medicine. First its sweet music lulls, and then its artful presentation of the beautifully improbable soothes and gives surcease. It is an escape from life, like religion, like enthusiasm, like glimpsing a pretty girl. And to the mere sensuous joy in it, to the mere low delight in getting away from the world for a bit, there is added, if the poetry be good, something vastly better, something reaching out into the realm of the intelligent, to wit, appreciation of good workmanship. A sound sonnet is almost as pleasing an object as a well-written fugue. A pretty lyric, deftly done, has all the technical charm of a fine carving. I think it is craftsmanship that

I admire most in the world. Brahms enchants me because he knew his trade perfectly. I like Richard Strauss because he is full of technical ingenuities, because he is a master-workman. Well, who ever heard of a finer craftsman than William Shakespeare? His music was magnificent, he played superbly upon all the common emotions—and he did it with an air. No, I am no poetry hater. But even Shakespeare I most enjoy, not on brisk mornings when I feel fit for any deviltry, but on dreary evenings when my old wounds are troubling me, and some fickle fair one has just sent back the autographed set of my first editions, and bills are piled up on my desk, and I am too sad to work. Then I mix a stiff dram—and read poetry.

STUART P. SHERMAN (1881-1926)

THE POINT OF VIEW IN AMERICAN CRITICISM¹

According to all the critics, domestic and foreign, who have prophesied against America during the last hundred years, the great and ever-present danger of a democratic society lies in its tendency to destroy high standards of excellence and to accept the average man as a satisfactory measure of all things. Instead of saying, like Antigone in the drama of Sophocles, "I know I please the souls I ought to please," democracy, we are told, is prone to dismiss the question whether she has any high religious obligation, and to murmur complacently, "I know I please the souls of average men." I propose to examine a little the origins of this belief, and then to inquire whether it is justified by the present condition of our civilization, as reflected in our current literature. In the course of the inquiry I shall at least raise the question whether the average man is as easy to please as he is ordinarily supposed to be.

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At the very foundation of the Republic, the menace of the average man was felt by a distinguished group of our own superior men, including Washington, John Adams, Hamilton, and many other able and prosperous country gentlemen. To them the voice of the people was not the voice of God, but the clamor of a hydra-headed monster, requiring to be checked and bridled. Thus, at the outset of our civilization, they established a point of view and they instituted a criticism, which was unfriendly to the average man and his aspirations and to all his misguided friends. They possessed, for example, certain standards of character and manners, which they applied with some austerity to what they regarded as the vulgar Jacobinism of Thomas Paine, to the disintegrating demagoguery of Jefferson, to the cosmopolitan laxity of Franklin, and to all the tendencies of French radicalism towards leveling by law the inequalities created by law and by nature.

Edmund Burke explained England's relative immunity to the equalitarian speculations of the French by this fact: "We continue," he said, "as in the last two ages, to read more generally, than, I believe, is now done on the Continent, the authors of sound antiquity. These occupy our minds. They give us another taste and turn, and will not suffer us to be more than transiently amused with paradoxical morality." Now, it is insufficiently recognized that, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, America, like England, was at the height of her classical period—I mean the period when statesmen, poets, and painters most deliberately and successfully imitated the example of the ancients. The public characters of Washington and his friends, like those of Burke and his friends, were in the grand style, were in a style more or less consciously moulded upon that of the great republicans of England, Rome, and Athens. From Cromwell and Milton, and, above all, from the heroes of Plutarch, the friends of Washington inherited the ardor and

the elevation of their public spirit, and, at the same time, their lofty disdain for the vulgar herd and a conviction that the salvation of the people depended upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities.

At its best, near the source, and on its positive side, there is something very august and inspiring in the utterances of this old Roman or aristocratic republicanism. It is not far from its best in the letters of Abigail Adams.

Glory, my son [she writes to John Quincy Adams], in a country which has given birth to characters, both in the civil and military departments, which may vie with the wisdom and valor of antiquity. As an immediate descendant of one of these characters, may you be led to an imitation of that disinterested patriotism and that noble love of country, which will teach you to despise wealth, titles, pomp, and equipage, as mere external advantages, which cannot add to the excellence of your mind, or compensate for the want of integrity or virtue.

It is not difficult to despise "wealth, pomp, and equipage" when one is adequately supplied with them; John Quincy Adams, accordingly, found his occasion for pride in the excellence of his mind and in his integrity and virtue. And, true to his breeding, he maintained, like Coriolanus, a kind of passionate and scornful opposition to the vulgar mob. In 1795, he writes to his mother that France will remain without the means to form a Constitution till she has exploded the doctrine of submission to and veneration for public opinion. A little later, he admits to his father that "the struggle against a popular clamor is not without its charms in my mind."

There he sounds the rallying cry of our great conservative tradition. I shall not ask here whether the creative ardor of the aristocratic spirit which we observed in the mother is not already beginning to be transformed in the son to a certain ardor for repression. Nor am I concerned here to trace the evolution of this Roman-American pride from its pure high source, down through the ages, till it reappears in aristocratic republicans of our own

times, who still find a charm in opposing the popular clamor. I am thinking of the railway magnate, author of the celebrated phrase, "The public be damned"; and I am thinking of our most aggressive literary critic, a professed Federalist, who remarked the other day in language savoring a bit, perhaps, of the Roman decadence: "I don't care a damn what happens to the Republic after I am dead."

We must pause here, however, long enough to recall that the classical models of society, which the more conservative of our forefathers kept in their minds' eye, rested upon a slave population, and that the government which they set up actually countenanced, in opposition to the plebeian taste of Paine and the demagoguery of Jefferson, a slave population. It is a question of more than academic interest to-day, whether or not the government which they set up necessarily implies the continued existence of an illiterate peasantry.

Those who believe that the salvation of the people depends upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities are likely, in the long run, to make the end subservient to the means, to grow rather careless about the salvation of the people and rather over-careful about the preservation of their own superiorities. They incline, also, to a belief that these superiorities can best be perpetuated through their own offspring—a belief which, so far as I can learn, is inadequately supported by statistics. On this assumption, however, they endeavor to make a kind of closed corporation of their own class, and seek to monopolize it for the administration of government, the possession of property, the enjoyment of higher education and culture, and the literary production of the country.

These tendencies, as we know, appeared very early in the history of the Republic. John Adams nearly ruined himself in 1787 by his frank declaration that wealth and birth should be qualifications for the Senate. Hamilton, at the same time, put forth his

proposals for restraining the vulgar herd by perpetuating wealth and leadership of established families in the nearest possible American imitation of the British monarchical and aristocratic system.

The irrepressible conflict provoked by such attempts to check the rich fecundity and the unpredictable powers of our colonial "populace" is ordinarily presented to us as a contention over political principles. In its most comprehensive aspect, it may profitably be regarded as a conflict of religions. The short interval between the adoption of the Constitution and the end of the eighteenth century is the period of antique Republicanism triumphant, dominated by the religion of the superior man. In 1800, this religion received a blow in the election of Jefferson, the St. Paul of the religion of the populace, who preached faith, hope, and charity for the masses. In 1828, the religion of the superior man received a still more ominous blow, when the fiery, pistoling rough-rider from Tennessee, Andrew Jackson, defeated John Quincy Adams. At this reverse to the sons of light, John Quincy Adams lost his faith in God, the God of superior men.

We have recently had, from the fourth eminent generation of the Adams family, Brooks, Charles Francis, and Henry, a voluminous commentary upon the effort of "the heirs of Washington" to stand against the popular clamor and uphold their great tradition. On the whole, if we may trust their testimony, it has been a tragically unavailing effort. In Boston and Cambridge and in a few tributary villages, in old New York and Washington, on a few great plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, the civilization which the superior men contemplated obtained a struggling foothold before the Civil War. And this civilization achieved some literary expression in the classical oratory of Webster, in the fine old English gentility of Irving's prose, and in the pale provincial flowering of our New

England poetry. Sanguine observers saw in this literary renaissance promise that the intrenched intelligence and culture of the settled, civilized East was to take and hold the mastery in the national life.

But for Henry Adams, at least, that hope ended with his return from England in 1868. He discovered, when he went to Washington to offer his services in carrying on the great tradition—he discovered that the great tradition was broken. There had taken place, not merely a Civil War, but a far more fundamental revolution. He and his kind, bred on the classics, and versed in law and European diplomacy, were anachronisms, survivors out of the classical eighteenth century, belated revelers in the Capitol. A multitude of unknown or ignored forces had developed in his absence, and had combined to antiquate him, to extrude him from the current of national life, and to incapacitate him for a place in the public councils. This singular new nation was no respecter of grandfathers. It took its superior men wherever it found them. It picked its chief statesman out of a log cabin in Illinois, its chief military hero out of an Ohio tannery, its most eminent poet from a carpenter's shop, and its leading man of letters from a pilot-house on the Mississippi. Such standards! Henry spent a life-time elaborating his grand principle of the degradation of energy, to explain to himself why the three grandsons of two presidents of the United States all ended miserably: one as President of the Kansas City Stock Yards; one as a member of the Massachusetts Bar; while one had sunk to the level of a Professor of History at Harvard.

From the point of view of these antique republicans, the period from the Civil War to the end of the nineteenth century proves the truth of all the prophecies against the average man. This is the period of triumphant democracy—meaning, of course, the triumph, not of the political party, but of the religious principle. In this

epoch, the gates of opportunity open as never before to the populace, to the new men. What are the results? Throughout the period, the steadily waning influence of Eastern intelligence and culture in the national life, steadily increasing immigration from the peasant stocks of Europe, expansion of the population into new western territory, prosperity of industrial pioneers, rise of the railway magnate, the iron-master, the organizer of large-scale production of material commodities—immense rewards and glory for supplying the average man what the average man, at that particular moment, wanted and had to have.

Midway in this epoch, one of its heroes, Andrew Carnegie, wrote a book which he called *Triumphant Democracy*—a work which exults and rejoices in the goodness and greatness of American life. It was an industrial captain's reply to the foreign critics who had flitted across the country year after year, like ravens, boding disaster. It was a reply from the point of view of a Scotch radical, a self-made man who could compare the poor little Scotch town of Dunfermline, where the revolution in machinery had ruined his father, to the booming city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the same revolution had made him one of the masters of his generation.

Carnegie's point of view was inadequate. He offered no effective answer to the savage criticism which Dickens had made of our civilization forty years earlier, when he pictured the democracy as brutal, boisterous, boastful, ignorant, and hypocritical. He made no effective reply to Carlyle, who had cried twenty-two years later than Dickens, "My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these."

Matthew Arnold, a critical friend of ours, far more friendly to our political institutions and to our social organizations than Carlyle, dropped in upon us

at about the time Carlyle published his book. "The trouble with Carnegie and his friends," said Arnold, "is that they have no conception of the chief defect of American life; namely, that it is so dreadfully uninteresting." This dullness, he explained, was due to the average man's quite inadequate conception of the good life, which did not go beyond being diligent in business¹⁰ and serving the Lord—making money and observing a narrow code of morality.

The particularly hopeless aspect of our case, Arnold thought, was that we, as a people, seemed quite unconscious of our deficiencies on the human side of our civilization. We displayed a self-satisfaction which is "vulgarizing and retarding." Nationally we were²⁰ boosters, or, as we say nowadays, "boosters." "The worst of it is," he continues, "that this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any sane criticism over there." He cites some examples; and then adds that "the new West promises to beat in the game of brag even the stout champions I have been quoting."

Now, no Englishman will ever fathom³⁰ the mystery of Uncle Sam's boasting. No outsider can ever know, as we all know, how often, out of the depths of self-distrust and self-contempt and cutting self-criticism, he has whistled to keep his courage up in the dark, and has smiled reassuringly while his heart was breaking. Still, if you look into the literature of the period, you will find that there is much warrant for⁴⁰ Arnold's strictures, though not always precisely where he found it. The little boasts of men like Lowell and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Brander Matthews are only Yankee whistling, the turning of the trodden worm, a decent pride in the presence of "a certain condescension in foreigners." Lowell knew a man, he says, who thought Cambridge the best spot on the habit-⁵⁰able globe. "Doubtless God could have made a better, but doubtless He never did." I myself am fond of declaring that the campus of the University of

Illinois is finer than the meadows of Christ Church College, Oxford. But no one in America thinks anything a whit the finer for what an academic person has said in its favor. Nor, on the other hand, does anyone, outside academic circles, think anything in American a whit the worse for what a foreign critic has said against it. The Chicago journalists, for example, with true Jacksonian hilarity, ridiculed Arnold and, after his departure, stigmatized him as a "cur."

The only criticism which ever, as we say, "gets across" to the Jacksonian democracy is that which comes from one of their own number. The really significant aspects of our self-complacency in Carnegie's time were reflected in the popular literature of the period by writers sprung from the new democracy, self-made authors, who flattered the average man into satisfaction with his present state and his average achievement. I am thinking of Western writers, like Joaquin Miller and Riley and Carleton and Bret Harte and Mark Twain. I am thinking of the romantic glamor which these men contrived to spread over the hard rough life and the rougher characters of the middle-borers, the Argonauts, and the Forty-Niners.

You recall the method. First, they admit certain facts—for picturesque effect. For example, these settlers of the Golden West, they say, included a few decent men, but they were in great part the riff-raff of the world—foreign adventurers, offscourings of Eastern cities, uncouth, red-shirted illiterates from the Middle States, lawless, dirty, tobacco-spitting, blaspheming, drunken, horse-thieves, murderers, and gamblers. And then, with noble poetic vision, they cry: "But what delicacy of sentiment beneath those shaggy bosoms! What generosity and chivalry under those old red shirts! Horse-thieves, yet nature's noblemen! Gamblers and drunk-^{ards}, yet kings of men!" "I say to you," chants "the poet of the Sierras," "that there is nothing in the pages of history so glorious, so entirely grand,

as the lives of these noble Spartan fathers and mothers of Americans, who begot and brought forth and bred the splendid giants of the generation that is now fast following the setting sun of their unselfish and all immortal lives."

Here is the point of view of the Jacksonian democracy in its romantic mood. This, in general, was the point of view of Mark Twain, the most original force in American letters and, on the whole, the most broadly representative American writer between the close of the Civil War and the end of the century. Most of us have enough pioneer blood in our veins, or in our imaginative sympathies, to love Mark Twain nowadays. But academic people, they tell us,—and they tell us truly,—had little to do with establishing his earlier reputation. He neither flattered them nor pleased them. He pleased and flattered and liberated the emotions of that vast mass of the population which had been suppressed and inarticulate. He was the greatest booster for the average man that the country ever produced. Confident in the political and mechanical and natural superiorities conferred upon every son of these States by his mere birth under the American flag, Mark Twain laughed at the morality of France, the language of Germany, the old masters of Italy, the caste system of India, the imperialism of England, the romances of Scott, the penal laws of the sixteenth century, and at the chivalry of the court of King Arthur—he laughed at all the non-American world, from the point of view of the average American, stopping only from time to time to pat his countrymen on the back and to cry, like Jack Horner, "What a brave boy am I!" To make a climax to the bold irreverence of this Jacksonian laughter, he laughed at New England and at all her starchy immortals.

In the *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, published in 1889, we hear the last full-hearted laughter of triumphant democracy. Twain himself became sombre in his later years; he became cynical, and touched with

misanthropy. I cannot go here, in any detail, into the causes for the darkening of his outlook. The most interesting of these causes, perhaps, was that Mark Twain had one foot over the threshold of a new age, our present era, which I shall call the era of critical and pessimistic democracy. He had begun to emerge, as I think we are all now beginning to emerge, from the great romantic illusion about the average man, namely that liberty or equality or any kind of political recognition or literary exploitation, or even economic independence, can make him a happy or a glorious being.

Poets and novelists, since the French Revolution, have fostered this romantic illusion in a laudable but misdirected effort to bestow dignity upon the humblest units of humanity. They liberated the emotion for a religion of democracy. They did little to give to that emotion intelligent direction.

You will recall Wordsworth's poem called *Resolution and Independence*. The poet, wandering on the moor in richly gloomy thought, comes upon a poor old man, bent, broken, leaning over a pool, gathering leeches for his livelihood. The poet questions him how it goes with him. The old man replies, quietly enough, that it goes pretty hard, that it is going rather worse; but that he still perseveres and manages to get on, in one way or another. Whereupon Wordsworth falls into a kind of visionary trance. The old peasant looms for him to a gigantic stature. He becomes the heroic "man with the hoe"; a shadowy shape against the sky; man in the abstract, clothed in all the moral splendor of the poet's own imagination.

This same trick of the fancy Hardy plays with his famous dairy-maid, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. She is but an ignorant, instinctive, erring piece of Eve's flesh. Yet, says Hardy, drawing upon the riches of his own poetic associations, "The impressionable peasant leads a larger, fuller, more dramatic life than the pachydermatous king." Thereupon he proceeds to in-

vest the dairy-maid with the tragic emotions and import of a heroine of Thebes or Pelops' line. He infers, by a poetic fallacy, that she is as interesting and as significant to herself as she is to him.

I will take one other case, the hero of a recently translated novel, Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. Here we have an illiterate peasant of Norway, going into the public land almost empty-handed; gradually acquiring a pig, a cow, a woman, a horse, building a turf-shelter, a cowshed, a cabin, a mill—and so, little by little, toiling like an ox, becoming a prosperous farmer, owner of rich lands and plentiful flocks and herds. It is, in a sense, a very cheerful book, a sort of new *Robinson Crusoe*. Its moral appears to be that, so long as men stick to the soil and preserve their ignorance and their natural gusto, they may be happy. It is a glorification of the beaver, the building animal. It is an idealization of the peasant at the instinctive level.

The trick of the literary imagination in all these cases is essentially the same as that which Bret Harte played with his Argonauts, and Miller and Riley with their Indiana pioneers, and Mark Twain with his Connecticut Yankee. We are changing all that.

I chanced the other day upon an impressive new American novel, strikingly parallel in some respects to Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*, but utterly different from it in the mood and the point of view. I refer to the story of Kansas life, called *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius. Here again we have the hardy pioneer, rough, dirty, and capable, entering on the new land, with next to nothing but his expectations; acquiring a pig, a hut, cattle, and a wife; and gradually "growing up with the country" into a prosperous western farmer, with stock in the bank, and a Cadillac, and electric lights in the cowbarns, and kerosene lamps in the house. Our human beaver in America, toiling with the same ox-like fortitude as Isak in Nor-

way, achieves the same material success. But—and this is the difference—the story is one of unrelieved gloom ending in bitter tragedy. Why this sustained note of gloom? Why has our Kansas tale none of the happy gusto of Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*? Because the Kansas farmer is not content with the life of a peasant. Because our Kansas authors refuse to glorify a man on the instinctive level, or to disguise the essential poverty and squalor of his personal life with a poetic fallacy. The book is written from a point of view at which it is apparent that our civilization has failed to solve the human problem.

Since the time of *The Connecticut Yankee* and Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy*, our literary interpreters have been gradually shifting their ground. They are giving us now a criticism of life from a position at which it is possible to see through the poetic illusion about the average man. Making an effort now to see him as he really is, our authors are reporting that he is not satisfied with his achievements, he is not happy, he is very miserable. The most hopeful aspect of American literature to-day is its widespread pessimism. I call this symptom hopeful, because it is most fully exhibited by precisely that part of the country, and by those elements of the population, which were thought forty years ago to be most addicted to boasting and most deeply infected with the vulgarizing and retarding self-complacency of the Philistine, the red-shirted Jacksonian from Missouri. This pessimism comes out of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, and California; from the sons and daughters of pioneer farmers, country doctors, small-town lawyers, and country editors; from the second generation of immigrant stock, German, Swedish, Scotch, Irish; from the hungry, nomadic semi-civilization of the West.

I call this Western pessimism auspicious, because it is so sharply critical, and because the criticism is di-

rected, not so much against the political and economic framework of society as against the kind of personalities which this society produces, and against the quantity and quality of the human satisfactions which these personalities have at their disposal. It is directed against that defect in our civilization which Arnold pointed out; it is so lacking in elevation and beauty; it is so humdrum, so dreadfully uninteresting; it so fails to appease the vague yet acutely painful hunger of the average man for a good life. "Beguile us no longer," cry the new voices; "beguile us no longer with heroic legends and romantic idyls. The life which you celebrate is not beautiful, not healthy, not satisfying. It is ugly, obscene, devastating. It is driving us mad. And we are going to revolt from it."

The manifestation of this spirit which, at the present moment, is attracting most attention is what Mr. Van Doren, in his interesting book on *Contemporary American Novelists*, has called "the revolt from the village." I need only remind you of that long series of narratives, beginning in the early eighties with E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and followed by Hamlin Garland's *Main Travelled Roads*, Mr. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett*, and the novel of which I have already spoken, *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius.

But the interesting pessimistic and critical note in our current literature is by no means confined to representations of country life and the small town. Take Mrs. Wharton's pictures of metropolitan society, from *The House of Mirth* to *The Age of Innocence*, remembering only that Mrs. Wharton cannot be classed as a Jacksonian; then consider the dreary wide wilderness of Mr. Dreiser's picture of big business; Ben Hecht's story of a city-editor in *Erik Dorn*; Mr. Cabell's *Cream of the Jest*; Mr. Norris's broad

picture of the California scene in *Brass*; Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the younger generation in *The Beautiful and Damned*; Mr. Hergesheimer's admirable new novel, *Cytharea*; and, finally, Mr. Lewis's *Babbitt*.

Here we are invited to consider a class of which the discontent cannot be explained by their struggle with the churlishness of the soil and the rigor and tragic whimsicality of the elements. Most of the characters, indeed, have reached a level at which even the economic struggle is as much a pastime as a necessity. They are business men and their womenkind, with a sprinkling of professional men, people who, as we say, know "how to live," people who live expensively, purchasing with free hand whatever gratifications are available for the senses. Nevertheless, if we may trust their interpreters, these people, too, are dreadfully uninteresting to one another, alternating between a whipped-up excitement and a stifed yawn. Their entire stratum of society is permeated by a terrible ennui. Jaded with business and card-parties, Mr. Hergesheimer's persons, for example, can conceive no relief from the boredom of the week but to meet at one another's houses at the week-ends and, in a state of half-maudlin tipsiness, kiss one another's wives on the stairs. Even when the average man is sheltered on all sides, weariness, as Pascal says, springs from the depths of his own heart and fills the soul with its poison. Our "bourgeoisie," no less than our "peasantry," are on the verge of a cultural revolt; they are quarreling with the quality of their civilization.

Now, at the time when a man quarrels with his wife, either one of two interesting things may happen. He may elope with his neighbor's wife for Cuba, fancying for the moment that she is the incarnation of all his unsatisfied desires, the divine Cytharea. Or this man and his old wife may turn over a new leaf and put their relations on a more satisfactory basis. Which course will be followed depends

on the power of self-criticism which the interested persons possess.

This is a parable, with wide possibilities of social application. Our average man, in town and country, is quarreling with his wife, that is to say, with our average American civilization. If he listens to certain counselors who appeal to certain of his instincts and to his romantic imagination, his household, the material civilization which he has slowly built up out of the dust by faithfully working on certain traditional principles—this household will be in danger of disruption. If, on the other hand, his discontent with himself and his human conditions is adequately diagnosed, and if an adequate remedy is accepted, then he will look back upon this period of pessimism as ²⁰ preliminary to the reintegration of the national spirit and its expression in literature. Which course will be followed depends in no small measure upon our power of criticism, which, in its turn, depends upon an adequate point of view.

The elder critics in the academic tradition have in general not dealt sympathetically, or even curiously, with ³⁰ the phenomena. Fixed in an inveterate fidelity to the point of view established by the early classical Americans, they look with a mingling of disdain and abhorrence upon our impious younger world, as upon

a darkling plain
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The critics, on the other hand, who ⁴⁰ are endeavoring to deal sympathetically and curiously with the phenomena, are utterly unorganized; are either without standards of judgment, or in a wild state of confusion with regard to their standards. They are making efforts to get together; but they have no principle of integration. I have not time to do more than mention some of their incongruous points of view. ⁵⁰

A man whose hearty geniality touches the affections of us all, Mr. William Allen White, proposed the other day, as an integrating principle,

the entire abandonment of all standards and a general adoption of the policy of live and let live. His theory of universal sympathy, which he mis-calls "the democratic theory in criticism," would, if applied, destroy both criticism and democracy.

Our journalistic critics in general, conscious of the incompatibility between their private beliefs and the political and economic interests which they serve, tend at the present time, I should say, to adopt the point of view of universal cynicism.

In order precisely to escape from the troublesome clashes of political, social, and moral judgment, in order to escape, in other words, from the real problem of critical reintegration, another group has adopted the æsthetic point of view, and has made a feeble effort to revive in America, with the aid of the Crocean philosophy, the doctrine of art for art's sake.

I will mention, finally, one other point of view, to which an increasing company of the younger writers are repairing, which we may call for convenience the Freudian point of view. ³⁰ The champions of this point of view attempt a penetrating diagnosis of all maladies of American civilization, with the assistance of the new psychology. To sum up their findings briefly, they hold that the trouble with American life is, at the root, due to age-long and cankering inhibitions, attributable to our traditional Puritanism. The remedy is a drop to the instinctive level; the opening of the gates to impulse; a free and spontaneous doing as one pleases in all directions.

Popular Freudianism is, perhaps, the most pestilential of all the prevailing winds of doctrine. Yet its champions have penetrated, I believe, nearer to the heart of our difficulty, they are nearer to an adequate point of view and an integrating principle, than any ⁵⁰ of the other seekers. They at least recognize that the kingdom of disorganization is within the individual breast. The fact that they approach so near to the true destination, and

yet fall short of it, renders their counsels peculiarly seductive and peculiarly perilous.

They are right when they attribute the central malady of our civilization to suppressed desires. They are tragically wrong if they believe that this malady is due to the suppression by religion of any specific isolable physical instinct. They are tragically wrong if they think that this malady can be cured by the destruction of religious restraint and the release of any specific isolable physical instinct. When they prescribe, as many of them do with as much daring as they can muster, giving a new and large license, for example, to the sexual impulses; when they prescribe, as if with the countenance of fresh scientific discoveries, the restoration of the grand old liberative force of alcohol; when they flatter any of the more or less disciplined instincts of our animal nature with the promise of happiness in emancipation, they are offering us intoxicants, anodynes, opiates, every one of which has been proved, by the experience of innumerable generations, hopeless even to accomplish any permanent alleviation of the malady which they profess to cure. And when they attack the essential religious principle of Puritanism,—its deep human passion for perfection,—they are seeking to destroy the one principle which can possibly result in the integration of the national life.

Now, as I talk with members of the beautiful younger generation which comes through my class-room year after year, I find that the Freudians are profoundly mistaken in their analysis of human nature. The deepest craving of the average young men and women is not to be unbound, and released, and to be given a license for a free and spontaneous doing as they please in all directions. They recognize that nature and environment and lax educational discipline have made them beings of sufficiently uncoördinated desires and scattering activities.

What they deeply crave is a binding generalization of philosophy, or reli-

gion, or morals, which will give direction and purpose, which will give channel and speed, to the languid diffusive drift of their lives. The suppressed desire which causes their unhappiness is a suppressed desire for a good life, for the perfection of their human possibilities. The average unreflective man does not always know that this is, in fact, his malady. And in the blind hunger and thirst of his unenlightened nature, he reaches out eagerly for opiates and anodynes, which leave him unsatisfied. But what the innermost law of his being demands, what his human nature craves, is something good and great that he can do with his heart and mind and body. He craves the active peace of surrender and devotion to something greater than himself. Surrender to anything less means the degradation and humiliation of his spirit.

This is the tragedy involved in any surrender to subordinate passions or instincts. I think that our current pessimistic literature indicates that our average man is discovering this fact about his own nature, and that, therefore, like the sinner made conscious of guilt, he is ripe for regeneration; he is ready for the reception of a higher culture than he has yet enjoyed.

Democratic civilization suffereth long, because it is always waiting for the hindmost to catch up with the middle. It is always reluctant to consign the hindmost to the devil. But in the long run, I do not believe that the history of our civilization is going to verify the apprehensions entertained by our old Roman-Americans regarding the average man. To one whose measure of national accomplishment is not the rich flowering of a small aristocratic class, but the salvation of the people, the choices of the average man in the past do not conclusively prove the danger of giving him what he wants. In his first period, he wanted stable government; and he got it, and wholeheartedly glorified the political and military heroes who gave it to him.

In his second period, he wanted a rapid and wide diffusion of the material instruments of civilized life; he got them, and wholeheartedly glorified the industrial heroes who provided them. In his third period, the average man is growing almost as scornful of "wealth and pomp and equipage," as John Quincy Adams. The captains of industry are no longer his heroes; they have communicated to him what they had of virtue for their hour. What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and the wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature, health, recreation, manners, human intercourse, happiness—the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify wholeheartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him.

The great civilizations of the world hitherto have been integrated in their religion. By religion I mean that which, in the depths of his heart, a man really believes desirable and praiseworthy. A great civilization begins to form when men reach an agreement as to what is desirable and praiseworthy. The leading Athenians, in their best period, reached such an agreement; and that is why, whether you meditate on their art, their poetry, or their philosophy, whether you gaze at the frieze of the Parthenon, or read a drama of Sophocles, or the prayer of Socrates, you feel yourself in the presence of one and the same formative spirit—one superb stream of energy, superbly controlled by a religious belief that moral and physical sym-
metry are the most desirable and praiseworthy things in the outer and inner man.

The prospects for our American civilization depend at present upon our capacity for a similar religious integration. Our present task is, primarily, to become clear in our minds as to what is our own formative spirit. The remedy for our present discontents is indicated by the character of the malady. The remedy is, first, to help the average man to an understanding of his own nature, so that he may rec-

ognize more fully what part the things of the mind and the imagination may play in the satisfaction of his suppressed desires. It is to help him to recognize that even an intellectual and imaginative life will yield him little content unless it is organized around some central principle and animating purpose. It is to give the average man what the literature of our pessimistic democracy has at last proved that he wants, namely, an object to which he can joyfully surrender the full strength of his soul and body.

But this is not the whole of the remedy. It is necessary, at the same time, to persuade the superior men that the gods of the old Roman-American aristocrats have forsaken them, and that the time has come when even they may safely accept the purified religion of democracy. To oppose it now is to oppose the formative spirit of our national life and to doom one's self to sterility. The remedy is, in short, to effect a reintegration of the national will on the basis of a genuinely democratic humanism, recognizing as its central principle the duty of bringing the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable.

The point of view which I advocate is not, as it has been called, moralistic. It is essentially religious. And the religion of an intelligent man is not a principle of repression, any more than it is a principle of release. Religion binds us to old morals and customs so long as they help us towards the attainment of our object; but it releases from old morals and customs as soon as they impede our progress towards that object. The object gives the standard. Confronted with heirlooms or with innovations, one's first question is, does this, or does it not, tend to assist the entire body of the people toward the best human life of which they are capable? Advance to this point of view, and you leave behind you universal sympathy, universal cynicism, universal æstheticism, and the black bats of the Freudian

cave. You grasp again a power of choice which enables you to accept or reject, with something of that lost serenity which Socrates displayed when he rejected escape from prison and accepted the hemlock. You recover something of the high elation which

Emerson displayed when he said: "I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good-will at the heart of things, and ever higher and higher leadings."

RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY POETRY

WALT WHITMAN¹ (1819-1892)

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing
on the steamboat deck, 5
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl
sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, 10
friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

SONG OF MYSELF

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass. 5

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the
same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance, 10
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

* * * * *

10

Alone far in the wilds and mountains I hunt, 175
Wandering amazed at my own lightness and glee,

¹ All selections from Whitman from *Leaves of Grass, Inclusive Edition*, edited by Emory Holloway. Copyright, 1924, Doubleday, Page & Company.

In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the night,
Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-kill'd game,
Falling asleep on the gather'd leaves with my dog and gun by my side.

The Yankee clipper is under her sky-sails, she cuts the sparkle and scud, 180
My eyes settle the land, I bend at her prow or shout joyously from the deck.

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me,
I tuck'd my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good time;
You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.

I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west, the bride was a
red girl, 185

Her father and his friends sat near cross-legged and dumbly smoking, they had
moccasins to their feet and large thick blankets hanging from their
shoulders,

On a bank lounged the trapper, he was drest mostly in skins, his luxuriant beard
and curls protected his neck, he held his bride by the hand,
She had long eyelashes, her head was bare, her coarse straight locks descended
upon her voluptuous limbs and reach'd to her feet.

The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside,
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile, 190
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and weak,
And went where he sat on a log and led him in and assured him,
And brought water and fill'd a tub for his sweated body and bruise'd feet,
And gave him a room that enter'd from my own, and gave him some coarse clean
clothes,

And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkwardness, 195
And remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
He staid with me a week before he was recuperated and pass'd north,
I had him sit next me at table, my fire-lock lean'd in the corner.

* * * * *

21

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man, 425
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough, 430
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night:

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night! 435
 Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
 Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
 Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
 Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt! 440
 Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
 Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
 Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
 Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
 Smile, for your lover comes. 445

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
 O unspeakable passionate love.

* * * * *

32

I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so placid and self-contain'd, 685
 I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things, 690
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
 They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.

I wonder where they get those tokens, 695
 Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently drop them?

Myself moving forward then and now and forever,
 Gathering and showing more always and with velocity,
 Infinite and omnigenous, and the like of these among them,
 Not too exclusive toward the reachers of my remembrancers, 700
 Picking out here one that I love, and now go with him on brotherly terms.

A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive to my caresses,
 Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,
 Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,
 Eyes full of sparkling wickedness, ears finely cut, flexibly moving. 705

His nostrils dilate as my heels embrace him,
 His well-built limbs tremble with pleasure as we race around and return.
 I but use you a minute, then I resign you, stallion,
 Why do I need your paces when I myself out-gallop them?
 Even as I stand or sit passing faster than you. 710

* * * * *

33

* * * * *

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
 The courage of present times and all times,
 How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and
 Death chasing it up and down the storm, 825
 How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was faithful of days and
 faithful of nights,
 And chalk'd in large letters on a board, *Be of good cheer, we will not desert you;*
 How he follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and would not give
 it up,
 How he saved the drifting company at last,
 How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when boated from the side of their
 prepared graves, 830
 How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved
 men;
 All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
 I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

* * * * *

35

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?
 Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?
 List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the sailor told it to me. 900

Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you, (said he,)
 His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was,
 and never will be;
 Along the lower'd eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the cannon touch'd,
 My captain lash'd fast with his own hands. 905

We had receiv'd some eighteen pound shots under the water,
 On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all
 around and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,
 Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of
 water reported,
 The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold to give them
 a chance for themselves. 910

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels,
 They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire,
 The other asks if we demand quarter?
 If our colors are struck and the fighting done? 915

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cries, *we have just begun our part of the*
fighting.

Only three guns are in use,
 One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's main-mast,
 Two well serv'd with grape and canister silence his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top, 921
 They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease,
 The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder-magazine.
 One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are sinking. 925

Serene stands the little captain,
 He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,
 His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve there in the beams of the moon they surrender to us.

* * * * *

48

I have said that the soul is not more than the body, 1270
 And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
 And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
 And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest
 in his shroud,
 And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth.
 And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all
 times, 1275
 And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become
 a hero,
 And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
 And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a
 million universes.

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
 For I who am curious about each am not curious about God, 1280
 (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.

Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
 I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then, 1285
 In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
 I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name,
 And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go
 Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

THE BASE OF ALL METAPHYSICS

And now gentlemen,
 A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,
 As base and finalè too for all metaphysics.

(So to the students the old professor,
 At the close of his crowded course.)

5

Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,
 Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,
 Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,
 And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine having studied long,
 I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems, 10
 See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,
 Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the divine I see,
 The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend to friend,
 Of the well-married husband and wife, of children and parents,
 Of city for city and land for land. 15

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
 But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
 (What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of
 them?)
 Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States inland
 and seaboard,
 And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents the
 water, 5
 Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
 The institution of the dear love of comrades.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

1

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
 Healthy, free, the world before me,
 The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing, 5
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
 I do not want the constellations any nearer,
 I know they are very well where they are, 10
 I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,
 I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,
 I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,
 I am fill'd with them; and I will fill them in return.) 15

2

You road I enter upon and look around, I believe you are not all that is here,
I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial,
The black with his woolly head, the felon, the diseas'd, the illiterate person, are
not denied;
The birth, the hasting after the physician, the beggar's tramp, the drunkard's
stagger, the laughing party of mechanics, 20
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple,
The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the town, the
return back from the town,
They pass, I also pass, any thing passes, none can be interdicted,
None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me.

3

You air that serves me with breath to speak! 25
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings and give them shape!
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!
I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear to me.

You flagg'd walks of the cities! you strong curbs at the edges! 30
You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined sides! you distant
ships!

You rows of houses! you window-pierc'd façades! you roofs!
You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!
You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!
You doors and ascending steps! you arches! 35
You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!
From all that has touch'd you I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and
now would impart the same secretly to me,
From the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive surfaces, and the
spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me.

4

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light, 40
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel, do you say to me *Do not leave me?*
Do you say *Venture not—if you leave me you are lost?*
Do you say *I am already prepared, I am well-beaten and undenied, adhere to me?*

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love you, 46
You express me better than I can express myself,
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles, 50
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me
shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

5

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
 Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
 Listening to others, considering well what they say, 55
 Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
 Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would
 hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,
 The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought, 60
 I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,
 I can repeat over to men and women You have done such good to me I would do
 the same to you,
 I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
 I will scatter myself among men and women as I go, 65
 I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,
 Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
 Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

6

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze me,
 Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd it would not astonish me. 70

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
 It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room,
 (Such a deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race of men,
 Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law and mocks all authority and all
 argument against it.) 75

Here is the test of wisdom,
 Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
 Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it to another not having it,
 Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
 Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content, 80
 Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellence of
 things;
 Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of
 the soul.

Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,
 They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious
 clouds and along the landscape and flowing currents.

Here is realization, 85
 Here is a man tallied—he realizes here what he has in him,
 The past, the future, majesty, love—if they are vacant of you, you are vacant
 of them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
 Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
 Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?

90

Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashion'd, it is apropos;
 Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers?
 Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?

7

Here is the efflux of the soul,
 The efflux of the soul comes from within through embower'd gates, ever pro-
 voking questions, 95
 These yearnings why are they? these thoughts in the darkness why are they?
 Why are there men and women that while they are nigh me the sunlight expands
 my blood?
 Why when they leave me do my pennants of joy sink flat and lank?
 Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend
 upon me?
 (I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and always drop fruit
 as I pass;) 100
 What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?
 What with some driver as I ride on the seat by his side?
 What with some fisherman drawing his seine by the shore as I walk by and pause?
 What gives me to be free to a woman's and man's good-will? what gives them to
 be free to mine?

8

The efflux of the soul is happiness, here is happiness, 105
 I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times,
 Now it flows unto us, we are rightly charged.

Here rises the fluid and attaching character,
 The fluid and attaching character is the freshness and sweetness of man and
 woman,
 (The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter every day out of the
 roots of themselves, than it sprouts fresh and sweet continually out of
 itself.) 110
 Toward the fluid and attaching character exudes the sweat of the love of young
 and old,
 From it falls distill'd the charm that mocks beauty and attainments,
 Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache of contact.

9

Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!
 Traveling with me you find what never tires.

115

The earth never tires,
 The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first, Nature is rude and incompre-
 hensible at first,
 Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,
 I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

Allons! we must not stop here, 120
 However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling we cannot
 remain here,
 However shelter'd this port and however calm these waters we must not anchor
 here,
 However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are permitted to receive
 it but a little while.

10

Allons! the inducements shall be greater,
 We will sail pathless and wild seas, 125
 We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper speeds by
 under full sail.

Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,
 Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;
 Allons! from all formules!
 From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests. 130

The stale cadaver blocks up the passage—the burial waits no longer.

Allons! yet take warning!
 He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,
 None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and health,
 Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself, 135
 Only those may come who come in sweet and determin'd bodies,
 No diseas'd person, no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted here.

(I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
 We convince by our presence.)

11

Listen! I will be honest with you, 140
 I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
 These are the days that must happen to you:
 You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
 You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
 You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself
 to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart, 145
 You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain
 behind you,
 What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate
 kisses of parting,
 You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

12

Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to them!
 They too are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men—they are the
 greatest women, 150
 Enjoyers of calms of seas and storms of seas,
 Sailors of many a ship, walkers of many a mile of land,
 Habitues of many distant countries, habitues of far-distant dwellings,

Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, solitary toilers,
 Pausers and contemplators of tufts, blossoms, shells of the shore, 155
 Dancers at wedding-dances, kissers of brides, tender helpers of children, bearers
 of children,
 Soldiers of revolts, standers by gaping graves, lowerers-down of coffins,
 Journeymen over consecutive seasons, over the years, the curious years each
 emerging from that which preceded it,
 Journeymen as with companions, namely their own diverse phases,
 Forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days, 160
 Journeymen gayly with their own youth, journeymen with their bearded and well-
 grain'd manhood,
 Journeymen with their womanhood, ample, unsurpass'd, content,
 Journeymen with their own sublime old age of manhood or womanhood,
 Old age, calm, expanded, broad with the haughty breadth of the universe,
 Old age, flowing free with the delicious near-by freedom of death. 165

13

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
 To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,
 To merge all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights they tend to,
 Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,
 To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it, 170
 To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,
 To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long but
 it stretches and waits for you,
 To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither,
 To see no possession but you may possess it, enjoying all without labor or pur-
 chase, abstracting the feast yet not abstracting one particle of it,
 To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich man's elegant villa, and the
 chaste blessings of the well-married couple, and the fruits of orchards and
 flowers of gardens, 175
 To take to your use out of the compact cities as you pass through,
 To carry buildings and streets with you afterward wherever you go,
 To gather the minds of men out of their brains as you encounter them, to gather
 the love out of their hearts,
 To take your lovers on the road with you, for all that you leave them behind you,
 To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as roads for traveling souls.
 All parts away for the progress of souls, 181
 All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon
 this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession
 of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the
 universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,
 Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied, 185
 Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
 They go! they go! I know that they go but I know not where they go,
 But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great.

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!
 You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though you built it,
 or though it has been built for you. 190

Out of the dark confinement! out from behind the screen!
It is useless to protest, I know all and expose it.

Behold through you as bad as the rest,
Through the laughter, dancing, dining, supping, of people,
Inside of dresses and ornaments, inside of those wash'd and trimm'd faces, 195
Behold a secret silent loathing and despair.

No husband, no wife, no friend, trusted to hear the confession,
Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,
Formless and wordless through the streets of the cities, polite and bland in the
parlors, 200
In the cars of railroads, in steamboats, in the public assembly,
Home to the houses of men and women, at the table, in the bedroom, everywhere,
Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones,
hell under the skull-bones, 205
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbons and artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of itself,
Speaking of anything else but never of itself.

14

Allons! through struggles and wars!
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

Have the past struggles succeeded?
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?
Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any
fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a
greater struggle necessary. 210

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,
He going with me must go well arm'd,
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.

15

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not detain'd! 215
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the
judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand! 220
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY

1

Flood-tide below me! I see you face to face!
 Clouds of the west—sun there half an hour high—I see you also face to face.

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes, how curious you are to me!

On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,

And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose. 5

2

The impalpable sustenance of me from all things at all hours of the day,
 The simple, compact, well-join'd scheme, myself disintegrated, every one disintegrated yet part of the scheme,

The similitudes of the past and those of the future,

The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights and hearings, on the walk in the street and the passage over the river,

The current rushing so swiftly and swimming with me far away, 10

The others that are to follow me, the ties between me and them,

The certainty of others, the life, love, sight, hearing of others.

Others will enter the gates of the ferry and cross from shore to shore.

Others will watch the run of the flood-tide,

Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and west, and the heights of Brooklyn to the south and east, 15

Others will see the islands large and small;

Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half an hour high,

A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence, others will see them,

Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring-in of the flood-tide, the falling-back to the sea of the ebb-tide.

3

It avails not, time nor place—distance avails not, 20

I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations hence,

Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt,

Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a crowd,

Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river and the bright flow, I was refresh'd,

Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the swift current, I stood yet was hurried, 25

Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships and the thick-stemm'd pipes of steamboats, I look'd.

I too many and many a time cross'd the river of old,

Watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls, saw them high in the air floating with motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,

Saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies and left the rest in strong shadow,

Saw the slow-wheeling circles and the gradual edging toward the south, 30
 Saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,
 Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,
 Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round the shape of my head in the
 sunlit water,
 Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and south-westward,
 Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet, 35
 Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the vessels arriving,
 Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,
 Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the ships at anchor,
 The sailors at work in the rigging or out astride the spars,
 The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine
 pennants, 40
 The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,
 The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,
 The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sunset,
 The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests
 and glistening,
 The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite store-
 houses by the docks, 45
 On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd on each side by
 the barges, the hay-boat, the belated lighter,
 On the neighboring shore the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high and
 glaringly into the night,
 Casting their flicker of black contrasted with wild red and yellow light over the
 tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets.

4

These and all else were to me the same as they are to you,
 I loved well those cities, loved well the stately and rapid river, 50
 The men and women I saw were all near to me,
 Others the same—others who look back on me because I look'd forward to them,
 (The time will come though I stop here to-day and to-night.)

5

What is it then between us?
 What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years between us? 55

Whatever it is, it avails not—distance avails not, and place avails not,
 I too lived, Brooklyn of ample hills was mine,
 I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan island, and bathed in the waters around it,
 I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me.
 In the day among crowds of people sometimes they came upon me, 60
 In my walks home late at night or as I lay in my bed they came upon me,
 I too had been struck from the float forever held in solution,
 I too had receiv'd identity by my body,
 That I was, I knew was of my body, and what I should be, I knew I should be
 of my body.

6

It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall, 65
 The dark threw its patches down upon me also,
 The best I had done seem'd to me blank and suspicious,

My great thoughts as I supposed them, were they not in reality meagre?
 Nor is it you alone who know what it is to be evil,
 I am he who knew what it was to be evil, 70
 I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,
 Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,
 Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
 Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant,
 The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me, 75
 The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous wish, not wanting,
 Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness, none of these wanting,
 Was one with the rest, the days and haps of the rest,
 Was call'd by my nighest name by clear loud voices of young men as they saw
 me approaching or passing,
 Felt their arms on my neck as I stood, or the negligent leaning of their flesh
 against me as I sat, 80
 Saw many I loved in the street or ferry-boat or public assembly, yet never told
 them a word,
 Lived the same life with the rest, the same old laughing, gnawing, sleeping,
 Play'd the part that still looks back on the actor or actress,
 The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great as we like,
 Or as small as we like, or both great and small. 85

7

Closer yet I approach you,
 What thought you have of me now, I had as much of you—I laid in my stores
 in advance,
 I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

Who was to know what should come home to me?
 Who knows but I am enjoying this? 90
 Who knows, for all the distance, but I am as good as looking at you now, for
 all you cannot see me?

8

Ah, what can ever be more stately and admirable to me than mast-hemm'd
 Manhattan?
 River and sunset and scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide?
 The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight, and the
 belated lighter?
 What gods can exceed these that clasp me by the hand, and with voices I love
 call me promptly and loudly by my nighest name as I approach? 95

What is more subtle than this which ties me to the woman or man that looks
 in my face?
 Which fuses me into you now, and pours my meaning into you?

We understand then do we not?
 What I promis'd without mentioning it, have you not accepted?
 What the study could not teach—what the preaching could not accomplish is
 accomplish'd, is it not? 100

9

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!
 Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!

Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your splendor me, or the men and women generations after me!

Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!

Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta! stand up, beautiful hills of Brooklyn! 105

Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers!

Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!

Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house or street or public assembly!

Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by my highest name!

Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or actress! 110

Play the old role, the role that is great or small according as one makes it!

Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown ways be looking upon you;

Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly, yet haste with the hasting current;

Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles high in the air;

Receive the summer sky, you water, and faithfully hold it till all downcast eyes have time to take it from you! 115

Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or any one's head, in the sunlit water!

Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-sail'd schooners, sloops, lighters!

Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lower'd at sunset!

Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows at nightfall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the houses!

Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are, 120

You necessary film, continue to envelop the soul,

About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our divinest aromas,

Thrive, cities—bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and sufficient rivers,

Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual,

Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting. 125

You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers,

We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate henceforward,

Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withhold yourselves from us,

We use you, and do not cast you aside—we plant you permanently within us,

We fathom you not—we love you—there is perfection in you also, 130

You furnish your parts toward eternity,

Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the soul.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come my tan-faced children,

Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,

Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?

Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,

5

We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,

We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
 So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship, 10
 Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson, 15
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
 We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 20

We detachments steady throwing,
 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling, 25
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
 We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
 From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus, 30
 From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
 Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
 All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern, 35
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
 O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
 O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 40

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
 Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress, (bend your
 heads all,)
 Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children, 45
 By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
 Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
 With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd, 50
 Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!

Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?

Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

55

All the pulses of the world,

Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

60

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,

All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,

All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

65

I too with my soul and body,

We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

70

Lo, the darting bowling orb!

Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

75

These are of us, they are with us,

All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

80

O you daughters of the West!

O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!

(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

85

Not for delectations sweet,

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

90

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

95

Has the night descended?

Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

100

Till with sound of trumpet,

Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your place
Pioneers! O pioneers!

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed
wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briars,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,

35

*Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.* • 40

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again. 45

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama. 50

*Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.*

Yes, when the stars glisten'd, 55
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.
He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know. 60

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their
sorts, 65
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you my brother. 70

*Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.*

*Low hangs the moon, it rose late, 75
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.*

*O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.*

*O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white? 80*

Loud! loud! loud!
 Loud I call to you, my love!
 High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
 Surely you must know who is here, is here,
 You must know who I am, my love.

85

Low-hanging moon!
 What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
 O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
 O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land! 90
 Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you
 only would,
 For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
 Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat! 95
 Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
 Pierce the woods, the earth,
 Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
 Solitary here, the night's carols! 100
 Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
 Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
 O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
 O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low! 105
 Soft! let me just murmur,
 And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,
 For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
 So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
 But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me. 110

Hither my love!
 Here I am! here!
 With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
 This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere, 115
 That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
 That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
 Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
 O I am very sick and sorrowful. 120
 O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
 O troubled reflection in the sea!
 O throat! O throbbing heart!
 And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

125

The aria sinking,
 All else continuing, the stars shining,
 The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
 With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
 On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
 The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea
 almost touching,
 The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere
 dallying,
 The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
 The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
 The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
 The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
 The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
 To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
 To the outsetting bard.

130

135

140

Demon or bird (said the boy's soul,
 Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
 For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
 Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
 And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder and more
 sorrowful than yours,
 A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die.

145

O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
 O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
 Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
 Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
 Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
 By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
 The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell within,
 The unknown want, the destiny of me.

150

155

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere,)
 O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it,)
 The word final, superior to all,
 Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
 Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea waves?
 Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

160

Whereto answering, the sea,
 Delaying not, hurrying not,
 Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
 Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
 And again death, death, death, death,
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,

165

170

But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
 Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
 But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother, 175
 That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,
 With the thousand responsive songs at random,
 My own songs awaked from that hour,
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
 The word of the sweetest song and all songs, 180
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
 (Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending
 aside,)
 The sea whisper'd me.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the
 lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick, 5
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
 Into the school where the scholar is studying;
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride, 5
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
 So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in
 those beds, 10
 No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow! 15
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
 Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
 Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses, 20
 So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
 They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun—hark to the musical
 clank,
 Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,
 Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the negligent
 rest on the saddles,
 Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford—while, 5
 Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
 The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
 And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
 Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
 Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind, 5
 Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
 (Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
 Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous
 clouds,
 Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well. 10

Down in the fields all prospers well,
 But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
 And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
 She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap. 15

Open the envelope quickly,
 O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
 O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
 All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
 Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to*
hospital, 20
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
 Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
 Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
 By the jamb of a door leans. 25

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd.)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave
and simple soul,) 30
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking, 35
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night;
When you my son and my comrade dropt at my side that day,
One look I but gave which your dear eyes return'd with a look I shall never
forget,
One touch of your hand to mine O boy, reach'd up as you lay on the ground,
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested battle, 5
Till late in the night reliev'd to the place at last again I made my way,
Found you in death so cold dear comrade, found your body son of responding
kisses, (never again on earth responding,)
Bared your face in the starlight, curious the scene, cool blew the moderate
night-wind,
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me the battlefield spreading, 10
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet there in the fragrant silent night,
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh, long, long I gazed,
Then on the earth partially reclining sat by your side leaning my chin in my
hands,
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you dearest comrade—
not a tear, not a word,
Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you my son and my soldier, 15
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole,
Vigil final for you brave boy, (I could not save you, swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living, I think we shall surely meet
again,)
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his form, 20
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head and carefully under feet,
And there and then and bathed by the rising sun, my son in his grave, in his
rude-dug grave I deposited,
Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of night and battle-field dim,
Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding,)
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd, 25
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS HARD-PREST, AND THE ROAD UNKNOWN

A march in the ranks hard-prest, and the road unknown,
A route through a heavy wood with muffled steps in the darkness,

Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant retreating,
 Till after midnight glimmer upon us the lights of a dim-lighted building,
 We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the dim-lighted building, 5
 'Tis a large old church at the crossing roads, now an impromptu hospital,
 Entering but for a minute I see a sight beyond all the pictures and poems ever
 made,
 Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving candles and lamps,
 And by one great pitchy torch stationary with wild red flame and clouds of smoke,
 By these, crowds, groups of forms vaguely I see on the floor, some in the pews
 laid down, 10
 At my feet more distinctly a soldier, a mere lad, in danger of bleeding to death,
 (he is shot in the abdomen,)
 I stanch the blood temporarily, (the youngster's face is white as a lily,)
 Then before I depart I sweep my eyes o'er the scene fain to absorb it all,
 Faces, varieties, postures beyond description, most in obscurity, some of them
 dead,
 Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell of ether, the odor of
 blood, 15
 The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms, the yard outside also fill'd,
 Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers, some in the death-spasm
 sweating,
 An occasional scream or cry, the doctor's shouted orders or calls,
 The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the glint of the torches,
 These I resume as I chant, I see again the forms, I smell the odor, 20
 Then hear outside the orders given, *Fall in, my men, fall in;*
 But first I bend to the dying lad, his eyes open, a half-smile gives he me,
 Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to the darkness,
 Resuming, marching, ever in darkness marching, on in the ranks,
 The unknown road still marching. 25

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

1

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
 Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
 Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,
 Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,
 Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content, 5
 Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I
 looking up at the stars,
 Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk
 undisturb'd,
 Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of whom I should never tire,
 Give me a perfect child, give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural
 domestic life,
 Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my own ears only, 10
 Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature your primal sanities!
 These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement. and rack'd by
 the war-strife,)
 These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,
 While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city,
 Day upon day and year upon year O city, walking your streets, 15

Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time refusing to give me up,
 Yet giving to make me glutted, enrich'd of soul, you give me forever faces;
 (O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries,
 I see my own soul trampling down what it ask'd for.)

2

Keep your splendid silent sun, 20
 Keep your woods O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,
 Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and orchards,
 Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
 Give me faces and streets—give me these phantoms incessant and endless along
 the trottoirs!
 Give me interminable eyes—give me women—give me comrades and lovers by
 the thousand! 25
 Let me see new ones every day—let me hold new ones by the hand every day!
 Give me such shows—give me the streets of Manhattan!
 Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching—give me the sound of the
 trumpets and drums!
 (The soldiers in companies or regiments—some starting away, flush'd and
 reckless,
 Some, their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks, young, yet very old, worn,
 marching, noticing nothing;) 30
 Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!
 O such for me! O an intense life, full to repletion and varied!
 The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
 The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me! the torchlight pro-
 cession!
 The dense brigade bound for the war, with high piled military wagons following; 35
 People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants,
 Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with beating drums as now,
 The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets, (even the sight
 of the wounded,)
 Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus!
 Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me. 40

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS

Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human,
 With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
 Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet?

('Tis while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,
 Forth from thy hovel door thou Ethiopia com'st to me,
 As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea.) 5

*Me master years a hundred since from my parents sunder'd,
 A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
 Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought.*

No further does she say, but lingering all the day, 10
 Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
 And courtesies to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

What is it fateful woman, so bleary, hardly human?
 Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red and green?
 Are the things so strange and marvelous you see or have seen?

15

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
 And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
 I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
 Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
 And thought of him I love.

5

2

O powerful western fallen star!
 O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
 O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
 O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

10

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
 Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
 With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
 With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 A sprig with its flower I break.

15

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.
 Solitary the thrush,
 The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
 Sings by himself a song.

20

Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
 If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

25

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the
 ground, spotting the gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown
 fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin.

30

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
 Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black, 35
 With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and 40
 solemn,
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac. 45

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you O sane and sacred 5
 death.

All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies, 50
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven, 55
 Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,
 As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side, (while the other stars
 all look'd on,) 60
 As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something I know not what kept
 me from sleep,) 60
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
 As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,
 Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone. 65

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
 O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
 I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
 But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
 The star my departing comrade holds and detains me. 70

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the
 prairies meeting, 75
 These and with these and the breath of my chant,
 I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love? 80

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning,
 expanding the air,
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees
 prolific,
 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple
 here and there, 85
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
 And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward re-
 turning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the
 ships, 90
 The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores
 and flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
 The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light, 95
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes, 100
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
 Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
 O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
 You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,) 105
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
 In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers
 preparing their crops,
 In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests, 110
 In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the pertub'd winds and the storms,)
 Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of
 children and women,
 The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
 And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and
 minutia of daily usages, 115
 And the streets how their throbblings throb'd, and the cities pent—lo, then and
 there,
 Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
 Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
 And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me, 120
 And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
 And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
 I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
 Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
 To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still. 125

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
 The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
 And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still, 130
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death, 135
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious, 140
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

*Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.* 145

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.* 150

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.* 155

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide, 160
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

15

*To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.* 165

*Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.*

*While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.* 170

*And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,) 175
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.*

*I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,*

*But I saw they were not as was thought, 180
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.*

16

*Passing the visions, passing the night, 185
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,*

Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
 Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night.
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting
 with joy, 190

Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee, 195
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul, 200
 With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
 Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead
 I loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake.
 Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul, 205
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prizè we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart! 5
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, 10
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 The arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead. 15

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won: 20
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

There was a child went forth every day,
 And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,
 And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,
 Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child, 5
 And grass and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and
 the song of the phoebe-bird,
 And the Third-month lambs and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's
 foal and the cow's calf,
 And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pond-side,
 And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and the beautiful
 curious liquid,
 And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads, all became part of him. 10

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month and Fifth-month became part of him,
 Winter-grain sprouts and those of the light-yellow corn, and the esculent roots
 of the garden,
 And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms and the fruit afterward, and wood-
 berries, and the commonest weeds by the road,
 And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of the tavern whence
 he had lately risen, 15
 And the schoolmistress that pass'd on her way to the school,
 And the friendly boys that pass'd, and the quarrelsome boys,
 And the tidy and fresh-cheek'd girls, and the barefoot negro boy and girl,
 And all the changes of city and country wherever he went.

His own parents, he that had father'd him and she that had conceiv'd him in
 her womb and birth'd him, 20
 They gave this child more of themselves than that,
 They gave him afterward every day, they became part of him.

The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table,
 The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling
 off her person and clothes as she walks by,
 The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, unjust, 25
 The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure,
 The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture, the yearning and
 swelling heart,
 Affection that will not be gainsay'd, the sense of what is real, the thought if
 after all it should prove unreal,
 The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time, the curious whether and
 how,
 Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and specks? 30
 Men and women crowding fast in the streets, if they are not flashes and specks
 what are they?
 The streets themselves and the façades of houses, and goods in the windows,
 Vehicles, teams, the heavy-plank'd wharves, the huge crossing at the ferries,
 The village on the highland seen from afar at sunset, the river between,
 Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables of white or
 brown two miles off, 35

The schooner near by sleepily dropping down the tide, the little boat slack-tow'd astern,
 The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,
 The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint away solitary by itself,
 the spread of purity it lies motionless in,
 The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh and shore mud,
 These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes,
 and will always go forth every day.

40

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON

1

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
 Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
 Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong the like whereof
 was never heard,
 Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
 Making the hearer's pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

5

2

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
 When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the land,
 (There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
 Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round,
 Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes,) 10
 Calmly a lady walk'd holding a little innocent child by either hand,
 Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
 She, first preluding with the instrument a low and musical prelude, 15
 In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

A soul confined by bars and bands,
 Cries, help! O help! and wrings her hands,
 Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
 Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest. 20

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
 O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
 Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
 Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I that sinn'd the sin, 25
 The ruthless body dragg'd me in;
 Though long I strove courageously,
 The body was too much for me.

Dear prison'd soul bear up a space,
 For soon or late the certain grace; 30
 To set thee free and bear thee home,
 The heavenly pardoner death shall come.

*Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole!
Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul!*

3

The singer ceas'd, 35
One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd faces,
Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and
 beauteous faces,
Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,
While her gown touch'd them rustling in the silence,
She vanish'd with her children in the dusk. 40

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd,
(Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,)
A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,
With deep half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and moved to weeping,
And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home, 45
The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,
The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;
A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many, many there,
Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune, the voice, the
 words,
Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle, 50
The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings,

*O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.*

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them. 5

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere O my soul. 10

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES

Night on the prairies,
The supper is over, the fire on the ground burns low,
The wearied emigrants sleep, wrapt in their blankets;
I walk by myself—I stand and look at the stars, which I think now I never
 realized before.

Now I absorb immortality and peace, 5
I admire death and test propositions.

How plenteous! how spiritual; how resumé!
The same old man and soul—the same old aspirations, and the same content.

I was thinking the day most splendid till I saw what the not-day exhibited,
I was thinking this globe enough till there sprang out so noiseless around me
 myriads of other globes. 10

Now while the great thoughts of space and eternity fill me I will measure myself
 by them,
And now touch'd with the lives of other globes arrived as far along as those of
 the earth,
Or waiting to arrive, or pass'd on farther than those of the earth,
I henceforth no more ignore them than I ignore my own life,
Or the lives of the earth arrived as far as mine, or waiting to arrive. 15

O I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me, as the day cannot,
I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA!

With husky-haughty lips, O sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,
(I see and plainly list thy talk and conference here)
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal, 5
Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun,
Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness;
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in
 thy content,
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest
 —no less could make thee,) 10
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-
 lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves, 15
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar,
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once,)
The first and last confession of the globe, 20
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abyssms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

GOOD-BYE MY FANCY!

Good-bye my Fancy!
Farewell dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,

Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-bye my Fancy.

5

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.
Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—Good-by my Fancy.

10

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;
Then if we die we die together, (yes, we'll remain one.)
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—so now finally,
Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

15

A BACKWARD GLANCE O'ER TRAVELED ROADS

Perhaps the best of songs heard, or of any and all true love, or life's fairest episodes, or sailors', soldiers' trying scenes on land or sea, is the *résumé* of them, or any of them, long afterwards, looking at the actualities away back past, with all their practical excitations gone. How the soul loves to float amid such reminiscences!

So here I sit gossiping in the early candlelight of old age—I and my book—casting backward glances over our travel'd road. After completing, as it were, the journey—(a varied jaunt of years, with many halts and gaps and intervals—or some lengthen'd ship-voyage, wherein more than once the last hour had apparently arrived, and we seem'd certainly going down—yet reaching port in a sufficient way through all discomfitures at last)—After completing my poems, I am curious to review them in the light of their own (at the time unconscious, or mostly unconscious) intentions, with certain unfoldings of the thirty years they seek to embody. These lines, therefore, will probably blend the web of first purposes and speculations, with the warp of that experience afterwards, always bringing strange developments.

Result of seven or eight stages and struggles extending through nearly thirty years, (as I nigh my three-score-and-ten I live largely on memory,) I look upon *Leaves of Grass*, now finish'd to the end of its opportunities and powers, as my definite *carte visite* to the coming generations of the New World,¹ if I may assume to say so. That I have not gained the acceptance of my own time, but have fallen back on fond dreams of the future—anticipations—(“still lives the song, though Regnar dies”)—That from a worldly and business point of view *Leaves of Grass* has been worse than a failure—that public criticism on the book and myself as author of it yet shows mark'd anger and contempt more than anything else—(“I find a solid line of enemies to you everywhere,”—letter from W. S. K., Boston, May 28, 1884)—And that solely for publishing it I have been the object of two or three pretty serious special official buffetings—is all probably no more than I ought to have expected. I had my choice when I commenc'd. I bid neither for soft eulogies, big money returns, nor the approbation of existing schools and conventions. As fulfill'd or partially

¹ When Champollion, on his death-bed, handed to the printer the revised proof of his *Egyptian Grammar*, he said gayly, “Be careful of this—it is my *carte de visite* to posterity.”—[Whitman's note.]

fulfill'd, the best comfort of the whole business (after a small band of the dearest friends and upholders ever vouchsafed to man or cause—doubtless all the more faithful and uncompromising—this little phalanx!—for being so few) is that, unstopp'd and unwarp'd by any influence outside the soul within me, I have had my say entirely my own way, and put it un-¹⁰erringly on record—the value thereof to be decided by time.

In calculating that decision, William O'Connor and Dr. Bucke are far more peremptory than I am. Behind all else that can be said, I consider *Leaves of Grass* and its theory experimental—as, in the deepest sense, I consider our American republic itself to be, with its theory. (I think I have at least ²⁰enough philosophy not to be too absolutely certain of anything, or any results.) In the second place, the volume is a *sortie*—whether to prove triumphant, and conquer its field of aim and escape and construction, nothing less than a hundred years from now can fully answer. I consider the point that I have positively gain'd a hearing, to far more than make up for ³⁰any and all other lacks and withholdings. Essentially, *that* was from the first, and has remain'd throughout, the main object. Now it seems to be achiev'd, I am certainly contented to waive any otherwise momentous drawbacks, as of little account. Candidly and dispassionately reviewing all my intentions, I feel that they were credit-⁴⁰able—and I accept the result, whatever it may be.

After continued personal ambition and effort, as a young fellow, to enter with the rest into competition for the usual rewards, business, political, literary, &c.—to take part in the great *mêlée*, both for victory's prize itself and to do some good—After years of those aims and pursuits, I found myself remaining possess'd, at the age of ⁵⁰thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction. Or rather, to be quite exact, a desire that had been flitting through my previous life, or

hovering on the flanks, mostly indefinite hitherto, had steadily advanced to the front, defined itself, and finally dominated everything else. This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that Personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

Perhaps this is in brief, or suggests, all I have sought to do. Given the Nineteenth Century, with the United States, and what they furnish as area and points of view, *Leaves of Grass* is, or seeks to be, simply a faithful and doubtless self-will'd record. In the midst of all, it gives one man's—the author's—identity, ardors, observations, faiths, and thoughts, color'd hardly at all with any decided coloring from other faiths or other identities. Plenty of songs had been sung—beautiful, matchless songs—adjusted to other lands than these—another spirit and stage of evolution; but I would sing, and leave out or put in, quite solely with reference to America and to-day. Modern science and democracy seem'd to be throwing out their challenge to poetry to put them in its statements in contradistinction to the songs and myths of he past. As I see it now (perhaps too late), I have unwittingly taken up that challenge and made an attempt at such statements—which I certainly would not assume to do now, knowing more clearly what it means.

For grounds for *Leaves of Grass*, as a poem, I abandon'd the conventional themes, which do not appear in it: none of the stock ornamentation, or choice plots of love or war, or high, exceptional personages of Old-World song; nothing, as I may say, for beauty's sake—no legend, or myth, or romance, nor euphemism, nor rhyme.

But the broadest average of humanity and its identities in the now ripening Nineteenth Century, and especially in each of their countless examples and practical occupations in the United States to-day.

One main contrast of the ideas behind every page of my verses, compared with establish'd poems, is their different relative attitude towards God,¹⁰ towards the objective universe, and still more (by reflection, confession, assumption, *etc.*) the quite changed attitude of the ego, the one chanting or talking, towards himself and towards his fellow-humanity. It is certainly time for America, above all, to begin this readjustment in the scope and basic point of view of verse; for everything else has changed. As I write,²⁰ I see in an article on Wordsworth, in one of the current English magazines, the lines, "A few weeks ago an eminent French critic said that, owing to the special tendency to science and to its all-devouring force, poetry would cease to be read in fifty years." But I anticipate the very contrary. Only a firmer, vastly broader, new area begins to exist—nay, is already form'd³⁰—to which the poetic genius must emigrate. Whatever may have been the case in years gone by, the true use for the imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivification to facts, to science, and to common lives, endowing them with glows and glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing, and to real things only. Without that ultimate⁴⁰ vivification—which the poet or other artist alone can give—reality would seem incomplete, and science, democracy, and life itself, finally in vain.

Few appreciate the moral revolutions, our age, which have been profounder far than the material or inventive or war-produced ones. The Nineteenth Century, now well towards its close (and ripening into fruit the⁵⁰ seeds of the two preceding centuries¹)

—the uprisings of national masses and shiftings of boundary-lines—the historical and other prominent facts of the United States—the war of attempted Secession—the stormy rush and haste of nebulous forces—never can future years witness more excitement and din of action—never complete change of army front along the whole line, the whole civilized world. For all these new and evolutionary facts, meanings, purposes, new poetic messages, new forms and expressions, are inevitable.

My Book and I—what a period we have presumed to span! those thirty years from 1850 to '80—and America in them! Proud, proud indeed may we be, if we have cull'd enough of that period in its own spirit to worthily waft a few live breaths of it to the future!

Let me not dare, here or anywhere, for my own purposes, or any purposes, to attempt the definition of Poetry, nor answer the question what it is. Like Religion, Love, Nature, while those terms are indispensable, and we all give a sufficiently accurate meaning to them, in my opinion no definition that has ever been made sufficiently encloses the name Poetry; nor can any rule or convention ever so absolutely obtain but some great exception may arise and disregard and overturn it.

Also it must be carefully remember'd that first-class literature does not shine by any luminosity of its own; nor do its poems. They grow of circumstances, and are evolutionary.⁴⁰ The actual living light is always curiously from elsewhere—follows unaccountable sources, and is lunar and relative at the best. There are, I know, certain controlling themes that seem endlessly appropriated to the poets—as war, in the past—in the Bible, religious rapture and adoration—always

betan age in English history, the age of Francis Bacon and Shakspeare. Indeed, when we pursue it, what growth or advent is there that does not date back, back, until lost—perhaps its most tantalizing clues lost—in the receded horizons of the past?—[Whitman's note.]

¹The ferment and germination even of the United States to-day, dating back to, and in my opinion mainly founded on, the Eliza-

love, beauty, some fine plot, or pensive or other emotion. But, strange as it may sound at first, I will say there is something striking far deeper and towering far higher than those themes for the best elements of modern song.

Just as all the old imaginative works rest, after their kind, on long trains of presuppositions, often entirely unmentioned'd by themselves, yet supplying the most important bases of them, and without which they could have had no reason for being, so *Leaves of Grass*, before a line was written, presupposed something different from any other, and, as it stands, is the result of such presupposition. I should say, indeed, it were useless to attempt reading the book without first carefully tallying that preparatory background and quality in the mind. Think of the United States to-day—the facts of these thirty-eight or forty empires solder'd in one—sixty or seventy millions of equals, with their lives, their passions, their future—these incalculable, modern, American, seething multitudes around us, of which we are inseparable parts! Think, in comparison, of the petty environage and limited area of the poets of past or present Europe, no matter how great their genius. Think of the absence and ignorance in all cases hitherto, of the multitudinousness, vitality, and the unprecedented stimulants of to-day and here. It almost seems as if a poetry with cosmic and dynamic features of magnitude and limitlessness suitable to the human soul, were never possible before. It is certain that a poetry of absolute faith and equality for the use of the democratic masses never was.

In estimating first-class song, a sufficient Nationality, or, on the other hand, what may be call'd the negative and lack of it (as in Goethe's case, it sometimes seems to me), is often, if not always, the first element. One needs only a little penetration to see, at more or less removes, the material facts of their country and radius, with the coloring of the moods of humanity at the time, and its gloomy or hopeful

prospects, behind all poets and each poet, and forming their birthmarks. I know very well that my *Leaves* could not possibly have emerged or been fashion'd or completed, from any other era than the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, nor any other land than democratic America, and from the absolute triumph of the National Union arms.

And whether my friends claim it for me or not, I know well enough, too, that in respect to pictorial talent, dramatic situations, and especially in verbal melody and all the conventional technique of poetry, not only the divine works that to-day stand ahead in the world's reading, but dozens more, transcend (some of them immeasurably transcend) all I have done, or could do. But it seem'd to me, as the objects in Nature, the themes of æstheticism, and all special exploitations of the mind and soul, involve not only their own inherent quality, but the quality, just as inherent and important, of *their point of view*,¹ the time had come to reflect all themes and things, old and new, in the lights thrown on them by the advent of America and democracy—to chant those themes through the utterance of one, not only the grateful and reverent legatee of the past, but the born child of the New World—to illustrate all through the genesis and ensemble of to-day; and that such illustration and ensemble are the chief demands of America's prospective imaginative literature. Not to carry out, in approved style, some choice plot of fortune or misfortune, or fancy, or fine thoughts, or incidents, or courtesies—all of which has been done overwhelmingly and well, probably never to be excell'd—but that while in such æsthetic presentation of objects, passions, plots, thoughts, &c., our lands and days do not want, and probably will never have, anything better than they already possess from the bequests of the past, it still remains to be said

¹ According to Immanuel Kant, the last essential reality, giving shape and significance to all the rest.—[Whitman's note.]

that there is even towards all those a subjective and contemporary point of view appropriate to ourselves alone, and to our new genius and environments, different from anything hitherto; and that such conception of current or gone-by life and art is for us the only means of their assimilation consistent with the Western World.

Indeed, and anyhow, to put it specifically, has not the time arrived when (if it must be plainly said, for democratic America's sake, if for no other) there must imperatively come a readjustment of the whole theory and nature of Poetry? The question is important, and I may turn the argument over and repeat it: Does not the best thought of our day and Republic conceive of a birth and spirit of song superior to anything past or present? To the effectual and moral consolidation of our lands (already, as materially establish'd the greatest factors in known history, and far, far greater through what they prelude and necessitate, and are to be in future)—to conform with and build on the concrete realities and theories of the universe furnish'd by science, and henceforth the only irrefragable basis for anything, were included—to root both influences in the emotional and imaginative action of the modern time, and dominate all that precedes or opposes them—is not either a radical advance and step forward, or a new verterber of the best song indispensable?

The New World receives with joy the poems of the antique, with European feudalism's rich fund of epics, plays, ballads—seeks not in the least to deaden or displace those voices from our ear and area—holds them indeed as indispensable studies, influences, records, comparisons. But though the dawn-dazzle of the sun of literature is in those poems for us of to-day—though perhaps the best parts of current character in nations, social groups, or any man's or woman's individuality, Old World or New, are from them—and though if I were ask'd to

name the most precious bequest to current American civilization from all the hitherto ages, I am not sure but I would name those old and less old songs ferried hither from East and West—some serious words and debits remain; some acrid considerations demand a hearing. Of the great poems receiv'd from abroad and from the 10 ages, and to-day enveloping and penetrating America, is there one that is consistent with these United States, or essentially applicable to them as they are and are to be? Is there one whose underlying basis is not a denial and insult to democracy? What a comment it forms, anyhow, on this era of literary fulfillment, with the splendid day-rise of science and resuscitation of history, 20 that our chief religious and poetical works are not our own, nor adapted to our light, but have been furnish'd by far-back ages out of their arriere and darkness, or, at most, twilight dimness! What is there in those works that so imperiously and scornfully dominates all our advanced civilization and culture?

Even Shakspeare, who so suffuses current letters and art (which indeed have in most degrees grown out of him), belongs essentially to the buried past. Only he holds the proud distinction for certain important phases of that past, of being the loftiest of the singers life has yet given voice to. All, however, relate to and rest upon conditions, standards, politics, sociologies, ranges of belief, that have been quite eliminated from the Eastern hemisphere, and never existed at all in the Western. As authoritative types of song they belong in America just about as much as the persons and institutes they depict. True, it may be said, the emotional, moral, and æsthetic natures of humanity have not radically changed—that in these the old poems apply to our times and all times, 50 irrespective of date; and that they are of incalculable value as pictures of the past. I willingly make those admissions and to their fullest extent; then advance the points herewith as

of serious, even paramount importance.

I have indeed put on record elsewhere my reverence and eulogy for those never-to-be-excell'd poetic bequests, and their indescribable preciousness as heirlooms for America. Another and separate point must now be candidly stated. If I had not stood before those poems with uncovered head, fully aware of their colossal grandeur and beauty of form and spirit, I could not have written *Leaves of Grass*. My verdict and conclusions as illustrated in its pages are arrived at through the temper and inculcation of the old works as much as through anything else. As America fully and fairly construed is the legitimate result and evolutionary outcome of the past, so I would dare to claim for my verse. Without stopping to qualify the avowal, the Old World has had the poems of myths, fictions, feudalism, conquest, caste, dynastic wars, and splendid exceptional characters and affairs, which have been great; but the New World needs the poems of realities and science and of the democratic average and basic equality, which shall be greater. In the center of all, and object of all, stands the Human Being, towards whose heroic and spiritual evolution poems and everything directly or indirectly tend, Old World or New.

Continuing the subject, my friends have more than once suggested—or maybe the garrulity of advancing age is possessing me—some further embryonic facts of *Leaves of Grass*, and especially how I enter'd upon them. Dr. Bucke has, in his volume, already fully and fairly described the preparation of my poetic field, with the particular and general plowing, planting, seeding, and occupation of the ground, till everything was fertilized, rooted, and ready to start its own way for good or bad. Not till after this, did I attempt any serious acquaintance with poetic literature. Along in my sixteenth year I had become the pos-

essor of a stout, well-cramm'd one thousand page octavo volume (I have it yet), containing Walter Scott's poetry entire—an inexhaustible mine and treasury of poetic forage (especially the endless forests and jungles of notes)—has been so to me for fifty years, and remains so to this day.¹

Later, at intervals, summers and falls, I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country, or to Long Island's seashores—there in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorb'd (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room—it makes such difference *where* you read), Shakespeare, Ossian, the best translated versions I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them. As it happen'd, I read the latter mostly in an old wood. The *Iliad* (Buckley's prose version) I read first thoroughly on the peninsula of Orient, northeast end of Long Island, in a shelter'd hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side. (I have wonder'd since why I was not overwhelm'd by those mighty masters. Likely because I read them, as described, in the full presence of Nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in.)

Towards the last I had among much else looked over Edgar Poe's poems—of which I was not an admirer, though I always saw that beyond their limited range of melody (like perpetual chimes

¹ Sir Walter Scott's *Complete Poems*; especially including *Border Minstrelsy*; then *Sir Tristrem*; *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; *Ballads from the German*; *Marmion*; *Lady of the Lake*; *Vision of Don Roderick*; *Lord of the Isles*; *Rokeby*; *Bridal of Triermain*; *Field of Waterloo*; *Harold the Dauntless*; all the *Dramas*; various *Introductions*, endless interesting *Notes*, and *Essays on Poetry, Romance, etc.*

Lockhart's 1833 (or '34) edition with Scott's latest and copious revisions and annotations. (All the poems were thoroughly read by me, but the ballads of the *Border Minstrelsy* over and over again.)—[Whitman's note.]

of music bells, ringing from lower *b* flat up to *g*) they were melodious expressions, and perhaps never excell'd ones, of certain pronounce'd phases of human morbidity. (The Poetic area is very spacious—has room for all—has so many mansions!) But I was repaid in Poe's prose by the idea that (at any rate for our occasions, our day) there can be no such thing as a long poem. The same thought had been haunting my mind before, but Poe's argument, though short, work'd the sum and proved it to me.

Another point had an early settlement, clearing the ground greatly. I saw, from the time my enterprise and questionings positively shaped themselves (how best can I express my own distinctive era and surroundings, America, Democracy?) that the trunk and centre whence the answer was to radiate, and to which all should return from straying however far a distance, must be an identical body and soul, a personality—which personality, after many considerations and ponderings I deliberately settled should be myself—indeed could not be any other. I also felt strongly (whether I have shown it or not) that to the true and full estimate of the Present both the Past and the Future are main considerations.

These, however, and much more might have gone on and come to naught (almost positively would have come to naught), if a sudden, vast, terrible, direct and indirect stimulus for new and national declamatory expression had not been given to me. It is certain, I say, that, although I had made a start before, only from the occurrence of the Secession War, and what it show'd me as by flashes of lightning, with the emotional depths it sounded and arous'd (of course, I don't mean in my own heart only, I saw it just as plainly in others, in millions)—that only from the strong flare and provocation of that war's sights and scenes the final reasons-for-being of an autochthonic and passionate song definitely came forth.

I went down to the war fields in Virginia (end of 1862), lived thence-

forward in camp—saw great battles and the days and nights afterward—partook of all the fluctuations, gloom, despair, hopes again arous'd, courage evoked — death readily risk'd — *the cause*, too—along and filling those agonistic and lurid following years, 1863-'64-'65—the real parturition years (more than 1776-'83) of this henceforth homogeneous Union. Without those three or four years and the experiences they gave, *Leaves of Grass* would not now be existing.

But I set out with the intention also of indicating or hinting some point-characteristics which I since see (though I did not then, at least not definitely) were bases and object-urgings towards those *Leaves* from the first. The word I myself put primarily for the description of them as they stand at last, is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight. Another impetus-word is Comradship as for all lands, and in a more commanding and acknowledg'd sense than hitherto. Other word signs would be Good Cheer, Content, and Hope.

The chief trait of any given poet is always the spirit he brings to the observation of Humanity and Nature—the mood out of which he contemplates his subjects. What kind of temper and what amount of faith report these things? Up to how recent a date is the song carried? What the equipment, and special raciness of the singer—what his tinge of coloring? The last value of artistic expressers, past and present—Greek æsthetic, Shakespeare—or in our own day Tennyson, Victor Hugo, Carlyle, Emerson—is certainly involv'd in such questions. I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader

is not merely to satisfy the intellect, or supply something polish'd and interesting, nor even to depict great passions, or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him *good heart* as a radical possession and habit. The educated world seems to have been growing more and more ennuyed for ages, leaving to our time the inheritance of it all. Fortunately there is the original inexhaustible fund of buoyancy, normally resident in the race, forever eligible to be appeal'd to and relied on.

As for native American individuality, though certain to come, and on a large scale, the distinctive and ideal type of Western character (as consistent with the operative political and even money-making features of United States' humanity in the Nineteenth Century as chosen knights, gentlemen, and warriors were the ideals of the centuries of European feudalism) it has not yet appear'd. I have allow'd the stress of my poems from beginning to end to bear upon American individuality and assist it—not only because that is a great lesson in Nature, amid all her generalizing laws, but as counterpoise to the leveling tendencies of Democracy—and for other reasons. Defiant of ostensible literary and other conventions, I avowedly chant "the great pride of man in himself," and permit it to be more or less a *motif* of nearly all my verse. I think this pride indispensable to an American. I think it not inconsistent with obedience, humility, deference, and self-questioning.

Democracy has been so retarded and jeopardized by powerful personalities, that its first instincts are fain to clip, conform, bring in stragglers, and reduce everything to a dead level. While the ambitious thought of my song is to help the forming of a great aggregate Nation, it is perhaps, altogether through the forming of myriads of fully develop'd and enclosing individuals. Welcome as are equality's and fraternity's doctrines and popular education, a certain liability accompanies them

all, as we see. That primal and interior something in man, in his soul's abysms, coloring all, and, by exceptional fruitions, giving the last majesty to him—something continually touch'd upon and attain'd by the old poems and ballads of feudalism, and often the principal foundation of them—modern science and democracy appear to be endangering, perhaps eliminating. But that forms an appearance only; the reality is quite different. The new influences, upon the whole, are surely preparing the way for grander individualities than ever. To-day and here personal force is behind everything, just the same. The times and depictions from the *Iliad* to Shakespere inclusive can happily never again be realized—but the elements of courageous and lofty manhood are unchanged.

Without yielding an inch the working-man and working-woman were to be in my pages from first to last. The ranges of heroism and loftiness with which Greek and feudal poets endow'd their god-like or lordly born characters—indeed prouder and better based and with fuller ranges than those—I was to endow the democratic averages of America. I was to show that we, here and to-day, are eligible to the grandest and the best—more eligible now than any times of old were. I will also want my utterances (I said to myself before beginning) to be in spirit the poems of the morning. (They have been founded and mainly written in the sunny forenoon and early midday of my life.) I will want them to be the poems of women entirely as much as men. I have wished to put the complete Union of the States in my songs without any preference or partiality whatever. Henceforth, if they live and are read, it must be just as much South as North—just as much along the Pacific as Atlantic—in the valley of the Mississippi, in Canada, up in Maine, down in Texas, and on the shores of Puget Sound.

From another point of view *Leaves of Grass* is avowedly the song of Sex and Amativeness, and even Animality

—though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all, and will duly emerge; and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere. Of this feature, intentionally palpable in a few lines, I shall only say the espousing principle of those lines so gives breath of life to my whole scheme that the bulk of the pieces might as well have been left unwritten were those lines omitted. Difficult as it will be, it has become, in my opinion, imperative to achieve a shifted attitude from superior men and women towards the thought and fact of sexuality, as an element in character, personality, the emotions, and a theme in literature. I am not going to argue the question by itself; it does not stand by itself. The vitality of it is altogether in its relations, bearings, significance—like the clef of a symphony. At last analogy the lines I allude to, and the spirit in which they are spoken, permeate all *Leaves of Grass*, and the work must stand or fall with them, as the human body and soul must remain as an entirety.

Universal as are certain facts and symptoms of communities or individuals all times, there is nothing so rare in modern conventions and poetry as their normal recognizance. Literature is always calling in the doctor for consultation and confession, and always giving evasions and swathing suppressions in place of that "heroic nudity" on which only a genuine diagnosis of serious cases can be built. And in respect to editions of *Leaves of Grass* in time to come (if there should be such) I take occasion now to confirm those lines with the settled convictions and deliberate renewals of thirty years, and to hereby prohibit, as far as word of mine can do so, any elision of them.

Then still a purpose enclosing all, and over and beneath all. Ever since what might be called thought, or the budding of thought, fairly begun in my youthful mind, I had had a desire to attempt some worthy record of that en-

tire faith and acceptance ("to justify the ways of God to man" is Milton's well-known and ambitious phrase) which is the foundation of moral America. I felt it all as positively then in my young days as I do now in my old ones; to formulate a poem whose every thought or fact should directly or indirectly be or connive at an implicit belief in the wisdom, health, mystery, beauty of every process, every concrete object, every human or other existence, not only considered from the point of view of all, but of each.

While I cannot understand it or argue it out, I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time. My book ought to emanate buoyancy and gladness legitimately enough, for it was grown out of those elements, and has been the comfort of my life since it was originally commenced.

One main genesis-motive of the *Leaves* was my conviction (just as strong to-day as ever) that the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic. To help start and favor that growth—or even to call attention to it, or the need of it—is the beginning, middle, and final purpose of the poems. (In fact, when really cipher'd out and summ'd to the last, plowing up in earnest the interminable average fallows of humanity—not "good government" merely, in the common sense—is the justification and main purpose of these United States.)

Isolated advantages in any rank or grace or fortune—the direct or indirect threads of all the poetry of the past—are in my opinion distasteful to the republican genius, and offer no foundation for its fitting verse. Established poems, I know, have the very great advantage of chanting the already perform'd, so full of glories, reminiscences dear to the minds of men. But my volume is a candidate for the future. "All original art," says

² *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1883.—[Whitman's note.]

Taine, anyhow, "is self-regulated from without; it carries its own counterpoise, and does not receive it from elsewhere—lives on its own blood"—a solace to my frequent bruises and sulky vanity.

As the present is perhaps mainly an attempt at personal statement or illustration, I will allow myself as further help to extract the following anecdote from a book, *Annals of Old Painters*, conn'd by me in youth. Rubens, the Flemish painter, in one of his wanderings, through the galleries of old convents, came across a singular work. After looking at it thoughtfully for a good while, and listening to the criticisms of his suite of students, he said to the latter, in answer to their questions (as to what school the work implied or belong'd), "I do not believe the artist, unknown and perhaps no longer living, who has given the world this legacy, ever belong'd to any school, or ever painted anything but this one picture, which is a personal affair—a piece out of a man's life."

Leaves of Grass indeed (I cannot too often reiterate) has mainly been the outcropping of my own emotional and other personal nature—an attempt, from first to last, to put a *Person*, a human being (myself, in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, in America), freely, fully and truly on record. I could not find any similar personal record in current literature that satisfied me. But it is not on *Leaves of Grass* distinctively as literature, or a specimen thereof, that I feel to dwell, or advance claims. No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance, or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism. I say no land or people or circumstances ever existed so needing a race of singers and poems differing from all others, and rigidly their own, as the land and people and circumstances of our United States need such singers and poems to-day, and for the future. Still further, as long as the States continue to absorb and

be dominated by the poetry of the Old World, and remain unsupplied with autochthonous song, to express, vitalize, and give color to and define their material and political success, and minister to them distinctively, so long will they stop short of first-class nationality and remain defective.

In the free evening of my day I give to you, reader, the foregoing garrulous talk, thoughts, reminiscences,

As idly drifting down the ebb,
Such ripples, half-caught voices, echo
from the shore.

Concluding with two items for the imaginative genius of the West, when it worthily rises—First, what Herder taught to the young Goethe, that really great poetry is always (like the Homeric or Biblical canticles) the result of a national spirit, and not the privilege of a polished and select few; Second, that the strongest and sweetest songs yet remain to be sung.

COWBOY SONGS ¹

THE COWBOY'S DREAM ²

Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on; 5
Roll on, little dogies,³ roll on,
roll on,
Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright, happy region
Is a dim, narrow trail, so they say; 10
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,

¹ Copyright, The Macmillan Company.

² Tune, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

³ yearling steers

To be marked by the Riders of Judgment,¹⁵
Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy
Who'll be lost at the great, final sale,
When he might have gone in the green
pastures
Had he known of the dim, narrow
trail.²⁰

I wonder if ever a cowboy
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,
And could say to the Boss of the
Riders,
"I'm ready, come drive me away."

For they, like the cows that are locoed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand,²⁶
Are dragged with a rope to the round-
up,
Or get marked with some crooked
man's brand.

And I'm scared that I'll be a stray
yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—³⁰
And get cut in the bunch with the
"rusties"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner
Who's ne'er overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the
sinner³⁵
Who drifts from the straight, narrow
way.

They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally
Book.⁴⁰

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old
Chisholm trail.

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya,
youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

I started up the trail October twenty-
third,⁵
I started up the trail with the 2-U
herd.

Oh, a ten dollar hoss and a forty dol-
lar saddle,
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.

I woke up one morning on the old
Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the
tail.¹⁰

I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight,
And afore I sleep the moon shines
bright.

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-
backed hoss.

Old Ben Bolt was a fine old man¹⁵
And you'd know there was whiskey
wherever he'd land.

My hoss throwed me off at the creek
called Mud,
My hoss throwed me off round the 2-U
herd.

Last time I saw him he was going cross
the level
A-kicking up his heels and a-running
like the devil.²⁰

It's cloudy in the West, a-looking like
rain,
And my damned old slicker's in the
wagon again.

Crippled my hoss, I don't know how,
Ropin' at the horn of a 2-U cow.

We hit Caldwell and we hit her on the
fly,²⁵
We bedded down the cattle on the hill
close by.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring
down rain,
And I swear by god, I'll never night-
herd again.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the
saddle,
I hung and rattled with them long-horn
cattle. 30

Last night I was on guard and the
leader broke the ranks,
I hit my horse down the shoulders and
I spurred him in the flanks.

The wind commenced to blow, and the
rain began to fall,
Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin'
to lose 'em all.

I jumped in the saddle and grabbed
holt the horn, 35
Best blamed cow-puncher ever was
born.

I popped my foot in the stirrup and
gave a little yell,
The tail cattle broke and the leaders
went to hell.

I don't give a damn if they never do
stop;
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock. 40

Foot in the stirrup and hand on the
horn,
Best damned cowboy ever was born.

I herded and I hollered and I done very
well,
Till the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em
go to hell."

Stray in the herd and the boss said
kill it, 45
So I shot him in the rump with the
handle of the skillet.

We rounded 'em up and put 'em on
the cars,
And that was the last of the old Two
Bars.

Oh it's bacon and beans 'most every
day,—
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay. 50

I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at
a run,
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that
ever pulled a gun.

I went to the wagon to get my roll,
To come back to Texas, dad-burn my
soul.

I went to the boss to draw my roll, 55
He had it figgered out I was nine dol-
lars in the hole.

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,
I won't punch cattle for no damned
man.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,
Goin' back home to see my honey. 60

With my knees in the saddle and my
seat in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet
by and by.

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya,
youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES¹

As I walked out one morning for
pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher all riding alone;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs
was a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this
song.

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little
dogies, 5
It's your misfortune, and none
of my own,

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little
dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be
your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the
dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their
tails; 10
Round up our horses, load up the
chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.

¹ yearling steers

It's whooping and yelling and driving
the dogies;
Oh, how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on
little dogies, 15
For you know Wyoming will be your
new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for
pleasure,
But that's where you get it most
awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble
they give us
While we go driving them all along. 20

When the night comes on and we hold
them on the bedground,
These little dogies that roll on so slow;
Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,
And roll the little dogies that never
rolled before.

Your mother she was raised way down
in Texas, 25
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs
grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear
and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to
Idaho.

Oh you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's
Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them
cry. 30
Git along, git along, git along little
dogies,
You're going to be beef steers by and
by.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD ¹
(1825-1903)

**"HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND
BRED?"**

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.

¹ All selections from Stoddard from *The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard*, New York, 1880. Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Tell me first how folded flowers 5
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know;
Winds and flowers come and go, 10
And the selfsame canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

**"THE YELLOW MOON LOOKS
SLANTLY DOWN"**

The yellow Moon looks slantly down,
Through seaward mists, upon the town;
And ghost-like there the moonshine
falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I see a crowd in every street 5
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade
and light,
And seem a portion of the Night.

The ships have lain for ages fled
Along the waters, dark and dead; 10
The dying waters wash no more
The long, black line of spectral shore.

There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet Moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems 15
Within some dead old World of
Dreams.

From THE DIVAN

(PERSIA.)

A little maid of Astrakan,
An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
She holds a cup of mine;
'Tis full of wine, and on her cheeks 5
Are stains and smears of wine.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
The rich bazaars where rubies shine;
For mines are in that little hand, 11
And on those little cheeks of thine.

The sky is thick upon the sea, ^
 The sea is sown with rain,
 And in the passing gusts we hear
 The clanging of the crane.

The cranes are flying to the south, 5
 We cut the northern foam:
 The dreary land they leave behind
 Must be our future home.

Its barren shores are long and dark,
 And gray its autumn sky; 10
 But better these than this gray sea,
 If but to land—and die!

IMOGEN

Unknown to her the maids supplied
 Her wants, and gliding noiseless
 round

Passed out again, while Leon's hound
 Stole in and slumbered at her side:

Then Cloten came, a silly ape, 5
 And wooed her in his boorish way,
 Barring the door against escape;
 But the hound woke, and stood at
 bay,

Defiant at the lady's feet,
 And made the ruffian retreat. 10

*Then for a little moment's space
 A smile did flit across the face
 Of Lady Imogen.*

Without the morning dried the dews
 From shaven lawns and pastures
 green: 15

Meantime the court dames and the
 queen

Did pace the shaded avenues:

And Cymbeline amid his train

Rode down the winding palace walks,
 Behind the hounds that snuffed the
 plain, 20

And in the track of wheeling hawks;
 And soon in greenwood shaws anear
 They blew their horns, and chased the
 deer,

*But she nor saw nor heard it
 there,*

*But sat, a statue of despair, 25
 The mournful Imogen.*

She shook her ringlets round her head,
 And clasped her hands, and thought,
 and thought,

As every faithful lady ought,
 Whose lord is far away—or dead. 30

She pressed in books his faded flowers,
 That never seemed so sweet before;

Upon his picture gazed for hours,
 And read his letters o'er and o'er,

Dreaming about the loving Past, 35
 Until her tears were flowing fast.

*With aches of heart, and aches of
 brain,*

*Bewildered in the realms of pain,
 The wretched Imogen!*

She tried to rouse herself again, 40

Began a broidery quaint and rich,
 But pricked her fingers every stitch,
 And left in every bud a stain.

She took her distaff, tried to spin,
 But tangled up the golden thread: 45

She touched her lute, but could not win
 A happy sound, her skill had fled.

The letters in her books were blurred,
 She could not understand a word.

*Bewildered still, and still in
 tears, 50*

*The dupe of hopes, the prey of
 fears,*

The weeping Imogen!

Her curtains opened in the breeze

And showed the slowly-setting sun,
 Through vines that up the sash did
 run 55

And hovering butterflies and bees.

A silver fountain gushed below,
 Where swans superbly swam the
 spray;

And pages hurried to and fro,

And trim gallants with ladies gay, 60

And many a hooded monk and friar
 Went barefoot by in coarse attire.

*But like a picture, or a dream,
 The outward world did only
 seem,*

To thoughtful Imogen. 65

When curfews rang and day was dim,

She glided to her chapel desk,

Unclassed her missal arabesque,
 And sang the solemn vespers hymn;

Before the crucifix knelt down, 70

And told her beads, and strove to
 pray;

But Heaven was deaf, and seemed to frown,

And push her idle words away:
And when she touched the holy urn
The icy water seemed to burn! 75
*No faith had she in saints above,
She only wanted human love,
The pining Imogen.*

The pale moon walked the waste o'er-head,

And filled the room with sickly light;
Then she arose in piteous plight, 81
Disrobed herself, and crept to bed.
The wind without was loud and deep,
The rattling casements made her start:

At last she slept, but in her sleep 85
She pressed her fingers o'er her heart,
And moaned, and once she gave a scream,
To break the clutches of a dream.

*Even in her sleep she could not sleep,
For ugly visions made her weep,
The troubled Imogen.* 91

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

I

The night is dark, and the winter winds
Go stabbing about with their icy spears;

The sharp hail rattles against the panes,
And melts on my cheek like tears.

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors, 5
But some of us must be, early and late;

We needn't ask who, for don't we know
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman
her flowers,

Her dresses, her jewels, or what she
demands; 10

The work of the world must be done by
man,

Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,
I think of the chambers warm and
bright,

The nests where these delicate birds of
ours 15

Are folding their wings to-night.

Through the luminous windows, above
and below,

I catch a glimpse of the life they
lead:

Some sew, some sing, others dress for
the ball,

While others, fair students, read. 20

There's the little lady who bears my
name:

She sits at my table now, pouring
her tea;

Does she think of me as I hurry home,
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and
cream 25

In a thoughtless, dreamy, nonchalant
way;

Her hands are white as the virgin rose
That she wore on her wedding day.

My clumsy fingers are stained with
ink,

The badge of the Ledger, the mark of
Trade; 30

But the money I give her is clean
enough,

In spite of the way it is made.

I wear out my life in the counting-room
Over day-book and cash-book,

Bought and Sold;

My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,
My skin is as sallow as gold. 36

How does she keep the roses of youth
Still fresh in her cheek? My roses
are flown.

It lies in a nutshell—why do I ask?

A woman's life is her own. 40

She gives me a kiss when we part for
the day,

Then goes to her music, blithe as a
bird;

She reads it at sight, and the language,
too,

Though I know never a word.

She sews a little, makes collars and
sleeves, 45
Or embroiders me slippers (always
too small,
Nets silken purses (for me to fill)
Often does nothing at all

But dream in her chamber, holding a
flower,
Or reading my letters—she'd better
read me. 50
Even now, while I am freezing with
cold,
She is cosily sipping her tea.

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud
At the sight of a roaring fire once
more;
She must wait, I think, till I thaw my-
self, 55
For the nightly kiss at the door.

I'll have with my dinner a bottle of
port,
To warm up my blood and soothe my
mind;
Then a little music, for even I
Like music—when I have dined. 60

I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,
And feel her behind me patting my
head;
Or drawing the little one on my knee,
Chat till the hour for bed.

II

Will he never come? I have watched
for him 65
Till the misty panes are roughened
with sleet;
I can see no more: shall I never hear
The welcome sound of his feet?

I think of him in the lonesome night,
Tramping along with a weary tread,
And wish he were here by the cheery
fire, 71
Or I were there in his stead.

I sit by the grate, and hark for his
step,
And stare in the fire with a troubled
mind;

The glow of the coals is bright in my
face, 75
But my shadow is dark behind.

I think of woman, and think of man,
The tie that binds and the wrongs
that part,
And long to utter in burning words
What I feel to-night in my heart. 80

No weak complaint of the man I love,
No praise of myself, or my sister-
hood;
But—something that women under-
stand—
By men never understood.

Their natures jar in a thousand things;
Little matter, alas, who is right or
wrong, 86
She goes to the wall. "She is weak,"
they say—
It is that which makes them strong.

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur,
pray?
He has, as he should, a sturdier
frame, 90
And he labors early and late for me,
But I—I could do the same.

My hands are willing, my brain is clear,
The world is wide, and the workers
few;
But the work of the world belongs to
man, 95
There is nothing for woman to do!

Yes, she has the holy duties of home,
A husband to love, and children to
bear,
The softer virtues, the social arts,—
In short, a life without care! 100

So our masters say. But what do they
know
Of our lives and feelings when they
are away?
Our household duties, our petty tasks,
The nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough
for them 105
That their homes are pleasant; they
seek their ease:

One takes a wife to flatter his pride,
Another to keep his keys.

They say they love us; perhaps they do,
In a masculine way, as they love
their wine: 110
But the soul of woman needs something
more,
Or it suffers at times like mine.

Not that Arthur is ever unkind
In word or deed, for he loves me well;
But I fear he thinks me as weak as the
rest— 115
(And I may be, who can tell?)

I should die if he changed, or loved me
less,
For I live at best but a restless life;
Yet he may, for they say the kindest
men
Grow tired of a sickly wife. 120

O, love me, Arthur, my lord, my life,
If not for my love, and my womanly
fears,
At least for your child. But I hear his
step—
He must not find me in tears.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE ¹
(1830-1886)

MY STUDY

This is my world! within these narrow
walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than
naught; 5
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tondance of untroubled
thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for pres-
ent strife, 10

¹All selections from *The Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*. Complete Edition. Boston, 1882. By permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

The sordid zeal with which our age is
rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud
or chance,
But gleanings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of
romance.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her
subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss 5
Seems yearning upward fondly through
the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms
with sweet, faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers 10
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps
the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a
languor rare and fine, 15
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on
its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender, 20
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings
they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a
rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me, 25
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her
dreary din and jars—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcome dropping dewlike from
the weird and wondrous stars? 30

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought
 me on her subtle wings of balm,
 For behold! its spirit fieth
 And its fairy murmur dieth, ³⁵
 And the silence closing round me is a
 dull and soulless calm!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning
 sky
 They rise, scarce touched by melan-
 choly airs,
 Which stir the fadeless foliage dream-
 fully,
 As if from realms of mystical de-
 spairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with
 dusky gleams ⁵
 Brightening to gold within the wood-
 land's core,
 Beneath the gracious noontide's tran-
 quil beams—
 But the weird winds of morning sigh
 no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
 Broods round and o'er them in the
 wind's surcease, ¹⁰
 And on each tinted copse and shimmer-
 ing dell
 Rests the mute rapture of deep-
 hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and
 might
 Borne from the West when cloudless
 day declines—
 Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves
 of light, ¹⁵
 And lifting dark green tresses of the
 pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently
 float,
 Fraught with hale odors up the
 heavens afar
 To faint when twilight on her virginal
 throat
 Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper
 star. ²⁰

UNVEILED

I cannot tell when first I saw her face;
 Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
 When the huge billows heaved tumul-
 tuously,
 Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
 Wrapped by the shadowy boon ⁵
 Of breezeless verdures from the sum-
 mer noon?
 Or likelier still, a rock-girdled dell
 Between vast mountains, while the
 midnight hour
 Blossomed above me like a shining
 flower,
 Whose star-wrought petals turned the
 fields of space ¹⁰
 To one great garden of mysterious
 light?

Vain! vain! I cannot tell
 When first the beauty and majestic
 might
 Of her calm presence, bore my soul
 apart
 From all low issues of the groveling
 world— ¹⁵
 About me their own peace and
 grandeur furled—
 Filling the conscious heart
 With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from
 earth or sky—
 Secrets that glance towards
 eternity,
 Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!
 But ever since that immemorial day, ²¹
 A steadfast flame hath burned in brain
 and blood,
 Urging me onward in the perilous search
 For sacred haunts our queenly
 mother loves;
 By field and flood, ²⁵
 Thro' neighboring realms, and regions
 far away,
 Have I not followed, followed where
 she led,
 Tracking wild rivers to their fountain
 head,
 And wilder desert spaces, mournful,
 vast,
 Where Nature, fronting her inscrutable
 past, ³⁰
 Holds bleak communion only with
 the dead;

Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like
 a dove's,
 To waft me further still,
 Beyond the compass of the unwinged
 will;
 Yea, waft me northward, southward,
 east, or west, 35
 By fabled isles, and undiscovered
 lands,
 To where enthroned upon his moun-
 tain-perch,
 The sovereign eagle stands,
 Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their
 nest,
 Above the thunders of the sea and
 storm? 40

Oh! sometimes by the fire
 Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
 And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
 Tender and warm—
 She, from her goddess height, 45
 In gracious answer to my soul's desire,
 Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
 To bend on me the untranslated light
 Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely
 pale;
 She lays on mine her firm, immortal
 hand; 50
 And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
 Feel that her lips have kissed
 Mine eyes and forehead—how the in-
 fluence fine
 Of her deep life runs like Arcadian wine
 Through all my being! How a moment
 pressed 55
 To the large fountains of her opulent
 breast,
 A rapture smites me, half akin to pain;
 A sun-flash quivering through white
 chords of rain!

Thenceforth, I walked
 The earth all-seeing: not her stateliest
 forms 60
 Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of
 power;
 Mountains and oceans, and the rage of
 storms;
 Fierce cataracts hurled from awful
 steep to steep,
 Or the gray water-spouts, that whirling
 tower 64
 Along the darkened bosom of the deep;

But all fair, fairy forms; all vital
 things,
 That breathe or blossom 'midst our
 bounteous springs;
 In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
 The wild rose and the violet;
 On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly
 talked 70
 With the coy wild-flower, and the
 grasses brown,
 That in a subtle language of their own
 (Caught from the spirits of the wan-
 dering breeze)
 Quaintly responded; while the heavens
 looked down
 As graciously on these 75
 Titania growths, as on sublimer shapes
 Of century-moulded continents, that
 bemock
 Alike the earthquake's and the billows'
 shock
 By Orient inlands and cold ocean
 capes!

The giant constellations rose and set:
 I knew them all and worshipped all I
 knew; 81
 Yet, from their empire in the pregnant
 blue,
 Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint
 bars
 Of nebulous cloud, beyond the range
 of stars,
 I turned to worship with a heart as true,
 Long mosses dropping from the cypress
 tree; 86
 The virginal vines that stretched re-
 motely dim,
 From forest limb to limb;
 Network of golden ferns, whose
 tracery weaves,
 In lingering twilights of warm August
 eves, 90
 Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
 Drawn on the flickering and fair-
 foliated wall
 Of the dense forest, ere the night
 shades fall:
 Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed
 colors live
 In the pure moisture by a fountain's
 brim; 95
 The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that
 to and fro

Move ever to the waters' rhythmic
 flow,
 Blent with the humming of the wild-
 wood bee,
 And the winds' under thrills of mystery;
 The twinkling "ground-stars," full of
 modest cheer, 100
 Each her cerulean cup
 In humble supplication lifting
 up,
 To catch whate'er the kindly heavens
 may give
 Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;
 And even when, self-poised in airy
 grace, 105
 Their phantom lightness stirs
 Through glistening shadows of a secret
 place
 The silvery-tinted gossamers;
 For thus hath Nature taught amid her
 All—
 The complex miracles of land and
 sea, 110
 And infinite marvels of the infinite air,
 No life is trivial, no creation small!
 Ever I walk the earth,
 As one whose spiritual ear 114
 Is strangely purged and purified to hear
 Its multitudinous voices; from the shore
 Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
 And the stupendous bass of choral
 waves
 Thunders o'er "wandering graves,"
 From warrior-winds whose viewless
 cohorts charge 120
 The banded mists through Cloud-
 land's vaporous dearth,
 Peeling their battle bugles round the
 marge
 Of dreary fen and desolated moor;
 Down to the ripple of shy woodland
 rills
 Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the
 hills, 125
 And ancient hollows of the enchanted
 ground,
 I pass with reverent thought,
 Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,
 Whether by brook or bird
 The perfumed air be stirred. 130
 But most, because the unwearied
 strains are fraught
 With Nature's freedom in her happiest
 moods,

I love the mock-bird's, and brown
 thrush's lay,
 The melted soul of May.
 Beneath those matchless notes,
 From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid
 throats, 136
 In gushes of clear harmony,
 I seem, oft-times I seem
 To find remoter meanings; the far tone
 Of ante-natal music faintly blown 140
 From out the misted realms of memory;
 The pathos and the passion of a dream;
 Or broken fugues of a diviner tongue
 That e'er hath chanted, since our earth
 was young,
 And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
 The stars of morning sung! 146

THE MOCKING-BIRD

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
 Filled the warm Southern night;
 The moon, clear orbéd, above the
 sylvan scene
 Moved like a stately queen,
 So rife with conscious beauty all the
 while, 5
 What could she do but smile
 At her own perfect loveliness below,
 Glassed in the tranquil flow
 Of crystal fountains and unruffled
 streams?
 Half lost in waking dreams, 10
 As down the loneliest forest dell I
 strayed,
 Lo! from a neighboring glade,
 Flashed through the drifts of moon-
 shine, swiftly came
 A fairy shape of flame.
 It rose in dazzling spirals overhead, 15
 Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
 Poured marvellous melodies, silvery
 trill on trill;
 The very leaves grew still
 On the charmed trees to harken; while,
 for me,
 Heart-trilled to ecstasy, 20
 I followed—followed the bright shape
 that flew,
 Still circling up the blue,
 Till as a fountain that has reached its
 height
 Falls back in sprays of light

Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing
 lay 25
 Divinely melts away
 Through tremulous spaces to a music-
 mist,
 Soon by the fitful breeze
 How gently kissed
 Into remote and tender silences. 30

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic
 sight
 Is some old poet, round whose laurel-
 crown
 The long gray locks are streaming
 softly down;
 Whose evening, touched by prescient
 shades of night,
 Grows tranquilized, in calm, ethereal
 light:— 5
 Such, such art *thou*, O master! worthier
 grown
 In the fair sunset of thy full renown,
 Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings
 for flight!
 Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from
 thy place depart?
 God's court is thronged with minstrels,
 rich with song; 10
 Even now, a new note swells the im-
 maculate choir;
 But thou, whose strains have filled our
 lives so long,
 Still from the altar of thy reverent
 heart
 Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts
 of fire!

UNDER THE PINE

To the Memory of Henry Timrod

The same majestic pine is lifted high
 Against the twilight sky,
 The same low, melancholy music
 grieves
 Amid the topmost leaves,
 As when I watched, and mused, and
 dreamed with him, 5
 Beneath these shadows dim.

O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy
 core
 Of one who comes no more?
 No yearning memory of those scenes
 that were
 So richly calm and fair, 10
 When the last rays of sunset, shimmer-
 ing down,
 Flashed like a royal crown?

And he, with hand outstretched and
 eyes ablaze,
 Looked forth with burning gaze,
 And seemed to drink the sunset like
 strong wine, 15
 Or, hushed in trance divine,
 Hailed the first shy and timorous
 glance from far
 Of evening's virgin star?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he
 laid
 His weary head; thy shade 20
 Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of
 sleep:
 It brought a peace so deep
 The unquiet passion died from out his
 eyes,
 As lightning from stilled skies.

And in that calm he loved to rest, and
 hear 25
 The soft wind-angels, clear
 And sweet, among the uppermost
 branches sighing:
 Voices he heard replying
 (Or so he dreamed) far up the mystic
 height,
 And pinions rustling light. 30

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his
 dreams
 So full of heavenly gleams,
 Wrought through the folded dullness of
 thy bark,
 And all thy nature dark
 Stirred to slow throbbings, and the flut-
 tering fire 35
 Of faint, unknown desire?

At least to me there sweeps no rugged
 ring
 That girds the forest-king,

No immemorial stain, or awful rent
 (The mark of tempest spent), 40
 No delicate leaf, no lithe bough, vine-
 o'ergrown,
 No distant, flickering cone,

But speaks of him, and seems to bring
 once more
 The joy, the love of yore;
 But most when breathed from out the
 sunset-land 45
 The sunset airs are bland,
 That blow between the twilight and the
 night,
 Ere yet the stars are bright;

For then that quiet ever comes back to
 me,
 When, deeply, thrillingly, 50
 He spake of lofty hopes which van-
 quish Death;
 And on his mortal breath
 A language of immortal meanings hung,
 That fired his heart and tongue.

For then unearthly breezes stir and
 sigh, 55
 Murmuring, "Look up! 'tis I:
 Thy friend is near thee! Ah, thou
 canst not see!"
 And through the sacred tree
 Passes what seems a wild and sentient
 thrill—
 Passes, and all is still!— 60

Still as the grave which holds his tran-
 quil form,
 Hushed after many a storm,—
 Still as the calm that crowns his marble
 brow,
 No pain can wrinkle now,—
 Still as the peace—pathetic peace of
 God— 65
 That wraps the holy sod,

Where every flower from our dead
 minstrel's dust
 Should bloom, a type of trust,—
 That faith which waxed to wings of
 heavenward might
 To bear his soul from night,— 70
 That faith, dear Christ! whereby we
 pray to meet
 His spirit at God's feet!

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
 I think it is over at last,
 Voices of foeman and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean 5
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the
 river, 10
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
 For the winds and the waters sur-
 cease; 14
 Ah!—few were the days of the rover
 That smiled in the beauty of
 peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release:
 From the ravage of life, and its
 riot
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet 20
 Which bides in the harbor at last?
 For the lights with their welcoming
 quiver
 That throbbed through the sanctified
 river
 Which girdles the harbor at last,
 This heavenly harbor at last? 25

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor un-
 cover,
 For the stress of the voyage has
 passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean, 30
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward;
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward;
 And behold! like the welcoming
 quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the
 river, 35
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

SIDNEY LANIER¹ (1842-1881)THE DYING WORDS OF STONE-
WALL JACKSON

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle."
 "Tell Major Hawks to advance the Com-
 missary train."

"Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."

The stars of Night contain the glitter-
 ing Day

And rain his glory down with sweeter
 grace

Upon the dark World's grand, en-
 charmed face—

All loth to turn away.

And so the Day, about to yield his
 breath,

Utters the stars unto the listening
 Night,

To stand for burning fare-thee-wells of
 light

Said on the verge of death.

O hero-life that lit us like the sun!

O hero-words that glittered like the
 stars

And stood and shone above the gloomy
 wars

When the hero-life was done!

The phantoms of a battle came to dwell
 I' the fitful vision of his dying eyes—

Yet even in battle-dreams, he sends
 supplies

To those he loved so well.

His army stands in battle-line arrayed:

His couriers fly: all's done: now God
 decide!

—And not till then saw he the Other
 Side

Or would accept the shade.

Thou Land whose sun is gone, thy stars
 remain!

Still shine the words that miniature his
 deeds.

O thrice-beloved, where'er thy great
 heart bleeds,

Solace hast thou for pain!

¹ All selections from *The Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

NIGHT AND DAY

The innocent, sweet Day is dead.

Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.

O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!

—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed

From star of heaven or eye of maid

Has vanished in the unknown Shade.

—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood

The tawny Night sits still to brood

Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.

—I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,

Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,

Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.

—Come back, O Day! said he.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE²

Out of the hills of Habersham,

Down the valleys of Hall

I hurry amain to reach the plain,

Run the rapid and leap the fall,

Split at the rock and together again,

Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,

And flee from folly on every side

With a lover's pain to attain the plain

Far from the hills of Habersham,

Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,

All through the valleys of Hall,

The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*

The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,

The laving laurel turned my tide,

The ferns and the fondling grass said

Stay,

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,

And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*

Here in the hills of Habersham,

Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,

Veiling the valleys of Hall,

The hickory told me manifold

Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall

² a river in northern Georgia

Wrought me her shadowy self to hold, ²⁵
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the
 pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning
 and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall. ³⁰

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth
 brook-stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly
 brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone ³⁵
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming
 stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall. ⁴⁰

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with
 the main, ⁴⁵
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
 turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the
 plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall. ⁵⁰

THE STIRRUP-CUP

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
 Look how compounded, with what care!
 Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
 Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went, ⁵
 Keats, and Gotama excellent,
 Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
 And Shakspeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
 Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt; ¹⁰

'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
 I'll drink it down right smilingly.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined
 buck in the bracken lay;
 And all of a sudden the sinister smell
 of a man,
 Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and
 ran
 Down the hillside and sifted along
 through the bracken and passed
 that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she
 was the daintiest doe; ⁵
 In the print of her velvet flank on the
 velvet fern
 She reared, and rounded her ears in
 turn.
 Then the buck leapt up, and his head as
 a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as
 if Death had the form of a deer;
 And the two slim does long lazily
 stretching arose, ¹⁰
 For their day-dream slower came to
 a close,
 Till they woke and were still, breath-
 bound with waiting and wonder
 and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over
 the hillock, the hounds shot by,
 The does and the ten-tined buck
 made a marvellous bound,
 The hounds swept after with never a
 sound, ¹⁵
 But Alan loud winded his horn in sign
 that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Mac-
 lean of Lochbuy to the hunt had
 waxed wild,
 And he cursed at old Alan till Alan
 fared off with the hounds
 For to drive him the deer to the lower
 glen-grounds:
 "I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean,
 "in the sight of the wife and the
 child." ²⁰

So gayly he paced with the wife and the
child to his chosen stand;

But he hurried tall Hamish the
henchman ahead: "Go turn,"—

Cried Maclean,—“if the deer seek to
cross to the burn,

Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest
thy back be red as thy hand.”

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown
of his breath with the height of the
hill, ²⁵

Was white in the face when the ten-
tined buck and the does

Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily
rose

His shouts, and his nether lip twitched,
and his legs were o'er-weak for his
will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish
and bounded away to the burn.

But Maclean never bating his watch
tarried waiting below; ³⁰

Still Hamish hung heavy with fear
for to go

All the space of an hour; then he went,
and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and
shrunken the eye-balls shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds
it were shame to see.

“Now, now, grim henchman, what is
't with thee?” ³⁵

Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red
as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

“Three does and a ten-tined buck made
out,” spoke Hamish, full mild,

“And I ran for to turn, but my breath
it was blown, and they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke
me my fast.”

Cried Maclean: “Now a ten-tined buck
in the sight of the wife and the
child ⁴⁰

I had killed if the gluttonous kern ¹ had
not wrought me a snail's own
wrong!”

Then he sounded, and down came
kinsmen and clansmen all:

“Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back
let fall,

And reckon no stroke if the blood fol-
low not at the bite of thong!”

So Hamish made bare, and took him his
strokes; at the last he smiled. ⁴⁵

“Now I'll to the burn,” quoth Mac-
lean, “for it still may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman
will hurry with me,

I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a
gift to the wife and the child!”

Then the clansmen departed, by this
path and that; and over the hill

Sped Maclean with an outward wrath
for an inward shame; ⁵⁰

And that place of the lashing full
quiet became;

And the wife and the child stood sad;
and bloody-backed Hamish sat
still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick
about and about turns he.

“There is none betwixt me and the
crag-top!” he screams under
breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from
death, ⁵⁵

He snatches the child from the mother,
and clambers the crag toward the
sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is
dumb, and her heart goes dead for
a space,

Till the motherhood, mistress of
death, shrieks, shrieks through the
glen,

And that place of the lashing is live
with men,

And Maclean, and the gillie ² that told
him, dash up in a desperate race. ⁶⁰

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-
glance reveals all the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the
crag toward the sea,

And the lady cries: “Clansmen, run
for a fee!

Yon castle and lands to the two first
hands that shall hook him and
hold

¹ rustic

² man-servant

Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—
 and ever she flies up the steep, 65
 And the clansmen pant, and they
 sweat, and they jostle and strain.
 But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis
 vain;

Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink,
 and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that
 run, and they all stand still.

And the wife prays Hamish as if he
 were God, on her knees, 70

Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but
 please, but please

For to spare him!" and Hamish still
 dangles the child, with a wavering
 will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk
 scream, and a gibe, and a song,

Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child
 if, in sight of ye all,

Ten blows on Maclean's bare back
 shall fall, 75

And ye reckon no stroke if the blood
 follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth
 to his lip that his tooth was red,

Breathed short for a space, said:
 "Nay, but it never shall be!

Let me hurl off the damnable hound
 in the sea!"

But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us
 the child from the sea, if dead? 80

"Say yea!—Let them lash me,
 Hamish?"—"Nay!"—"Husband,
 the lashing will heal;

But, oh, who will heal me the bonny
 sweet bairn in his grave?

Could ye cure me my heart with the
 death of a knave?

Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—
 kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly
 to kneel

With never a word, till presently down-
 ward he jerked to the earth. 85

Then the henchman—he that smote
 Hamish—would tremble and lag;

"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full
 stern, from the crag;
 Then he struck him, and "One" sang
 Hamish, and danced with the child
 in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he
 counted each stroke with a song.

When the last stroke fell, then he
 moved him a pace down the height,
 And he held forth the child in the
 heart-aching sight 91

Of the mother, and looked all pitiful
 grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms
 stretched out with the thanks-
 giving prayer—

And there as the mother crept up
 with a fearful swift pace,

Till her finger nigh felt of the
 bairnie's face— 95

In a flash fierce Hamish turned round
 and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms
 from the horrible height in the sea,
 Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the
 wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
 Age-feeble with anger and impotent
 pain,

Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat,
 and locked hold of dead roots of a
 tree— 100

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood
 from his back drip-dripped in the
 brine,

And a sea-hawk flung down a skele-
 ton fish as he flew,

And the mother stared white on the
 waste of blue,

And the wind drove a cloud to seaward,
 and the sun began to shine.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN¹

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-
 braided and woven

With intricate shades of the vines that
 myriad-clöven

¹ near Brunswick, Georgia

Clamber the forks of the multiform
boughs,—

Emerald twilights,—

Virginal shy lights, 5

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
whisper of vows,

When lovers pace timidly down through
the green colonnades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear
dark woods,

Of the heavenly woods and glades,

That run to the radiant marginal
sand-beach within 10

The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the
noon-day fire,—

Wildwood privacies, closets of lone de-
sire,

Chamber from chamber parted with
wavering arras of leaves,—

Cells for the passionate pleasure of
prayer to the soul that grieves, 15

Pure with a sense of the passing of
saints through the wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
good:—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
shades of the vine,

While the riotous noon-day sun of the
June-day long did shine

Ye held me fast in your heart and I
held you fast in mine; 20

But now when the noon is no more, and
riot is rest,

And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous
gate of the West,

And the slant yellow beam down the
wood-aisle doth seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from
a dream,—

Ay, now, when my soul all day hath
drunken the soul of the oak, 25

And my heart is at ease from men, and
the wearisome sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel
of trade is low,

And belief overmasters doubt, and I
know that I know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly
great compass within,

That the length and the breadth and
the sweep of the Marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they
have wrought me of yore 31

When length was fatigue, and when
breadth was but bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and
dreary unnamable pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles
of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face 35

The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I
am drawn,

Where the gray beach glimmering runs,
as a belt of the dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark:— 40

So:

Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a
reverent hand,

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord
of the land!),

Bending your beauty aside, with a step
I stand 45

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a
world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous
northward the shimmering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe
of the marsh to the folds of the
land. 50

Inward and outward to northward and
southward the beach-lines linger
and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings
to and follows the firm sweet limbs
of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving
again into sight,

Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a
dim gray looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the
wall of the woods stands high? 55

The world lies east: how ample, the
marsh and the sea and the sky!

A league and a league of marsh-grass,
waist-high, broad in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and un-
flecked with a light or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main. 60

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and
the terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly
free

From the weighing of fate and the sad
discussion of sin,

By the length and the breadth and the
sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
nothing-withholding and free 65

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and
offer yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
the rains and the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic
man who hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of
infinite pain

And sight out of blindness and purity
out of a stain. 70

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
watery sod,

Behold I will build me a nest on the
greatness of God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the
marsh-hen flies

In the freedom that fills all the space
'twixt the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass
sends in the sod 75

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the
greatness of God:

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
greatness within

The range of the marshes, the liberal
marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh:
lo, out of his plenty the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the
flood-tide must be: 80

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate

channels that flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the utter-
most creeks and the low-lying
lanes, 85

And the marsh is meshed with a million
veins,

That like as with rosy and silvery
essences flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivu-
lets run 90

'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades
of the marsh-grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
westward whirr;

Passeth, and all is still; and the cur-
rents cease to run;

And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be! 95

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will
the waters of sleep

Roll in on the souls of men, 100

But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes

that creep

Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swim-
meth below when the tide comes in

On the length and the breadth of the
marvellous marshes of Glynn. 105

MARSH SONG—AT SUNSET

Over the monstrous shambling sea,

Over the Caliban sea,

Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:

Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red
West,—

Thy Prospero I'll be. 5

Over the humped and fishy sea,

Over the Caliban sea

O cloud in the West, like a thought in
the heart

Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,

And do a grace for me. 10

Over the huge and huddling sea,

Over the Caliban sea

Bring hither my brother Antonio,—
Man,—

My injurer: night breaks the ban:

Brother, I pardon thee. 15

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL

To heal his heart of long-time pain
One day Prince Love for to travel was
fain

With Ministers Mind and Sense.

"Now what to thee most strange may
be?"

Quoth Mind and Sense. "All things
above," 5

One curious thing I first would see—
Hell," quoth Love.

Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out:
They searched the ways of man about.

First frightfully groaneth Sense. 10
" 'Tis here, 'tis here," and spurreth in
fear

To the top of the hill that hangeth
above

And plucketh the Prince: "Come, come,
'tis here—"

"Where?" quoth Love— 14

"Not far, not far," said shivering Sense
As they rode on. "A short way hence,
—But seventy paces hence:

Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height
above?

Cold blew a mouldy wind by me." 20
("Cold?" quoth Love.)

"As I rode down, and the River was
black,

And yon-side, lo! an endless wrack
And rabble of souls," sighed Sense,
"Their eyes upturned and begged and
burned" 26

In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above
Beat back the hands that upward
yearned—"

"Nay!" quoth Love—

"Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt
see,

Wilt thou but down this slope with me;
'Tis palpable," whispered Sense. 31

—At the foot of the hill a living rill
Shone, and the lilies shone white above;

"But now 'twas black, 'twas a river,
this rill,"

("Black?" quoth Love.) 35

"Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow,
And yon-side where was woe, was
woe,—

Where the rabble of souls," cried
Sense,

"Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
Thrust back in the brimstone from
above— 40

Is banked of violet, rose, and fern:"

"How?" quoth Love:

"For lakes of pain, yon pleasant plain
Of woods and grass and yellow grain

Doth ravish the soul and sense: 45

And never a sigh beneath the sky,
And folk that smile and gaze above"—

"But saw'st thou here, with thine own
eye,

Hell?" quoth Love.

"I saw true hell with mine own eye, 50
True hell, or light hath told a lie,

True, verily," quoth stout Sense.

Then Love rode round and searched the
ground,

The caves below, the hills above;
"But I cannot find where thou hast
found" 55

Hell," quoth Love.

There, while they stood in a green wood
And marvelled still on Ill and Good,

Came suddenly Minister Mind.

"In the heart of sin doth hell begin: 60

'Tis not below, 'tis not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within:"

("Where?" quoth Love.)

"I saw a man sit by a corse;
*Hell's in the murderer's breast: re-
morse!*" 65

Thus clamored his mind to his
mind:

Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal,
Hell's not below, nor yet above,

'Tis fixed in the ever-damnèd soul"—

"Fixed?" quoth Love— 70

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but
see:

He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse," quoth
Mind.

Full soon they passed, for they rode
fast,

Where the piteous willow bent above. 75
 "Now shall I see at last, at last,
 Hell," quoth Love.

There when they came Mind suffered
 shame:

"These be the same and not the same,"
 A-wondering whispered Mind. 80
 Lo, face by face two spirits pace
 Where the blissful willow waves above:
 One saith: "Do me a friendly grace"—
 ("Grace!" quoth Love)

"Read me two Dreams that linger long,
 Dim as returns of old-time song 86
 That flicker about the mind.

I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
 I struck thee dead, then stood above,
 With tears that none but dreamers
 weep;" 90

"Dreams," quoth Love.

"In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
 That clung with pain and stung with
 power,

Yea, nettled me, body and mind."
 "'Twas the nettle of sin, 'twas medi-
 cine; 95

No need nor seed of it here Above;
 In dreams of hate true loves begin."

"True," quoth Love.

"Now strange," quoth Sense, and
 "Strange," quoth Mind,

"We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find, 100
 —But we saw it," quoth Sense and
 Mind.

Stretched on the ground, beautiful-
 crowned

Of the piteous willow that wreathed
 above,

"But I cannot find where ye have found
 Hell," quoth Love. 105

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to
 Him, 5

The little gray leaves were kind to
 Him:

The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content. 10

Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.

When Shame and Death would woo him
 last,

From under the trees they drew him
 last:

'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last 15
 When out of the woods He came.

JOHN BANISTER TABB¹ (1845-1909)

TO AN OLD WASSAIL CUP

Where Youth and Laughter lingered
 long

To quaff delight, with wanton song
 And warm caress,

Now Time and Silence strive amain
 With lips unsatisfied, to drain 5
 Life's emptiness!

AUTUMN SONG

My life is but a leaf upon the tree—
 A growth upon the stem that feedeth
 all.

A touch of frost—and suddenly I fall,
 To follow where my sister-blossoms be.

The selfsame sun, the shadow, and the
 rain, 5

That brought the budding verdure to
 the bough,

Shall strip the fading foliage as now,
 And leave the limb in nakedness again.

My life is but a leaf upon the tree;
 The winds of birth and death upon it
 blow; 10

But whence it came and whither it shall
 go,

Is mystery of mysteries to me.

¹ All selections from Tabb printed by per-
 mission of Small, Maynard & Company.

SHADOWS

Ye shrink not wholly from us when the
 morn
 Arises red with slaughter, and the
 slain
 Sweet visages of tender dreams remain
 To haunt us through the wakened hours
 forlorn,
 Nor when the noontide cometh, and the
 thorn 5
 Of light is centered in the quivering
 brain,
 And Memory her pilgrimage of pain
 Renews, with fainting footsteps, over-
 worn.

Nay, then, what time the satellite of
 day
 Pursues his path victorious, and the
 West, 10
 Her clouds beleaguered vanishing
 away,
 A desert seems of solitude oppressed,
 Around us still your hovering pinions
 stay,
 The pledges of returning night and
 rest.

DEUS ABSCONDITUS

My God has hid Himself from me
 Behind whatever else I see;
 Myself—the nearest mystery—
 As far beyond my grasp as He

And yet, in darkest night, I know, 5
 While lives a doubt-discerning glow,
 That larger lights above it throw
 These shadows in the vale below.

FANCY

A boat unmoored, wherein a dreamer
 lies,
 The slumberous waves low-lisping of
 a land
 Where Love, forever with unclouded
 eyes,
 Goes, wed with wandering Music,
 hand in hand.

EMILY DICKINSON ¹ (1830-1886)"MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST
 SENSE"

Much madness is divinest sense
 To a discerning eye;
 Much sense the starkest madness.
 'Tis the majority
 In this, as all, prevails. 5
 Assent, and you are sane;
 Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
 And handled with a chain.

"TO FIGHT ALOUD IS VERY
 BRAVE"

To fight aloud is very brave,
 But gallanter, I know,
 Who charge within the bosom,
 The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see, 5
 Who fall, and none observe,
 Whose dying eyes no country
 Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
 For such the angels go, 10
 Rank after rank, with even feet
 And uniforms of snow.

"THROUGH THE STRAIGHT PASS
 OF SUFFERING"

Through the straight pass of suffering
 The martyrs even trod,
 Their feet upon temptation,
 Their faces upon God.

A stately, shriven company; 5
 Convulsion playing round,
 Harmless as streaks of meteor
 Upon a planet's bound.

Their faith the everlasting troth;
 Their expectation fair; 10
 The needle to the north degree
 Wades so, through polar air.

¹ All selections from Emily Dickinson from
The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson.
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 & Company.

"HOW HAPPY IS THE LITTLE STONE"

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,
And exigencies never fears;
Whose coat of elemental brown 5
A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity. 10

"THE WAY I READ A LETTER'S THIS"

The way I read a letter's this:
'Tis first I lock the door,
And push it with my fingers next,
For transport it be sure.

And then I go the furthest off 5
To counteract a knock;
Then draw my little letter forth
And softly pick its lock.

Then, glancing narrow at the wall,
And narrow at the floor, 10
For firm conviction of a mouse
Not exorcised before,

Peruse how infinite I am
To—no one that you know!
And sigh for lack of heaven,—but not
The heaven the creeds bestow. 16

"TITLE DIVINE IS MINE"

Title divine is mine—
The Wife without
The Sign.
Acute degree
Conferred on me— 5
Empress of Calvary.
Royal all but the
Crown—
Betrothed, without the swoon
God gives us women 10
When two hold
Garnet to garnet,
Gold to gold—
Born—Bridalled—
Shrouded— 15

In a day
Tri-Victory—
"My Husband"
Women say
Stroking the melody, 20
Is this the way?

"I DIED FOR BEAUTY"

I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was laid
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed? 5
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth,—the two are one;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met at night,
We talked between the rooms, 10
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names.

"I NEVER SAW A MOOR"

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God, 5
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

"THEY SAY THAT 'TIME ASSUAGES' "

They say that "time assuages,"—
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble, 5
But not a remedy.
If such it prove, it prove too
There was no malady.

"ADRIFT! A LITTLE BOAT ADRIFT!"

Adrift! A little boat adrift!
And night is coming down!

Will no one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So sailors say, on yesterday, 5
Just as the dusk was brown,
One little boat gave up its strife,
And gurgled down and down.

But angels say, on yesterday,
Just as the dawn was red, 10
One little boat o'erspent with gales
Retrimmed its masts, redecked its sails
Exultant, onward sped!

CELIA THAXTER ¹ (1835-1894)

LAND-LOCKED

Black lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight
flee;
And, catching gleams of sunset's dy-
ing smile,
Through the dusk land for many a
changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee! 5
O yearning heart, that never can be
still!
O wistful eyes, that watch the stead-
fast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and
songs of birds,
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of
sound and sight, 10
All summer's glory thine from morn
till night,
And life too full of joy for uttered
words.

Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream
Deliciously, how twilight falls to-
night
Over the glimmering water, how the
light 15
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind, sea-scented, on my
cheek,
To catch the sound of dusky flapping
sail,
And dip of oars, and voices on the
gale,
Afar off, calling low,—my name they
speak! 20

O Earth, thy summer song of joy may
soar
Ring to heaven in triumph. I but
crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the
wave
That breaks in tender music on the
shore.

THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS

O sailors, did sweet eyes look after you
The day you sailed away from sunny
Spain?

Bright eyes that followed fading ship
and crew,
Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to
be, 5

Wild with the wind, fierce with the
stinging snow,

When, on yon granite point that frets
the sea,

The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
(None know how many sleep beneath
the waves:) 10

Fourteen gray headstones, rising side
by side,

Point out their nameless graves,—

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with
mournful cry,

And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moans perpetually. 16

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in
vain

Questioned the distance for the
yearning sail,

That, leaning landward, should have
stretched again

White arms wide on the gale, 20

¹All selections from *The Poems of Celia Thaxter*. Anpleadore Edition. Copyright, Houghton Mifflin Company.

To bring back their beloved. Year by
year,
Weary they watched, till youth and
beauty passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age
drew near,
And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious
land, 25
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of
golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

O Spanish women, over the far seas.
Could I but show you where your
dead repose! 30
Could I send tidings on this northern
breeze,
That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember
yet
These you have lost, but you can
never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose
eyes are wet 35
With thinking of your woe!

ROCK WEEDS

So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and
all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's rest-
less tide,
You would not dream that flowers the
woods hold dear
Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks,
some day, 5
With soft winds fluttering her gar-
ment's hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the
lingering May,
Sets the first wind-flower trembling
on its stem;

Scatters her violets with lavish hands.
White, blue, and amber; calls the
columbine, 10

Till like clear flame in lonely nooks,
gay bands
Swinging their scarlet bells, obey the
sign;

Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
And throws in glimmering patches,
here and there,
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently
lays 15
The impress of her beauty every-
where.

Later, June bids the sweet wild rose to
blossom,
Wakes from its dream the drowsy
pimpernel;
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that
glow
As delicately blushing as a shell. 20

Then purple Iris smiles, and hour by
hour,
The fair procession multiplies; and
soon,
In clusters creamy white, the elder-
flower
Waves its broad disk against the
rising moon. •

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea 25
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all
day long
Flows in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumberous
song.

Herb-robert hears, and princess'-feather
bright,
And gold-thread clasps the little
skull-cap blue; 30
And troops of swallows, gathering for
their flight,
O'er goldenrod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers,
while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er
sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing
slow, 35
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate
where they stand;

And hints of heavier pulses soon to
shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no
more,
And devastating waves sweep on and
break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron
shore. 40

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering
seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty
hide;
Nor icy blast, nor bitter spray they
heed,
But patiently their wondrous change
abide.

The heart of God through his creation
stirs; 45
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the
flowers
That die to live again,—his messen-
gers,
To keep faith firm in these sad souls
of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our
lives,
The frosts of age may check our fail-
ing breath; 50
They shall not touch the spirit that
survives
Triumphant over doubt and pain and
death.

TWILIGHT

September's slender crescent grows
again
Distinct in yonder peaceful evening
red;
Clearer the stars are sparkling over-
head,
And all the sky is pure, without a stain.
Cool blows the evening wind from out
the West 5
And bows the flowers, the last sweet
flowers that bloom,—
Pale asters, many a heavy-waving
plume
Of goldenrod that bends as if opprest.

The summer's songs are hushed. Up
the lone shore
The weary waves wash sadly, and a
grief 10
Sounds in the wind, like farewells
fond and brief.
The cricket's chirp but makes the
silence more.

Life's autumn comes; the leaves begin
to fall;
The moods of spring and summer
pass away;
The glory and the rapture, day by
day, 15
Depart, and soon the quiet grave folds
all.

O thoughtful sky, how many eyes in
vain
Are lifted to your beauty, full of
tears!
How many hearts go back through all
the years,
Heavy with loss, eager with question-
ing pain, 20

To read the dim Hereafter, to obtain
One glimpse beyond the earthly cur-
tain, where
Their dearest dwell, where they may
be or e'er
September's slender crescent shines
again!

MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT

The wide, still, moonlit water miles
away
Stretches in lonely splendor. Whis-
pers creep
About us from the midnight wind, and
play
Among the flowers that breathe so
sweet in sleep;
A soft touch sways the milk-white,
stately phlox, 5
And on its slender stem the poppy
rocks.
Fair faces turn to watch the dusky sea,
And clear eyes brood upon the path
of light
The white moon makes, the while
deliciously,

Like some vague, tender memory of
delight, ¹⁰
Or like some half remembered, dear
regret,
Rises the odor of the mignonette.

Midsummer glories, moonlight, flowers
asleep,
And delicate perfume, mystic winds
that blow
Soft-breathing, full of balm, and the
great deep ¹⁵
In leagues of shadow swaying to and
fro;
And loving human thought to mark it
all,
And human hearts that to each other
call.

Needs the enchantment of the summer
night
Another touch to make it perfect?
Hark! ²⁰
What sudden shaft of sound, like pierc-
ing light,
Strikes on the ear athwart the moon-
lit dark?
Like some keen shock of joy is heard
within
The wondrous music of the violin.

It is as if dumb Nature found a voice, ²⁵
And spoke with power, though in an
unknown tongue.
What kinship has the music with the
noise
Of waves, or winds, or with the
flowers, slow-swung
Like censers to and fro upon the air,
Or with the shadow, or the moonlight
fair? ³⁰

And yet it seems some subtle link
exists,
We know not how. And over every
phase
Of thought and feeling wandering as it
lists,
Playing upon us as the west-wind
plays
Over the wind-harp, the subduing
strain ³⁵
Sweeps with resistless power of joy and
pain.

Slow ebbs the golden tide, and all is
still.
Ask the magician at whose touch
awoke
That mighty, penetrating, prisoned will,
The matchless voice that so divinely
spoke, ⁴⁰
Kindling to fresher life the listening
soul,
What daring thought such fire from
heaven stole?

He cannot tell us how the charm was
wrought,
Though in his hand he holds the
potent key,
Nor read the spell that to the sweet
night brought ⁴⁵
This crown of rapture and of mys-
tery,
And lifted every heart, and drew away
All trace of worldliness that marred
the day.

But every head is bowed. We watch
the sea
With other eyes, as if some hint of
bliss ⁵⁰
Spoke to us, through the yearning
melody,
Of glad new worlds, of brighter lives
than this;
While still the milk-white, stately phlox
waves slow,
And drowsily the poppy rocks below.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and
dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for
it, ⁵
The wild wind raves, the tide runs
high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds ¹¹
Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,— 15
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery. 20
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
 Staunch friends are we, well tried and
 strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night 25
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both, 31
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH¹
 (1836-1907)

THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK AT MIDNIGHT

Hushed is the music, hushed the hum
 of voices;
 Gone is the crowd of dusky promenaders,
 Slender-waisted, almond-eyed Venetians,
 Princes and paupers. Not a single foot-
 fall
 Sounds in the arches of the Procuratie. 5
 One after one, like sparks in cindered
 paper,
 Faded the lights out in the goldsmiths' windows.
 Drenched with the moonlight lies the
 still Piazza.

Fair as the palace builded for Aladdin,
 Yonder St. Mark uplifts its sculptured
 splendor— 10

Intricate fretwork, Byzantine mosaic,
 Color on color, column upon column,
 Barbaric, wonderful, a thing to kneel
 to!

Over the portal stand the four gilt
 horses,
 Gilt hoof in air, and wide distended
 nostril, 15

Fiery, untamed, as in the days of Nero.
 Skyward, a cloud of domes and spires
 and crosses;

Earthward, black shadows flung from
 jutting stonework.

High over all the slender Campanile
 Quivers, and seems a falling shaft of
 silver. 20

Hushed is the music, hushed the hum
 of voices.

Listen—from cornice and fantastic gar-
 goyle,

Now and again the moan of dove or
 pigeon,

Fairly faint, floats off into the moon-
 light.

This, and the murmur of the Adriatic, 25
 Lazily restless, lapping the mossed
 marble,

Staircase or buttress, scarcely break the
 stillness.

Deeper each moment seems to grow the
 silence,

Denser the moonlight in the still Piazza.
 Hark! on the Tower above the ancient
 gateway, 30

The twin bronze Vulcans, with their
 ponderous hammers,

Hammer the midnight on their brazen
 bell there!

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS

Kind was my friend who, in the East-
 ern land,

Remembered me with such a gracious
 hand,

And sent this Moorish Crescent which
 has been

Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises in unrest 5
 To the soft music of her heathen breast;

No barbarous chief shall bow before it
 more,

No turbaned slave shall envy and
 adore.

¹For Aldrich's prose, see page 825. All poems by Aldrich from Household Edition. Copyright, Houghton Mifflin Company.

I place beside this relic of the Sun
 A Cross of Cedar brought from
 Lebanon, 10
 Once borne, perchance, by some pale
 monk who trod
 The desert to Jerusalem and his God.
 Here do they lie, two symbols of two
 creeds,
 Each with deep meaning to our human
 needs,
 Both stained with blood, and sacred
 made by faith, 15
 By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom,
 and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me.
 The waning Crescent lacks divinity:
 It gives me dreams of battles, and the
 woes
 Of women shut in dim seraglios. 20
 But when this Cross of simple wood I
 see,
 The Star of Bethlehem shines again
 for me,
 And glorious visions break upon my
 gloom—
 The patient Christ, and Mary at the
 Tomb.

ELMWOOD

In Memory of James Russell Lowell

Here, in the twilight, at the well-known
 gate
 I linger, with no heart to enter more.
 Among the elm-tops the autumnal air
 Murmurs, and spectral in the fading
 light
 A solitary heron wings its way 5
 Southward—save this no sound or
 touch of life.
 Dark is that window where the
 scholar's lamp
 Was used to catch a pallor from the
 dawn.

Yet I must needs a little linger here.
 Each shrub and tree is eloquent of
 him, 10
 For tongueless things and silence have
 their speech.
 This is the path familiar to his foot
 From infancy to manhood and old age;
 For in a chamber of that ancient house

His eyes first opened on the mystery 15
 Of life, and all the splendor of the
 world.
 Here, as a child, in loving, curious way,
 He watched the bluebird's coming;
 learned the date
 Of hyacinth and goldenrod, and made
 Friends of those little redmen of the
 elms, 20
 And slyly added to their winter store
 Of hazel-nuts: no harmless thing that
 breathed,
 Footed or winged, but knew him for a
 friend.
 The gilded butterfly was not afraid
 To trust its gold to that so gentle
 hand, 25
 The bluebird fled not from the pendent
 spray.
 Ah, happy childhood! ringed with
 fortunate stars!
 What dreams were his in this enchanted
 sphere,
 What intuitions of high destiny!
 The honey-bees of Hybla touched his
 lips 30
 In that old New-World garden, un-
 awares.

So in her arms did Mother Nature
 fold
 Her poet, breathing what of strange
 and sweet
 Into his ear—the state-affairs of birds,
 The lore of dawn and sunset, what the
 wind 35
 Said in the tree-tops—fine, unfathomed
 things
 Henceforth to turn to music in his
 brain:
 A various music, now like notes of
 flutes,
 And now like blasts of trumpets blown
 in wars.
 Later he paced this leafy academe 40
 A student, drinking from Greek chalices
 The ripened vintage of the antique
 world.
 And here to him came love, and love's
 dear loss;
 Here honors came, the deep applause of
 men
 Touched to the heart by some swift-
 winged word 45

That from his own full heart took eager
flight—
Some strain of piercing sweetness or
rebuke,
For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were
free. 50

Thus passed his manhood; then to
other lands
He strayed, a stainless figure among
courts
Beside the Manzanares and the
Thames.
Whence, after too long exile, he re-
turned
With fresher laurel, but sedater step 55
And eye more serious, fain to breathe
the air
Where through the Cambridge marshes
the blue Charles
Uncoils its length and stretches to the
sea:
Stream dear to him, at every curve a
shrine
For Pilgrim Memory. Again he
watched 60
His loved syringa whitening by the
door,
And knew the catbird's welcome; in
his walks
Smiled on his tawny kinsmen of the
elms
Stealing his nuts; and in the ruined
year
Sat at his widowed hearthside with bent
brows 65
Leonine, frosty with the breath of
time,
And listened to the crooning of the
wind
In the wide Elmwood chimneys, as of
old.
And then—and then——

The afterglow has faded from the
elms, 70
And in the denser darkness of the
boughs
From time to time the firefly's tiny
lamp
Sparkles. How often in still summer
dusks

He paused to note that transient phan-
tom spark
Flash on the air—a light that outlasts
him! 75

The night grows chill, as if it felt a
breath
Blown from that frozen city where he
lies.
All things turn strange. The leaf that
rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness.
The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed
eyes 80
Whence the dear light of sense and
thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the
lawn.
The wise sweet spirit that informed it
all
Is elsewhere. The house itself is dead.

O autumn wind among the sombre
pines, 85
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet
and low,
With deep refrains and murmurs of the
sea,
Like to his verse—the art is yours
alone.
His once—you taught him. Now no
voice but yours,
Tender and low, O wind among the
pines! 90

AN ODE

On the unveiling of the Shaw Memorial
on Boston Common, May Thirty-First, 1897

I

Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn
muffled drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
To lay, with bended knee, 5
On the cold brows of Death—
Not so, dear God, we come,
But with the trumpets' blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to
air,
As for a victory! 10

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,
 The music and the murmurs of the street!
 No bugle breathes this day
 Disaster and retreat!—
 Hark, how the iron lips 15
 Of the great battle-ships
 Salute the City from her azure Bay!

II

Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten
 years!—
 We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
 But now let go 20
 All sounds and signs and formulas of
 woe:
 'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;
 To Life, not Death, we dedicate
 This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
 The lithe immortal figure of our
 thought, 25
 To show forever to men's eyes,
 Our children's children's children's
 eyes,
 How once he stood
 In that heroic mood,
 He and his dusky braves 30
 So fain of glorious graves!—
 One instant stood, and then
 Drave through that cloud of purple
 steel and flame,
 Which wrapped him, held him, gave
 him not again,
 But in its trampled ashes left to Fame 35
 An everlasting name!

III

That was indeed to live—
 At one bold swoop to wrest
 From darkling death the best
 That death to life can give. 40
 He fell as Roland fell
 That day at Roncevaux,
 With foot upon the ramparts of the
 foe!
 A pæan, not a knell,
 For heroes dying so! 45
 No need for sorrow here,
 No room for sigh or tear,
 Save such rich tears as happy eyelids
 know.

See where he rides, our Knight!
 Within his eyes the light 50
 Of battle, and youth's gold about his
 brow;
 Our Paladin,¹ our Soldier of the
 Cross,
 Not weighing gain with loss—
 World-loser, that won all
 Obeying duty's call! 55
 Not his, at peril's frown,
 A pulse of quicker beat;
 Not his to hesitate
 And parley hold with Fate,
 But proudly to fling down 60
 His gauntlet at her feet.
 O soul of loyal valor and white truth,
 Here, by this iron gate,
 Thy serried ranks about thee as of
 yore,
 Stand thou for evermore 65
 In thy undying youth!

The tender heart, the eagle eye!
 Oh, unto him belong
 The homages of Song;
 Our praises and the praise 70
 Of coming days
 To him belong—
 To him, to him, the dead that shall not
 die!

LONGFELLOW

1807—1907

Above his grave the grass and snow
 Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
 Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
 Summer by summer on the height
 The thrushes find melodious breath. 5
 Here let no vagrant winds that blow
 Across the spaces of the night
 Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
 Imprinted on some deathless page. 10
 Themselves may pass; the spell they
 wrought
 Endures on earth from age to age.
 And thou, whose voice but yesterday
 Fell upon charmed listening ears,
 Thou shalt not know the touch of
 years; 15

¹ champion

Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
 Thou livest in thy living word
 As when its cadence first was heard.
 O gracious Poet and benign,
 Belovèd presence! now as then 20
 Thou standest by the hearths of men.
 Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
 Thou speakest to them of their dead,
 They listen and are comforted.
 They break the bread and pour the
 wine 25
 Of life with thee, as in those days
 Men saw thee passing on the street
 Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
 That walk in far celestial ways!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
 (1833-1908)

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK
 HARPER'S FERRY

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a
 steadfast Yankee farmer,
 Brave and godly, with four sons, all
 stalwart men of might.
 There he spoke aloud for freedom, and
 the Border-strife grew warmer,
 Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in
 his absence, in the night;
 And Old Brown, 5
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Came homeward in the morning—to
 find his house burned down.
 Then he grasped his trusty rifle and
 boldly fought for freedom;
 Smote from border unto border the
 fierce, invading band;
 And he and his brave boys vowed—so
 might Heaven help and speed
 'em!— 10
 They would save those grand old
 prairies from the curse that blights
 the land;
 And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and
 he shoved his ramrod down.
 And the Lord *did* aid these men, and
 they labored day and even, 15
 Saving Kansas from its peril; and
 their very lives seemed charmed,

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the
 blessed light of Heaven,—
 In cold blood the fellows slew him,
 as he journeyed all unarmed;
 Then Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown, 20
 Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and
 frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—
 not amid the heat of battle,
 But in peace, behind his ploughshare,
 —and they loaded him with chains,
 And with pikes, before their horses,
 even as they goad their cattle,
 Drove him cruelly, for their sport,
 and at last blew out his brains; 25
 Then Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Raised his right hand up to Heaven,
 calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the
 name of the Almighty,
 He would hunt this ravening evil that
 had scathed and torn him so; 30
 He would seize it by the vitals; he
 would crush it day and night; he
 Would so pursue its footsteps, so re-
 turn it blow for blow,
 That Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Should be a name to swear by, in back-
 woods or in town! 35

Then his beard became more grizzled,
 and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
 And more sharply curved his hawk's-
 nose, snuffing battle from afar;
 And he and the two boys left, though
 the Kansas strife waxed milder,
 Grew more sullen, till was over the
 bloody Border War;
 And Old Brown, 40
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by
 his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their
 bitter woes behind him,
 Slipt off into Virginia, where the
 statesmen all are born;
 Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and
 no one knew where to find him, 45

Or whether he'd turned parson, or
 was jacketed and shorn;
 For Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Mad as he was, knew texts enough to
 wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows
 spades and shovels, and such
 trifles; 50

But quietly to his rancho there came,
 by every train,
 Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his
 well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
 And eighteen other madmen joined
 their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown, 55
 "Boys, we've got an army large enough
 to march and take the town!

"Take the town, and seize the muskets,
 free the negroes and then arm
 them;

Carry the County and the State, ay,
 and all the potent South.
 On their own heads be the slaughter, if
 their victims rise to harm them—
 These Virginians! who believed not,
 nor would heed the warning
 mouth." 60

Says Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 "The world shall see a Republic, or my
 name is not John Brown."

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the
 evening of a Sunday.

"This good work," declared the cap-
 tain, "shall be on a holy night!" 65
 It was on a Sunday evening, and be-
 fore the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Ste-
 phens, fifteen privates—black and
 white,

Captain Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown.
 Marched across the bridged Potomac,
 and knocked the sentry down; 70

Took the guarded armory-building, and
 the muskets and the cannon;
 Captured all the county majors and
 the colonels, one by one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of
 Virginia they ran on
 And before the noon of Monday, I
 say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown, 75
 Osawatomie Brown,
 With his eighteen other crazy men,
 went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell
 of powder made he;
 It was all done in the midnight, like
 the Emperor's *coup d'etat*.

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars!
 Hold the streets and bridges!" said
 he, 80

Then declared the new Republic, with
 himself for guiding star,—

This Old Brown
 Osawatomie Brown;
 And the bold two thousand citizens ran
 off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and
 expressing here and thither; 85

And Martinsburg Sharpshooters and
 the Charlestown Volunteers,
 And the Shepherdstown and Winches-
 ter Militia hastened whither

Old Brown was said to muster his
 ten thousand grenadiers.

General Brown!
 Osawatomie Brown!! 90

Behind whose rampant banner all the
 North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners es-
 caped from Old Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the
 Chivalry broke out,

When they learned that nineteen mad-
 men had the marvellous assur-
 ance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the
 place and drive them straight
 about; 95

And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Found an army come to take him, en-
 camped around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have
 mentioned, was too risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond for
 the Government Marines, 100

Tore them from their weeping matrons,
fired their souls with Bourbon
whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's
castle with their ladders and ma-
chines;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a
cut on his brave old crown. 105

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather
to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game,
shooting lustily away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel, those
who came too late for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired
their bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown, 110
Osawatomie Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and
between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels;
how they hastened on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half
dying, on the Charlestown court-
house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the
scorn of all denial; 115

What the brave old madman told
them,—these are known the coun-
try o'er.

"Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown."

Said the judge, "and all such rebels!"
with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell
you that the flagon 120

Filled with blood of Old Brown's off-
spring, was first poured by South-
ern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-
veins, like the red gore of the
dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hiss-
ing through your slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown, 125
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when
you've nailed his coffin down!

WANTED—A MAN

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;

Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!

Hark to their echo, as it crost 5
The Capital, making faces wan:

"End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Give us a man of God's own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men; 10

One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;

Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;

Give us a rallying-cry, and then, 15
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our
brave,

Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes
low,

And swamp-grass covers each name-
less grave; 20

Nor another, whose fatal banners
wave

Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and
rave;—

Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Hearts are mourning in the North, 25
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth,—

Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain

Firmly as when the strife began, 30
Shall all our offering be in vain?—

Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the Cause may
lean?

Are all the common ones so grand, 35
And all the titled ones so mean?

What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from
bran,

From worthless metal a weapon
keen?—

Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN! 40

"O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns
are!

O, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far; 45
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

PAN IN WALL STREET

(A.D. 1867)

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled na-
tions;

Where Jews and Gentiles most are
wont

To throng for trade and last quota-
tions;

Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold 5
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild
strain

Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain, 11
The curbstone war, the auction's
hammer;

And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for mil-
lions,

To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days 15
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and
shriller,

I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar; 20

One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fash-
ioned

Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain im-
passioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here,
A-strolling through this sordid city, 26
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!

The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph,
and satyr, 30

And Syracusan times, to these
Far shores and twenty centuries
later.

A ragged cap was on his head:

But—hidden thus—there was no
doubting

That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere
sprouting; 36

His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you
see them,

And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks be-
neath them. 40

He filled the quivering reeds with
sound,

And o'er his mouth their changes
shifted,

And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills 45

The nymphs and herdsman ran to
hear him,

Even now the tradesmen from their
tills,

With clerks and porters, crowded
near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New-Street
Alley, 50

As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded val-
ley;

The random passers stayed to list:
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry;
A Broadway Daphnis on his tryst 55
With Naïs at the Brooklyn Ferry;

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern;
And Galatea joined the throng—

A blowsy, apple-vending slattern; 60
While old Silenus staggered out

From some new-fangled lunch-house
handy,

And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl 65
 Like little Fauns began to caper—
 His hair was all in tangled curl,
 Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
 And still the gathering larger grew,
 And gave its pence and crowded
 nigher, 70
 While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
 His pipe and struck the gamut
 higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
 With throbs her vernal passion
 taught her,—
 Even here, as on the vine-clad hill 75
 Or by the Arethusan water!
 New forms may fold the speech, new
 lands
 Arise within these ocean-portals,
 But Music waves eternal wands,—
 Enchantress of the souls of mor-
 tals; 80

So thought I—but among us trod
 A man in blue, with legal baton,
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
 And pushed him from the step I sat
 on.
 Doubting, I mused upon the cry, 85
 "Great Pan is dead!"—and all the
 people
 Went on their ways; and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUN- TRY"

Could we but know
 The land that ends our dark, uncer-
 tain travel,
 Where lie those happier hills and
 meadows low,—
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cail,
 Aught of that country could we
 surely know, 5
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined
 chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes
 and clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before
 us,— 10

With one rapt moment given to see
 and hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left us
 lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream as
 pure, 15
 To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit
 only,—
 This weary mortal coil, were we
 quite sure,
 Who would endure?

JOAQUIN MILLER¹ (1841-1913)

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

*Room! room to turn round in, to
 breathe and be free,
 To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
 With the speed of the wind on a steed
 with his mane
 To the wind, without pathway or route
 or a rein.
 Room! room to be free where the white-
 border'd sea 5
 Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless
 as he;
 Where the buffalo come like a cloud on
 the plain,
 Pouring on like the tide of a storm-
 driven main,
 And the lodge of the hunter to friend
 or to foe
 Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come
 or you go. 10
 My plains of America! Seas of wild
 lands!
 From a land in the seas in a raiment
 of foam,
 That has reached to a stranger the wel-
 come of home,
 I turn to you, lean to you, lift you
 my hands.*

"Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I
 do love him so! 15
 But he's blind, badger blind. Whoa,
 Pache, boy, whoa,

¹ All selections from Miller by per-
 mission of the Harr Wagner Publishing Com-
 pany.

No, you wouldn't believe it to look
at his eyes,
But he's blind, badger blind, and it
happen'd this wise:

"We lay in the grass and the sun-
burnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great
brown cover 20
Northward and southward, and west
and away
To the Brazos,¹ where our lodges
lay,
One broad and unbroken level of
brown.
We were waiting the curtains of night
to come down
To cover us trio and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an
Indian town 26
That lay in the rear the full ride of a
night.

"We lounged in the grass—her eyes
were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her
hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on
and all over 30
Her bosom wine red, and press'd never
by one.
Her touch was as warm as the tinge
of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss
of the sun.
Her words they were low as the lute-
throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart
when it beats 35
In its hot, eager answer to earliest
love,
Or the bee hurried home by its bur-
then of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the
broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown
bride;
'Forty full miles if a foot, to ride 40
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the
track

¹a river in Texas

When once they strike it. Let the sun
go down
Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old
Revels
As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on
his back, 45
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he
jerk'd at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced
swiftly around,
And then dropp'd, as if shot, with an
ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to
my bride,
While his eyes were like flame, his face
like a shroud, 50
His form like a king, and his beard
like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as both
trumpet and reed,—
'Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle
to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you
would speed.
Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives
you must ride! 55
For the plain is aflame, the prairie
on fire,
And the feet of wild horses hard flying
before
I heard like a sea breaking high on the
shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of
the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast
on us three 60
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms
in his ire.'

"We drew in the lassoes, seized sad-
dle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on,
cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth; and spring
we to horse,
With head to Brazos, with a sound in
the air 65
Like the surge of a sea, with a flash
in the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching
up to the sky;
A red wall of flame and a black rolling
sea

Rushing fast upon us, as the wind
sweeping free
And afar from the desert blown hol-
low and hoarse. 70

"Not a word, not a wail from a lip
was let fall,
We broke not a whisper, we breathed
not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was
death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thou-
sand for all.

Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . .
a dim distant speck . . . 75
Then a long reaching line, and the
Brazos in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of
delight.

I stood in my stirrup, and look'd to
my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my
shoulder

And saw his horse stagger; I saw his
head drooping 80
Hard down on his breast, and his naked
breast stooping

Low down to the mane, as so swifter
and bolder

Ran reaching out for us the red-footed
fire!

He rode neck to neck with a buffalo
bull,

That made the earth shake where he
came in his course, 85

The monarch of millions, with shaggy
mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook
with desire

Of battle, with rage and with bellow-
ings hoarse,

His keen, crooked horns, through the
storm of his mane,

Like black lances lifted and lifted
again; 90

And I looked but this once, for the
fire licked through,

And Revels was gone, as we rode two
and two.

"I look'd to my left then—and nose,
neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to
my thighs,

And up through the black blowing veil
of her hair 95

Did beam full in mine her two marve-
lous eyes,

With a longing and love yet a look of
despair

And of pity for me, as she felt the
smoke fold her,

And flames leaping far for her glorious
hair.

Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged,
fell and was gone 100

As I reach'd through the flame and I
bore her still on.

On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and
I—

Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love
him . . .

That's why."

SIERRA GRANDE DEL NORTE

Like fragments of an uncompleted
world,

From bleak Alaska, bound in ice and
spray,

To where the peaks of Darien lie
curl'd

In clouds, the broken lands loom bold
and gray.

The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay
Forget the compass here; with sturdy
hand 6

They seize the wheel, look up, then
bravely lay

The ship to shore by rugged peaks that
stand

The stern and proud patrician fathers
of the land.

They stand white stairs of heaven,—
stand a line 10

Of lifting, endless, and eternal white.
They look upon the far and flashing
brine,

Upon the boundless plains, the broken
height

Of Kamiakin's battlements. The
flight

Of time is underneath their untopp'd
towers. 15

They seem to push aside the moon at
night,

To jostle and to loose the stars. The
flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in
shining showers.

They stand in line of lifted snowy
isles
High held above the toss'd and tumbled
sea,— 20
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured
miles:
White pyramids of Faith where man is
free;
White monuments of Hope that yet
shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal
song—
I look far down the hollow days; I
see 25
The bearded prophets, simple-soul'd
and strong,
That strike the sounding harp, and
thrill the heeding throng.

Serene and satisfied! supreme! as
lone
As God, they loom like God's arch-
angels churl'd;
They look as cold as kings upon a
throne: 30
The mantling wings of night are
crush'd and curl'd
As feathers curl. The elements are
hurl'd
From off their bosoms, and are bidden
go,
Like evil spirits, to an under-world.
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
A line of battle-tents in everlasting
snow. 35

EXODOS FOR OREGON

A tale half told and hardly under-
stood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced
to meet,
That lean'd on long, quaint rifles in
the wood,
That look'd in fellow-faces, spoke dis-
creet
And low, as half in doubt and in de-
feat 5
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold

That lay below the sun. Wild-wing'd
and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's
bold
Unbridl'd men, and reach'd to where
Ohio roll'd.

Then long chain'd lines of yoked and
patient steers; 10
Then long white trains that pointed to
the west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and
fears
Of blunt, untutor'd men, who hardly
guess'd
Their course; the brave and silent
women, dress'd
In homely spun attire, the boys in
bands, 15
The cheery babes that laugh'd at all,
and bless'd
The doubting hearts, with laughing
lifted hands!—
What exodus for far untraversed
lands!

The Plains! The shouting drivers at
the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush
and roll 20
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and
grinding steel
And iron chain, and lo! at last the
whole
Vast line, that reached as if to touch
the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and
wind
Toward the west, as if with one con-
trol; 25
Then hope loom'd fair, and home lay
far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fierc-
est of their kind.

At first the way lay green and fresh
as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave;
The sunny streams went by in belt
of trees; 30
And here and there the tassell'd tawny
brave
Swept by on horse, look'd back,
stretch'd forth and gave

A yell of warn, and then did wheel
and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-brow'd
and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then
plunged on again. 36

Some hills at last began to lift and
break;
Some streams began to fail of wood
and tide,
The sombre plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and
wide 40
It stretched its naked breast on every
side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for
bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and
died,
And dying men went by with broken
tread,
And left a long black serpent line of
wreck and dead. 45

Strange hunger'd birds, black-wing'd
and still as death,
And crown'd of red with hooked beaks,
flew low
And close about, till we could touch
their breath—
Strange unnamed birds, that seem'd to
come and go
In circles now, and now direct and
slow, 50
Continual, yet never touch the earth;
Slim foxes slid and shuttled to and
fro
At times across the dusty, weary dearth
Of life, look'd back, then sank like
crickets in a hearth.

Then dust arose, a long dim line like
smoke 55
From out of riven earth. The wheels
went groaning by,
The thousand feet in harness and in
yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift
and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and fill'd the
train! 60

It seem'd to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the
plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose
not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the
mother's hands 65
Hid all her bended face; the cattle
thrust
Their tongues and faintly called across
the lands.
The babes, that knew not what this way
through sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end
today—
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed,
in bands 70
To pools beyond. The men looked far
away,
And, silent, saw that all a boundless
desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled
on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here
and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their de-
spair, 76
And died. But woman! Woman frail
as fair!
May man have strength to give to you
your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured any-
where;
You held your babes, held to your
course, and you 80
Bore on through burning hell your
double burdens through.

Men stood at last, the decimated
few,
Above a land of running streams; and
they?
They pushed aside the boughs, and,
peering through,
Beheld afar the cool, refreshing bay. 85
Then some did curse, and some bend
hands to pray;
But some looked back upon the desert,
wide
And desolate with death; then all the
day

They mourned. But one, with nothing
left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the
ferns and died. 90

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

*My kingly kinsmen, kings of thought,
I hear your gathered symphonies,
Such nights as when the world is not,
And great stars chorus through my
trees.*

We knew it, as God's prophets knew; 5
We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven
through
With flaming torch, that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and
turned 11
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and
burned,
As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on through all the stars 15
Still searched and searched insatiate
Mars.

Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and
knew;
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God
drew
His great soul through the shining
pass, 20
Made light, made bright, by burnished
stars;
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more,
As you have heard some sweetest bird 25
The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned
Mars.

And then the king came; king of
thought,
King David with his harp and
crown. . . . 30

How wisely well the gods had wrought
That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome mid the stars
All silent in the light of Mars. 34

All silent. . . . So, he lies in state. . . .
Our redwoods drip and drip with
rain. . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great, sad, sobbing main.
But silent all. . . . He passed the stars
That year the whole world turned to
Mars. 40

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we
pray, 5
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I
say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by
day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a
spray 11
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day: 15
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds
might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead. 20
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and
say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then
spake the mate: 25
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword: 31
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his
deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that
night
Of all dark nights! And then a speak—
A light! A light! At last a light! 36
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!" 40

EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)

SEEIN' THINGS¹

I ain't afraid uv snakes or toads, or
bugs or worms or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I
think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave I guess; an' yet I
hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an'
snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams" an'
takes away the light, 5
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein'
things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, some-
times they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the
middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down,
sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly and so creepy-like they never
make a sound! 10
Sometimes they are as black as ink,
an' other times they're white—
But color ain't no difference when you
see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had
just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without
a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things
standin' in a row, 15
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin'
at me—so!

¹ Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered 'at time I
never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see
things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be
skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an'
hold my breath. 20
An' I am, oh so sorry I'm a naughty
boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my
prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way
to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees
things at night!

An' so when other naughty boys would
coax me into sin, 25
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at
urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes
'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not—pass my plate
f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me
slowly out o' sight
Than that I should keep a-livin' on
an' seein' things at night. 30

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1849-1916)

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE¹

INSCRIBED

WITH ALL FAITH AND AFFECTION

*To all the little children:—The happy ones;
and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous
and glad ones;
The good ones—Yes, the good ones, too; and
all the lovely bad ones.*

Little Orphant Annie's come to our
house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an'
brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch,
an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,

¹ From the Biographical Edition of *The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread,
 an' earn her board-an'-keep;
 An' all us other childern, when the sup-
 per things is done, 5
 We set around the kitchen-fire an' has
 the mostest fun
 A-listenin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie
 tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't 10
 Watch
 Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't
 say his prayers,—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away
 up-stairs,
 His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his
 Daddy heerd him bawl, 15
 An' when they turn't the kivvers down,
 he wuzn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room,
 an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an'
 ever'wheres, I guess;
 But all they ever found wuz thist his
 pants an' roundabout:—
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you 20
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh
 an' grin, 25
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her
 blood-an'-kin;
 An' wunst, when they was "company,"
 an' ole folks wuz there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an'
 said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
 turn't to run an' hide,
 They wuz two great big Black Things
 a-standin' by her side, 30
 An' they snatched her through the
 ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's
 about!
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch 35
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the
 blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the
 wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
 moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all
 squenched away,— 40
 "You better mind yer parunts, an' yer
 teachurs fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry
 the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore and needy ones 'at
 clusters all about,
 Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you 45
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!"

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN¹

When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock,
 And you hear the kyouck and gobble
 of the struttin' turkey-cock,
 And the clackin' of the guineys, and
 the cluckin' of the hens,
 And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tip-
 toes on the fence;
 O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feel-
 in' at his best, 5
 With the risin' sun to greet him from
 a night of peaceful rest,
 As he leaves the house, bareheaded,
 and goes out to feed the stock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like
 about the atmusfere
 When the heat of summer's over and
 the coolin' fall is here— 10
 Of course we miss the flowers, and the
 blossums on the trees,
 And the mumble of the hummin'-birds
 and buzzin' of the bees;
 But the air's so appetizin'; and the
 landscape through the haze,

¹From the Biographical Edition of *The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the
 airy autumn days
 Is a pictur' that no painter has the
 colorin' to mock—¹⁵
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels
 of the corn,
 And the raspin' of the tangled leaves,
 as golden as the morn;
 The stubbles in the furies—kindo'
 lonesome-like, but still
 A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns
 they grew to fill;²⁰
 The strawstack in the medder, and the
 reaper in the shed;
 The hosses in theyr stalls below—the
 clover overhead!—
 O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the
 tickin' of a clock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is getherd, and
 the ones a feller keeps²⁵
 Is poured around the celler-floor in red
 and yeller heaps;
 And your cider-makin's over, and your
 wimmern-folks is through
 With their mince and apple-butter, and
 theyr souse and saussage, too! . .
 I don't know how to tell it—but ef
 sich a thing could be
 As the Angels wantin' boardin', and
 they'd call around on *me*—³⁰
 I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the
 whole-indurin' flock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL¹
 (1841-1887)

MORNING

I entered once, at break of day,
 A chapel, lichen-stained and gray,
 Where a congregation dozed and heard
 An old monk read from a written
 Word.

¹ All selections from Sill copyright, Houghton Mifflin Company.

No light through the window-panes
 could pass,⁵
 For shutters were closed on the rich
 stained glass;
 And in a gloom like the nether night
 The monk read on by a taper's light.
 Ghostly with shadows, that shrank and
 grew
 As the dim light flared, were aisle and
 pew;¹⁰
 And the congregation that dozed around
 Listened without a stir or sound—
 Save one, who rose with wistful face,
 And shifted a shutter from its place.
 Then light flashed in like a flashing
 gem—¹⁵
 For dawn had come unknown to them—
 And a slender beam, like a lance of
 gold,
 Shot to the crimson curtain-fold,
 Over the bended head of him
 Who pored and pored by the taper
 dim;²⁰
 And it kindled over his wrinkled brow
 Such words: "The law which was till
 now;"
 And I wondered that, under that morn-
 ing ray,
 When night and shadow were scattered
 away,
 The monk should bow his locks of
 white²⁵
 By a taper's feebly flickering light—
 Should pore, and pore, and never seem
 To notice the golden morning-beam.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—
 Forenoon,
 And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,
 and—what!
 The empty song repeats itself. No
 more?
 Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon
 sublime,
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a
 prayer,⁵
 And Time is conquered, and thy crown
 is won.

A TROPICAL MORNING AT SEA

Sky in its lucent splendor lifted
 Higher than cloud can be;

Air with no breath of earth to stain it,
Pure on the perfect sea.

Crests that touch and tilt each other, 5
Jostling as they comb;
Delicate crash of tinkling water,
Broken in pearling foam.

Plashings—or is it the pinewood's
whispers,
Babble of brooks unseen, 10
Laughter of winds when they find the
blossoms,
Brushing aside the green?

Waves that dip, and dash, and sparkle;
Foam-wreaths slipping by,
Soft as a snow of broken roses 15
Afloat over mirrored sky.

Off to the East the steady sun-track
Golden meshes fill—
Webs of fire, that lace and tangle, 20
Never a moment still,

Liquid palms but clap together,
Fountains, flower-like, grow—
Limpid bells on stems of silver—
Out of a slope of snow.

Sea-depths, blue as the blue of violets—
Blue as a summer sky, 26
When you blink at its arch sprung
over
Where in the grass you lie.

Dimly an orange bit of rainbow
Burns where the low west clears, 30
Broken in air, like a passionate promise
Born of a moment's tears.

Thinned to amber, rimmed with silver,
Clouds in the distance dwell,
Clouds that are cool, for all their
color, 35
Pure as a rose-lipped shell.

Fleets of wool in the upper heavens
Gossamer wings unfurl;
Sailing so high they seem but sleep-
ing
Over yon bar of pearl. 40

What would the great world lose, I
wonder—

Would it be missed or no—
If we stayed in the opal morning,
Floating forever so?

Swung to sleep by the swaying water,
Only to dream all day— 46
Blow, salt wind from the north up-
starting,
Scatter such dreams away!

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish
care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a
prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells, 5
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool; 10
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as
wool;

The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord, 15
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven
away. 20

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we
thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have
kept 25
Who knows how sharp it pierced and
stung?

The word we had no sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all; 30
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave; and scourge
the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord, 35
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens
cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!" 40

KATHARINE LEE BATES
(1859—)

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL¹

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! 5
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress 10
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, 15
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country
loved,
And mercy more than life! 20
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

¹ Copyright, Katharine Lee Bates.

O beautiful for patriot dream 25
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee 30
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852—)

THE MAN WITH THE HOE¹

Written after seeing Millet's World-Famous
Painting of a brutalized toiler.

God made man in his own image
in the image of God made He him.—*Genesis*.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he
leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the
world.

Who made him dead to rapture and de-
spair, 5
A thing that grieves not and that never
hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the
ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal
jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back
this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within
this brain? 10

Is this the Thing the Lord God made
and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the
heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who
shaped the suns 15
And markt their ways upon the an-
cient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their
last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than
this—
More tongued with censure of the
world's blind greed—

¹ Copyright, Edwin Markham.

More filled with signs and portents
for the soul—²⁰
More packt with danger to the uni-
verse.

What gulfs between him and the
seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to
him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of
song,²⁵
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the
rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering
ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity be-
trayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,³⁰
Cries protest to the Judges of the
World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to
God,
This monstrous thing distorted and
soul-quencht?³⁵
How will you ever straighten up this
shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the
light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial in-
famies,⁴⁰
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this
Man?
How answer his brute question in that
hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all
shores?⁴⁵
How will it be with kingdoms and with
kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing
he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to
judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE¹

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirl-
wind Hour
Greatingen and darkening as it hur-
ried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and
came down
To make a man to meet the mortal
need.
She took the tried clay of the common
road—⁵
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of
Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of
prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of hu-
man tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious
stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to
light¹⁰
That tender, tragic, ever-changing
face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic
Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal
veil.
Here was a man to hold against the
world,
A man to match the mountains and
the sea.¹⁵

The color of the ground was in him,
the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental
things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside
well;²⁰
The courage of the bird that dares the
sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes
the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all
scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their
way²⁴
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light

¹ Copyright, Edwin Markham.

That gives as freely to the shrinking
flower
As to the great oak flaring to the
wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Mat-
terhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung
from the West, ³⁰
He drank the valorous youth of a new
world,
The strength of virgin forests braced
his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled
his soul,
His words were oaks in acorns; and his
thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the gran-
ite truth. ³⁵

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of
wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of
God,
The eyes of conscience testing every
stroke, ⁴⁰
To make his deed the measure of a
man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the
State,
Pouring his splendid strength through
every blow;
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people
free. ⁴⁵

So came the Captain with the mighty
heart;
And when the judgment thunders split
the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their an-
cient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spik't
again
The rafters of the Home. He held his
place— ⁵⁰
Held the long purpose like a growing
tree—
Held on through blame and faltered
not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
down

As when a lordly cedar, green with
boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the
hills, ⁵⁵
And leaves a lonesome place against
the sky.

RICHARD HOVEY ¹ (1864-1900)

THE SEA GYPSY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.
There's a schooner in the offing, ⁵
With her topsails shot with fire;
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be ¹⁰
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather ⁵
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table, and a good
song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing, ¹⁰
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then there's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table, and a
cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty ¹⁵
When the spring is in the air,
And we've faith and hope a-plenty
And we've life and love to spare,
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together, ²⁰
With a stein on the table, and a
heart without a care.

¹ All selections by permission of Small, May-
nard & Company.

For we know the world is glorious
 And the goal a golden thing;
 And that God is not censorious
 When his children have their fling;
 And life slips its tether 26
 When the boys get together,
 With a stein on the table in the fel-
 lowship of spring.

COMRADES

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,
 For the parting is with dawn.
 Oh, the clink of cups together,
 With the daylight coming on!
 Greet the morn 5
 With a double horn,
 When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
 For the battle is with dawn.
 Oh, the clash of shields together, 10
 With the triumph coming on!
 Greet the foe
 And lay him low,
 When strong men fight together.

Comrades, watch the tides to-night, 15
 For the sailing is with dawn.
 Oh, to face the spray together,
 With the tempest coming on!
 Greet the sea
 With a shout of glee, 20
 When strong men roam together.

Comrades, give a cheer to-night,
 For the dying is with dawn.
 Oh, to meet the stars together,
 With the silence coming on! 25
 Greet the end
 As a friend a friend,
 When strong men die together.

THREE OF A KIND

Three of us without a care
 In the red September,
 Tramping down the roads of Maine,
 Making merry with the rain,
 With the fellow winds a-fare, 5
 Where the winds remember.

Three of us with shocking hats,
 Tattered and unbarbered,
 Happy with the splash of mud,
 With the highways in our blood, 10
 Bearing down on Deacon Platt's,
 Where last year we harbored.

We've come down from Kennebec,
 Tramping since last Sunday,
 Loping down the coast of Maine, 15
 With the sea for a refrain,
 And the maples neck and neck
 All the way to Fundy.

Sometimes lodging in an inn, 20
 Cosey as a doormouse—
 Sometimes sleeping on a knoll,
 With no roof-tree but the pole—
 Sometimes halely welcomed in
 At an old-time farmhouse.

Loafing under ledge and tree, 25
 Leaping over boulders,
 Sitting on the pasture bars,
 Hail-fellow with storm or stars—
 Three of us alive and free,
 With unburdened shoulders! 30

Three of us with hearts like pine
 That the lightnings splinter,
 Clean of cleave and white of grain—
 Three of us afoot again,
 With a rapture fresh and fine 35
 As a spring in winter!

All the hills are red and gold;
 And the horns of vision
 Call across the crackling air
 Till we shout back to them there, 40
 Taken captive in the hold
 Of their bluff derision.

Spray-salt gusts of ocean blow
 From the rocky headlands;
 Overhead the wild geese fly, 45
 Honking in the autumn sky;
 Black sinister flocks of crow
 Settle in the dead lands.

Three of us in love with life,
 Roaming like wild cattle, 50
 With the stinging air a-reel
 As a warrior might feel
 The swift orgasm of the knife
 Slay him in mid-battle.

Three of us to march abreast
 Down the hills of morrow!
 With a clean heart and a few
 Friends to clench the spirit to—
 Leave the gods to rule the rest,
 And good-by, sorrow!

55
 60

AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,
 For the ways of men must sever—
 And it well may be for a day and a
 night,
 And it well may be forever.
 But whether we meet or whether we
 part
 (For our ways are past our knowing),
 A pledge from the heart to its fellow
 heart
 On the ways we all are going!
 Here's luck!
 For we know not where we are going.

5
 9

We have striven fair in love and war,
 But the wheel was always weighted;
 We have lost the prize that we strug-
 gled for,
 We have won the prize that was fated.
 We have met our loss with a smile and
 a song,
 And our gains with a wink and a
 whistle,—
 For, whether we're right or whether
 we're wrong,
 There's a rose for every thistle.
 Here's luck!
 And a drop to wet your whistle!

20

Whether we win or whether we lose
 With the hands that life is dealing,
 It is not we nor the ways we choose,
 But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
 There's a fate in love and a fate in
 fight,
 And the best of us all go under—
 And whether we're wrong or whether
 we're right,
 We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
 Here's luck—
 That we may not yet go under!

30

With a steady swing and an open brow
 We have tramped the ways together,

But we're clasping hands at the cross-
 roads now,
 In the Fiend's own night for weather;
 And whether we bleed or whether we
 smile
 In the leagues that lie before us,
 The ways of life are many a mile,
 And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
 Here's luck!
 And a cheer for the dark before us!

35
 40

You to the left and I to the right,
 For the ways of men must sever,
 And it well may be for a day and a
 night,
 And it well may be forever!
 But whether we live or whether we die
 (For the end is past our knowing),
 Here's two frank hearts and the open
 sky,
 Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
 Here's luck!
 In the teeth of all winds blowing.

50

RICHARD WATSON GILDER¹
 (1844-1909)

THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32.)

I

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
 And only a man,—I say
 That of all mankind I cleave to him,
 And to him will I cleave away.

II

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
 And the only God,—I swear
 I will follow Him through heaven and
 hell,
 The earth, the sea, and the air!

5

THE SONNET

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
 That murmurs of the far-off mur-
 muring sea;

¹ Selections from Gilder copyright, Hough-
 ton Mifflin Company.

A precious jewel carved most curiously;
 It is a little picture painted well.
 What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell 5
 From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—
 ah me!
 Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
 This was the flame that shook with
 Dante's breath;
 The solemn organ whereon Milton
 played, 10
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
 A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
 Mid-ocean deep sheer to the mountain walls.

THE NIGHT PASTURE

I

In a starry night of June, before the
 moon had come over into our valley
 from the high valley beyond,
 Up the winding mountain-lane I
 wandered, and, stopping, leaned on the
 bars, and listened:
 And I heard the little brook sliding
 from stone to stone; and I heard the
 sound of the bells as the cows moved
 —heavily, slowly,
 In various keys, deep, or like sleigh-
 bells tinkling, sounded the chiming
 cow-bells—
 Starting and stilling, irregular; near
 or far away in the dusk— 5
 And the nearer cows I heard chewing
 the cud, and breathing warm on the
 cool air of the mountain slope
 In the night pasture.

II

Terrace on terrace rises the farm,
 from meadow and winding river to for-
 est of chestnut and pine;
 There by the high-road, among the
 embowering maples, nestles the ancient
 homestead;

From each new point of vantage
 lovelier seems the valley, and the hill-
 framed sunset ever more and more mov-
 ing and glorious; 10

But when in the thunderous city I
 think of the mountain farm, nothing
 so sweet of remembrance,—holding me
 as in a dream,—

As the silver note of the unseen brook,
 and the clanging of the cow-bells fit-
 fully in the dark, and the deep breath-
 ing of the cows

In the night pasture.

III

Then I think, not of myself—but an
 image comes to me of one who has
 past, 15

Of an old man bent with labor;

He, like his father before him, for
 many and many a year,

When the cows down the mountains
 have trudged in the summer evening,
 and after the evening milking,

Night after night, and year after
 year, back up the lane he has driven
 them, while the shepherd-dog leaped
 and barked—

Back up the lane, and past the
 orchard, and through the bars

Into the night pasture. 20

IV

There in the twilight I see him stand:

He listens to the sounds of the field
 and the forest,

On his brow strikes the cool moun-
 tain air;

Hard is the old man's life and full
 indeed of sorrow—

But now, for a moment, respite from
 labor, in the pause 'twixt day and
 night! 25

Perhaps to his heart comes a sense
 of the beauty that fills all this exquisite
 valley—

A sense of peace and of rest; a
 thought of the long and toilless night
 that comes to all,

As he leans on the bars and listens,
 and hears the deep-breathed cows,
 and the scattered sound of the bells

In the night pasture.

"IN A NIGHT OF MIDSUMMER"

In a night of midsummer, on the still eastern shore of the ocean inlet,¹

In our hearts a sense of the inaudible pulsings of the unseen, infinite sea,

Suddenly through the clear, cool air, arose the voice of a wonderful tenor; soaring and sobbing in the music of "Otello."

I knew that the singer was long dead; I knew well that it was not his living voice;

And yet truly it was as the voice of a living man; tho' heard as through a veil, still was it human; still was it living; still was it tragic; 5

Still felt I the fire of the spirit of a man; I was moved by the passion of his art; I perceived the flower and essence of his person; the exquisite expression of his mind and soul;

His soul it was that seized my soul, through his voice, which was as the very voice of sorrow;

And then I thought: If man, by science and searching, can build a cunning instrument that takes over and keeps, beyond the term of human existence, the essence and flower of a man's art;

If he can recreate that most individual attribute, his articulate and musical voice, and thus the very art and passion which that voice conveys,

Why may not the Supreme Artificer, when the human body is utterly dissolved and dispersed, recover and keep forever, in some new and delicate structure, the living soul itself? 10

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Mountains in whose vast shadows live great names,

On whose firm pillars rest mysterious dawns,

And sunsets that redream the Apocalypse;

A world of billowing green that, veil on veil,

Turns a blue mist and melts in lucent skies; 5

¹ Tenant's Harbor, Maine

A silent world, save for slow waves of wind,

Or sudden, hollow clamor of huge rocks Beaten by valleyed waters manifold;—

Airs that to breathe is life and joyousness;

Days dying into music; nights whose stars 10

Shine near, and large, and lustrous; these, O these,

These are for memory to life's ending hour.

ART

(MISS GERALDINE FARRAR IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY")

A little, loosened leaf of painted paper Slow quivering down

From a stage Nagasaki cherry-tree That screens a painted town.

And fitting back and forth in silken robes 5

A figure slight, With orient gestures, and fixt orient smile,

And voice of pure delight.

And every note she sang and word she spoke

Was for her writ; 10
Not nature here, but art and artifice,
And cunning human wit.

Yet when that paper petal trembled down,

Spring thrilled the air;
And when she sang, I knew love's high and depth 15

And passion and despair.

STEPHEN CRANE¹ (1871-1900)

WAR IS KIND

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky,

¹ All selections from Stephen Crane reprinted with the permission of and by special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publisher.

And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind. 5

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom— 10
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind. 15

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing 20
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

A NEWSPAPER

A newspaper is a collection of half-injustices
Which, bawled by boys from mile to mile,
Spreads its curious opinion
To a million merciful and sneering men,
While families cuddle the joys of the fireside 5
When spurred by tale of dire love agony.
A newspaper is a court

Where everyone is kindly and unfairly tried
By a squalor of honest men.

A newspaper is a market 10
Where wisdom sells its freedom
And melons are crowned by the crowd.
A newspaper is a game
Where his error scores the player victory
While another's skill wins death. 15
A newspaper is a symbol;
It is fetless life's chronicle,
A collection of loud tales
Concentrating eternal stupidities, 19
That in remote ages lived unaltered,
Roaming through a fenceless world.

IN THE NIGHT

In the night
Grey heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God alone.
"O Master that movest the wind with a finger,
Humble, idle, futile peaks are we. 5
Grant that we may run swiftly across the world
To huddle in worship at Thy feet."

THE WAYFARER

The wayfarer,
Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha," he said, 5
"I see that none has passed here in a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last, 10
"Doubtless there are other roads."

A SLANT OF SUN

A slant of sun on dull brown walls,
A forgotten sky of bashful blue.
Toward God a mighty hymn,
A song of collisions and cries,

Rumbling wheels, hoof-beats, bells, 5
 Welcomes, farewells, love-calls, final
 moans,
 Voices of joy, idiocy, warning, despair,
 The unknown appeals of brutes,
 The chanting of flowers,
 The screams of cut trees, 10
 The senseless babble of hens and wise
 men—
 A cluttered incoherency that says at
 the stars:
 "O God, save us!"

A MAN SAID TO THE UNIVERSE

A man said to the universe:
 "Sir, I exist!"
 "However," replied the universe,
 "The fact has not created in me
 A sense of obligation." 5

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY ¹
 (1869-1910)

ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START

Leave the early bells at chime,
 Leave the kindled hearth to blaze,
 Leave the trellised panes where chil-
 dren linger out the waking-time,
 Leave the forms of sons and fathers
 trudging through the misty ways,
 Leave the sounds of mothers taking up
 their sweet laborious days. 5

Pass them by! even while our soul
 Yearns to them with keen distress.
 Unto them a part is given; we will
 strive to see the whole.
 Dear shall be the banquet table where
 their singing spirits press;
 Dearer be our sacred hunger, and our
 pilgrim loneliness. 10

We have felt the ancient swaying
 Of the earth before the sun,
 On the darkened marge of midnight
 heard sidereal rivers playing;

¹ All selections from *The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody*. Copyright, 1912, by Harriet C. Moody. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

Rash it was to bathe our souls there,
 but we plunged and all was done.
 That is lives and lives behind us—lo,
 our journey is begun! 15

Careless where our face is set,
 Let us take the open way.
 What we are no tongue has told us:
 Errand-goers who forget?
 Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pil-
 grim people gone astray?
 We have heard a voice cry "Wander!"
 That was all we heard it say. 20

Ask no more: 'tis much, 'tis much!
 Down the road the day-star calls;
 Touched with change in the wide
 heavens, like a leaf the frost winds
 touch,
 Flames the failing moon a moment, ere
 it shrivels white and falls;
 Hid aloft, a wild throat holdeth sweet
 and sweeter intervals. 25

Leave him still to ease in song
 Half his little heart's unrest:
 Speech is his, but we may journey
 toward the life for which we long.
 God, who gives the bird its anguish,
 maketh nothing manifest,
 But upon our lifted foreheads pours
 the boon of endless quest. 30

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION ²

I

Before the solemn bronze Saint Gau-
 dens made
 To thrill the heedless passer's heart
 with awe,
 And set here in the city's talk and
 trade
 To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
 This bright March morn I stand, 5
 And hear the distant spring come up
 the land;
 Knowing that what I hear is not un-
 heard

² After seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. (*Moody's Note*.)

Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
 For all their gaze is fixed so stern
 ahead, 9
 For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
 The land they died to save from death
 and shame
 Trembles and waits, hearing the
 spring's great name,
 And by her pangs these resolute ghosts
 are stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of
 people go
 Heedless; the trees upon the Common
 show 15
 No hint of green; but to my listening
 heart
 The still earth doth impart
 Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
 And it is clear to my long-searching
 eyes
 That love at last has might upon the
 skies. 20
 The ice is runneled on the little pond;
 A telltale patter drips from off the
 trees;
 The air is touched with southland spi-
 ceries,
 As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
 Of pendant mosses where the live-oaks
 grow 25
 Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
 Or had its will among the fruits and
 vines
 Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
 Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children
 shout in glee, 30
 Spying the arbutus, spring's dear re-
 cluse;
 Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the
 wild goose
 Go honking northward over Tennessee;
 West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-
 Marie,
 And on to where the Pictured Rocks
 are hung, 35
 And yonder where, gigantic, wilful,
 young,

Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
 With restless violent hands and casual
 tongue
 Moulding her mighty fates,
 The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal
 sheen; 40
 And like a larger sea, the vital green
 Of springing wheat shall vastly be out-
 flung
 Over Dakota and the prairie states.
 By desert people immemorial
 On Arizonan mesas shall be done 45
 Dim rites unto the thunder and the
 sun;
 Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
 More splendid, when the white Sierras
 call
 Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
 And dance before the unveiled ark of
 the year, 50
 Sounding their windy cedars as for
 shawms,
 Unrolling rivers clear
 For flutter of broad phylacteries;
 While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
 That watch old sluggish glaciers down-
 ward creep 55
 To fling their icebergs thundering from
 the steep,
 And Mariposa through the purple
 calms
 Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with
 palms
 Where East and West are met,—
 A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set 60
 To say that East and West are twain,
 With different loss and gain:
 The Lord hath sundered them; let them
 be sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come
 Sullenly over the Pacific seas,— 65
 Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
 The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
 Must I be humble, then,
 Now when my heart hath need of
 pride?
 Wild love falls on me from these sculp-
 tured men; 70
 By loving much the land for which
 they died
 I would be justified.

My spirit was away on pinions wide
 To soothe in praise of her its passion-
 ate mood
 And ease it of its ache of gratitude. 75
 Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
 On me and the companions of my day.
 I would remember now
 My country's goodness, make sweet
 her name.
 Alas! what shade art thou 80
 Of sorrow or of blame
 Lifest the lyric leafage from her brow,
 And pointest a slow finger at her
 shame?

V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars
 we wage
 Are noble, and our battles still are
 won 85
 By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
 We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
 The proud republic hath not stooped
 to cheat
 And scramble in the market-place of
 war;
 Her forehead weareth yet its solemn
 star. 90
 Here is her witness: this, her perfect
 son,
 This delicate and proud New England
 soul
 Who leads despised men, with just-un-
 shackled feet,
 Up the large ways where death and
 glory meet,
 To show all peoples that our shame is
 done, 95
 That once more we are clean and spirit-
 whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the moan-
 ing sand
 All night he lay, speaking some simple
 word
 From hour to hour to the slow minds
 that heard,
 Holding each poor life gently in his
 hand 100
 And breathing on the base rejected
 clay
 Till each dark face shone mystical and
 grand

Against the breaking day;
 And lo, the shard the potter cast away
 Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine
 Fulfilled of the divine 106
 Great wine of battle wrath by God's
 ring-finger stirred.
 Then upward, where the shadowy
 bastion loomed
 Huge on the mountain in the wet sea
 light,
 Whence now, and now, infernal flower-
 age bloomed, 110
 Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its
 deadly seed,—
 They swept, and died like freemen on
 the height,
 Like freemen, and like men of noble
 breed;
 And when the battle fell away at night
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were
 thrust 115
 Obscurely in a common grave with him
 The fair-haired keeper of their love
 and trust.
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd
 limb
 In nature's busy old democracy
 To flush the mountain laurel when she
 blows 120
 Sweet by the southern sea,
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs
 in the rose:—
 The untaught hearts with the high
 heart that knew
 This mountain fortress for no earthly
 hold
 Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion
 old 125
 Of spiritual wrong,
 Built by an unjust nation sheer and
 strong,
 Expugnable but by a nation's rue
 And bowing down before that equal
 shrine
 By all men held divine, 130
 Whereof his band and he were the
 most holy sign.

VII

O bitter, bitter shade!
 Wilt thou not put the scorn
 And instant tragic question from thine
 eye?
 Do thy dark brows yet crave 135

That swift and angry stave—
 Unmeet for this desirous morn—
 That I have striven, striven to evade?
 Gazing on him, must I not deem they
 err
 Whose careless lips in street and shop
 aver 140
 As common tidings, deeds to make his
 cheek
 Flush from the bronze, and his dead
 throat to speak?
 Surely some elder singer would arise,
 Whose harp hath leave to threaten and
 to mourn 144
 Above this people when they go astray.
 Is Whitman, the strong spirit, over-
 worn?
 Has Whittier put his yearning wrath
 away?
 I will not and I dare not yet believe!
 Though furtively the sunlight seems
 to grieve,
 And the spring-laden breeze 150
 Out of the gladdening west is sinister
 With sounds of nameless battle over-
 seas;
 Though when we turn and question in
 suspense
 If these things be indeed after these
 ways,
 And what things are to follow after
 these, 155
 Our fluent men of place and conse-
 quence
 Fumble and fill their mouths with hol-
 low phrase,
 Or for the end-all of deep arguments
 Intone their dull commercial litur-
 gies—
 I dare not yet believe! My ears are
 shut! 160
 I will not hear the thin satiric praise
 And muffled laughter of our enemies,
 Bidding us never sheathe our valiant
 sword
 Till we have changed our birthright for
 a gourd
 Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's
 hut; 165
 Showing how wise it is to cast away
 The symbols of our spiritual sway,
 That so our hands with better ease
 May wield the driver's whip and grasp
 the jailer's keys.

VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the
 law? 170
 This crown shall crown their struggle
 And their ruth?
 Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
 Mewing its mighty youth,
 Soon to possess the mountain winds of
 truth,
 And be a swift familiar of the sun 175
 Where aye before God's face his
 trumpets run?
 Or have we but the talons and the
 maw,
 And for the abject likeness of our heart
 Shall some less lordly bird be set
 apart?—
 Some gross-billed wader where the
 swamps are fat? 180
 Some gorgon in the sun? Some prowler
 with the bat?

IX

Ah no!
 We have not fallen so.
 We are our father's sons: let those
 who lead us know!
 'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's
 cry 185
 Came up the tropic wind, "Now help
 us, for we die!"
 Then Alabama heard,
 And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
 Shouted a burning word.
 Proud state with proud impassioned
 state conferred, 190
 And at the lifting of a hand sprang
 forth,
 East, west, and south, and north,
 Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet
 blood and young
 Shed on the awful hill slope at San
 Juan,
 By the unforgotten names of eager
 boys 195
 Who might have tasted girls' love and
 been stung
 With the old mystic joys
 And starry griefs, now the spring
 nights come on,
 But that the heart of youth is gener-
 ous,—
 We charge you, ye who lead us, 200

Breathe on their chivalry no hint of
stain!

Turn not their new-world victories to
gain!

One least leaf plucked for chaffer from
the bays

Of their dear praise,

One jot of their pure conquest put to
hire, 205

The implacable republic will require;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of
noon,

Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will re-
quite. 210

Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable
coasts

Where walk the frustrate dead. 215

The cup of trembling shall be drained
quite,

Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made
white

Our hair, and wailing shall be in the
tent;

Then on your guiltier head 220

Shall our intolerable self-disdain

Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light

We shall discern the right

And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead, 225

Take heed!

Blindness we may forgive, but baseness
we will smite.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.

Here, where the moors stretch free 5

In the high blue afternoon,

Are the marching sun and talking sea,

And the racing winds that wheel and
flee

On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue, 10

Blue is the quaker-maid,

The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.

Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs, 15

In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late. 20

By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.

Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;

That green-gold flash was a vireo, 25
And yonder flame where the marsh-
flags grow

Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;

From deep to deep she varies pace, 30
And while she comes is gone.

Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;

With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel 35

Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,

She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns
bright. 40

Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue

The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer

As if her port she knew. 45

God, dear God! Does she know her
port,

Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her

sport

To brazen and chance it out?

I watched when her captains passed: 50
She were better captainless.

Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some

aghast,

And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and
caught 55

Sounds from the noisome hold,—

Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
 And cries too sad to be told.
 Then I strove to go down and see;
 But they said, "Thou are not of us!" 60
 I turned to those on the deck with me
 And cried, "Give help!" But they said,
 "Let be:
 Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
 Blue is the quaker-maid, 65
 The alder-clump where the brook
 comes through
 Breeds cresses in its shade.
 To be out of the moiling street
 With its swelter and its sin!
 Who has given to me this sweet, 70
 And given my brother dust to eat?
 And when will his wage come in?
 Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
 Yellow and white and brown,
 Boats and boats from the fishing banks
 Come home to Gloucester town. 76
 There is cash to purse and spend,
 There are wives to be embraced,
 Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
 And hearts to take and keep to the
 end,— 80
 O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
 What harbor town for thee?
 What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
 Shall crowd the banks to see? 85
 Shall all the happy shipmates then
 Stand singing brotherly?
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few
 Warp her over and bring her to,
 While the many broken souls of men 90
 Fester down in the slaver's pen,
 And nothing to say or do?

THE MENAGERIE

Thank God my brain is not inclined to
 cut
 Such capers every day! I'm just about
 Mellow, but then—There goes the tent-
 flap shut.
 Rain's in the wind. I thought so:
 every snout
 Was twitching when the keeper turned
 me out. 5

That screaming parrot makes my blood
 run cold.
 Gabriel's trump! the big bull elephant
 Squeals "Rain!" to the parched herd.
 The monkeys scold,
 And jabber that it's rain water they
 want.
 (It makes me sick to see a monkey
 pant.) 10

I'll foot it home, to try and make be-
 lieve
 I'm sober. After this I stick to beer,
 And drop the circus when the sane
 folks leave.
 A man's a fool to look at things too
 near:
 They look back, and begin to cut up
 queer. 15

Beasts do, at any rate; especially
 Wild devils caged. They have the
 coolest way
 Of being something else than what you
 see;
 You pass a sleek young zebra nosing
 hay,
 A nylghau looking bored and distin-
 gué,— 20

And think you've seen a donkey and
 a bird.
 Not on your life! Just glance back, if
 you dare.
 The zebra chews, the nylghau has n't
 stirred;
 But something's happened, Heaven
 knows what or where
 To freeze your scalp and pompadour
 your hair. 25

I'm not precisely an æolian lute
 Hung in the wandering winds of senti-
 ment,
 But drown me if the ugliest, meanest
 brute
 Grunting and fretting in that sultry
 tent
 Did n't just floor me with embarrass-
 ment! 30

'T was like a thunder-clap from out
 the clear,—
 One minute they were circus beasts,
 some grand,

Some ugly, some amusing, and some queer:

Rival attractions to the hobo band,
The flying jenny, and the peanut stand. 35

Next minute they were old hearth-mates of mine!

Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare!

Patient, satiric, devilish, divine;
A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,
Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim despair. 40

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke,—

Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar

Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,

Or through fern forests roared the plesiosaur

Locked with the giant-bat in ghastly war. 45

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;

Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite

Forever groping, testing, passing on
To find at last the shape and soul of Man. 50

Till in the fulness of accomplished time,

Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business bent,

Tracks her through frozen and through torrid clime,

And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent,
The stages of her huge experiment; 55

Blabbing aloud her shy and reticent hours;

Dragging to light her blinking, slothful moods;

Publishing fretful seasons when her powers

Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,

Or when her mordant laughter shook the woods. 60

Here, round about me, were her va-grant births;

Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;

Her qualms, her fiery prides, her crazy mirths;

The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,

Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid, 65

On that long road she went to seek mankind;

Here were the darkling coverts that she beat

To find the Hider she was sent to find;

Here the distracted footprints of her feet

Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet. 70

But why should they, her botch-work, turn about

And stare disdain at me, her finished job?

Why was the place one vast suspended shout

Of laughter? Why did all the daylight throb

With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob? 75

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;

The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!

I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—

A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury! 81

The Judgment-day will be a picnic to't.

Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,

And worst of all was just a kind of brute

Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute. 85

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,

Seem to omit one small consideration,

To wit, that tumblebugs and angle-
worms

Have souls: there's soul in everything
that squirms. 90

And souls are restless, plagued, impa-
tient things,

All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought
of wings;

Spreading through every inch of earth's
old mire,

Mystical hanker after something
higher. 95

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.

I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats
and jokes. 100

And at the core of every life that
crawls

Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates—
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood,
in the galls

Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous
hates,

Lighting the love of eagles for their
mates; 105

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and
stirred

From the beginning a mysterious wish,
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:

The name of Man was uttered, and
they heard. 110

Upward along the æons of old war

They sought him: wing and shank-
bone, claw and bill

Were fashioned and rejected; wide and
far

They roamed the twilight jungles of
their will;

But still they sought him, and desired
him still. 115

Man they desired, but mind you, Per-
fect Man,

The radiant and the loving, yet to be!

I hardly wonder, when they came to
scan

The upshot of their strenuousity,
They gazed with mixed emotions upon
me. 120

Well, my advice to you is, Face the
creatures,

Or spot them sideways with your
weather eye,

Just to keep tab on their expansive
features;

It isn't pleasant when you're stepping
high

To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly. 125

If nature made you graceful, don't get
gay

Back-to before the hippopotamus;
If meek and godly, find some place to
play

Besides right where three mad hyenas
fuss:

You may hear language that we won't
discuss. 130

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed
hat,

Or her best fellow with your tie tucked
in,

Don't squander love's bright spring-
time girding at

An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:
*There may be hidden meaning in his
grin*. 135

THE DAGUERRETYPE

This, then, is she,

My mother as she looked at seventeen,
When she first met my father. Young
incredibly,

Younger than spring, without the faint-
est trace

Of disappointment, weariness, or tean 5
Upon the childlike earnestness and
grace

Of the waiting face.

These close-wound ropes of pearl
(Or common beads made precious by
their use)

Seem heavy for so slight a throat to
wear; 10

But the low bodice leaves the shoulders bare
 And half the glad swell of the breast,
 for news
 That now the woman stirs within the
 girl.

And yet,
 Even so, the loops and globes 15
 Of beaten gold
 And jet
 Hung, in the stately way of old,
 From the ears' drooping lobes
 On festivals and Lord's-day of the
 week, 20
 Show all too matron-sober for the
 cheek,—
 Which, now I look again, is perfect
 child,
 Or no—or no—'tis girlhood's very self,
 Moulded by some deep, mischief-ridden elf
 So meek, so maiden mild, 25
 But startling the close gazer with the
 sense
 Of passions forest-shy and forest-wild,
 And delicate delirious merriments.

As a moth beats sidewise
 And up and over, and tries 30
 To skirt the irresistible lure
 Of the flame that has him sure,
 My spirit, that is none too strong to-
 day,
 Flutters and makes delay,—
 Pausing to wonder on the perfect lips,
 Lifting to muse upon the low-drawn
 hair 36
 And each hid radiance there,
 But powerless to stem the tide-race
 bright,
 The vehement peace which drifts it to-
 ward the light
 Where soon—ah, now, with cries 40
 Of grief and giving-up unto its gain
 It shrinks no longer nor denies,
 But dips
 Hurriedly home to the exquisite heart
 of pain,—
 And all is well, for I have seen them
 plain, 45
 The unforgettable, the unforgotten
 eyes!

Across the blinding gush of these good
 tears
 They shine as in the sweet and heavy
 years
 When by her bed and chair
 We children gathered jealously to
 share 50
 The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and
 thyme,
 Where the sore-stricken body made a
 clime
 Gentler than May and pleasanter than
 rhyme,
 Holier and more mystical than prayer.
 God, how thy ways are strange! 55
 That this should be, even this,
 The patient head
 Which suffered years ago the dreary
 change!
 That these so dewy lips should be the
 same
 As those I stooped to kiss 60
 And heard my harrowing half-spoken
 name,
 A little ere the one who bowed above
 her,
 Our father and her very constant lover,
 Rose stoical, and we knew that she was
 dead.
 Then I, who could not understand or
 share 65
 His antique nobleness,
 Being unapt to bear
 The insults which time flings us for our
 proof,
 Fled from the horrible roof
 Into the alien sunshine merciless, 70
 The shrill satiric fields ghastly with
 day,
 Raging to front God in his pride of
 sway
 And hurl across the lifted swords of
 fate
 That ringed Him where He sat
 My puny gage of scorn and desolate
 hate 75
 Which somehow should undo Him, after
 all!
 That this girl face, expectant, vir-
 ginal,
 Which gazes out at me
 Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing
 loth

(Save for the eyes, with other presage
stored) 80

To pledge me troth,
And in the kingdom where the heart is
lord

Take sail on the terrible gladness of the
deep

Whose winds the grey Norns keep,—
That this should be indeed

The flesh which caught my soul, a fly-
ing seed, 85

Out of the to and fro
Of scattering hands where the seeds-
man Mage,

Stooping from star to star and age to
age

Sings as he sows!
That underneath this breast 90

Nine moons I fed
Deep of divine unrest,

While over and over in the dark she
said,

"Blessèd! but not as happier children
blessed"—

That this should be 95
Even she—

God, how with time and change
Thou makest thy footsteps strange!

Ah, now I know
They play upon me, and it is not
so, 100

Why, 'tis a girl I never saw before,
A little thing to flatter and make weep,

To tease until her heart is sore,
Then kiss and clear the score;

A gypsy run-the-fields, 105
A little liberal daughter of the earth,

Good for what hour of truancy and
mirth

The careless season yields
Hither-side the flood of the year and
yonder of the neap;

Then thank you, thanks again, and
twenty light good-byes.— 110

O shrined above the skies,
Frown not, clear brow,

Darken not, holy eyes!
Thou knowest well I know that it is
thou!

Only to save me from such memories
As would unman me quite, 116

Here in this web of strangeness caught
And prey to troubled thought

Do I devise

These foolish shifts and slight; 120
Only to shield me from the afflicting
sense

Of some waste influence
Which from this morning face and lus-
trous hair

Breathes on me sudden ruin and de-
spair.

In any other guise, 125
With any but this girlish depth of
gaze,

Your coming had not so unsealed and
poured

The dusty amphoras¹ where I had
stored

The drippings of the winepress of my
days.

I think these eyes foresee, 130
Now in their unawakened virgin time,

Their mother's pride in me,
And dream even now, unconsciously,

Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung
lea

You pictured I should climb. 135
Broken premonitions come,

Shapes, gestures visionary,
Not as once to maiden Mary

The manifest angel with fresh lilies
came

Intelligibly calling her by name; 140
But vanishingly, dumb,

Thwarted and bright and wild,
As heralding a sin-defiled,

Earth-encumbered, blood-begotten, pas-
sionate man-child,

Who yet should be a trump of mighty
call 145

Blown in the gates of evil kings
To make them fall;

Who yet should be a sword of flame
before

The soul's inviolate door
To beat away the clang of hellish
wings; 150

Who yet should be a lyre
Of high unquenchable desire

In the day of little things.—
Look, where the amphoras,

The yield of many days, 155
Trod by my hot soul from the pulp of
self

And set upon the shelf
In sullen pride

¹ jars

The Vineyard-master's tasting to
 abide—
 O mother mine! 160
 Are these the bringings-in, the doings
 fine,
 Of him you used to praise?
 Emptied and overthrown
 The jars lie strown.
 These, for their flavor duly nursed, 165
 Drip from the stopples vinegar ac-
 cused;
 These, I thought honied to the very
 seal,
 Dry, dry,—a little acid meal,
 A pinch of mouldy dust,
 Sole leavings of the amber-mantling
 must; 170
 These, rude to look upon,
 But flasking up the liquor dearest won,
 Through sacred hours and hard,
 With watching and with wrestlings
 and with grief,
 Even of these, of these in chief, 175
 The stale breath sickens, reeking from
 the shard.
 Nothing is left. Ay, how much less
 than naught!
 What shall be said or thought
 Of the slack hours and waste imagin-
 ings,
 The cynic rending of the wings, 180
 Known to that froward, that unreck-
 oning heart
 Whereof this brewage was the precious
 part,
 Treasured and set away with furtive
 boast?
 O dear and cruel ghost,
 Be merciful, be just! 185
 See, I was yours and I am in the
 dust.
 Then look not so, as if all things were
 well!
 Take your eyes from me, leave me to
 my shame,
 Or else, if gaze they must,
 Steel them with judgment, darken
 them with blame; 190
 But by the ways of light ineffable
 You bade me go and I have faltered
 from,
 By the low waters moaning out of hell
 Whereto my feet have come,
 Lay not on me these intolerable 195

Looks of rejoicing love, of pride, of
 happy trust!
 Nothing dismayed?
 By all I say and all I hint not made
 Afraid?
 O then, stay by me! Let 200
 These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep
 me yet,
 Brave eyes and true!
 See how the shrivelled heart, that long
 has lain
 Dead to delight and pain,
 Stirs, and begins again 205
 To utter pleasant life, as if it knew
 The wintry days were through;
 As if in its awakening boughs it heard
 The quick, sweet-spoken bird.
 Strong eyes and brave, 210
 Inexorable to save!

I AM THE WOMAN

I am the Woman, ark of the law and its
 breaker,
 Who chastened her step, and taught her
 knees to be meek,
 Bridled and bitted her heart and
 humbled her cheek,
 Parceled her will, and cried, "Take
 more!" to the taker,
 Shunned what they told her to shun,
 sought what they bade her seek, 5
 Locked up her mouth from scornful
 speaking: now it is open to speak.
 I am she that is terribly fashioned, the
 creature
 Wrought in God's perilous mood, in
 His unsafe hour.
 The morning star was mute, behold-
 ing my feature,
 Seeing the rapture I was, the shame,
 and the power, 10
 Scared at my manifold meaning; he
 heard me call,
 "O fairest among ten thousand, accept-
 able brother!"
 And he answered not, for doubt; till he
 saw me crawl
 And whisper down to the secret worm,
 "O mother,
 Be not wroth in the ancient house; thy
 daughter forgets not at all." 15

I am the Woman, flee away,
 Soft withdrawer back from the mad-
 dened mate,
 Lurer inward and down to the gates of
 day
 And crier there in the gate,
 "What shall I give for thee, wild one,
 say!" 20
 The long slow rapture and patient
 anguish of life,
 Or art thou minded a swifter way?
 Ask if thou canst, the gold, but O, if
 thou must,
 Good is the shining dross, lovely the
 dust!
 Look at me, I am the Woman, harlot
 and heavenly wife; 25
 Tell me thy price, be unashamed; I will
 assuredly pay!"

I am also the Mother: of two that I
 bore
 I comfort and feed the slayer, feed and
 comfort the slain.
 Did they number my daughters and
 sons? I am mother of more!
 Many a head they marked not, here
 in my bosom has lain, 30
 Babbling with unborn lips in a tongue
 to be,
 Far, incredible matters, all familiar to
 me.
 Still would the man come whispering,
 "Wife!" but many a time my
 breast
 Took him not as a husband: I soothed
 him and laid him to rest
 Even as the babe of my body, and
 knew him for such. 35
 My mouth is open to speak, that was
 dumb too much!
 I say to you I am the Mother; and
 under the sword
 Which flamed each way to harry us
 forth from the Lord,
 I saw Him young at the portal, weep-
 ing and staying the rod,
 And I, even I was His mother, and I
 yearned as the mother of God. 40

I am also the Spirit. The Sisters
 laughed
 When I sat with them dumb in the
 portals, over my lamp,—

Half asleep in the doors: for my gown
 was raught
 Off at the shoulder to shield from the
 wind and the rain
 The wick I tended against the mys-
 terious hour 45
 When the silent City of Being should
 ring with song,
 As the Lord came in with Life to the
 marriage bower.
 "Look!" laughed the elder Sisters; and
 crimson with shame
 I hid my breast away from the rosy
 flame.
 "Ah!" cried the leaning Sisters, point-
 ing, doing me wrong; 50
 "Do you see?" laughed the wanton
 Sisters. "She will get her a lover
 ere long!"
 And it was but a little while till unto
 my need
 He was given, indeed,
 And we walked where waxing world
 after world went by;
 And I said to my lover, "Let us be-
 gone, 55
 O, let us begone, and try
 Which of them all the fairest to dwell
 in is,
 Which is the place for us, our desirable
 clime!"
 But he said, "They are only the huts
 and the little villages,
 Pleasant to go and lodge in rudely over
 the vintage-time!" 60
 Scornfully spake he, being unwise,
 Being flushed at heart because of our
 walking together.
 But I was mute with passionate
 prophecies;
 My heart went veiled and faint in the
 golden weather,
 While universe drifted by after still
 universe. 65
 Then I cried, "Alas, we must hasten
 and lodge therein,
 One after one, and in every star that
 they shed!
 A dark and a weary thing is come on
 our head—
 To search obedience out in the bosom
 of sin,
 To listen deep for love when thunders
 the curse; 70

For O my love, behold where the Lord
hath planted
In every star in the midst his danger-
ous Tree!
Still I must pluck thereof and bring
unto thee,
Saying, "The coolness for which all
night we have panted;
Taste of the goodly thing, I have tasted
first!" 75
Bringing us noway coolness, but burn-
ing thirst,
Giving us noway peace, but implacable
strife,
Loosing upon us the wounding joy and
the wasting sorrow of life."

I am the Woman, ark of the Law and
sacred arm to upbear it,
Heathen trumpet to overthrow and
idolatrous sword to shear it: 80
Yea, she whose arm was round the neck
of the morning star at song,
Is she who kneeleth now in the dust
and cries at the secret door,
"Open to me, O sleeping mother! The
gate is heavy and strong.
Open to me, I am come at last; be
wroth with thy child no more.
Let me lie down with thee there in the
dark, and be slothful with thee as
before!" 85

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
(1869—)

CLIFF KLINGENHAGEN¹

Cliff Klingenhagen had me in to dine
With him one day; and after soup and
meat,
And all the other things there were to
eat,
Cliff took two glasses and filled one
with wine
And one with wormwood. Then, with-
out a sign 5
For me to choose at all, he took the
draught
Of bitterness himself, and lightly
quaffed

It off, and said the other one was mine.

And when I asked him what the deuce
he meant
By doing that, he only looked at me 10
And smiled, and said it was a way of
his.
And though I know the fellow, I have
spent
Long time a-wondering when I shall be
As happy as Cliff Klingenhagen is.

RICHARD CORY²

Whenever Richard Cory went down
town,
We people on the pavement looked at
him;
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed, 5
And he was always human when he
talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he
said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when
he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a
king—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was every-
thing 11
To make us wish that we were in his
place.

So on we worked, and waited for the
light,
And went without the meat, and cursed
the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer
night, 15
Went home and put a bullet through
his head.

MINIVER CHEEVY²

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the sea-
sons;

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He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old 5
When swords were bright and steeds
were prancing;

The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his
labors; 10

He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fra-
grant;

He mourned Romance, now on the 15
town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one:
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one. 20

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought, 25
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and
thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on
thinking, 30

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

THE RETURN OF MORGAN AND FINGAL ¹

And there we were together again—
Together again, we three:
Morgan, Fingal, fiddle, and all,
They had come for the night with
me.

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The spirit of joy was in Morgan's
wrist, 5
There were songs in Fingal's throat;
And secure outside, for the spray to
drench,
Was a tossed and empty boat.

And there were the pipes, and there was
the punch;
And somewhere were twelve years; 10
So it came, in the manner of things un-
sought,
That a quick knock vexed our ears.

The night wind hovered and shrieked
and snarled,
And I heard Fingal swear;
Then I opened the door,—but I found
no more 15
Then a chalk-skinned woman there.

I looked, and at last, "What is it?" I
said—
"What is it that we can do?"
But never a word could I get from her
But "You—you three—it is you!" 20

Now the sense of a crazy speech like
that
Was more than a man could make;
So I said, "But we—we are what, we
three?"
And I saw the creature shake.

"Be quick," she cried, "for I left her
dead— 25
And I was afraid to come;
But you—you three—God made it be—
Will ferry the dead girl home.

"Be quick! be quick!—but listen to
that!
Who is it that makes it?—hark!" 30
But I heard no more than a knocking
splash
And a wind that shook the dark.

"It is only the wind that blows," I said,
"And the boat that rocks outside."
And I watched her there, and I pitied
her there— 35
"Be quick! be quick!" she cried.

She cried so loud that her voice went in
 To find where my two friends were;
 So Morgan came, and Fingal came,
 And out we went with her. 40

'Twas a lonely way for a man to take
 And a fearsome way for three;
 And over the water, and all day long,
 They had come for the night with me.

But the girl was dead, as the woman
 had said, 45
 And the best we could see to do
 Was to lay her aboard. The north
 wind roared,
 And into the night we flew.

Four of us living and one for a ghost,
 Furrowing crest and swell, 50
 Through the surge and the dark, for
 that faint far spark,
 We ploughed with Azrael.

Three of us ruffled and one gone mad,
 Crashing to south we went;
 And three of us there were too spat-
 tered to care 55
 What this late sailing meant.

So down we steered and along we tore
 Through the flash of the midnight
 foam:
 Silent enough to be ghosts on guard
 We ferried the dead girl home. 60

We ferried her down to the voiceless
 wharf,
 And we carried her up to the light;
 And we left the two to the father there,
 Who counted the coals that night.

Then back we steered through the foam
 again, 65
 But our thoughts were fast and few;
 And all we did was to crowd the surge
 And to measure the life we knew;—

Till at last we came where a dancing
 gleam
 Skipped out to us, we three,— 70
 And the dark wet mooring pointed
 home
 Like a finger from the sea.

Then out we pushed the teetering skiff,
 And in we drew to the stairs;
 And up we went, each man content 75
 With a life that fed no cares.

Fingers were cold and feet were cold,
 And the tide was cold and rough;
 But the light was warm, and the room
 was warm,
 And the world was good enough. 80

And there were the pipes, and there
 was the punch,
 More shrewd than Satan's tears:
 Fingal had fashioned it, all by himself,
 With a craft that comes of years.

And there we were together again— 85
 Together again, we three:
 Morgan, Fingal, fiddle, and all—
 They were there for the night with
 me.

PARTNERSHIP ¹

Yes, you have it; I can see.
 Beautiful? . . . Dear, look at me!
 Look and let my shame confess
 Triumph after weariness.
 Beautiful? Ah, yes. 5

Lift it where the beams are bright;
 Hold it where the western light,
 Shining in above my bed,
 Throws a glory on your head.
 Now it is all said. 10

All there was for me to say
 From the first until to-day.
 Long denied and long deferred,
 Now I say it in one word—
 Now; and you have heard. 15

Life would have its way with us,
 And I've called it glorious:
 For I know the glory now
 And I read it on your brow.
 You have shown me how. 20

I can feel your cheeks all wet,
 But your eyes will not forget:
 In the frown you cannot hide

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I can read where faith and pride
Are not satisfied.

25

But the word was, two should live:
Two should suffer—and forgive:
By the steep and weary way,
For the glory of the clay,
Two should have their day.

30

We have toiled and we have wept
For the gift the gods have kept:
Clashing and unreconciled
When we might as well have smiled,
We have played the child.

35

But the clashing is all past,
And the gift is yours at last.
Lift it—hold it high again! . . .
Did I doubt you now and then?
Well, we are not men.

40

Never mind; we know the way,—
And I do not need to stay.
Let us have it well confessed:
You to triumph, I to rest.
That will be the best.

45

FLAMMONDE¹

The man Flammonde, from God knows
where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his
head
As one by kings accredited.

5

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

15

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,

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Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways. 20
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego 25
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given, 30
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled 35
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde. 40

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
And what he saw we wondered at— 46
That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed 50
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the
youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold, 55
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their
friends,
And shortened their own dividends. 60
The man Flammonde said what was
wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four 65
 Of many out of many more.
 So much for them. But what of him—
 So firm in every look and limb?
 What small satanic sort of kink
 Was in his brain? What broken link 70
 Withheld him from the destinies
 That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
 His meaning, and to note the drift
 Of incommunicable ways 75
 That make us ponder while we praise?
 Why was it that his charm revealed
 Somehow the surface of a shield?
 What was it that we never caught?
 What was he, and what was he not? 80

How much it was of him we met
 We cannot ever know; nor yet
 Shall all he gave us quite atone
 For what was his, and his alone;
 Nor need we now, since he knew best, 85
 Nourish an ethical unrest:
 Rarely at once will nature give
 The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
 From those who never will return, 90
 Until a flash of unforeseen
 Remembrance falls on what has been.
 We've each a darkening hill to climb;
 And this is why, from time to time
 In Tilbury Town, we look beyond 95
 Horizons for the man Flammonde.

BEN JONSON ENTERTAINS A MAN FROM STRATFORD¹

You are a friend then, as I make it out,
 Of our man Shakespeare, who alone of
 us
 Will put an ass's head in Fairyland
 As he would add a shilling to more
 shillings,
 All most harmonious,—and out of his 5
 Miraculous inviolable increase
 Fills Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
 Of olden time with timeless English-
 men;
 And I must wonder what you think of
 him—

All you down there where your small
 Avon flows 10
 By Stratford, and where you're an
 Alderman.
 Some, for a guess, would have him
 riding back
 To be a farrier there, or say a dyer;
 Or maybe one of your adept surveyors;
 Or like enough the wizard of all tan-
 ners. 15
 Not you—no fear of that; for I discern
 In you a kindling of the flame that
 saves—
 The nimble element, the true caloric;²
 I see it, and was told of it, moreover,
 By our discriminate friend himself, no
 other. 20
 Had you been one of the sad average,
 As he would have it,—meaning, as I
 take it,
 The sinew and the solvent of our Island,
 You'd not be buying beer for this Ter-
 pander's³
 Approved and estimated friend Ben
 Jonson; 25
 He'd never foist it as a part of his
 Contingent entertainment of a towns-
 man
 While he goes off rehearsing, as he
 must,
 If he shall ever be the Duke of Strat-
 ford.
 And my words are no shadow on your
 town— 30
 Far from it; for one town's as like an-
 other
 As all are unlike London. Oh, he
 knows it,—
 And there's the Stratford in him; he
 denies it,
 And there's the Shakespeare in him.
 So, God help him!
 I tell him he needs Greek; but neither
 God 35
 Nor Greek will help him. Nothing will
 help that man.
 You see the fates have given him so
 much,
 He must have all or perish—or look out
 Of London, where he sees too many
 lords.

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² essence of heat

³ a Greek musician and poet

They're part of half what ails him: I
 suppose 40
 There's nothing fouler down among the
 demons
 Than what it is he feels when he re-
 members
 The dust and sweat and ointment of his
 calling,
 With his lords looking on and laughing
 at him.
 King as he is, he can't be king *de*
facto,
 And that's as well, because he wouldn't
 like it; 46
 He'd frame a lower rating of men than
 Than he has now; and after that would
 come
 An abdication or an apoplexy.
 He can't be king, not even king of
 Stratford,— 50
 Though half the world, if not the whole
 of it,
 May crown him with a crown that fits
 no king
 Save Lord Apollo's homesick emissary:
 Not there on Avon, or on any stream
 Where Naiads and their white arms are
 no more, 55
 Shall he find home again. It's all too
 bad.
 But there's a comfort, for he'll have
 that House—
 The best you ever saw; and he'll be
 there
 Anon, as you're an Alderman. Good
 God!
 He makes me lie awake o' nights and
 laugh. 60
 And you have known him from his
 origin,
 You tell me; and a most uncommon
 urchin
 He must have been to the few seeing
 ones—
 A trifle terrifying, I dare say,
 Discovering a world with his man's
 eyes, 65
 Quite as another lad might see some
 finches,
 If he looked hard and had an eye for
 nature.
 But this one had his eyes and their
 foretelling,

And he had you to fare with, and what
 else?
 He must have had a father and a
 mother— 70
 In fact I've heard him say so—and a
 dog,
 As a boy should, I venture; and the
 dog,
 Most likely, was the only man who
 knew him.
 A dog, for all I know, is what he needs
 As much as anything right here to-day,
 To counsel him about his disillusion, 76
 Old aches, and parturitions of what's
 coming,—
 A dog of orders, an emeritus,
 To wag his tail at him when he comes
 home,
 And then to put his paws up on his
 knees 80
 And say, "For God's sake, what's it all
 about?"
 I don't know whether he needs a dog or
 not—
 Or what he needs. I tell him he needs
 Greek;
 I'll talk of rules and Aristotle with
 him,
 And if his tongue's at home he'll say to
 that, 85
 "I have your word that Aristotle knows,
 And you mine that I don't know
 Aristotle."
 He's all at odds with all the unities,
 And what's yet worse, it doesn't seem
 to matter;
 He treads along through Time's old
 wilderness 90
 As if the tramp of all the centuries
 Had left no roads—and there are none,
 for him;
 He doesn't see them, even with those
 eyes,—
 And that's a pity, or I say it is.
 Accordingly we have him as we have
 him— 95
 Going his way, the way that he goes
 best,
 A pleasant animal with no great noise
 Or nonsense anywhere to set him off—
 Save only divers and inclement devils
 Have made of late his heart their
 dwelling place. 100

A flame half ready to fly out some-
times

At some annoyance may be fanned up
in him,

But soon it falls, and when it falls goes
out;

He knows how little room there is in
there

For crude and futile animosities, 105

And how much for the joy of being
whole,

And how much for long sorrow and old
pain.

On our side there are some who may be
given

To grow old wondering what he thinks
of us

And some above us, who are, in his
eyes, 110

Above himself,—and that's quite right
and English.

Yet here we smile, or disappoint the
gods

Who made it so: the gods have always
eyes

To see men scratch; and they see one
down here

Who itches, manor-bitten to the bone,
Albeit he knows himself—yes, yes, he
knows— 116

The lord of more than England and of
more

Than all the seas of England in all
time

Shall ever wash. D'y'e wonder that I
laugh?

He sees me, and he doesn't seem to
care; 120

And why the devil should he? I can't
tell you.

I'll meet him out alone of a bright
Sunday,

Trim, rather spruce, and quite the
gentleman.

"What ho, my lord!" say I. He doesn't
hear me;

Wherefore I have to pause and look at
him. 125

He's not enormous, but one looks at
him.

A little on the round if you insist,
For now, God save the mark, he's grow-
ing old;

He's five and forty, and to hear him
talk

These days you'd call him eighty; then
you'd add 130

More years to that. He's old enough
to be

The father of a world, and so he is.

"Ben, you're a scholar, what's the time
of day?"

Says he; and there shines out of him
again

An aged light that has no eye or
station— 135

The mystery that's his—a mischievous

Half-mad serenity that laughs at fame

For being won so easy, and at friends

Who laugh at him for what he wants
the most,

And for his dukedom down in War-
wickshire,— 140

By which you see we're all a little
jealous—

Poor Greene! I fear the color of his
name

Was even as that of his ascending
soul;

And he was one where there are many
others,—

Some scrivening to the end against their
fate, 145

Their puppets all in ink and all to die
there;

And some with hands that once would
shade an eye

That scanned Euripides and Æschylus

Will reach by this time for a pot-house
mop

To slush their first and last of royalties.

Poor devils! and they all play to his
hand; 151

For so it was in Athens and old Rome.

But that's not here or there; I've wan-
dered off.

Greene does it, or I'm careful. Where's
that boy?

Yes, he'll go back to Stratford. And
we'll miss him? 155

Dear sir, there'll be no London here
without him.

We'll all be riding, one of these fine
days,

Down there to see him—and his wife
won't like us;

And then we'll think of what he never
said 160

Of women—which, if taken all in all
With what he did say, would buy many
horses.

Though nowadays he's not so much for
women:

"So few of them," he says, "are worth
the guessing."

But there's a worm at work when he
says that, 165

And while he says it one feels in the air
A deal of circumambient hocus-pocus.

They've had him dancing till his toes
were tender,

And he can feel 'em now, come chilly
rains.

There's no long cry for going into it, 170
However, and we don't know much
about it.

But you in Stratford, like most here in
London,

Have more now in the *Sonnets* than you
paid for;

He's put one there with all her poison
on,

To make a singing fiction of a shadow
That's in his life a fact, and always will
be. 176

But she's no care of ours, though Time,
I fear,

Will have a more reverberant ado

About her than about another one

Who seems to have decoyed him, mar-
ried him, 180

And sent him scuttling on his way to
London,—

With much already learned, and more
to learn,

And more to follow. Lord! how I see
him now,

Pretending, maybe trying, to be like us.
Whatever he may have meant, we never
had him; 185

He failed us, or escaped, or what you
will,—

And there was that about him (God
knows what,—

We'd flayed another had he tried it on
us)

That made as many of us as had wits
More fond of all his easy distances 190
Than one another's noise and clap-
your-shoulder.

But think you not, my friend, he'd
never talk!

Talk? He was eldritch¹ at it; and we
listened—

Thereby acquiring much we knew be-
fore 194

About ourselves, and hitherto had held
Irrelevant, or not prime to the purpose.

And there were some, of course, and
there be now,

Disordered and reduced amazingly

To resignation by the mystic seal

Of young finality the gods had laid

On everything that made him a young
demon; 201

And one or two shot looks at him
already

As he had been their executioner;

And once or twice he was, not knowing
it,—

Or knowing, being sorry for poor clay
And saying nothing— Yet, for all

his engines, 206

You'll meet a thousand of an afternoon
Who strut and sun themselves and see
around 'em

A world made out of more that has a
reason

Than his, I swear, that he sees here to-
day; 210

Though he may scarcely give a Fool an
exit

But we mark how he sees in everything
A law that, given we flout it once too

often,

Brings fire and iron down on our naked
heads.

To me it looks as if the power that
made him, 215

For fear of giving all things to one
creature,

Left out the first,—faith, innocence,
illusion,

Whatever 'tis that keeps us out o' Bed-
lam,—

And thereby, for his too consuming
vision,

Empowered him out of nature; though
to see him, 220

You'd never guess what's going on in-
side him.

He'll break out some day like a keg of
ale

¹ uncanny

With too much independent frenzy in
it;
And all for cellaring what he knows
won't keep,
And what he'd best forget—but that he
can't. 225
You'll have it, and have more than I'm
foretelling;
And there'll be such a roaring at the
Globe
As never stunned the bleeding gladi-
ators.
He'll have to change the color of its
hair
A bit, for now he calls it Cleopatra. 230
Black hair would never do for Cleo-
patra.
But you and I are not yet two old
women,
And you're a man of office. What he
does
Is more to you than how it is he does
it,—
And that's what the Lord God has
never told him. 235
They work together, and the Devil
helps 'em;
They do it of a morning, or if not,
They do it of a night; in which event
He's peevish of a morning. He seems
old;
He's not the proper stomach or the
sleep— 240
And they're two sovran agents to con-
serve him
Against the fiery art that has no
mercy
But what's in that prodigious grand
new House.
I gather something happening in his
boyhood
Fulfilled him with a boy's determina-
tion 245
To make all Stratford 'ware of him.
Well, well,
I hope at last he'll have his joy of it,
And all his pigs and sheep and bellow-
ing beeves,
And frogs and owls and unicorns, more-
over,
Be less than hell to his attendant
ears. 250
Oh, past a doubt we'll all go down to
see him.

He may be wise. With London two
days off,
Down there some wind of heaven may
yet revive him;
But there's no quickening breath from
anywhere
Shall make of him again the poised
young faun 255
From Warwickshire, who'd made, it
seems, already
A legend of himself before I came
To blink before the last of his first
lightning.
Whatever there be, there'll be no more
of that;
The coming on of his old monster Time
Has made him a still man; and he has
dreams 261
Were fair to think on once, and all
found hollow.
He knows how much of what men paint
themselves
Would blister in the light of what they
are;
He sees how much of what was great
now shares 265
An eminence transformed and ordinary;
He knows too much of what the world
has hushed
In others, to be loud now for himself;
He knows now at what height low
enemies
May reach his heart, and high friends
let him fall; 270
But what not even such as he may know
Bedevils him the worst: his lark may
sing
At heaven's gate how he will, and for as
long
As joy may listen, but *he* sees no gate,
Save one whereat the spent clay waits a
little 275
Before the churchyard has it, and the
worm.
Not long ago, late in an afternoon,
I came on him unseen down Lambeth
way,
And on my life I was afraid of him:
He gloomed and mumbled like a soul
from Tophet, 280
His hands behind him, and his head
bent solemn.
"What is it now," said I,—*"another
woman?"*

That made him sorry for me, and he
smiled.

"No, Ben," he mused; "it's Nothing.
It's all Nothing.

We come, we go; and when we're done,
we're done." 285

"By God, you sing that song as if you
knew it!"

Said I, by way of cheering him: "what
ails ye?"

"I think I must have come down here
to think,"

Says he to that, and pulls his little
beard;

"Your fly will serve as well as any-
body," 290

And what's his hour? He flies, and
flies, and flies,

And in his fly's mind has a brave ap-
pearance;

And then your spider gets him in her
net,

And eats him out, and hangs him up to
dry.

That's Nature, the kind mother of us
all. 295

And then your slattern housemaid
swings her broom,

And where's your spider? And that's
Nature, also.

It's Nature, and it's Nothing. It's all
Nothing.

It's all a world where bugs and em-
perors

Go singularly back to the same dust,
Each in his time; and the old, ordered
stars 301

That sang together, Ben, will sing the
same

Old stave tomorrow."

When he talks like that,

There's nothing for a human man to do
But lead him to some grateful nook like
this 305

Where we be now, and there to make
him drink.

He'll drink, for love of me, and then be
sick;

A sad sign always in a man of parts,
And always very ominous. The great

Should be as large in liquor as in love,—
And our great friend is not so large in
either: 311

One disaffects him, and the other fails
him;

Whatso he drinks that has an antic in
it,

He's wondering what's to pay in his in-
sides;

And while his eyes are on the Cyprian¹
He's fribbling all the time with that
damned House. 316

We laugh here at his thrift, but after all
It may be thrift that saves him from
the devil;

God gave it, anyhow,—and we'll sup-
pose

He knew the compound of his handi-
work. 320

To-day the clouds are with him, but
anon

He'll out of 'em enough to shake the
tree

Of life itself and bring down fruit un-
heard-of—

And, throwing in the bruised and whole
together,

Prepare a wine to make us drunk with
wonder; 325

And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
Thrown over him as over a glassed lake

That yesterday was all a black wild
water.

God send he live to give us, if no more,
What's now a-rampage in him, and
exhibit, 330

With a decent half-allegiance to the
ages

An earnest of at least a casual eye
Turned once on what he owes to Guten-
berg,²

And to the fealty of more centuries
Than are as yet a picture in our vision.

"There's time enough,—I'll do it when
I'm old, 336

And we're immortal men," he says to
that;

And then he says to me, "Ben, what's
'immortal'?

Think you by any force of ordination
It may be nothing of a sort more noisy
Than a small oblivion of component
ashes 341

That of a dream-addicted world was
once

¹ Aphrodite ² the inventor of printing

A moving atomy much like your friend
here?"

Nothing will help that man. To make
him laugh,

I said then he was a mad mount-
bank,—³⁴⁵

And by the Lord I nearer made him
cry.

I could have eat an eft then, on my
knees,

Tail, claws, and all of him; for I had
stung

The king of men, who had no sting for
me,

And I had hurt him in his memories; ³⁵⁰

And I say now, as I shall say again,

I love the man this side idolatry.

He'll do it when he's old, he says. I
wonder.

He may not be so ancient as all that.

For such as he, the thing that is to do
Will do itself,—but there's a reckon-

ing; ³⁵⁶

The sessions that are now too much his
own,

The roiling inward of a stilled outside,
The churning out of all those blood-fed

lines,

The nights of many schemes and little
sleep, ³⁶⁰

The full brain hammered hot with too
much thinking,

The vexed heart over-worn with too
much aching,—

This weary jangling of conjoined affairs
Made out of elements that have no end,

And all confused at once, I understand,
Is not what makes a man to live for-

ever. ³⁶⁶

O no, not now! He'll not be going now:
There'll be time yet for God knows what

explosions

Before he goes. He'll stay awhile.

Just wait:

Just wait a year or two for Cleopatra,
For she's to be a balsam and a com-

fort; ³⁷¹

And that's not all a jape ¹ of mine now,
either.

For granted once the old way of Apollo
Sings in a man, he may then, if he's

able, ³⁷⁴

Strike unafraid whatever strings he will
Upon the last and wildest of new lyres;
Nor out of his new magic, though it
hymn

The shrieks of dungeoned hell, shall he
create

A madness or a gloom to shut quite out
A cleaving daylight, and a last great

calm ³⁸⁰

Triumphant over shipwreck and all
storms.

He might have given Aristotle creeps,
But surely would have given him his

katharsis.

He'll not be going yet. There's too
much yet

Unsung within the man. But when he
goes, ³⁸⁵

I'll stake ye coin o' the realm his only
care

For a phantom world he sounded and
found wanting

Will be a portion here, a portion there,
Of this or that thing or some other

thing

That has a patent and intrinsical ³⁹⁰

Equivalence in those egregious shillings.

And yet he knows, God help him! Tell
me, now,

If ever there was anything let loose

On earth by gods or devils heretofore

Like this mad, careful, proud, indiffer-
ent Shakespeare! ³⁹⁵

Where was it, if it ever was? By
heaven,

'Twas never yet in Rhodes or Per-
gamon—

In Thebes or Nineveh, a thing like this!

No thing like this was ever out of
England;

And that he knows. I wonder if he
cares. ⁴⁰⁰

Perhaps he does— O Lord, that
House in Stratford!

AMY LOWELL ¹ (1874-1925)

THE CAPTURED GODDESS

Over the housetops,
Above the rotating chimney-pots,

¹ All selections from Amy Lowell copyright,
Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ joke

I have seen a shiver of amethyst,
And blue and cinnamon have flickered
A moment, 5
At the far end of a dusty street.

Through sheeted rain
Has come a lustre of crimson,
And I have watched moonbeams
Hushed by a film of palest green. 10

It was her wings,
Goddess!
Who stepped over the clouds,
And laid her rainbow feathers
Aslant on the currents of the air. 15

I followed her for long,
With gazing eyes and stumbling feet.
I cared not where she led me,
My eyes were full of colours:
Saffrons, rubies, the yellows of beryls, 20
And the indigo-blue of quartz;
Flights of rose, layers of chrysoprase,
Points of orange, spirals of vermilion,
The spotted gold of tiger-lily petals,
The loud pink of bursting hy-
drangeas. 25
I followed,
And watched for the flashing of her
wings.

In the city I found her,
The narrow-streeted city.
In the market-place I came upon her, 30
Bound and trembling.
Her fluted wings were fastened to her
sides with cords,
She was naked and cold,
For that day the wind blew
Without sunshine. 35

Men chaffered for her,
They bargained in silver and gold,
In copper, in wheat,
And called their bids across the market-
place.

The Goddess wept! 40

Hiding my face I fled,
And the grey wind hissed behind me,
Along the narrow streets.

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST

You ask me for a sonnet. Ah, my Dear,
Can clocks tick back to yesterday at
noon?
Can cracked and fallen leaves recall
last June
And leap up on the boughs, now stiff
and sere?
For your sake, I would go and seek the
year, 5
Faded beyond the purple ranks of
dune,
Blow sands of drifted hours, which
the moon
Streaks with a ghostly finger, and her
sneer
Pulls at my lengthening shadow. Yes,
'tis that!
My shadow stretches forward, and
the ground 10
Is dark in front because the light's be-
hind.
It is grotesque, with such a funny
hat,
In watching it and walking I have
found
More than enough to occupy my
mind.

I cannot turn, the light would make me
blind. 15

PATTERNS

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue
squills.
I walk down the patterned garden-
paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown. 5
With my powdered hair and jewelled
fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured, 10
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.

Just a plate of current fashion, 15
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned
shoes.

Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion 20
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep; 25
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon
my bosom.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden-paths. 30
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in
a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover
hiding, 35
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded
gown! 40
I should like to see it lying in a heap
upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on
the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran
along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter. 45
I should see the sun flashing from his
sword-hilt and the buckles on his
shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the pat-
terned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my
heavy-booted lover.
Till he caught me in the shade, 50
And the buttons of his waistcoat
bruised my body as he clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.

With the shadows of the leaves and the
sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon— 55
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom, 60
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a
rider from the Duke.
“Madam, we regret to inform you that
Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se’nnight.”
As I read it in the white, morning sun-
light, 65
The letters squirmed like snakes.
“Any answer, Madam,” said my foot-
man.
“No,” I told him.
“See that the messenger takes some re-
freshment.
No, no answer.” 70
And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up
proudly in the sun,
Each one. 75
I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down. 80

In a month he would have been my
husband.
In a month, here, underneath this lime,
We would have broke the pattern;
He for me, and I for him,
He as Colonel, I as Lady, 85
On this shady seat.
He had a whim
That sunlight carried blessing.
And I answered, “It shall be as you
have said.”
Now he is dead. 90

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.

The squills and daffodils 95
 Will give place to pillared roses, and
 to asters, and to snow.
 I shall go
 Up and down
 In my gown.
 Gorgeously arrayed, 100
 Boned and stayed.
 And the softness of my body will be
 guarded from embrace
 By each button, hook, and lace.
 For the man who should loose me is
 dead,
 Fighting with the Duke in Flanders, 105
 In a pattern called a war.
 Christ! What are patterns for?

THE BOMBARDMENT

Slowly, without force, the rain drops into the city. It stops a moment on the carved head of Saint John, then slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone cloak. It splashes from the lead conduit of a gargoyle, and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the Cathedral square. Where are the people, and why does the fretted steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! The sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!

The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the firelight. The lustres of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the bohemian glasses on the *étagère*.¹ Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration! Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the *étagère*. It lies there, formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red. A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: "Victor, clear away that broken glass." "Alas! Madame, the bohemian glass!" "Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father brought it—" Boom! The room

shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks. Boom!

It rustles at the window-pane, the smooth, steaming rain, and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams. He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through young green. A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-harp in a cedar-tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain, bubbled, iridescent, shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and higher. Boom! The flame-flowers snap on their slender stems. The fountain rears up in long broken spears of dishevelled water and flattens into the earth. Boom! And there is only the room, the table, the candle, and the sliding rain. Again, Boom!—Boom!—Boom! He stuffs his fingers into his ears. He sees corpses, and cries out in fright. Boom! It is night, and they are shell-ing the city! Boom! Boom!

A child wakes and is afraid, and weeps in the darkness. What has made the bed shake? "Mother, where are you? I am awake." "Hush, my Darling, I am here." "But, Mother, something so queer happened, the room shook." Boom! "Oh! What is it? What is the matter?" Boom! "Where is Father? I am so afraid." Boom! The child sobs and shrieks. The house trembles and creaks. Boom!

Retorts, globes, tubes, and phials lie shattered. All his trials oozing across the floor. The life that was his choosing, lonely, urgent, goaded by a hope, all gone. A weary man in a ruined laboratory, that is his story. Boom! Gloom and ignorance, and the jig of drunken brutes. Diseases like snakes crawling over the earth, leaving trails of slime. Walls from people burying their dead. Through the window, he can see the rocking steeple. A ball of fire falls on the lead of the roof, and the

¹ set of shelves

sky tears apart on a spike of flame. Up the spire, behind the lacings of stone, zigzagging in and out of the carved tracings, squirms the fire. It spouts like yellow wheat from the gargoyles, coils around the head of Saint John, and aureoles him in light. It leaps into the night and hisses against the rain. The Cathedral is a burning stain on the white, wet night.

Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch. Boom! The bohemian glass on the *étagère* is no longer there. Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains. The old lady cannot walk. She watches the creeping stalk and counts. Boom!—Boom!—Boom!

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, run the flames. Over roofs, and walls, and shops, and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lisps and chuckles along the floors.

The child wakes again and screams at the yellow petalled flower flickering at the window. The little red lips of flame creep along the ceiling beams.

The old man sits among his broken experiments and looks at the burning Cathedral. Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter and crowd into the cellars. They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city. Boom! And the steeple crashes down among the people. Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters. The fire roars and mutters. Boom!

REAPING

You want to know what's the matter with me, do yer?

My! ain't men blinder'n moles?
It ain't nothin' new, be sure o' that.

Why, ef you'd had eyes you'd ha' seed
Me changin' under your very nose, 5
Each day a little diff'rent.

But you never see nothin', you don't.

Don't touch me, Jake,
Don't you dars't to touch me,

I ain't in no humour. 10

That's what's come over me;
Jest a change clear through.

You lay still, an' I'll tell yer,
I've had it on my mind to tell yer

Fer some time. 15

It's a strain livin' a lie from mornin' till
night,

An' I'm goin' to put an end to it right
now.

An' don't make any mistake about one
thing,

When I married yer I loved yer.

Why, your voice 'ud make 20

Me go hot and cold all over,

An' your kisses most stopped my heart
from beatin'.

Lord! I was a silly fool.

But that's the way 'twas.

Well, I married yer 25

An' thought Heav'n was comin'

To set on the door-step.

Heav'n didn't do no settin',

Though the first year warn't so bad.

The baby's fever threw you off some, I
guess, 30

An' then I took her death real hard,

An' a mopey wife kind o' disgusts a
man.

I ain't blamin' yer exactly.

But that's how 'twas.

Do lay quiet,

I know I'm slow, but it's harder to say'n

I thought. 35

There come a time when I got to be

More wife agin than mother.

The mother part was sort of a waste

When we didn't have no other child.

But you'd got used ter lots o' things, 40

An' you was all took up with the farm.

Many's the time I've laid awake

Watchin' the moon go clear through the
elm-tree,

Out o' sight.

I'd foller yer around like a dog, 45

An' set in the chair you'd be'n settin' in,

Jest to feel its arms around me,

So long's I didn't have yours.

It preyed on me, I guess,
 Longin' and longin' 50
 While you was busy all day, and snorin'
 all night.
 Yes, I know you're wide awake now,
 But now ain't then,
 An' I guess you'll think diff'rent
 When I'm done. 55
 Do you mind the day you went to Had-
 rock?
 I didn't want to stay home for reasons,
 But you said someone'd have to be here
 'Cause Elmer was comin' to see t' th'
 telephone.
 An' you never see why I was so set on
 goin' with yer. 60
 Our married life hadn't be'n any great
 shakes,
 Still marriage is marriage, an' I was
 raised God-fearin'.
 But, Lord, you didn't notice nothin',
 An' Elmer hangin' around all Winter!
 'Twas a lovely mornin'. 65
 The apple-trees was jest elegant
 With their blossoms all flared out,
 An' there warn't a cloud in the sky.
 You went, you wouldn't pay no 'tention
 to what I said,
 An' I heard the Ford chuggin' for most
 a mile, 70
 The air was so still.
 Then Elmer come.
 It's no use your frettin', Jake,
 I'll tell you all about it.
 I know what I'm doin', 75
 An' what's worse, I know what I done.
 Elmer fixed th' telephone in about two
 minits,
 An' he didn't seem in no hurry to go,
 An' I don't know as I wanted him to go
 either.
 I was awful mad at your not takin' me
 with yer, 80
 An' I was tired o' wishin' and wishin'
 An' gittin' no comfort.
 I guess it ain't necessary to tell yer all
 the things.
 He stayed to dinner,
 An' he helped me do the dishes, 85
 An' he said a home was a fine thing,
 An' I said dishes warn't a home
 Nor yet the room they're in.
 He said a lot of things,
 An' I fended him off at first, 90

But he got talkin' all around me,
 Clost up to the things I'd be'n thinkin'.
 What's the use o' me goin' on, Jake,
 You know.
 He got all he wanted, 95
 An' I give it to him,
 An' what's more, I'm glad!
 I ain't dead, anyway,
 An' somebody thinks I'm somethin'.
 Keep away, Jake,
 You can kill me to-morrer if you want
 to, 101
 But I'm goin' to have my say.
 Funny thing! Guess I ain't made to
 hold a man.
 Elmer ain't be'n here for mor'n two
 months.
 I don't want to pretend nothin', 105
 Mebbe if he'd be'n lately
 I shouldn't have told yer.
 I'll go away in the mornin', o' course.
 What you want the light fer?
 I don't look no different. 110
 Ain't the moon bright enough
 To look at a woman that's deceived yer
 by?
 Don't, Jake, don't; you can't love me
 now!
 It ain't a question of forgiveness.
 Why! I'd be thinkin' o' Elmer ev'ry
 minute; 115
 It ain't decent.
 Oh, my God! It ain't decent any more
 either way!

NUMBER 3 ON THE DOCKET

The lawyer, are you?
 Well! I ain't got nothin' to say.
 Nothin'!
 I told the perlice I hadn't nothin'.
 They know'd real well 'twas me. 5
 Ther warn't no supposin',
 Ketchin' me in the woods as they did,
 An' me in my house dress.
 Folks don't walk miles an' miles
 In the drifted snow, 10
 With no hat nor wrap on 'em
 Ef everythin's all right, I guess.
 All right? Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Nothin' warn't right with me.
 Never was. 15
 Oh, Lord! Why did I do it?

Why ain't it yesterday, and Ed here
agin?
Many's the time I've set up with him
nights
When he had cramps, or rheumatizm,
or somethin'.
I used ter nurse him same's ef he was
a baby. 20
I wouldn't hurt him, I love him!
Don't you dare to say I killed him.
'Twarn't me!
Somethin' got ahold of me. I couldn't
help it.
Oh, what shall I do! What shall I
do!
Yes, sir, 25
No, Sir.
I beg your pardon, I—I—
Oh, I'm a wicked woman!
An' I'm desolate, desolate!
Why warn't I struck dead or para-
lyzed 30
Afore my hands done it?
Oh, my God, what shall I do!
No, Sir, ther ain't no extenuatin' cir-
cumstances,
An' I don't want none.
I want a bolt o' lightnin' 35
To strike me dead right now!
Oh, I'll tell yer.
But it won't make no diff'rence.
Nothin' will.
Yes, I killed him. 40
Why do yer make me say it?
It's cruel! Cruel!
I killed him because o' th' silence.
The long, long silence,
That watched all around me, 45
And he wouldn't break it.
I tried to make him,
Time an' agin,
But he was terrible taciturn, Ed was.
He never spoke 'cept when he had to, 50
An' then he'd only say "yes" and "no."
You can't even guess what that silence
was.
I'd hear it whisperin' in my ears,
An' I got frightened, 'twas so thick,
An' al'ays comin' back. 55
Ef Ed would ha' talked sometimes
It would ha' driven it away;
But he never would.
He didn't hear it same as I did.
You see, Sir, 60

Our farm was off'n the main road,
And set away back under the moun-
tain;
And the village was seven mile off,
Measurin' after you'd got out o' our
lane.
We didn't have no hired man, 65
'Cept in hayin' time;
An' Dane's place,
That was the nearest,
Was clear way 'tother side the moun-
tain.
They used Marley post-office 70
An' ours was Benton.
Ther was a cart-track took yer to
Dane's in Summer,
An' it warn't above two mile that
way,
But it warn't never broke out Win-
ters.
I used to dread the Winters. 75
Seem's ef I couldn't abear to see the
golden-rod bloomin';
Winter'd come so quick after that.
You don't know what snow's like when
yer with it
Day in an' day out.
Ed would be out all day loggin'. 80
An' I'd set at home and look at the snow
Layin' over everythin';
It 'ud dazzle me blind,
Till it warn't white any more, but
black as ink.
Then the quiet 'ud commence rushin'
past my ears 85
Till I most went mad listenin' to it.
Many's the time I've dropped a pan on
the floor
Jest to hear it clatter.
I was most frantie when dinner-time
come
An' Ed was back from the woods. 90
I'd ha' give my soul to hear him speak.
But he'd never say a word till I asked
him
Did he like the raised biscuits or what-
ever,
An' then sometimes he'd jest nod his
answer.
Then he'd go out agin, 95
An' I'd watch him from the kitchin
winder.
It seemed the woods come marchin'
out to meet him

An' the trees 'ud press round him an'
hustle him.

I got so I was scared o' th' trees.
I thought they come nearer, 100

Every day a little nearer,
Closin' up round the house.

I never went in t' th' woods Win-
ters,

Though in Summer I liked 'em well
enough.

It warn't so bad when my little boy
was with us. 105

He used to go sleddin' and skatin',
An' every day his father fetched him
to school in the pung

An' brought him back agin.
We scraped an' scraped for Neddy,

We wanted him to have a education. 110
We sent him to High School,

An' then he went up to Boston to Tech-
nology.

He was a minin' engineer,
An' doin' real well,

A credit to his bringin' up. 115
But his very first position ther was

an explosion in the mine.
And I'm glad! I'm glad!

He ain't here to see me now.
Neddy! Neddy!

I'm your mother still, Neddy. 120
Don't turn from me like that.

I can't abear it. I can't! I can't!
What did you say?

Oh, yes, Sir.
I'm here. 125

I'm very sorry,
I don't know what I'm sayin'.

No, Sir,
Not till after Neddy died.

'Twas the next Winter the silence
come, 130

I don't remember noticin' it afore.
That was five year ago,

An' it's been gittin' worse an' worse.
I asked Ed to put in a telephone.

I thought ef I felt the whisperin' comin'
on 135

I could ring up some o' th' folks.
But Ed wouldn't hear of it.

He said we'd paid so much for Neddy
We couldn't hardly git along as
'twas.

An' he never understood me wantin' to
talk. 140

Well, this year was worse'n all the
others;

We had a terrible spell o' stormy
weather,

An' the snow lay so thick
You couldn't see the fences even.

Out o' doors was as flat as the palm o'
my hand, 145

Ther warn't a hump or a holler
Fer as you could see.

It was so quiet
The snappin' o' the branches back in
the wood-lot

Sounded like pistol shots. 150
Ed was out all day

Same as usual.
An' it seemed he talked less'n ever.

He didn't even say "Good-mornin',"
once or twice,

An' jest nodded or shook his head when
I asked him things. 155

On Monday he said he'd got to go over
to Benton

Fer some oats.
I'd oughter ha' gone with him,

But 'twas washin' day
An' I was afeard the fine weather'd
break, 160

An' I couldn't do my dryin'.
All my life I'd done my work punc-
tual,

An' I couldn't fix my conscience
To go junketin' on a washin'-day.

I can't tell you what that day was to
me. 165

It dragged an' dragged,
Fer ther warn't no Ed ter break it in
the middle

Fer dinner.
Every time I stopped stirrin' the water

I heerd the whisperin' all about me. 170
I stopped oftener'n I should

To see if 'twas still ther,
An' it al'ays was.

An' gittin' louder,
It seemed ter me. 175

Once I threw up the winder to feel
the wind.

That seemed most alive somehow.
But the woods looked so kind of men-
acin'

I closed it quick
An' started to mangle's hard's I
could; 180

The squeakin' was comfortin'. 181
 Well, Ed come home 'bout four.
 I seen him down the road,
 An' I run out through the shed inter
 th' barn
 To meet him quicker. 185
 I hollered out, "Hullo!"
 But he didn't say nothin',
 He jest drove right in
 An' climbed out o' th' sleigh
 An' commenced unharnessin'. 190
 I asked him a heap o' questions;
 Who he'd seed
 An' what he'd done.
 Once in a while he'd nod or shake,
 But most o' th' time he didn't do
 nothin'. 195
 'Twas gittin' dark then,
 An' I was in a state,
 With the loneliness
 An' Ed payin' no attention
 Like somethin' warn't livin'. 200
 All of a sudden it come,
 I don't know what,
 But I jest couldn't stand no more.
 It didn't seem's though that was
 Ed,
 An' it didn't seem as though I was
 me. 205
 I had to break a way out somehow;
 Somethin' was closin' in
 An' I was stifin'.
 Ed's loggin' axe was ther,
 An' I took it. 210
 Oh, my God!
 I can't see nothin' else afore me all
 the time.
 I run out inter th' woods,
 Seemed as ef they was pullin' me;
 An' all the time I was wadin' through
 the snow 215
 I seed Ed in front of me
 Where I'd laid him.
 An' I see him now.
 There! There!
 What you holdin' me fer? 220
 I want ter go to Ed,
 He's bleedin'!
 Stop holdin' me.
 I got to go.
 I'm comin', Ed. 225
 I'll be ther in a minit.
 Oh, I'm so tired!
 (*Faints*)

VACHEL LINDSAY¹ (1879—)GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH
ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

(To be sung to the tune of *The Blood of the Lamb* with indicated instrument)

I

(*Bass drum beaten loudly.*)

Booth led boldly with his big bass
drum—

(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)

The Saints smiled gravely and they
said: "He's come."

(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on
rank, 5

Lurching bravos from the ditches
dank,

Drabs from the alleyways and drug
fiends pale—

Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers
frail:—

Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of
Death— 10

(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)

(*Banjos.*)

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had
groaned for more.)

Every banner that the wide world
flies

Bloomed with glory and transcendent
dyes. 15

Big-voiced lasses made their banjos
bang,

Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and
sang:—

"Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?"

Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land
make free. 20

Loons with trumpets blowed a blare,
blare, blare

¹ All selections from *The Collected Poems of Vachel Lindsay*. Copyright, 1923, The Macmillan Company.

On, on upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)

II

(*Bass drum slower and softer.*)

Booth died blind and still by Faith he
trode,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly, and he looked the
chief— 26
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

(*Sweet flute music.*)

Jesus came from out the court-house
door, 30
Stretched his hands above the passing
poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones
there
Round and round the mighty court-
house square.
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment
new. 35
The lame were straightened, withered
limbs uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet
world.

(*Bass drum louder.*)

Drabs and vixens in a flash made
whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout,
the jowl!

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes
clean, 40
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

(*Grand chorus of all instruments.
Tambourines to the foreground.*)

The hosts were sandalled, and their
wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?)
But their noise played havoc with the
angel-choir.
(Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?) 45
Oh, shout Salvation! It was good to
see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set
free.
The banjos rattled and the tambou-
rines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of
Queens.

(*Reverently sung, no instruments.*)

And when Booth halted by the curb
for prayer 50
He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled
air.
Christ came gently with a robe and
crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng
knelt down.
He saw King Jesus. They were face
to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy
place. 55
Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?

THE CONGO

A STUDY OF THE NEGRO RACE

(Being a memorial to Ray Eldred, a Disciple missionary of the Congo River)

I. THEIR BASIC SAVAGERY

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, boom, BOOM,

*A deep rolling
bass.*

With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom, Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.	
THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision. I could not turn from their revel in derision.	10
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK, CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.	<i>More deliberate. Solemnly chanied.</i>
Then along that riverbank A thousand miles	15
Tattooed cannibals danced in files; Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.	<i>A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.</i>
And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors, "BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors,	20
"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle, Harry the uplands, Steal all the cattle, Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle, Bing.	25
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom," A roaring, epic, rag-time tune From the mouth of the Congo To the Mountains of the Moon.	<i>With a philo- sophic pause.</i>
Death is an Elephant, Torch-eyed and horrible, Foam-flanked and terrible.	30
BOOM, steal the pygmies, BOOM, kill the Arabs, BOOM, kill the white men, Hoo, Hoo, Hoo.	<i>Shrilly and with a heavily ac- cented metre.</i>
Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host. Hear how the demons chuckle and yell Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.	35
Listen to the creepy proclamation, Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation, Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay, Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:— 'Be careful what you do,	40
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo, And all of the other Gods of the Congo, Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you, Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you, Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."	45
	<i>All the "o" sounds very golden. Heavy accents very heavy. Light accents very light. Last line whispered.</i>
	50

II. THEIR IRREPRESSIBLE HIGH SPIRITS

Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call Danced the juba in their gambling-hall And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town, And guyed the policemen and laughed them down With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.	55
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK, CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.	<i>Rather shrill and high.</i> <i>Read exactly as in first section.</i>

A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.

*Lay emphasis on
the delicate ideas.
60 Keep as light-
footed as possible.*

The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their sides were sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the parrot band
That trilled on the bushes of that magic land.

65

A troupe of skull-faced witch-men came
Through the agate doorway in suits of flame,
Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf crust
And hats that were covered with diamond-dust.
And the crowd in the court gave a whoop and a call
And danced the juba from wall to wall.

70 *With pomposity.*

But the witch-men suddenly stilled the throng
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old song:—
"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."—

75

*With a great
deliberation and
ghostliness.*

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shot,es,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.

80 *With overwhelm-
ing assurance,
good cheer, and
pomp.*

And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jassamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

85 *With growing
speed and
sharply marked
dance-rhythm.*

And the couples railed at the chant and the frown
Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down.
(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

90

The cake-walk royalty then began
To walk for a cake that was tall as a man
To the tune of "Boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"
While the witch-men laughed, with a sinister air,
And sang with the scalawags prancing there:—

95 *With a touch of
negro dialect,
and
as rapidly as
possible toward
the end.*

"Walk with care, walk with care,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.

100

Beware, beware, walk with care,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
Boom."

105

(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

*Slow philo-
sophic calm.*

III. THE HOPE OF THEIR RELIGION

- A good old negro in the slums of the town
 Preached at a sister for her velvet gown.
 Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,
 His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days.
 Beat on the Bible till he wore it out
 Starting the jubilee revival shout.
 And some had visions, as they stood on chairs,
 And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs,
 And they all repented, a thousand strong,
 From their stupor and savagery and sin and wrong
 And slammed with their hymn books till they shook the room
 With "Glory, glory, glory,"
 And "Boom, boom, Boom."
 THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
 And the gray sky opened like a new-rent veil
 And showed the Apostles with their coats of mail.
 In bright white steel they were seated round
 And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo wound.
 And the twelve Apostles, from their thrones on high,
 Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly cry:—
 "Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
 Never again will he hoo-doo you,
 Never again will he hoo-doo you."
- Then along that river, a thousand miles,
 The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
 Pioneer angels cleared the way
 For a Congo paradise, for babes at play,
 For sacred capitals, for temples clean.
 Gone were the skull-faced witch-men lean.
 There, where the wild ghost-gods had wailed
 A million boats of the angels sailed
 With oars of silver, and prows of blue
 And silken pennants that the sun shone through.
 'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation.
 Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation
 And on through the backwoods clearing flew:—
 "Mumbo-Jumbo is dead in the jungle.
 Never again will he hoo-doo you,
 Never again will he hoo-doo you."
- Redeemed were the forests, the beasts and the men,
 And only the vulture dared again
 By the far, lone mountains of the moon
 To cry, in the silence, the Congo tune: —
 "Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
 Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-doo . . . you."
- Heavy bass.
 With a literal
 imitation of
 camp-meeting
 racket, and
 trance.*
- Exactly as in
 the first section.
 Begin with
 terror and
 power, end with
 joy.*
- Sung to the tune
 of "Hark, ten
 thousand harps
 and voices."*
- With growing
 deliberation
 and joy.*
- In a rather
 high key—as
 delicately as
 possible.*
- To the tune of
 "Hark, ten
 thousand harps
 and voices."*
- Dying down into
 a penetrating,
 terrified
 whisper.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT
MIDNIGHT

(IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little
town

A mourning figure walks, and will not
rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and
down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed
yards⁵
He lingers where his children used to
play,
Or through the market, on the well-
worn stones
He stalks 'until the dawn-stars burn
away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of an-
cient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn
shawl¹⁰
Make him the quaint great figure that
men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for
long¹⁵
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass
the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men
and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how
can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know
not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror
weep.²⁰

The sins of all the war-lords burn his
heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring
every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoul-
ders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn²⁵
Shall come;—the shining hope of Eu-
rope free:

The league of sober folk, the Workers'
Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp
and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must
murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for
men³⁰
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring
white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

EDGAR LEE MASTERS
(1868—)*From*THE SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY¹

KNOWLTON HOHEIMER

I was the first fruits of the battle of
Missionary Ridge.
When I felt the bullet enter my heart
I wished I had staid at home and gone
to jail
For stealing the hogs of Curl Trenary,
Instead of running away and joining
the army.⁵
Rather a thousand times the county
jail
Than to lie under this marble figure
with wings,
And this granite pedestal
Bearing the words, "*Pro Patria.*"
What do they mean, anyway?¹⁰

JACK MCGUIRE

They would have lynched me
Had I not been secretly hurried away
To the jail at Peoria.
And yet I was going peacefully home,
Carrying my jug, a little drunk,⁵
When Logan, the marshal, halted me,
Called me a drunken hound and shook
me,
And, when I cursed him for it, struck
me

¹ Copyright, 1915, The Macmillan Company.

With that Prohibition loaded cane—
All this before I shot him. 10
They would have hanged me except for
this:

My lawyer, Kinsey Keene, was helping
to land

Old Thomas Rhodes for wrecking the
bank,

And the judge was a friend of Rhodes
And wanted him to escape, 15

And Kinsey offered to quit on Rhodes
For fourteen years for me.

And the bargain was made. I served
my time

And learned to read and write.

FIDDLER JONES

The earth keeps some vibration going
There in your heart, and that is you.
And if the people find you can fiddle,
Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.
What do you see, a harvest of clover? 5
Or a meadow to walk through to the
river?

The wind's in the corn; you rub your
hands

For beeves hereafter ready for mar-
ket;

Or else you hear the rustle of skirts
Like the girls when dancing at Little
Grove. 10

To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust
Or whirling leaves meant ruinous
drouth;

They looked to me like Red-Head
Sammy

Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."
How could I till my forty acres 15

Not to speak of getting more,
With a medley of horns, bassoons, and
piccolos

Stirred in my brain by crows and
robins

And the creak of a wind-mill—only
these?

And I never started to plow in my
life 20

That some one did not stop in the road
And take me away to a dance or pic-
nic.

I ended up with forty acres;
I ended up with a broken fiddle—

And a broken laugh, and a thousand
memories, 25
And not a single regret.

JOHN HANCOCK OTIS

As to democracy, fellow citizens,
Are you not prepared to admit
That I, who inherited riches and was
to the manner born,

Was second to none in Spoon River
In my devotion to the cause of Liberty?

While my contemporary, Anthony
Findlay, 6

Born in a shanty and beginning life
As a water carrier to the section hands,
Then becoming a section hand when he
was grown,

Afterwards foreman of the gang, until
he rose 10

To the superintendency of the rail-
road,

Living in Chicago,
Was a veritable slave driver,

Grinding the faces of labor,
And a bitter enemy of democracy. 15

And I say to you, Spoon River,
And to you, O republic,

Beware of the man who rises to power
From one suspender.

WILLIAM H. HERNDON

There by the window in the old house
Perched on the bluff, overlooking miles
of valley,

My days of labor closed, sitting out
life's decline,

Day by day did I look in my memory,
As one who gazes in an enchantress'
crystal globe, 5

And I saw the figures of the past,
As if in a pageant glass by a shining
dream,

Move through the incredible sphere of
time.

And I saw a man arise from the soil
like a fabled giant

And throw himself over a deathless
destiny, 10

Master of great armies, head of the re-
public,

Bringing together into a dithyramb of
recreative song

The epic hopes of a people;
 At the same time Vulcan of sovereign
 fires,
 Where imperishable shields and swords
 were beaten out 15
 From spirits tempered in heaven.
 Look in the crystal! See how he
 hastens on
 To the place where his path comes up
 to the path
 Of a child of Plutarch and Shake-
 speare.
 O Lincoln, actor indeed, playing well
 your part, 20
 And Booth, who strode in a mimic play
 within the play,
 Often and often I saw you,
 As the cawing crows winged their way
 to the wood
 Over my housetop at solemn sunsets,
 There by my window, 25
 Alone.

LUCINDA MATLOCK

I went to the dances at Chandler-
 ville,
 And played snap-out at Winchester.
 One time we changed partners,

Driving home in the moonlight of mid-
 dle June,
 And then I found Davis. 5
 We were married and lived together
 for seventy years,
 Enjoying, working, raising the twelve
 children,
 Eight of whom we lost
 Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
 I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I
 nursed the sick, 10
 I made the garden, and for holiday
 Rambled over the fields where sang
 the larks,
 And by Spoon River gathering many a
 shell,
 And many a flower and medicinal
 weed—
 Shouting to the wooded hills, singing
 to the green valleys. 15
 At ninety-six I had lived enough, that
 is all,
 And passed to a sweet repose.
 What is this I hear of sorrow and
 weariness,
 Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
 Degenerate sons and daughters, 20
 Life is too strong for you—
 It takes life to love Life.

CARL SANDBURG ¹ (1878—)

CHICAGO

Hog Butcher for the World,
 Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
 Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
 Stormy, husky, brawling,
 City of the Big Shoulders: 5

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted
 women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
 And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the
 gunman kill and go free to kill again.
 And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
 children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
 And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and
 I give them back the sneer and say to them:
 Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive
 and coarse and strong and cunning. 10
 Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
 slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

¹ All selections from *Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1916, Henry Holt and Company.

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle, 20

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the
heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating,
proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker. Stacker of Wheat, Player with
Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

THE HARBOR

Passing through huddled and ugly
walls

By doorways where women

Looked from their hunger-deep
eyes,

Haunted with shadows of hunger-
hands,

Out from the huddled and ugly
walls, 5

I came sudden, at the city's edge,

On a blue burst of lake,

Long lake waves breaking under the
sun

On a spray-flung curve of shore;

And a fluttering storm of gulls, 10

Masses of great gray wings

And flying white bellies

Veering and wheeling free in the
open.

MUCKERS

Twenty men stand watching the
muckers.

Stabbing the sides of the ditch

Where clay gleams yellow,

Driving the blades of their shovels

Deeper and deeper for the new gas
mains, 5

Wiping sweat off their faces

With red bandanas.

The muckers work on . . . pausing
. . . to pull

Their boots out of suckholes where they
slosh.

Of the twenty looking on 10

Ten murmur, "Oh, it's a hell of a
job,"

Ten others, "Jesus, I wish I had the
job."

A FENCE

Now the stone house on the lake front is finished and the workmen are beginning
the fence.

The palings are made of iron bars with steel points that can stab the life out
of any man that falls on them.

As a fence, it is a masterpiece, and will shut off the rabble and all vagabonds
and hungry men and all wandering children looking for a place to play.

Passing through the bars and over the steel points will go nothing except Death
and the Rain and To-morrow.

MAMIE

Mamie beat her head against the bars of a little Indiana town and dreamed of
romance and big things off somewhere the way the railroad trains all ran.

She could see the smoke of the engines get lost down where the streaks of steel
 flashed in the sun, and when the newspapers came in on the morning
 mail she knew there was a big Chicago far off, where all the trains ran.
 She got tired of the barber shop boys and the postoffice chatter and the church
 gossip and the old pieces the band played on the Fourth of July and
 Decoration Day
 And sobbed at her fate and beat her head against the bars and was going to
 kill herself
 When the thought came to her that if she was going to die she might as well
 die struggling for a clutch of romance among the streets of Chicago. 5
 She has a job now at six dollars a week in the basement of the Boston Store
 And even now she beats her head against the bars in the same old way and
 wonders if there is a bigger place the railroads run to from Chicago where
 maybe there is

romance
 and big things
 and real dreams
 that never go smash.

10

BUTTONS

I have been watching the war map slammed up for advertising in front of the
 newspaper office.
 Buttons—red and yellow buttons—blue and black buttons—are shoved back and
 forth across the map.

A laughing young man, sunny with freckles,
 Climbs a ladder, yells a joke to somebody in the crowd,
 And then fixes a yellow button one inch west
 And follows the yellow button with a black button one inch west. 5

(Ten thousand men and boys twist on their bodies in a red soak along a river
 edge,
 Gasping of wounds, calling for water, some rattling death in their throats.)
 Who would guess what it cost to move two buttons one inch on the war map
 here in front of the newspaper office where the freckle-faced young man
 is laughing to us?

ALAN SEEGER (1888-1916)

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH¹

I have a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade,
 When Spring comes back with rustling
 shade
 And apple-blossoms fill the air—
 I have a rendezvous with Death 5
 When Spring brings back blue days
 and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
 And lead me into his dark land
 And close my eyes and quench my
 breath—

It may be I shall pass him still. 10
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 On some scarred slope of battered hill,
 When Spring comes round again this
 year
 And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep 15
 Pillowed in silk and scented down,
 Where love throbs out in blissful
 sleep,

¹From *Poems by Alan Seeger*. Copyright,
 1916, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to
breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear——
But I've a rendezvous with Death 20
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this
year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

SARA TEASDALE¹ (1884-)

PITY

They never saw my lover's face,
They only knew our love was brief,
Wearing awhile a windy grace
And passing like an autumn leaf.

They wonder why I do not weep, 5
They think it strange that I can
sing;
They say, "Her love was scarcely deep
Since it has left so slight a sting."

They never saw my love, nor knew
That in my heart's most secret place
I pity them as angels do 11
Men who have never seen God's face.

MEADOWLARKS

In the silver light after a storm,
Under dripping boughs of bright new
green,
I take the low path to hear the meadow-
larks
Alone and high-hearted as if I were
a queen.

What have I to fear in life or death 5
Who have known three things: the
kiss in the night,
The white flying joy when a song is
born,
And meadowlarks whistling in sil-
ver light.

¹ All selections copyright, The Macmillan
Company.

AUGUST MOONRISE

The sun was gone, and the moon was
coming
Over the blue Connecticut hills;
The west was rosy, the east was flushed,
And over my head the swallows rushed
This way and that, with changeful
wills. 5
I heard them twitter and watched them
dart

Now together and now apart
Like dark petals blown from a tree;
The maples stamped against the west
Were black and stately and full of
rest, 10

And the hazy orange moon grew up
And slowly changed to yellow gold
While the hills were darkened, fold on
fold

To a deeper blue than a flower could
hold.

Down the hill I went, and then 15
I forgot the ways of men,
For night-scents, heady, and damp,
and cool,

Wakened ecstasy in me
On the brink of a shining pool.

O Beauty, out of many a cup 20
You have made me drunk and wild
Ever since I was a child,
But when have I been sure as now
That no bitterness can bend
And no sorrow wholly bow 25
One who loves you to the end?
And though I must give my breath
And my laughter all to death,
And my eyes through which joy
came,

And my heart, a wavering flame; 30
If all must leave me and go back
Along a blind and fearful track
So that you can make anew,
Fusing with intenser fire,
Something nearer your desire; 35
If my soul must go alone
Through a cold infinity,
Or even if it vanish, too,
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

Let this single hour atone 40
For the theft of all of me.

THE NET

I made you many and many a song,
 Yet never one told all you are—
 It was as though a net of words
 Were flung to catch a star;

It was as though I curved my hand 5
 And dipped sea-water eagerly,
 Only to find it lost the blue
 Dark splendor of the sea.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
 (1892—)

GOD'S WORLD¹

O world, I cannot hold thee close
 enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
 Thy mists that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache
 and sag
 And all but cry with colour! That
 gaunt crag 5
 To crush! To lift the lean of that
 black bluff!
 World, World, I cannot get thee close
 enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
 But never knew I this;
 Here such a passion is 10
 As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful
 this year.
 My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird
 call.

ROBERT FROST (1875—)

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED
MAN²

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at
 the table
 Waiting for Warren. When she heard
 his step,

¹ From *Renascence*, published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1917, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

² From *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost. Copyright, 1914, Henry Holt and Company.

She ran on tip-toe down the darkened
 passage
 To meet him in the doorway with the
 news
 And put him on his guard. "Silas is
 back." 5
 She pushed him outward with her
 through the door
 And shut it after her. "Be kind," she
 said.
 She took the market things from War-
 ren's arms
 And set them on the porch, then drew
 him down
 To sit beside her on the wooden steps. 10

"When was I ever anything but kind
 to him?
 But I'll not have the fellow back," he
 said.
 "I told him so last haying, didn't I?
 'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
 What good is he? Who else will har-
 bour him 15
 At his age for the little he can do?
 What help he is there's no depending
 on.
 Off he goes always when I need him
 most.
 'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
 Enough at least to buy tobacco with, 20
 So he won't have to beg and be be-
 holden.'
 'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to
 pay
 Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
 'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else
 will have to.'
 I shouldn't mind his bettering himself 25
 If that was what it was. You can be
 certain,
 When he begins like that, there's some-
 one at him
 Trying to coax him off with pocket-
 money,—
 In haying time, when any help is scarce.
 In winter he comes back to us. I'm
 done." 30

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary
 said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or
 late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.

When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,

Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep, ³⁵

A miserable sight, and frightening, too—

You needn't smile—I didn't recognise him—

I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.

Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house, ⁴⁰

And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.

I tried to make him talk about his travels.

Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess ⁴⁵

He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?

Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man

Some humble way to save his self-respect. ⁵⁰

He added, if you really care to know, He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.

That sounds like something you have heard before?

Warren, I wish you could have heard the way

He jumbled everything. I stopped to look ⁵⁵

Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—

To see if he was talking in his sleep.

He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—

The boy you had in haying four years since.

He's finished school, and teaching in his college. ⁶⁰

Silas declares you'll have to get him back.

He says they two will make a team for work:

Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!

The way he mixed that in with other things.

He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft ⁶⁵

On education—you know how they fought

All through July under the blazing sun,

Silas up on the cart to build the load, Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot." ⁷⁰

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.

You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!

Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.

After so many years he still keeps finding

Good arguments he sees he might have used. ⁷⁵

I sympathise. I know just how it feels To think of the right thing to say too late.

Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.

He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying

He studied Latin like the violin ⁸⁰

Because he liked it—that an argument! He said he couldn't make the boy believe

He could find water with a hazel prong—

Which showed how much good school had ever done him.

He wanted to go over that. But most of all ⁸⁵

He thinks if he could have another
chance
To teach him how to build a load of
hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplish-
ment.

He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future
reference, 90

So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big
birds' nests.

You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift
himself." 95

"He thinks if he could teach him that,
he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the
world.

He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with
pride, 100

And nothing to look forward to with
hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the
west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the
hills.

Its light poured softly in her lap. She
saw 105

And spread her apron to it. She put
out her hand

Among the harp-like morning-glory
strings,

Taut with the dew from garden bed to
eaves,

As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the
night. 110

"Warren," she said, "he has come home
to die:

You needn't be afraid he'll leave you
this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by
home.

Of course he's nothing to us, any more

Than was the hound that came a
stranger to us 116
Out of the woods, worn out upon the
trail."

"Home is the place where, when you
have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to de-
serve." 120

Warren leaned out and took a step or
two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it
back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it
by.

"Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little
miles 125

As the road winds would bring him to
his door.

Silas has walked that far no doubt to-
day.

Why didn't he go there? His brother's
rich,

A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of
course. 131

I'll see to that if there is need. He
ought of right

To take him in, and might be willing
to—

He may be better than appearances.

But have some pity on Silas. Do you
think 135

If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his
brother,

He'd keep so still about him all this
time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind
him— 140

But just the kind that kinsfolk can't
abide.

He never did a thing so very bad.
 He don't know why he isn't quite as
 good
 As anyone. He won't be made
 ashamed
 To please his brother, worthless though
 he is." 145

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he
 lay
 And rolled his old head on that sharp-
 edged chair-back.
 He wouldn't let me put him on the
 lounge.
 You must go in and see what you can
 do. 150
 I made the bed up for him there to-
 night.
 You'll be surprised at him—how much
 he's broken.
 His working days are done; I'm sure of
 it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for
 yourself. 155
 But, Warren, please remember how it
 is:
 He's come to help you ditch the
 meadow.
 He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at
 him.
 He may not speak of it, and then he
 may.
 I'll sit and see if that small sailing
 cloud 160
 Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
 Then there were three there, making a
 dim row,
 The moon, the little silver cloud, and
 she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed
 to her,
 Slipped to her side, caught up her hand
 and waited. 165

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

THE MOUNTAIN¹

The mountain held the town as in a
 shadow,
 I saw so much before I slept there once:
 I noticed that I missed stars in the west,
 Where its black body cut into the sky.
 Near me it seemed: I felt it like a wall
 Behind which I was sheltered from a
 wind. 6
 And yet between the town and it I
 found,
 When I walked forth at dawn to see
 new things,
 Were fields, a river, and beyond, more
 fields.
 The river at the time was fallen away,
 And made a widespread brawl on
 cobble-stones; 11
 But the signs showed what it had done
 in spring;
 Good grass-land gullied out, and in the
 grass
 Ridges of sand, and driftwood stripped
 of bark.
 I crossed the river and swung round the
 mountain. 15
 And there I met a man who moved so
 slow
 With white-faced oxen in a heavy cart,
 It seemed no harm to stop him alto-
 gether.

"What town is this?" I asked.

"This? Lunenburg."

Then I was wrong: the town of my so-
 journ, 20
 Beyond the bridge, was not that of the
 mountain,
 But only felt at night its shadowy pre-
 sence.
 "Where is your village? Very far from
 here?"

"There is no village—only scattered
 farms. 24
 We were but sixty voters last election.
 We can't in nature grow to many more;
 That thing takes all the room!" He
 moved his god.

¹ From *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.
 Copyright, 1914, Henry Holt and Company.

The mountain stood there to be pointed
at.

Pasture ran up the side a little way,
And then there was a wall of trees with
trunks: 30

After that only tops of trees, and cliffs
Imperfectly concealed among the
leaves.

A dry ravine emerged from under
boughs

Into the pasture.

"That looks like a path.

Is that the way to reach the top from
here?— 35

Not for this morning, but some other
time:

I must be getting back to breakfast
now."

"I don't advise your trying from this
side.

There is no proper path, but those that
have

Been up, I understand, have climbed
from Ladd's. 40

That's five miles back. You can't mis-
take the place:

They logged it there last winter some
way up.

I'd take you, but I'm bound the other
way."

"You've never climbed it?"

"I've been on the sides

Deer-hunting and trout-fishing. There's
a brook 45

That starts up on it somewhere—I've
heard say

Right on the top, tip-top—a curious
thing.

But what would interest you about the
brook,

It's always cold in summer, warm in
winter.

One of the great sights going is to see 50
It steam in winter like an ox's breath,

Until the bushes all along its banks
Are inch-deep with the frosty spines

and bristles—

You know the kind. Then let the sun
shine on it!"

"There ought to be a view around the
world 55

From such a mountain—if it isn't
wooded

Clear to the top." I saw through leafy
screens

Great granite terraces in sun and
shadow,

Shelves one could rest a knee on getting
up—

With depths behind him sheer a hun-
dred feet; 60

Or turn and sit on and look out and
down,

With little ferns in crevices at his
elbow.

"As to that I can't say. But there's the
spring,

Right on the summit, almost like a
fountain.

That ought to be worth seeing."

"If it's there. 65

You never saw it?"

"I guess there's no doubt

About its being there. I never saw it.

It may not be right on the very top:

It wouldn't have to be a long way down

To have some head of water from
above, 70

And a *good distance* down might not be
noticed

By anyone who'd come a long way up.
One time I asked a fellow climbing it

To look and tell me later how it was."

"What did he say?"

"He said there was a lake 75

Somewhere in Ireland on a mountain
top."

"But a lake's different. What about
the spring?"

"He never got up high enough to see.
That's why I don't advise your trying

this side.
He tried this side. I've always meant

to go 80

And look myself, but you know how it
is:

It doesn't seem so much to climb a
mountain

You've worked around the foot of all
your life.

What would I do? Go in my over-
alls,

With a big stick, the same as when the
cows 85

Haven't come down to the bars at
milking time?

Or with a shotgun for a stray black
bear?

"Wouldn't seem real to climb for climb-
ing it."

"I shouldn't climb it if I didn't want
to—

Not for the sake of climbing. What's
its name?" 90

"We call it Hor: I don't know if that's
right."

"Can one walk around it? Would it be
too far?"

"You can drive round and keep in
Lunenburg,

But it's as much as ever you can do,
The boundary lines keep in so close to
it. 95

Hor is the township, and the township's
Hor—

And a few houses sprinkled round the
foot,

Like boulders broken off the upper
cliff,

Rolled out a little farther than the
rest."

"Warm in December, cold in June, you
say?" 100

"I don't suppose the water's changed at
all.

You and I know enough to know it's
warm

Compared with cold, and cold compared
with warm.

But all the fun's in how you say a
thing."

"You've lived here all your life?"

"Ever since Hor 105
Was no bigger than a—" What, I did
not hear.

He drew the oxen toward him with light
touches

Of his slim goad on nose and offside
flank,

Gave them their marching orders and
was moving.

MENDING WALL¹

Something there is that doesn't love a
wall,

That sends the frozen-ground-swell
under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the
sun;

And makes gaps even two can pass
abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing: s
I have come after them and made re-
pair

Where they have left not one stone on
a stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of
hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I
mean,

No one has seen them made or heard
them made, 10

But at spring mending-time we find
them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.

To each the boulders that have fallen
to each. 16

And some are loaves and some so nearly
balls

We have to use a spell to make them
balance:

"Stay where you are until our backs
are turned!"

We wear our fingers rough with hand-
ling them. 20

Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more;

There where it is we do not need the
wall:

¹ From *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.
Copyright, 1914, Henry Holt and Company.

He is all pine and I am apple-orchard.
My apple trees will never get across ²⁵
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell
him.

He only says, "Good fences make good
neighbours."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I
wonder

If I could put a notion in his head:

"Why do they make good neighbours?
Isn't it ³⁰

Where there are cows? But here there
are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know

What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a
wall, ³⁵

That wants it down." I could say
"Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd
rather

He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the
top

In each hand, like an old-stone savage
armed. ⁴⁰

He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of
trees.

He will not go behind his father's say-
ing,

And he likes having thought of it so
well

He says again, "Good fences make good
neighbours." ⁴⁵

BIRCHES ¹

When I see birches bend to left and
right

Across the line of straighter darker
trees,

I like to think some boy's been swing-
ing them.

But swinging doesn't bend them down
to stay.

Ice-storms do that. Often you must
have seen them ⁵

Loaded with ice a sunny winter morn-
ing

After a rain. They click upon them-
selves

As the breeze rises, and turn many-
colored

As the stir cracks and crazes their
enamel.

Soon the sun's warmth makes them
shed crystal shells ¹⁰

Shattering and avalanching on the
snow-crust

Such heaps of broken glass to sweep
away

You'd think the inner dome of heaven
had fallen.

They are dragged to the withered
bracken by the load,

And they seem not to break; though
once they are bowed ¹⁵

So low for long, they never right them-
selves:

You may see their trunks arching in the
woods

Years afterwards, trailing their leaves
on the ground

Like girls on hands and knees that
throw their hair

Before them over their heads to dry in
the sun. ²⁰

But I was going to say when Truth
broke in

With all her matter-of-fact about the
ice-storm

(Now am I free to be poetical?)

I should prefer to have some boy bend
them

As he went out and in to fetch the
cows— ²⁵

Some boy too far from town to learn
baseball

Whose only play was what he found
himself,

Summer or winter, and could play
alone.

One by one he subdued his father's
trees

By riding them down over and over
again ³⁰

Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one
was left

For him to conquer. He learned all
there was

To learn about not launching out too
soon

¹ From *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost.
Copyright, 1916, Henry Holt and Company.

And so not carrying the tree away 35
 Clear to the ground. He always kept
 his poise
 To the top branches, climbing care-
 fully
 With the same pains you use to fill a
 cup
 Up to the brim, and even above the
 brim.
 Then he flung outward, feet first, with
 a swish, 40
 Kicking his way down through the air
 to the ground.
 So was I once myself a swinger of
 birches.
 And so I dream of going back to be.
 It's when I'm weary of considera-
 tions,
 And life is too much like a pathless
 wood 45
 Where your face burns and tickles with
 the cobwebs
 Broken across it, and one eye is weep-
 ing
 From a twig's having lashed across it
 open.
 I'd like to get away from earth
 awhile
 And then come back to it and begin
 over. 50
 May no fate wilfully misunderstand
 me
 And half grant what I wish and snatch
 me away
 Not to return. Earth's the right place
 for love:
 I don't know where it's likely to go
 better.
 I'd like to go climbing a birch
 tree, 55
 And climb black branches up a snow-
 white trunk
 Toward heaven, till the tree could bear
 no more,
 But dipped its top and set me down
 again.
 That would be good both going and
 coming back.
 One could do worse than be a swinger
 of birches. 60

THE GUM-GATHERER¹

There overtook me and drew me in
 To his down-hill, early-morning stride,
 And set me five miles on my road
 Better than if he had had me ride,
 A man with a swinging bag for load 5
 And half the bag wound round his
 hand.
 We talked like barking above the din
 Of water we walked along beside.
 And for my telling him where I'd been
 And where I lived in mountain land 10
 To be coming home the way I was,
 He told me a little about himself.
 He came from higher up in the pass
 Where the grist of the new-beginning
 brooks
 Is blocks split off the mountain mass—
 And hopeless grist enough it looks 16
 Ever to grind to soil for grass.
 (The way it is will do for moss.)
 There he had built his stolen shack.
 It had to be a stolen shack 20
 Because of the fears of fire and loss
 That trouble the sleep of lumber folk:
 Visions of half the world burned black
 And the sun shrunk yellow in smoke.
 We know who when they come to town
 Bring berries under the wagon seat, 26
 Or a basket of eggs between their feet;
 What this man brought in a cotton
 sack
 Was gum, the gum of the mountain
 spruce.
 He showed me lumps of the scented
 stuff 30
 Like uncut jewels, dull and rough.
 It comes to market golden brown,
 But turns to pink between the teeth.

I told him this is a pleasant life 35
 To set your breast to the bark of trees
 That all your days are dim beneath,
 And reaching up with a little knife,
 To loose the resin and take it down
 And bring it to market when you
 please. 40

¹ From *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost.
 Copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt and Company.

NOTES

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS, ETC.

- A.M.L. The *American Men of Letters* series of biographies; Boston, 1882 ——.
E.M.L. The *English Men of Letters* series of biographies; New York, 1894 ——.
C.H.A.L. The *Cambridge History of American Literature*; New York, 1917-1921; 4 vols.
Numbers prefixed to the notes refer first to the page, and second to the line, where the passage commented on will be found. The letters *a* and *b* indicate respectively the left and right columns in the prose texts.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SUGGESTIONS

As aids to the study of American literature, a few general works are essential. The *Cambridge History of American Literature*, New York, 1917, 4 vols., and some standard history of the United States, should be available to every student. Good briefer histories of American literature are such works as Barrett Wendell's *A Literary History of America*, Boston, 1900; W. P. Trent's *A History of American Literature*, New York, 1903; Percy H. Boynton's *A History of American Literature*, Boston, 1919, and Walter C. Bronson's *A Short History of American Literature*, revised edition, Boston, 1919.

Certain works dealing with particular periods or phases of American letters are of such outstanding merit as to be almost indispensable. Moses Coit Tyler's *A History of American Literature 1607-1676*, New York, 1878, 2 vols., and the same author's *A Literary History of the American Revolution*, New York, 1897, 2 vols., are the best treatments of the early period. Fred Lewis Pattee's *American Literature Since 1870*, New York, 1915, is a most useful discussion of the entire field of recent literature. The same author's *The Development of the American Short Story*, New York, 1923, is one of many valuable discussions of this type. Carl Van Doren's two books on the American novel are listed in the note below. Norman Foerster's *Nature in American Poetry*, 1923, is a stimulating treatment of a significant theme. The Transcendental movement may best be approached through a study of the works listed at the beginning of the special bibliography on Emerson, p. 1155, below. R. L. Rusk's *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier*, New York, 1925, 2 vols., and Lucy Lockwood Hazard's *The Frontier in American Literature*, New York, 1927, are studies of a hitherto somewhat neglected phase of American letters.

Three valuable reference manuals are S. J. Whitecomb's *Chronological Outlines of American Literature*, New York, 1894; W. T. Hastings' *Syllabus of American Literature*, Chicago, 1923; and *Contemporary American Literature: Bibliographies and Study Outlines*, Chicago, 1922, by John M. Manly and Edith Rickert.

THE STUDY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA

The student interested in the American drama may well begin his reading with two chapters in the C.H.A.L.: "The Early Drama, 1756-1860," by Arthur H. Quinn, Vol. I, pp. 215 ff.; and "The Drama, 1860-1918," by Montrose J. Moses, Vol. III, pp. 266 ff. Each chapter is supplemented by an admirable bibliography. He may then proceed to Arthur Hornblow's *History of the American Theatre*, Philadelphia, 1919, 2 vols., and to Arthur E. Krows's *Play Production in America*, New York, 1916; further, to some work of broader scope like George P. Baker's *Dramatic Technique*, Boston, 1919, which deals with dramatic theory regardless of geographical or chronological limits.

Two collections of texts are of particular value: Montrose J. Moses's *Representative Plays by American Dramatists*, New York, 1917, 3 vols., and Arthur H. Quinn's *Representative American Plays*, New York, 1917. The best guides to further study will be found in the bibliographies of the C.H.A.L. No one interested in this phase of American literature will neglect the work of Clyde Fitch (1865-1909), William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910), Augustus Thomas (1859-), Percy MacKaye (1875-), and Eugene O'Neill (1888-). A special study of the one-act play, which should scarcely be limited to American authors, may be made through such convenient collections as: *Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays*, edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving, New York, 1920; *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors*,

edited by Margaret Gardner Mayorga, Boston, 1919; and *The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays*, edited by S. A. Leonard, Boston, 1921.

THE STUDY OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL

For a study of the American novel two books by Carl Van Doren are invaluable: *The American Novel*, New York, 1921, and *Contemporary American Novelists*, New York, 1922. In addition, the student should make frequent reference to one or more of the standard works on prose fiction, which, though dealing with British as well as American novels, are indispensable for a study of the technique; probably the best of these is *A Study of Prose Fiction*, by Bliss Perry, Boston, 1902.

EARLY NOVELISTS (Chronologically Arranged)

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810)

Wieland

James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851)

Homeward Bound; The Deerslayer (and others of the Leather-Stocking Tales)

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864)

The Scarlet Letter, The House of the Seven Gables, The Marble Faun, The Blithedale Romance

Herman Melville (1819-1891)

Typee, Omoo, Moby Dick

Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896)

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Lew Wallace (1827-1905)

Ben-Hur

Silas Weir Mitchell (1829-1914)

Hugh Wynne, Westways

"Mark Twain" (Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 1835-1910)

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The Prince and the Pauper, Huckleberry Finn, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, The Mysterious Stranger

William Dean Howells (1837-1920)

The Lady of the Aroostook, A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, A Hazard of New Fortunes, New Leaf Mills

Henry James (1843-1916)

The American, Daisy Miller, The Europeans, The Portrait of a Lady

George Washington Cable (1844-1925)

The Grandissimes, Madame Delphine

Francis Marion Crawford (1854-1909)

Mr. Isaacs, Saracinesca, The Witch of Prague

LATER NOVELISTS (Alphabetically Arranged)

Gertrude Atherton (1857-)

The Conqueror

James Branch Cabell (1879-)

The Cream of the Jest

Dorothy Canfield—See **Fisher**

Willa Sibert Cather (1876-)

My Antonia, One of Ours

Winston Churchill (1871-)

Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing, Coniston, The Inside of the Cup

Stephen Crane (1870-1900)

The Red Badge of Courage

Margaret Deland (1857-)

The Awakening of Helena Richie, The Iron Woman

Theodore Dreiser (1871-)

Jennie Gerhardt, The Financier

Edna Ferber (1887-)

So Big

Dorothy Canfield Fisher (1879-)

The Brimming Cup, Rough Hewn

Zona Gale (1874-)

Miss Lulu Bett

- Henry Sydnor Harrison (1880-)
Queed
- Joseph Hergesheimer (1880-)
Java Head, The Bright Shawl
- Robert Herrick (1868-)
The Common Lot, Together
- Mary Johnston (1870-)
To Have and To Hold, Cease Firing
- Sinclair Lewis (1885-)
Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith
- Joseph Crosby Lincoln (1870-)
Cap'n Eri, Galusha the Magnificent
- Jack London (1876-1916)
The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf, White Fang
- Frank Norris (1870-1902)
The Octopus, The Pit
- Ernest Poole (1880-)
The Harbor, His Family
- Herbert Quick (1861-)
Vandemark's Folly
- Booth Tarkington (1869-)
The Gentleman from Indiana, Monsieur Beaucaire, Penrod, The Turmoil
- Edith Wharton (1862-)
The House of Mirth, Ethan Frome, The Age of Innocence, A Son at the Front
- Stewart Edward White (1873)
The Blazed Trail, Gold
- Owen Wister (1860-)
The Virginian

NOTES

JOHN SMITH (1580-1631)

Captain John Smith could probably qualify as the adventurer *par excellence* of the early seventeenth century. Born in the year 1580, he was not sixteen years old when his romantic career had fairly begun. For nine years he served as a professional soldier on the continent of Europe, attaching himself to various leaders, and ultimately finding himself a slave in Constantinople. The account of his escape from his brutal master, whom he killed with a flail, of his wanderings through the wilderness, of further adventures in Africa and on the Atlantic, and of his ultimate return to England in 1604, has the fascination of a mediæval romance, with the added virtue of substantial accuracy.

When the attempt to found an English Colony in Virginia was under way, Smith, scenting possibilities of excitement in a new part of the world, at once joined the movement, and was appointed to the council of the colony. From September 1608 to September 1609 he served as President. In America his genius for hairbreadth escapes did not forsake him, but despite the mishaps attendant upon a life such as his, he found time to do a considerable amount of literary and scientific work, and to administer the affairs of the colony in an able fashion.

The Jamestown colonists were for the most part "gentlemen" of broken fortune, indented laborers, and professional soldiers. It was a miscellaneous crew that Smith sought to

lead: unskilled in manual labor, untutored in the ways of the wilderness, and ill provided with food, the colonists saw their numbers diminish—till after six months only thirty of the original one hundred and five were left alive. That the settlement was not entirely wiped out is due in large measure to Smith's ability and courage.

Smith returned to London in 1609, and in 1613 led an expedition which explored and surveyed the coasts of New England. He returned without the gold which his employers had ordered him to find, but with maps which were to prove of great value. It seems probable that the Separatists would have chosen him to lead the *Mayflower* expedition in 1620, had he been of their religious faith.

The latter years of his life Smith spent in England, writing the many works which attest his ability, energy, and resourcefulness. He died in 1631, leaving no descendants.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best edition of Smith's works is that edited by A. G. Bradley, Edinburgh, 1910. His most important historical works are included in *Original Narratives of Virginia*, ed. L. G. Tyler, N. Y. 1907.

The life of Smith in the *D.N.B.* is succinct and authoritative; A. G. Bradley's *Captain John Smith*, London, 1905, is ampler, and more readable.

NOTES

A TRUE RELATION

1. This document, published in London in 1608, is the earliest extant printed account of the Jamestown colony.

THE GENERAL HISTORIE OF VIRGINIA

4. This is Smith's most pretentious historical work. It was first published in London, in 1624. Here for the first time appears the Pocahontas story, a fact which has led some persons to doubt its authenticity. But it seems probable that the omission of the incident from earlier works by Smith was merely an inadvertence, and that the account here given is substantially true.

"MOURT'S RELATION"

The document usually known by this title was published in London, in 1622, without any indication of authorship. It is known, however, to have been the work of Edward Winslow and William Bradford. As the earliest published account of the settlement at Plymouth, the book would possess a sentimental value even if it had no other. But since it is a vivid and accurate account, written by competent eye-witnesses, of the early days at Plymouth, and since it contains certain information otherwise unavailable, the document assumes a position of unique importance in early American literature.

The signature "G. Mourt," which appears at the close of the "Address to the Reader," has given rise to the commonly accepted title. The text in this volume is based on Henry M. Dexter's edition of the *Relation*, Boston, 1865, which is a good and readily available edition.

NOTES

6. a. 46. In the name of God, Amen. The following articles of agreement, generally known as "The *Mayflower Compact*," formed the fundamental law under which Plymouth governed itself for upwards of half a century.
6. b. 2. The Northerne parts of Virginia. In the seventeenth century the word "Virginia" denoted little more than that part of North America lying between the holdings of Spain in the south and of France in the north. The charter granted in 1606 to the Royal Virginia Company defined the territory as lying between the 34th and 44th parallels of latitude.

WILLIAM BRADFORD (1589-1657)

Bradford's position in American civilization is unique. To him, more surely than to any other one man, was due the success of the Pilgrim experiment at Plymouth. His

energy, foresight, kindliness, firmness, and heroism saved the hundred and two *Mayflower* colonists from disaster. Without Bradford, the chronicle of English settlements in New England would have been a different story.

He was born in 1589, in Yorkshire, of a family which possessed some property, but no particular social standing. In 1606 he felt himself compelled by his conscience to join the Brownists, or Separatists, who were meeting at the home of William Brewster, in Scrooby, Nottinghamshire. Desiring a sort of religious liberty which was not to be had in England at the time, Bradford and his associates considered emigrating to Holland, and by 1609, after various difficulties, found themselves established at Leyden. Here, in 1613, Bradford married Dorothy May, who later accompanied him to New England, only to be tragically drowned in Provincetown harbor while her husband was absent on one of the preliminary exploring trips.

From 1613 to 1620 Bradford fades out of the picture of the Separatist colony in Holland. Others than he were chiefly responsible for organizing the *Mayflower* expedition. But when once the colonists reached New England, Bradford's influence and importance became immediately obvious. John Carver, who had been elected the first governor of the colony, died on April 21, 1621. Bradford was promptly chosen to fill his place, and from that time till his death in May of 1657 was in the governor's chair every year but five. His ability as an administrator was gratefully recognized by his contemporaries. It is almost as obvious to the student who three centuries later turns the pages of his historical work.

Bradford's importance as a man of letters is confined rather sharply to two books: the first half of the so-called *Mourt's Relation*, in which he chronicled events from September 6, 1620, to March 23, 1621; and the history to which he gave no title but *Of Plimoth Plantation*. The latter is one of the most important documents in our early literature, partly because it gives a connected account of the Separatist movement from its origin at the time of the English Reformation to the year 1646, and partly because it is so well written that even if it had no historical significance it would still be a monument in the history of American culture.

It is obvious that Bradford, despite his lack of formal education, was a man of learning and literary skill. He knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; he was well versed in philosophy and theology; and—naturally—was thoroughly familiar with the sonorous cadences of the Bible. When he himself came to write, his sentences shaped themselves more or less after the model of the Biblical form; his own dignity, integrity, and heroic unselfishness lent a character to the narrative which the work of a petty man, however

learned, could never have possessed. The student who becomes familiar with *Of Plimoth Plantation*, will see at first hand the life of the Pilgrim colony; he will also become acquainted with one of the noblest of early American leaders.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. Bradford's *History of Plymouth*—to give it the usual title—is readily available. The earliest complete edition was that prepared by Charles Deane for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and published in 1856 in the *Collections*, Series 4, vol. 3. A more recent edition is that of W. T. Davis, N. Y. 1908, which makes one volume in the series of *Original Narratives of Early American History*, and contains valuable explanatory material. W. C. Ford's two-volume edition, Boston, 1912, is even more elaborate than Deane's in its editorial matter, and contains a biographical memoir.

BIOGRAPHIES. Biographical studies of Bradford are regrettably few. Shepard's *Governor William Bradford and his Son, Major William Bradford*, N. Y. 1900, is the most extensive. A considerable amount of biographical material may be found in the introduction to John A. Doyle's facsimile reproduction of the entire manuscript, London and Boston, 1896, and in Harold Paget's modernization of the *History*, N. Y. 1920.

NOTES

OF PLIMOTH PLANTATION

10. The volume which bears this title was written by Bradford between the years 1630 and 1648. From 1648 to 1767 the manuscript is known to have been in Massachusetts, where it was consulted by various historical writers. Then it disappeared, to be discovered in 1855 in the library of the Bishop of London, at Fulham. At once the Massachusetts Historical Society secured permission to make a copy, and in 1856 published Charles Deane's edition. In 1897 the Bishop of London returned the manuscript to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where it now occupies a place of honor in the State Library.
10. a. 45. These troubles being blowne over. The reference is to the difficulties experienced by the ship *Speedwell*, which had accompanied the *Mayflower* on the first attempt to cross the Atlantic, but had leaked so seriously as to necessitate putting back to port, leaving some passengers behind, and transshipping the rest to the already crowded *Mayflower*.
11. a. 20. Were forced to hull. To run before the wind with the sails furled.
12. a. 8. The apostle and his shipwrecked company. See *Acts* xxxiii.
12. a. 26. Goe up to the tope of Pisgah. A

mountain north-east of the Dead Sea, from one spur of which, Nebo, Moses obtained his view of the land of promise. See *Deuteronomy* xxxiv.

12. b. 15. How the case stood betweene them and the marchants. The Pilgrims, not having enough funds to finance their venture themselves, had been forced to bargain with the London "Merchants Adventurers," who transported them to New England. Payment was to be made after seven years, and was to consist of one half of all the "capitall and profits" of the colony at the end of the period.
12. b. 46. The departure of this ship. The ship *Fortune*, which arrived at Plymouth about the middle of November, 1621, with 35 settlers. Bradford notes, "The plantation was glad of this addition of strength, but could have wished that many of them had been of beter condition, and all of them beter (*sic*) furnished with provisions; but that could not now be helpte."
13. a. 10. The Narigansetts. These particular Indians were to prove troublesome neighbors.
13. b. 40. In the generell way as before. The articles of agreement between the Pilgrims and the Merchants Adventurers had provided that "all profits and benefits that are gott by trade, traffick, trucking, working, fishing, or other means . . . remain in the common stock." It proved impossible to administer affairs on this basis, and Bradford early came to the conclusion that so far as corn, at least, was concerned, each man must plant and cultivate his own.
14. b. 10. Captaine Wollastone. . . . Mr. Morton. For another side of this story, see Morton's account, p. 27 above. Hawthorne's tale, *The Maypole of Merry-mount*, is a modern re-telling of the incident here recorded.
14. b. 31. Selling their time. The "servants" whom Wollaston thus disposed of were indentured laborers, bound to serve for a term of years. He had the right to sell what remained unexpired of the indentured period.
15. a. 42. Sundry rimes and verses. See p. 27, this volume.
15. b. 2. Mr. John Indecott. John Endicott (?1588-1665) appears often in the chronicles of early Massachusetts. His most notorious exploit was the act of cutting the cross from the royal colors. See the selections from Winthrop's *Journal*, p. 23, above. Hawthorne's *Endicott and the Red Cross* is the best-known account of the incident.
16. a. 5. Scruplats to make scrupins. Screw-plates for making screw-pins. The screw-pin controlled the spring in the lock of an old-fashioned fire-arm.

17. b. 15. Mr. Roger Williams. This famous apostle of religious toleration appears often in the early records. See the selections from Williams's own works, p. 31, above.

VERSES DESCRIPTIVE OF NEW ENGLAND

18. "A Descriptive and Historical Account of New England in Verse" is the title prefixed to these lines by Bradford in the *Collections* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, First Series, vol. III, Boston, 1794, pp. 77 ff. The poem is much too long to be reprinted entire.

JOHN WINTHROP (1588-1649)

As Plymouth owed her existence to the notable ability of William Bradford, so Boston, or more properly the Province of Massachusetts Bay, was dependent in considerable measure upon the energy and administrative skill of John Winthrop.

He was born in 1588, in Suffolk, of a good family, and received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge. Marrying in 1605, before a degree had been granted him, he spent the next few years at the home of his wife in Essex. When she died in 1615 he had become a man of considerable property, of respected social position, and of markedly religious propensities. A second wife, whom he married in 1616, lived less than a year. In 1618 he married Margaret Tyndal, who was later to follow him on his great adventure to America.

How Winthrop spent the next few years is not altogether certain, but the study of law must have occupied some of his time, for in 1626 he seems to have been admitted to the Bar, and in 1628 he became a member of the Inner Temple—a fact which is quite properly interpreted as indicating that his emigration to New England was not then in contemplation.

In 1629, however, when Charles I dissolved Parliament, Winthrop began to have acute misgivings concerning the future. "I am verely persuaded God will bring some heavey affliction upon this lande, and that speedilye," he wrote to his wife; and again, "Evil times are coming, when the church must fly to the wilderness." In August of the same year he was one of twelve who signed an agreement to emigrate to New England, provided the government of the proposed colony could be legally established in America. On the 29th of March, 1630, bearing the Royal Charter made out in the name of "The Governor and the Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," and having been already elected first governor of the new colony, Winthrop boarded the *Arbella*, flagship of his squadron of six vessels, and began the voyage to the new land.

When Winthrop and his associates were finally established at Boston, the colony became at once the most important center of English civilization in America. Many of the emigrants were, like Winthrop, University men; some were men of considerable property. Stern and uncompromising in their Calvinistic Puritanism, admitting no one to the suffrage who was not a church-member, and becoming in some ways as intolerant as the Stuart monarch whose tyranny they hoped to escape, these leaders of the colony were nevertheless able administrators, skilful business men, and farsighted, constructive statesmen. They established a system of popular education from which the entire American public school system has descended; within six years of landing at Boston they founded Harvard College; they laid the foundations for representative government; they enforced the laws, and promoted the worship of that Creator under whose special guidance they felt themselves to be.

The obvious faults of Winthrop and his associates—intolerance, narrowness of spiritual outlook, cruelty in their dealings with Indians and Quakers, superstition—these were faults which it was inevitable that time should ameliorate or remove. Their virtues were of the primary sort without which early American society would have disintegrated and disappeared.

For nearly nineteen years Winthrop lived at Boston, and was intimately connected with the government during the entire time. As Governor, Deputy-Governor, or member of the Council, he was one of the small group in whose keeping rested the future of the colony. His death in 1649 removed from Massachusetts her foremost citizen.

Winthrop's *Journal*, which constitutes his chief claim to inclusion in a volume like the present, is a simple record of events, beginning with the embarkation at Cowes, in March, 1630, and ending with an entry for January 11, 1649, only two and one half months before Winthrop's death. The work lacks the coherence of Bradford's history of Plymouth; stylistically, it is far inferior to that document. But as a first-hand account of the early years at Boston, as a self-portrait of one of America's great men, and as an intimate revelation of the soul of the Puritan, the *Journal* can hardly be said to have a peer.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. The first complete edition of the *Journal* was that of James Savage, Boston, 1825-26, revised and reprinted in 1853. Savage had access to the three original notebooks in Winthrop's own hand. The second of these was burned shortly after Savage made his copy. Consequently the best recent edition, that edited by J. K. Hosmer, N. Y.

1908, is based on the Savage of 1853. Inasmuch as Savage modernized the spelling, and expanded Winthrop's abbreviations, the selections in the present volume differ markedly as regards language from those, say, by Bradford, who was writing at the same time.

BIOGRAPHIES. The best sources of biographical information, aside from the *Journal* itself, are R. C. Winthrop's *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, Boston, 1863, and J. H. Twichell's *John Winthrop, First Governor of Massachusetts*, N. Y. 1892. *Some Old Puritan Love-Letters*, ed. J. H. Twichell, N. Y. 1893, shows a side of Winthrop's character that does not appear in his more formal work. Volumes 6 and 7, Series IV, Massachusetts Historical Society's *Collections*, contain a large number of letters by Winthrop and his contemporaries.

NOTES

THE JOURNAL

20. a. 28. **Thomas Morton.** Another reference to the notorious trouble-maker at Merrymount. See Bradford's references to him, p. 14, above, and his own account, p. 27, above.
21. a. 38. **To come to a killock.** To anchor, using a heavy rock instead of an anchor.
22. a. 45. **Snake-weed.** A plant, still known in some places by this name, which was supposed to be a specific for the bite of venomous snakes.
23. b. 27. **The ensign at Salem was defaced.** John Endicott's most famous exploit—the act of cutting the cross from the royal colors—occasioned his contemporaries much alarm. They sympathized with his anti-papal prejudices, but did not wish the colonists to appear as rebels against the crown. See Hawthorne's story, *Endicott and the Red Cross*, p. 367, above.
24. a. 5. **Being criminally accused.** The record of Winthrop's trial on the charge of having exceeded his legal powers, and of acting in a tyrannical and oppressive manner, is one of the most significant entries in the *Journal*. Here is clear indication of the growth of a democratic spirit with which the Puritan establishment was out of sympathy. To be sure, the verdict of the court, which acquitted Winthrop, and fined his principal accusers, shows that the protestors were still powerless to effect any real change in the social or legal order; the fact that they dared protest, and summon a man of Winthrop's position to trial, is indicative of the unrest that later was to modify the entire order of things in America.

THOMAS MORTON (?-1646)

When Thomas Morton published his *New English Canaan* (Amsterdam, 1637), he not only set forth his side of a famous quarrel, but also gave evidence of being a man of some wit and humor. He was an English lawyer, of dubious reputation, who first visited New England in 1622, and returned three years later as a member of Wollaston's adventurous company. Settling at what is now Braintree, Massachusetts, Wollaston soon left for Virginia (see Bradford's remarks, p. 14, above), and Morton became the leader of the new community. Both his character and conduct were offensive to his neighbors at Plymouth; the erection of a May-pole, in the spring of 1627, was a direct challenge to them. Much more serious than this, however, was the fact that Morton was suspected of furnishing the Indians with powder and muskets.

This last offence was more than the Pilgrim temper could endure. An expedition was fitted out under the leadership of Miles Standish, and after a sort of opera-bouffe skirmish, Morton was led away in chains, and the main dwelling house of the settlement destroyed. The May-pole was later cut down by John Endicott. Hawthorne's account, in *The May-pole of Merrymount*, makes the whole matter sufficiently vivid, though the details are more inaccurate than is usual with Hawthorne.

During the remainder of Morton's life his career was that of an unprincipled adventurer and trouble-maker, and is uninteresting so far as American literature is concerned. He died in destitution in 1646.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The New English Canaan, originally published in Amsterdam in 1637, is available in a modern reprint edited by Charles F. Adams, and published in 1888 by the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

NOTES

THE NEW ENGLISH CANAAN

26. b. 25. **Non nobis solum nati sunt**, etc. Not for ourselves alone are we born; but the fatherland, our parents, and our friends severally claim us.
28. b. 32. **To give them a slip instead of a tester.** There is a pun here. "To give them a slip" means, in this context, to escape from them. *Slip* also means a bedspread, and *tester* means a canopy covering a high "four-poster" bed.

THE "BAY PSALM BOOK"

The first book printed in America, entitled *The Whole Booke of Psalmes, Faithfully Translated into English Metre*, appeared in Boston in 1640. It was the work

of a committee of ministers, of whom Richard Mather, John Eliot, and Thomas Welde were the most influential. The immediate occasion of the publication was the desire, on the part of the Puritan churches, for a metrical translation of the Psalms, adapted for singing, and more literal than that currently in use. It shortly became known by the title commonly given it to-day, and remained the most popular hymn-book in America till the *Psalms* and *Hymns* of Isaac Watts supplanted it a century later.

Though the versification often appears crude and harsh, there is a dignity about the work which redeems it from commonplaceness; and occasionally, as in the version of the 121st Psalm, the translation rises to heights not often surpassed in early American religious verse.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Copies of the original edition of the *Whole Booke of Psalmes* are today exceedingly rare. Fortunately a facsimile reprint, edited by Wilberforce Eames, N. Y. 1903, for the New England Society, is available in most large libraries.

ROGER WILLIAMS (?1604-1683)

The name of Roger Williams inevitably calls to mind the most outspoken attempt made during the early years of Puritan civilization in America to mellow the sternness of the dominant régime, and especially to popularize a more tolerant attitude towards persons who differed from the majority on matters of conscience. Bradford makes note of Williams in his *History*, and Winthrop records the vote of banishment passed against him. Neither man, however, understood the significance of Williams's protest, or anticipated the fame that would come to him as a result of his opposition to the Puritan régime.

He was born in London, just when is uncertain, but between 1599 and 1604. Educated at the Charterhouse School and Cambridge University, he took orders, and in 1629 was holding a chaplaincy in Essex. In February of 1631, however, he landed at Boston, and soon was established as "Teacher" of the church at Salem. A short residence at Plymouth followed before he returned to Salem, where he soon found himself in disfavor with the authorities because of his opposition to their methods of dealing with the Indians, and his outspoken arguments in favor of religious toleration. Banished from the colony in 1635, he fled to what is now Rhode Island, where he established a new settlement, which he hoped would be a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

It was in part at least due to his influence

that when the Pequot War broke out in 1636 the Narragansett Indians remained friendly to the whites and gave them valuable aid. Of his many activities in promoting the welfare of the Rhode Island settlement, this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that he stood in much the same relation to it that Bradford and Winthrop assumed towards Plymouth and Boston. His fame, however, is due neither to his administrative ability nor to his work among the Indians, whose friendship he won, and for whose language he prepared a dictionary. He lives rather on account of his "liberalism," his opposition to that intolerance which was the most unlovely element in the older Puritanism. His death took place early in 1684.

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The only collected edition of Williams's work is that published by The Narragansett Club, Providence, 1866-1874. Biographical and critical studies are numerous. J. R. Lowell's "New England Two Centuries Ago," in *Among my Books*, is a vivid reconstruction of the age in which Williams lived. More formal in their treatment are R. A. Gould's *Roger Williams, Freeman of Massachusetts*, Worcester, 1888; Oscar Strauss's *Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty*, N. Y. 1894, and E. J. Carpenter's *Roger Williams*, N. Y. 1909. The last is the most complete biography available today.

NOTES

THE BLOODY TENENT OF PERSECUTION

31. This most famous of Williams's controversial writings appeared in 1644. Its origin can be traced to a "Letter" written by a prisoner in Newgate, of which John Cotton, the leading Puritan minister in Boston, had received a copy. This letter Williams summarizes in his Preface to *The Bloody Tenent*. Cotton's reply to the letter is also summarized under the title, "The Reply of Mr. John Cotton." Then follows the main body of Williams's work, cast in the form of a dialogue between Truth and Peace. Enough is given here to shown the general drift of the whole.

NATHANIEL WARD (1578-1652)

The author of *The Simple Cobler of Agawam* was one of the few persons of influence who, after some years of life in Massachusetts, returned to England. He first came to America in 1634, when he was fifty-six years old. He had graduated from Cambridge University, studied law and theology, and served as a priest of the English church, but had come into conflict with Archbishop Laud on account of his Puritanical opinions.

For a short time after reaching Massachusetts, till his failing health compelled him to resign, he was minister of the church at Ipswich; after giving up this position in 1636 he remained in the new colony till 1646, and became a person of considerable influence with the governing minority. He had a large hand in framing the *Body of Liberties* adopted by the General Court in 1641, and served on the committee that revised all the laws of the colony in 1645. In 1646 he returned to England, where he served in the church till his death in 1652. His best-known work, *The Simple Cöbler of Aggawam* (London, 1647), is primarily one of the counter-blasts to the attacks which were already being made upon the Puritan régime in America.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best available edition of the *Cöbler* is that published at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1906, by the Ipswich Historical Society. J. W. Dean's *A Memoir of the Rev. Nathaniel Ward*, Albany, 1868, is the best biography, though unfortunately rare.

NOTES

THE SIMPLE CÖBLER

37. *a.* 22. True religion is Ignis probationis, etc. True religion is a testing fire, which doth gather together the like, and separate the unlike.
37. *b.* 14. The Jannes and the Jambres. See 2 *Timothy* iii, 8.
- b.* 20. Nullum Malum, etc. No evil is worse than liberty to err.
38. *a.* 13. Ridentem dicere verum, etc. What prohibits a laughing man from speaking the truth?
39. *a.* 49. Le Roy le veult, . . . les Seigneurs . . . assensus. Phrases used, respectively, to indicate that the King has accepted a bill passed by Parliament, that the Lords have passed a bill, and that the Commons have passed a bill.

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672)

Among the passengers in the *Arbella*, flagship of the squadron which in 1630 brought "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay" to Boston, were Thomas Dudley, Simon Bradstreet, and the latter's eighteen-year-old bride, Anne Dudley Bradstreet. Thomas Dudley, the father of the poetess, later became Governor of the colony; so did her husband. It is obvious, then, that Mistress Anne Bradstreet represented the best of the early New England stock.

From 1638 till her death in 1672 Mrs. Bradstreet was a prolific writer of verse, some of which, after having long circulated in manuscript, was published in 1650, in Lon-

don, as the work of "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." A second edition, appearing in 1678, contained several additional poems. The nature of her poetical work appears from the selections here reprinted. A certain fluent accuracy, an occasional suggestion that she had the poet's vision and a modest share of the poet's imagination, a sincerity which her affectation of learning does not wholly conceal—these are her best qualities. That she had great ability, no one would contend. But she took her art seriously—perhaps too seriously—and did better work than any one of her day in America.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Two modern editions of Mrs. Bradstreet's works are *The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse*, ed. J. H. Ellis, Charlestown, 1867, and *The Poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet*, with an introduction by C. E. Norton, Boston, 1897. The best biographical study is Helen Campbell's *Anne Bradstreet and her Time*, Boston, 1891.

NOTES

THE PROLOGUE

40. 8. Great Bartas' sugared lines. Guillaume du Bartas (1544-1590), a French poet, was especially regarded in America for his *La Creation*.
33. Calliope's own child. Calliope was the Muse of epic poetry.

TO MY DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND

47. The poetical epistles were written in 1661, while her husband was in England.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631-1705)

When Wigglesworth's parents brought him to New England in 1638, a lad of seven years, they could hardly have dreamed that he was to become the most popular American poet of the century, and one of the most influential theologians. They had in mind sending him to Harvard College, and fitting him for the practice of medicine—an art of which the new colony stood in great need. He did indeed study medicine, but the years following his graduation from Harvard in 1651 saw him more concerned with theology than with surgery, and in 1656 he was installed as minister of the church at Malden, where he lived and labored till his death in 1705. He never abandoned his interest in medicine, however, and ultimately became well known as a physician. His epigraph, probably written by Cotton Mather, makes no reference to his pastoral work, but refers particularly to the fact that

Once his rare skill did all diseases heal;
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.

It was his work as poet, however, that made him known up and down the length of Puritan America, and even brought him some fame in England. In 1662 he published *The Day of Doom, or, a Poetical Description of the Last Judgment*. The nature of the work is adequately represented by the selections in the present volume; its length—two hundred and twenty-four eight-line stanzas—is as astonishing as its popularity.

To account for the undoubted popularity which the poem attained, it is necessary to keep two things clearly in mind. In the first place, *The Day of Doom* was exactly in tune with the Calvinistic theology of the day and place for which it was written. Here was the essence of the grim faith of Winthrop and the Mathers; here was a vivid exposition of the doctrines of Original Sin and Election, the corner-stones of the Calvinistic edifice; here too was a lurid, concrete picturing of that day of judgment to which the Puritan looked forward with mingled terror and joy. In the second place, it was written in fluent, readable, easily remembered verse, in a measure made familiar by the *Whole Booke of Psalmes*, and indeed, popularized long before that work by the stirring ballads which were part of the traditional literature of the English race. Even in Puritan New England poetry had not wholly lost its appeal. The result of Wigglesworth's timely combination of poetry and theology was to give him a fame and influence beyond that of any American versifier of his generation.

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The Day of Doom is perhaps most easily available in W. H. Burr's modernized reprinting of the 1662 edition, N. Y. 1867. This contains Wigglesworth's own autobiographical sketch, and a brief but adequate memoir. J. W. Dean's *Memoir of Reverend Michael Wigglesworth*, Albany, 1871, is more detailed, but very rare, as only fifty copies were printed.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Many accounts of the hardships endured by early settlers who fell into the hands of their Indian foes are available today, but none is more graphic than that written by the wife of the minister of the church at Lancaster, Massachusetts, who was taken prisoner in February, 1676, in a raid that was part of the general uprising known as King Philip's War. As an actual first-hand record the chronicle is invaluable; it is almost as significant as an indication of one phase of the Puritan temper, and of the way a devout woman found in her sufferings only

added proofs of God's goodness. The title of the second edition is significant in this latter respect: *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises Displayed; Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*. The date of the first edition of this journal is uncertain, as are the dates of Mrs. Rowlandson's birth and death.

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The *Narrative* was reprinted many times between 1770 and 1830, and some of these editions are to be found in most large libraries. The best available text today is the facsimile of the 1682 edition, published in 1903 at Lancaster, and edited by H. S. Nourse and J. E. Thayer. No adequate biographical treatment of Mrs. Rowlandson is in existence.

INCREASE MATHER (1639-1723)

Mather was the first American leader of distinction to be born in the new country; he was the first American scholar to go abroad, after graduating from Harvard, for further study in the Old World; twice he was President of Harvard; he was the first American to be entrusted with an important diplomatic mission at a European court; he was a preacher of great ability and influence; he was the father of Cotton Mather. Taken all in all, his work marked him as "the most powerful man in all that part of the world"—to quote Tyler's characterization of him.

He was born in Dorchester, in June, 1639, the son of Richard Mather, whose fame as a preacher was augmented by the acclaim that came to him as chief compiler of the *Bay Psalm Book*. Graduating from Harvard in 1656, he soon went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he received his Master of Arts degree in 1658. Three years later he was back in Massachusetts, and in 1664 began what was to prove a life-long pastorate in the Second Church of Boston. He early made himself one of the leaders in the colony, and throughout the political disputes that kept Massachusetts as well as England in turmoil and trepidation, Mather's influence was as great as that of any single person. When in 1683 the king tried to recover the charter of Massachusetts, Mather urged the colonists not to submit. In 1688 he went to London to represent the colony at court. Several times he had audiences with James II, but was unable to prevent the abrogation of the charter. When William and Mary came to the throne, Mather presented the cause of Massachusetts directly to William himself, and in 1691, largely on account of Mather's representations, a new charter was granted, by which Plymouth

and Massachusetts Bay were united into one virtually self-governing colony. This great accomplishment effected, Mather returned to Boston in May of 1692.

At once he became embroiled in the witchcraft affair that made 1692 and 1693 so dolorously memorable. When the trouble had passed, and the great jail delivery had released the prisoners, Mather found himself losing power. The forces of liberalism were steadily growing in strength, and Mather was compelled to watch the gradual encroachments of a new order. With his brilliant son Cotton, he was pushed to one side, and, saddened by a change that he was powerless to prevent, he spent his last years in preaching. He died in August, 1723.

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EDITIONS. Aside from the many printed sermons and addresses, which evidence Mather's contemporary fame, his chief work as a man of letters is to be found in the so-called *History of King Philip's War* (1676), available in S. G. Drake's London reprint (1862), and in the *Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences*, published in 1684, and available in 1856 and 1890 London reprints, from which a representative selection appears in this volume. The *Further Account of the Tryals of the New England Witches*, only a part of which seems to have been written by Mather, is included in the 1862 London edition of Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World*. The Massachusetts Historical Society has published a volume of Mather's letters, *Collections*, fourth series, vol. 8.

BIOGRAPHIES. The only biographical and critical treatment of Mather that is in any way adequate is Kenneth B. Murdock's *Increase Mather*, Cambridge, 1925. This is an admirable study not only of Mather himself, but of the times in which he lived, and should be read by any one interested in the history of early New England. The "Modernist" may find it too sympathetic with a point of view which it is today fashionable—in some quarters—to ridicule; but the scholar will delight in the exactness of its information and the amplitude of its range.

NOTES

DISCOURSE CONCERNING PRAYER

58. b. 18. *Feriendi licentiam petit*, etc. He who made Moses sought from Moses leave to smite him.
b. 30. *Homine probò*, etc. Nothing is more powerful than a just man praying.

SAMUEL SEWALL (1652-1730)

Sewall's position in America is much like that of his contemporary Pepys in England. Both were busy men of affairs, keenly ob-

servant of all that was happening around them, and placed by their fellows in positions of responsibility, where they discharged their obligations with great credit to themselves and profit to their countries. But both would have been forgotten, save by particular students, had they not written voluminous diaries, which have proved to be among the most readable documents in the "personal" literature of their race.

Sewall was born at Horton, England, in 1652, and was taken to America in 1661. A few years later he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1671. He then began the study of theology, was elected to a resident fellowship at Harvard, and in 1674 became the college librarian. Leaving academic life soon thereafter, he turned his energies to business, and before long established himself as one of the leading traders and merchants of the growing colony. At the same time his abilities were so generally recognized that he was forced into public office, first as member of the Board of Assistants (1684-1686), and from 1692 to 1728 as judge of the Supreme Court of the colony. During the last ten years of this term he was Chief Justice, and from 1715 to 1728 was also Probate Judge for Suffolk County.

Sewall's most notorious connection with the Massachusetts Bar came during the troublesome year 1693, when he was appointed a member of the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer, organized to try persons accused of witchcraft. He concurred in sentencing nineteen persons to be hanged, and at the time was convinced of the entire rectitude of all the proceedings. Later, however, he had serious misgivings, and in December, 1696, did public penance for his error (see entry in his diary, "Copy of the Bill," etc. p. 64, this volume).

Though Sewall wrote but little that was intended for publication, his pamphlet, *The Selling of Joseph, a Memorial*, (1700) deserves mention as one of the earliest anti-slavery documents in America. His fame, however, rests on the *Diary*, which, when finally printed, proved far more interesting than most of the ostensible "literature" of the period. He died in Boston on January 1, 1730, respected and beloved by the entire colony.

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Both Sewall's *Diary* and *Letter-Book* have been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, the former in the *Collections*, Series V, vols. 5, 6, 7, Boston, 1877-1882; the latter in the *Collections*, Series VI, vols. 5, 6, Boston, 1886. There is no good life of Sewall in existence, but from the *Letter-Book* and *Diary* the student can glean most of the important facts concerning him. On the general condition of New England during Sewall's life, see Kenneth Murdock's *Increase Mather*, Cambridge, 1925.

NOTES

THE LETTER-BOOK

60. As indicative of Sewall's varied interests, as well as of the condition of the colony at the time, these selections from Sewall's *Letter-Book* seem well worthy of reproduction.

Sailing Orders

This is a characteristic Sewall document: a mingling of good business sense and sincere piety.

Letter to Ezekiel Cheever

Addressed to Cheever and Nathaniel Williams, well-known schoolmasters of Boston.

Letter to Henry Flint

Probably the Flint who was tutor at Harvard from 1699-1754. See Sewall's *Diary* for August 26, 1708, p. 65 above.

Letter to Samuel Storke

61. Sewall's daughter Judith was about to be married. In this letter, with the accompanying "memoranda," her father orders that part of her trousseau which it was apparently impossible to secure in Boston.

Letter to Samuel Mather

This letter to one of Increase Mather's sons, who had settled as Presbyterian minister at Witney, Oxfordshire, shows the author in his most genial mood. Sewall had gone to England in 1688, when Increase Mather was trying to secure a new charter for the colony. There he had met Samuel; and now, forty years later, he still has in mind the pleasant incidents of that visit. "The Reverend Mr. Samuel Mather of Windsor," referred to in a. 30, p. 62, was the Congregational minister at Windsor, Connecticut. He and Sewall had been classmates at Harvard, both graduating in 1671.

THE DIARY

- C2. The selections here reprinted are based upon the Massachusetts Historical Society's edition, referred to above. It is obviously impossible in this place to explain all of Sewall's references to persons and events. The student who wishes to check up on all the facts will turn to the notes and other explanatory matter in the complete *Diary*, where he will find but little left unanswered.
- b. 9. **A female Quaker.** Such an entry suggests that the Massachusetts authorities had some provocation for the stern measures they adopted towards the Quakers.

63. b. 11. **George Burrough.** This record of the most famous of the witchcraft executions is interesting in view of Sewall's own part in the matter.
- b. 27. **Giles Corey.** Corey, after having pleaded "not guilty," "refused to put himself upon his trial," and was executed in the barbarous fashion provided by English common law for such persons as "stood mute." His wife Martha was hanged as a witch at the same time.
64. a. 44. **Josiah Willard . . . put on a wigg.** A casual reference to one of Sewall's particular aversions.
65. a. 13. **Mr. Henry Flint.** See Sewall's letter to Flint, p. 60, above.
- b. 25. **I went to Madam Winthrop's.** Sewall's account of his courtship of Madame Winthrop is the most remarkable feature in the entire *Diary*.
69. b. 49. **This . . . daughter of musick.** For many years Sewall was precentor in the church at Boston.
70. b. 17. **I had moved to be published.** Had requested permission to publish the banns of marriage.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728)

The story of Cotton Mather's life has virtually no parallel among the biographies of American leaders. It is a story of devotion to a cause which Time and Fate had destined to be a losing cause; a story of unceasing and unselfish labor; of enormous productivity in that field of letters in which Mather was interested; of widespread interest in civic and scientific as well as in religious affairs; a story of a life made happy by great accomplishments, and saddened by bitter disappointment and tragic loss.

He was born in Boston, on February 12, 1663, the grandson of two of the colony's most distinguished ministers, John Cotton and Richard Mather, and the son of Increase Mather, to whom Massachusetts was to owe as much as to any of her early citizens. The records of his boyhood show him to have been a lad precocious beyond even the normal precocity of his family. He graduated from Harvard in 1678, and three years later took his master's degree, having chosen to write his thesis on the subject, "The Hebrew vowels are of divine origin." (See the selections from his *Diary* printed in this volume.)

The close of the same year saw him installed as assistant to his father, the minister of the Second Church of Boston, which was already the largest and most influential church in the colony. Seven years later, when his father went to England, the younger man became the active head of the parish, in which capacity he served till his death in 1728.

The intensity of the young man's spiritual life is attested by the many records of

fasts, of trances, of ecstatic moments of vision and supernatural communion, which make his *Diary* more than an ordinary record of events. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Mather convinced that the witchcraft outbreak of 1692 was a direct visitation of Satan's malign power. Believing this, it was inevitable that he should turn all his ability to the task of defeating the onslaught of the arch-enemy. He was by this time probably the most influential person in Massachusetts. The special court appointed to deal with witchcraft sought his advice, and it is clear that he advocated a policy of root and branch extirpation, though he says in his *Diary* that he was not in favor of conviction upon "spectral representation." His notable work, *Wonders of the Invisible World*, published in 1693, at a time when the colony was doubting the sanity of further prosecutions, was essentially an attempt to justify his actions in the premises, and to show how clear was the evidence for diabolical persecution through the agency of witches.

When the trouble died away, Mather found himself opposed by the more liberal among the Puritans of Boston. He was twice passed by in favor of less orthodox candidates for the Presidency of Harvard, and though he had been chosen a Fellow of the college as early as 1690, he never realized his ambition of succeeding his father in the President's chair. In 1697 he completed his largest single work, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, an attempt to justify the old order which was passing, and to convince his readers of the necessity of maintaining the Puritan theocracy unmodified. When, about the turn of the century, Harvard passed definitely into the control of the liberals, Mather began the planning which was to result a little later in the establishment of Yale College.

Mather's work as minister and writer occupied his best energies during his entire life. He found time, nevertheless, for much medical and scientific investigation, with the result that in 1713 he received notice of his impending election as Fellow of the Royal Society of England. In 1721 he vigorously urged the desirability of inoculation against smallpox—with results which entries in the *Diary* make clear were not entirely favorable to himself. He was an old man by this time; but despite his advancing years, and despite the heavier burdens laid upon him by the death of his wife Abigail in 1702, the insanity of the wife whom he married in 1715, after a second had followed the first to the grave, and the deaths of thirteen of his fifteen children, he kept himself steadily at work till the end in 1728.

Mather's enemies and critics—and there have been many of them—have not failed to point out that he was tyrannical and intolerant, vain, pedantic, and superstitious.

They have—with some justice—represented him as an opponent of that spiritual enfranchisement which Massachusetts was destined to enjoy despite all attempts at resistance. But when the final balance is cast these shortcomings of Mather's pale beside his many and varied accomplishments. He was a faithful, beloved, and successful minister of a large church; he was a learned and indefatigable writer and student; he was an early advocate of temperance, of missionary activity, and of popular education. Above all he was a sturdy warrior in the old conflict between the forces of light and the many powers that make for darkness. That he erred, as Jonathan Edwards was to err half a century later, in trying to maintain a theocracy when the people no longer would tolerate a theocracy, detracts only slightly from the magnificence of his unselfish attempt.

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Of the nearly five hundred published works credited to Cotton Mather, only three will concern the average student. The *Wonders of the Invisible World* is best available in the 1862 London edition, published by J. R. Smith as one item in the *Library of Old Authors*. The *Magnalia Christi Americana*, first published in London in 1702, has not been reprinted since a two volume edition appeared at Hartford, Connecticut, 1853-1855, with editorial and biographical material by T. Robbins, L. F. Robinson, and others. The *Diary* has been edited by Worthington C. Ford, for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and published as volumes 7 and 8, seventh series, of the Society's *Collections*. In connection with a study of the *Diary*, Charles Deane's "The light shed upon Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* by his *Diary*," *Proceedings*, Mass. Hist. Soc., VI, 404-414, is interesting. Further, Kenneth B. Murdock's *Selections from the Works of Cotton Mather*, N. Y. 1925, the only recent edition of Mather's most significant prose, should be available to every student of the period. The reader who finds himself desirous of learning more about the witchcraft disturbance, will consult C. W. Upham's *Salem Witchcraft*, 2 vols, Boston, 1867; W. F. Poole's "Cotton Mather and Salem Witchcraft," *No. Amer. Rev.*, cviii, 337-397; and the *Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases*, ed. G. L. Burr, N. Y. 1914.

The only good life of Mather is Barrett Wendell's *Cotton Mather, the Puritan Priest*, N. Y. 1891, 1925.

NOTES

THE DIARY

The selections here printed are based on Ford's edition, referred to above. The student who would understand the Puri-

tan temper, or the spiritual condition of early Massachusetts, or Mather himself, will find the entire work a treasure-trove of information.

71. a. 45. **The Divels, in a most preternatural manner.** In view of Mather's later connection with the witchcraft agitation, this entry in his *Diary* is of unusual interest.

b. 2. **The visions of the afflicted . . . spectral representation.** One of the moot points in witchcraft cases was whether a person should be condemned upon "spectral evidence," i.e., upon the statement of a sufferer that his torments were caused by the spectre, or shape, of the witch on trial. It was common for persons to testify that "the shape of so-and-so afflicted me," or that "the spectre of so-and-so flew in at my window." Though Mather says that he "ever testified against" accepting spectral evidence, the plain fact is that much of the evidence presented in witchcraft cases was of this nature, and was admitted as valid by the court.

72. a. 11. **A very likely Slave.** This casual entry indicates that slavery was not only a legal but a perfectly respectable institution.

a. 18. **Isaac Watts.** Isaac Watts (1674-1748) is best known as the author of a large number of church hymns still in very general use. His *Hymns* appeared in 1701, and his *Psalms of David* in 1719.

a. 32. **The author of the Spectator.** The reference, of course, is to the English journal, and Joseph Addison. Such an entry has its value as showing both the extent of Addison's influence and the wideness of Mather's own interests.

a. 48. **A Fellow of the Royal Society.** Mather's actual election did not take place till April 11, 1723.

73. a. 8. **Inoculation.** The devastating nature of the early smallpox epidemics is known to all readers of colonial records. Mather, who was a student of medicine as well as of theology, was strongly in favor of inoculation, an old-world anticipation of vaccination. Some such practice had been successful in Africa and in parts of Europe; Mather did his best to popularize it in America, and performed the operation, successfully, upon several persons. But the bulk of public opinion was against him.

THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD

This work is a compound of fact, imagination, superstition, and bigotry—in just what proportions it is now impossible to determine. Before dismissing it all as nonsense, however, the student should read the essay, "Were the Salem witches

guiltless?" in Barrett Wendell's volume, *Stelligeri and other Essays*.

b. 45. **The shape of the prisoner.** A characteristic piece of "spectral evidence."

MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA

77. The first edition of Mather's largest single work came out in London, in 1702. It had been in process of preparation since 1693, and had been virtually completed in 1697. Superficially, it is an historical treatise, and as such, it possesses a considerable value. But Mather wrote it with a propagandist's as well as an historian's enthusiasm. Fundamentally, the book was Mather's great attempt to justify the Puritan theocracy in New England. Fully to appreciate the way in which he labored to effect this justification, one must examine a copy of the work at first hand. The excerpts here reprinted are based on the American edition of 1855, published at Hartford by Silas Andrus and Company, and edited by various persons.

The Bostonian Ebenezer

This early pamphlet on temperance is part of section 5 of the Appendix to Book I of the *Magnalia*.

The Life of Mr. Thomas Hooker

78. This selection forms part of the Appendix to the first part of Book III. Thomas Hooker (1586-1647) was one of the ablest of the early colonial ministers. At the time of his death he was minister of the church at Hartford.

The Life of Mr. Ralph Partridge

79. This constitutes Chapter 11 of Book III. It is reprinted entire, and shows Mather's fondness for puns as well as for more solid matter. Partridge was minister at Duxbury.

The Life of Mr. John Eliot

80. So important was Eliot's work, that Mather gave the entire third section of Book III to an account of his life and accomplishment. Part III of this exhaustive account is entitled "Eliot as Evangelist." John Eliot (1604-1690), the "Apostle to the Indians," came to New England in 1631, and settled as minister of the church at Roxbury. He was one of the compilers of the *Bay Psalm Book*, but his chief work was the translation of the entire Bible into the language of the Massachusetts Indians. Completed in 1658, the translation was not entirely in print till 1685.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

No selection of early American Literature would be complete without excerpts from the most famous school-book issued in the new world, the *New England Primer*. Published first ca. 1690, the *Primer* remained a general favorite till 1830, by which time probably six million copies had been brought out. As one edition after another appeared, it was inevitable that minor alterations should be made; but during the entire hundred and forty years the essential nature of the book remained the same. To call these crude verses and A-B-C rimes poetry, would be to overstate the case lamentably. Yet as a document in the history of American culture the *Primer* has far more importance than many a work which possessed greater intrinsic merit.

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For bibliographical information the student should consult Charles F. Heartman's *The New England Primers issued prior to 1830*, N. Y. 1922. The selections in this volume are from an undated copy which was probably issued shortly after the Revolutionary War. The frontispiece is a crude wood-cut of Washington.

SARAH KEMBLE KNIGHT (1666-1727)

Had Mrs. Sarah Kemble Knight not written her *Journal*, her claim to the gratitude of posterity would have rested largely upon the fact that she served as school-mistress to Samuel Mather and Benjamin Franklin, both of whom, as lads in Boston, learned the three R's before her desk. But the publication of her account of a trip from Boston to New York, and back to Boston, a trip she made late in 1704 and early in 1705, took her out of the catalogue of school ma'ams, and put her very definitely in the relatively brief list of persons who in old New England both knew how to write and found obvious pleasure in practising the art.

She was born in Boston, in 1666, the daughter of Captain Thomas Kemble, a mariner who once at least felt the sting of Puritan discipline when he was confined for two hours in the stocks, fit punishment for the "lewd and unseemly" act of kissing his wife in public after returning from a three years' cruise at sea. She married Richard Knight, also a Bostonian, who may—or may not—have been dead when she made her adventurous trip to Manhattan Island. That she was a widow shortly thereafter is sure. When she returned from New York she opened a school in Boston; not long afterwards she was mistress of an inn in New London, Connecticut. Here she died in 1727. Her humour, geniality, and pleasantly objec-

tive way of taking what fate sent without seeking to find the hand of God in every incident, strike a new note in Puritan New England—even the New England of 1725.

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The *Journal* was first published in 1825, by T. Dwight, who had access to the original manuscript. It has been twice reprinted since then, in 1865 at Albany, and in 1901 at Norwich, Connecticut. No adequate biographical treatment of Mrs. Knight has yet appeared.

JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758)

Edwards' claim to distinction is at least three-fold: He was a master of English prose, able to write in such a vigorous, clear, and moving fashion, that in comparison with him most other early American writers seem turgid and inept; he was one of the greatest preachers who have ever spoken the English tongue; he was one of the few Americans who have made any significant contribution to the philosophical thinking of the modern world. On any one of these three counts he would be entitled to a high place among the writers included in the present volume.

The bare facts of his life are easily stated. Born in 1703, in East Windsor, Connecticut, he had the good fortune to come of a family already distinguished for its probity of life and intellectual attainments. The son and grandson of New England ministers, he early decided upon the same career for himself, and at an age when most boys are busy only about the recreations of youth, Edwards was studying philosophy and theology. When he graduated from Yale College in 1720 he had already been recognized as a man of brilliant promise; after two years of further study, and a brief pastorate in New York, he was called back to Yale as a tutor, where he remained till 1727.

This last year saw the beginning of Edwards' significant work in the pulpit. His grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, was minister of the church at Northampton, one of the most influential churches in New England outside of Boston. An old man, and wishing to retire, he secured the election of Edwards as associate pastor; two years later the young man found himself in sole charge of a large and growing parish. Here he was to win his great fame as a preacher; here too he suffered the defeat which cast a shadow over the latter years of his life.

Sternly consistent in his Calvinistic theology, Edwards made it his first task to preach what he called the "pleasant, bright, and sweet" doctrine of damnation. Holding up before his congregation prospects of an eternity in hell fire such as the selections in this volume make amply vivid, he had the satis-

faction of seeing the congregation grow in numbers as well as in ardor of devotion. He was sought after as visiting preacher by many churches; wherever he went the people who crowded to hear him shuddered, and wept, and besought him to speak again. To be sure, his acceptance of the doctrine of "Election" made it incumbent on him to temper his presentation of hell with an occasional picturing of the chance of salvation; the sermon, "Great Guilt no Obstacle to Pardon," is an illustration of this phase of Edwards' preaching. On the whole, however, he spent more time convincing people of the wrath of God than in holding out hope of His mercy.

By 1738-39 the foremost ministers of America were acting jointly in a sort of nationwide revival, and Edwards was the most influential of the group involved. When in 1739 Whitefield came from England to assist in the work, it was Edwards, in large measure, who organized his tour of the country. The resulting increases in conversions, and in church memberships, were so memorable that the movement has been known ever since as "The Great Awakening."

But after some years of such intense religious fervor a reaction was bound to set in. Edwards himself found the young people of his own church no longer under his own control; a relatively unimportant question of church policy widened the gap between the minister and his parishioners; the situation became more and more unpleasant till in June of 1750, after much debate, and the calling of a church council to advise in the matter, Edwards was dismissed from his pastorate: turned adrift, broken and discredited. New England, which had discarded the leadership of Cotton Mather half a century before, was still more weary of the theocracy which Edwards represented. An age of relative liberalism was about to dawn.

Following 1750 came several years during which Edwards owed his support partly to gifts from friends in Scotland, where his Calvinism had not yet begun to seem wearisome; partly to the industry of his wife and children, who earned what they could in countless small ways; and partly to an insignificant stipend paid him for serving as missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge. Since his duties in this last capacity were light, he had leisure to take up once more, and carry to completion, his life-long study centering around the relationship between God's omniscience and omnipotence, and man's free will. The resulting *Treatise on the Freedom of the Will*, published in 1754, shows him at the height of his power as a logician, and as uncompromising as ever in following his premises to their logical conclusions. "As God designedly orders his own conduct, and its connected consequences, it must necessarily be that he designedly orders all things," he concludes. In other words,

granted the premise of a God who foresees all things—and no other conception of God would have been tolerable to Edwards or many of his contemporaries—it follows that man is not free to choose between good and evil; God himself becomes the author of evil, and man is helpless in the grip of circumstances which he can not control. To escape from such a conclusion one of two things is necessary: either to deny Edwards' premise, or to solve the problem in Johnsonian manner, and say, "Sir, we know we are free, and there's an end on't."

The publication of the *Treatise* brought new fame to Edwards, and in 1757 he was elected President of the College of New Jersey, since known as Princeton University. Here he served for less than a year, dying in 1758 of smallpox, contracted probably through inoculation, which his friends had urged him to submit to lest he fall a victim to the prevailing epidemic.

The popular conception of Edwards as a preacher of hell-fire, as an old-school thinker planting himself solidly in the path of progress, and resisting the modernizing, the liberalizing, tendencies which even in the middle of the eighteenth century were apparent enough—this conception of him is probably as fair as such a popular estimate can ever be. But unless one has turned from his sermons to his own private writings, and has been touched by the sweetness of his nature, the kindness of his manner, the absolute unselfishness of his whole life, the otherworldly but stalwart idealism of his every act—unless one has done this, one has but an imperfect picture of the last of the great "Puritan Priests." And when one has turned the pages of these less well-known works of Edwards, one will realize that in addition to his other qualities he possessed the ability to write prose such as America had not yet had the good fortune to produce. He alone, among the persons so far included in this collection, is entitled to stand in the relatively small group of unquestioned masters of the English language.

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hundredth anniversary of Edwards' birth, is the most interesting recent addition to the great mass of Edwards literature.

NOTES

SARAH PIERREPONT

85. Written in 1723, when Sarah Pierrepont, whom Edwards was to marry in 1727, was thirteen years old.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

Written during Edwards' pastorate at Northampton, probably about 1743.

THE FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED

89. In general, Edwards' sermons followed this plan: 1, the Text; 2, the Exposition of the Text; 3, the Doctrine (deduced from the Text); 4, the Proof of the Doctrine; 5, the Application, or Use. It was in the last section, the Application of the Doctrine to the audience in front of him, that Edwards became most eloquent.

SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD

92. First preached at Enfield, Massachusetts, in 1741. This is probably Edwards' most famous sermon.

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1772)

Woolman's relationship to the Quaker civilization of Pennsylvania is much like that of Cotton Mather to the Puritan civilization of Massachusetts. Neither could by any stretching of the imagination be called typical of his particular group, but each might well be considered as the ideal development of that form of culture which he represented. To know Mather is to know the Calvinism of early Massachusetts in its most uncompromising manifestation; to know Woolman is to know the sweeter faith of the Quaker in its most kindly, most loving, and most appealing aspect.

Born in 1720, at Northampton, New Jersey, the son of a Quaker farmer, Woolman received a good elementary education, worked as clerk in a general store, taught school, and finally became a tailor and merchant. His success in this last occupation occasioned him some distress lest he become too much involved in "outward cumbers." Consequently he reduced his business, discharged his journeymen, and lived as simply as was possible. About 1743 he began his work in the ministry, never having a regular stipend or location, but journeying on horseback up and down the coast, wherever Friends' meetings were held, and making trips into the back country to preach to the Indians. In 1772 he visited England as delegate from the Friends in Pennsylvania to those in the north of England. When he reached York, he found

a smallpox epidemic raging and on the seventh of October, 1772, he died of the disease.

Woolman's literary fame is due solely to his *Journal*, which he began in 1756, and kept till shortly before his death. To say that this *Journal* is of interest because it pictures the sweet nature of Woolman himself, is to state the most obvious of facts. But it does more than this. It shows Woolman to have been an early—and efficient—opponent of negro slavery, a persistent advocate of temperance, a faithful and far-sighted friend of the Indians, and—what is most unusual in Colonial times—a man highly skilled in the art of writing English prose.

Furthermore, to turn the leaves of Woolman's one volume, is to realize what Charles Lamb meant when he said, "When the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers."

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Many editions of Woolman's *Journal* have appeared from time to time, but the only one of value to the scholar or serious student is Amelia Mott Gummere's *The Journals and Essays of John Woolman*, Philadelphia, 1922. From this admirable edition the selections in the present volume have been taken, with the permission of The Macmillan Company, owners of the copyright. The life of Woolman included in this edition is the best in existence.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790)

As Edwards may fairly be called the last great representative of American Puritanism, and of the New England theocracy which inevitably had to give way before the fresh and vigorous spirit of revolutionary America, so Franklin stands as the embodiment of the new spirit, the spirit of enlightenment and liberty and progress. In these two figures, that of the Puritan priest fighting to preserve the old order, and of the Philadelphia printer, postmaster, scientist, and statesman, preaching his gospel of industry and frugality, of progress and of toleration, one sees the incarnation of the two opposing forces in eighteenth century American life and thought.

The mere biographies of the two men—both born within the first decade of the century—show such contrasts that it is hard to believe that the country which produced the one could have produced the other. Edwards lived the life of a theologian and scholar, a life of intense, at times almost morbid, introspection, caring but little for the concerns of every-day existence, but vitally engrossed

with the more compelling problems of the hereafter. Franklin, materialist and utilitarian, early came to the conclusion that he could trust the hereafter in the hands of that Being who had provided so generously for him in this world, and devoted his boundless energies to making the world in which he was living more comfortable for himself and his neighbors. In other words, Edwards was the ideal Puritan; Franklin, in Carlyle's phrase, was "the father of all the Yankees."

The account of how Franklin succeeded in his career sounds like a fairy story. Born in Boston, in 1706, the son of a tallow chandler, and having nothing to look forward to save a life of hard work at some humble trade, he died eighty-four years later one of the best known, most widely honored, and most trusted men in the civilized world. One has to turn to the stories of Lincoln or Mark Twain to find anything approximating a parallel in the chronicles of America.

He came of good stock, but of a family that for generations had been laborers, farmers, or small tradesmen, and that had no pretensions to the desirable estate of "gentlemen." His father, Josiah, saw to it that his many children learned to read and write, and taught them trades as early in life as possible. Benjamin, the eleventh child in the family, went to school till he was ten, but never thereafter; his education, however, was in no sense dependent upon formal training, but was constantly in progress till the day of his death.

He was an eager, inquisitive youngster, reading what books he could get hold of, teaching himself to write lucidly, and constantly adding to his store of wisdom by picking up any scraps of information that lay in his path. As apprentice in his brother's printing house he soon found himself both type-setter and journalist, and experienced the pleasure of seeing what he had written, printed in the news-sheets which his brother published. By 1723, however, he had made up his mind that life in Boston, under the circumstances in which he had been placed, could not be endured. As a result he went to Philadelphia, and for the rest of his life was a citizen of that city.

No sooner had Franklin found his first position as type-setter in a Philadelphia printing house than the horizon of his life and interests widened appreciably. He became known for ability, industry, and honesty. In 1724 he went to London, bearing what turned out to be worthless letters of introduction from Governor Keith of Pennsylvania. Foiled in his plan to secure type and presses of his own, on the credit of Keith's letters, he went to work in a London printing establishment, and there followed his trade for something over twelve months. The year 1726 saw him again in Philadelphia, where before long he was in business for himself as printer and publisher.

In the thirty years that followed, Franklin made himself Philadelphia's first citizen. He bettered the condition of the city by improving its streets, by organizing a fire company, by founding a library and a hospital, and by lending his aid to any project which could make for the improvement of the community. Never neglectful of his printing business, he made money enough so that before many years he could retire from active participation in it, and give his energies to civic matters and to the scientific experimentation which had long been his chief delight. He held most of the offices which Philadelphia could bestow on him, and by 1753 his fame as an administrator had crossed the ocean and he was appointed Postmaster General for the colonies. He was the first man ever to return any profits from this office to the British treasury.

The year 1757 saw another widening of Franklin's horizon when he went to London to represent Pennsylvania in her attempt to secure better governmental conditions. By this time his scientific work had become known throughout Europe; the English universities vied with one another in conferring honorary degrees upon him; his friends were Priestly, Burke, Chatham, Adam Smith, Lord Kames, and others of their stamp.

Franklin's sojourn in England continued, with one or two interruptions, till the spring of 1775. The last ten years before his return were troublous ones. Despite Franklin's protests, the Stamp Act had been passed in the summer of 1765; and, although it was soon repealed, the temper of the colonies had been roused to such an extent that Franklin's problem became acute. When Georgia, New Jersey, and finally Massachusetts, joined with Pennsylvania in designating him as their agent, his position assumed almost ministerial responsibility; and certainly few accredited representatives have ever worked harder than he in the interests of their countries.

It should be remembered that during these years Franklin was a loyal subject of King George. He asked no rights for his colonial friends that were not the prerogatives of all British subjects. Indeed, so moderate was he, so firmly did he oppose all talk of separation, that hot-headed patriots in America denounced him as a traitor, and once, at least, were on the point of mobbing his Philadelphia residence.

By 1775 however, it was no longer possible for him to remain in England, and even his loyalty to the Crown gave way before the persistently irritating conduct of the ministry. He was dismissed from his postmaster-generalship and grilled before the Privy Council. Feeling that Lord North was bent on driving the colonies into open rebellion, he returned to America, arriving not long after the opening of hostilities at Lexington and Concord. The spirit in which these events left him is indicated by a letter to his old

friend Sir William Strahan, M. P., written in July of that year:

"You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN."

After serving in the Continental Congress, resuming his duties as Postmaster General, and aiding in drafting the Declaration of Independence, he was once more sent abroad, this time to France, where he represented the new Republic at the court of Louis XVI. Here his first task was to negotiate a treaty that should bring French aid to Washington. After Burgoyne's surrender in 1777, the French were willing to recognize and aid America, and Franklin found his initial problem solved. At the same time he was busy with the larger task of financing the Revolution: that of selling the Liberty Bonds of 1776. Again he succeeded, partly because it was to the French interest to take every advantage of her traditional enemy's perplexity, and partly because of the confidence which French court and populace felt in the "American Philosopher."

When the war ended, Franklin was not allowed to leave his post till he had signed the treaty of peace with England in 1785. By this time he was nearly eighty years old, worn with care and physical suffering. Yet on his arrival in Philadelphia he was forced once more into public service, elected President of Pennsylvania, sent to the Constitutional Convention, and permitted to retire only when his death was imminent. The story ended on April 17, 1790.

An adequate account of the significance of this long life, in American history and civilization, is impossible here, perhaps impossible anywhere. Something, however, must be said concerning three phases of Franklin's accomplishment: his work as scientist, as man of letters, and as statesman.

To the student of modern physics, Franklin's experiments in 1750 may seem little more than the potterings of a tinker in his shop. Yet the world of 1750 recognized Franklin as one of the foremost "natural philosophers," and honored him primarily because of his scientific work. To recount the well-known facts that, in the course of this work, he made a host of practical inventions, such as bi-focal glasses, lightning rods, Franklin stoves, that he mapped the Gulf Stream, that he made large contributions to the world's understanding of electricity, is to tell but a fraction of the tale. For Franklin had the mental endowment of an investigator of a high order. Intellectually honest as well as inquisitive, ingenious in his experimentation, with a profound respect for facts as well as great skill in assembling them, he had the more unusual ability to see the significance of the facts with which he was dealing; to make the "guess of genius." This ability

which his contemporaries recognized in him, brought him his early fame.

That Franklin is today considered a man of letters as well as a scientist, is more or less of an accident. Much that he wrote may well be used as a model for informal exposition; his "Autobiography" is surely one of the world's classics. But Franklin never seems to have had the artist's desire to write for the joy of the writing; he schooled himself to write well because he wished to influence other men, not because his aesthetic happiness depended upon his writing well. Most of his published work—which occupies nine large volumes—is of the nature of scientific, political, and economic pamphleteering and letter writing. To be sure, the *Autobiography*, and a few "bagatelles," as he called them, dating from his Parisian days, are not of this purely utilitarian sort; yet it is to be questioned whether Franklin had any idea that these would ever find a place in the library of American literature. That they have done so is due largely to their stylistic qualities—qualities that were in part imitated from Addison and Goldsmith, and in part the reflex of his own personality and environment. Clear, humorous, flexible, never burdened with verbiage—his favorite precept was "use no unnecessary words"—but always rich with ideas, running at will the gamut from the pithy wisdom of "Poor Richard" or the playful banter of the *Dialogue with the Gout* to the Swiftian irony of the *Rules by which a Great Empire may be Reduced to a Small One*, Franklin's prose is worthy to stand beside the best that England was producing during the same years.

Franklin's power and significance as a civic leader and statesman can hardly be understood by anyone who thinks in terms of the political life of 1926. That any one man should have wielded the influence which was his, seems incomprehensible. But something may be done towards a realization of his true position by recalling once more the fact that he was the only American commissioned by his fellows to draw up and sign the four documents which transformed thirteen rebellious colonies into the United States of America: the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Amity and Defence with France, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, and the Constitution of the United States. Had he done nothing else, he would still be one of the most notable figures in our history.

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EDITIONS. The collected edition of Franklin's works which the student will find most useful is *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin, with Life and Introduction*; by Albert Henry Smyth, N. Y., 1905, 10 vols. Reprints of the Autobiography are available by the score.

BIOGRAPHIES—Among the hundreds of bio-

graphical and critical studies a few may well be recommended to the student who wishes either an intelligent estimate of Franklin or a point of departure for further study. J. B. McMaster's *Benjamin Franklin*, N. Y. 1887, in the *A. M. L.* series, is an excellent survey of his entire career. W. C. Bruce's *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed*, N. Y. 1918, 2 vols., is more heavily documented than McMaster's life, and is written from a different point of view. P. L. Ford's *The Many-Sided Franklin*, N. Y. 1899, is not a formal biography, but an interesting attempt at characterization. The introduction to Carl Van Doren's volume of selections, *Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards*, N. Y. 1920, adds somewhat to one's understanding of Franklin by placing him beside that one of his contemporaries with whom he contrasts most sharply.

NOTES

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN

105. *b. 11. Industry and frugality.* As has been many times pointed out, this phrase occurs so often in Franklin's writings that it might fairly be called his own personal "motto."

THE WAY TO WEALTH

106. First published in 1757, as part of *Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1758.
109. *a. 6. Felix quem faciunt, etc.* Happy is the man whom the mistakes of others make cautious.

PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION

111. Written in 1763. On November 2, 1789, Franklin wrote thus: "I never published that chapter, and never claimed more credit for it, than what related to the style, and the addition of the concluding threatening and promise. The publishing of it by Lord Kames, without my consent, deprived me of a good deal of amusement, which I used to take in reading it by heart out of my Bible, and obtaining the remarks of the Scripturians upon it, which were sometimes very diverting." (*Smyth* X, 53).

PROPOSED NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE

This example of Franklin's irony, which Matthew Arnold completely misunderstood, was written in 1779.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

112. Franklin began the *Autobiography* during the summer of 1771, while visiting the Bishop of St. Asaph, in Hampshire, England. The events leading up to the American Revolution prevented Franklin from finishing the work at this time. Twice afterwards he took up the task anew; but in November, 1789, he wrote "I doubt whether I shall be able to

finish my *Memoirs*." His conjecture proved correct, for the *Autobiography* breaks off abruptly during the account of the year 1757.

For the story of the first publication of the work, see *Smyth*, I, 23 ff. It is interesting to note that no American edition appeared till after it had been published in England, France, and Germany.

112. *a. 53. You may remember.* The "you" is William Franklin, the writer's son. The *Autobiography* took the form of a letter to him.
113. *a. 35. In the town.* Boston.
114. *a. 50. My journey.* In October of 1723 Franklin made his famous first journey from Boston to Philadelphia.
115. *a. 21. My first admission into the printing-house.* The London experience was the result of a quite unpardonable practical joke, of which William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania, was the author, and Franklin the victim. Keith persuaded Franklin to make the trip to London, promising to send him letters of credit which would enable him to buy the presses and type necessary for setting up an establishment of his own in Philadelphia. But when Franklin reached London in December, 1742, he soon discovered that Keith had deceived him. Thrown upon his own resources, he promptly got a position as printer, and worked at his trade till July, 1726, when he sailed for Philadelphia.
116. *a. 8. A St. Monday.* "Holy Monday." Printer's slang for a Monday holiday.
116. *a. 19. I now opened a small stationer's shop.* On his return from London Franklin had first worked for Keimer, but in 1728 went into business for himself.
120. *a. 5. The harangue of a wise old man.* See *The Way to Wealth*, above, p. 106.
120. *b. 14. The Reverend Mr. Whitefield.* George Whitefield (1714-1770) was one of the "Oxford Methodists," and except only Wesley himself, perhaps the most influential of the entire group. He delivered his first sermon in 1736, and from that time till his death was known as one of the most eloquent of English preachers. In August of 1739 he sailed for America, where he remained for slightly more than two years.
123. *a. 29. This general.* Major-General Edward Braddock (1695-1755) owed his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of all British forces in America to his friendship with William, Duke of Cumberland. Franklin's account is the best contemporary record of his ill-starred expedition.
124. *b. 12. Our French friends in 1781.* The French troops which had come to the aid of Washington's colonial army.

RULES BY WHICH A GREAT EMPIRE

First published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1773.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT

126. Enclosed in a letter to Mme. Brillon. First published by W. T. Franklin in 1818.

LETTER TO MISS MARY STEVENSON

130. The "Dear Polly" of this letter, later the wife of Dr. Thomas Hewson, was the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, in whose house at 7 Craven Street, Strand, Franklin took lodgings in 1757. His friendship with the Stevensons endured till the day of his death.

LETTER TO MME. BRILLON

133. Madame Brillon, the wife of a French official, is the best known of Franklin's French friends, as she seems to have been the one whose company he enjoyed the most. During his stay in Paris as Minister it was his custom to visit the Brillons at their home on every Wednesday and Saturday. The intervals between were brightened by a constant interchange of letters. The so-called *Fable of the Ephemera* was written in 1778.

LETTER TO SAMUEL MATHER

135. The recipient was the son of Cotton Mather, and pastor of his father's and grandfather's church in Boston.

LETTER TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

136. See Washington's reply, p. 196, below.

LETTER TO EZRA STILES

One of Franklin's intimate friends was the Reverend Ezra Stiles (1727-1795), who in addition to serving as President of Yale College, found time to do a considerable amount of scientific work.

JOHN DICKINSON (1732-1808)

Dickinson's unofficial title, "The Penman of the American Revolution," is suggestive of his importance in American history and literature. From 1767 to the end of 1775 he was not merely the leading American writer on political themes; he was the only one—save Franklin—whose words were listened to on both sides of the Atlantic. After 1775, when more fiery leaders forced Dickinson to one side, his influence waned. Today, however, it is clear that he was at once the most influential prose writer of the troublous years that led up to the actual break with Eng-

land, and that the disrepute which was his lot later on, was the inevitable result of his conscientious adherence to legal and constitutional principles at a time when bayonets and bullets were of more significance than historical precedents.

He was born in Maryland in 1732, and in 1750 began reading law in Philadelphia. Three years later he entered the Middle Temple, London, for further study of his profession. In 1757 he began the practice of law in Philadelphia. From 1774 to 1776 he was a member of the Continental Congress, and again from 1779 to 1780. He also served in the army; and when his enemies, who could not forgive him for having refused assent to the Declaration of Independence, forced him to resign his commission as Brigadier General, he at once volunteered as a private. He was Governor of Pennsylvania from 1782 to 1785, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and was extremely influential in securing the ratification of the Constitution by Pennsylvania and Maryland. During his later years, though he continued the practice of law, he found time to interest himself in education, and to assist materially in the founding of Dickinson College. He died in Delaware in 1808.

A list of Dickinson's writings during the period of his greatest literary activity includes—among other items—the "Declaration of Rights" and "Petition to the King" adopted by the Stamp Act Congress, the two "Petitions to the King" of 1774 and 1775, and the first draft of the "Articles of Confederation" under which the colonies governed themselves till 1788. But it was the *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania* that made Dickinson known to his contemporaries, and that seem today the best representatives of his intellectual power and literary skill.

These letters began to appear in December, 1767, in a Philadelphia newspaper, and ran till February, 1768, when the twelfth and final number was published. As fast as they came out they were reprinted in virtually every important newspaper in the colonies. were issued in pamphlet form on completion of the series, and were republished in England, France, and Holland. They made Dickinson known and honored throughout the entire English-reading world.

Essentially, the letters are the argument of a constitutionalist, pleading, on legal and historical grounds, for justice for America. Dickinson felt that the colonists could secure their rights without breaking with Great Britain. When, eight years later, the *Declaration of Independence* had been voted, he alone of the members of Congress refused to sign it. It thus became inevitable that to some he should appear cowardly or treacherous, and that the importance of his earlier work should be overlooked. But with the end of the war his reputation was in large

part re-established, and today he seems without question to have been the chief of the early Revolutionary writers.

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The best edition of Dickinson's work is *The Writings of John Dickinson*, edited by P. L. Ford, Philadelphia, 1895, 3 vols. For biographical information one turns to C. J. Stillé's *The Life and Times of John Dickinson*, Philadelphia, 1891, which appeared as volume 13 of the *Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Historical Society*.

NOTES

LETTERS FROM A FARMER IN PENNSYLVANIA

139. *b. 8.* **Mr. Hampden's ship-money cause.** When John Hampden (1594-1643) protested against Charles the First's attempt to collect a ship-tax, revived without authority of Parliament, the case was tried before the Court of Exchequer. Hampden lost the suit, but in 1641 the House of Lords set the verdict aside.
142. *a. 28.* **The Cleons and Clodiuses.** Cleon was an Athenian demagogue; Clodius, a Roman.

THE LIBERTY SONG

One of the most popular of the American Revolutionary ballads. First published in 1768.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791)

Though Hopkinson was by turns jurist, scientist, musician, artist, essayist, and poet, he is remembered chiefly because of his contribution to the satirical literature of the Revolution. In his capacity as writer, his task was to ridicule his country's foes, and to destroy the traditional respect which attached to the Crown and Sceptre. That he accomplished this task with skill, was admitted by both his friends and enemies.

He was born in Philadelphia, in 1737, and after graduating from the newly established College of Philadelphia, was admitted to the Bar in 1761. Thirteen years later, following a long residence in England, where he won the friendship of Lord North, he was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress. He helped Dickinson draft the Articles of Confederation, and signed the Declaration of Independence. During the war his pen was constantly busy with either prose or verse, and almost always he wrote with satiric intent. To be sure, Hopkinson composed a handful of graceful lyrics which show him to have had more than one string to his bow. It is clear, however, that his most significant work was done in the field of political satire, in which his only contem-

porary American rivals were Trumbull and Freneau. The latter years of his life Hopkinson served as a Judge, first in the Admiralty Court at Philadelphia, and finally in the United States District Court at the same place. He died in 1791.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hopkinson's varied and interesting work is available in its entirety only in the original collected edition, *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*, Philadelphia, 1792, 3 vols. *A Pretty Story*, and the better known poems, have been many times reprinted, however, and may be found in virtually any anthology of Revolutionary literature.

NOTES

A PRETTY STORY

143. This political allegory was published in September, 1774, in Philadelphia, just at the time when the first Continental Congress was assembling in that city. The pamphlet was, in effect, an account of the events which had led up to and necessitated that Congress. The allegory is clearly intelligible throughout; consequently only a few of the less obvious allusions are explained in the notes.
- b. 2.* **A certain nobleman.** Great Britain.
144. *a. 12.* **His wife.** Parliament.
- a. 53.* **The great paper.** Magna Charta.
- b. 43.* **Wild, uncultivated country.** America.
146. *a. 19.* **Sent over several of his servants.** Military aid furnished the colonies.
- a. 51.* **The tailors of his family were greatly injured.** The stupidity of the British colonial policy appeared in the laws forbidding the erection of iron mills or foundries in America, limiting the number of apprentices a craftsman might employ, and forbidding him to export his manufactured goods by any means whatsoever.
- b. 15.* **A particular kind of cyder.** Jamaica rum.
- b. 45.* **The head of one of the families.** The legislature of New York complied with the royal decree, concerning provisioning the troops, in all major matters; but out of principle refused to furnish salt, pepper, or vinegar. As a result of these omissions the legislature was dissolved and forbidden to meet.
147. *a. 9.* **His steward.** The Prime Minister; or, possibly, the entire ministry.
- a. 37.* **An edict.** The Stamp Act, passed in 1765.
148. *a. 13.* **To reverse the order.** The Stamp Act was repealed in 1766.
- a. 19.* **A right to mark all their furniture.** The "Declaratory Resolution," or

- "Dependency Act," passed when the Stamp Act was repealed, asserted that Parliament had the right, "to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."
- b. 51. **Another decree.** The act of 1767, which laid duties on paper, glass, tea, and a few other articles.
149. a. 47. **The tax upon water-gruel.** In 1770 all the taxes laid in 1767 were repealed except the tax on tea.
- a. 51. **An exclusive right of selling water-gruel.** The reference is to the East India Company, which suffered greatly through the colonial boycott of tea.
150. a. 20. **Jack.** Boston; or, possibly, Massachusetts. The following reference is, of course, to the "Boston Tea Party."
150. b. 11. **A very large padlock.** The Boston Port Bill, passed in 1774 as an act of reprisal, closed the port to navigation.
- b. 33. **Dragged to the gallows.** Transported to England for trial.
151. a. 9. **An overseer.** General Gage, with four regiments of regulars, arrived in Boston in May, 1774.
- a. 49. **Advised with their brethren.** Consulted the other colonies.
- b. 53. **Cetera desunt.** The rest is lacking. Hopkinson carries the story to the point when the "Inhabitants of the new farm" sent delegates to the Congress of 1774. A row of thirteen stars brings the *Pretty Story* to a close.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

152. One of the best-known of the Revolutionary ballads. The slight foundation of fact on which Hopkinson rested his poem is this: Early in the winter of 1778 the Americans, under the leadership of David Bushnell, prepared certain "infernal machines," loaded with powder, and supplied with detonating devices, which were floated down the river at Philadelphia with the intent of destroying the British shipping by fire and explosion. When the British discovered what was taking place, they opened a furious cannonade upon everything visible on the surface of the water, though at no time do their vessels appear to have been in much danger. The ballad was published in 1788, immediately after the event it celebrates.
152. 33. **Sir William.** After defeating the Americans at Brandywine and Germantown, Sir William Howe had retired to Philadelphia, to spend the winter in comfort and security.

PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799)

Patrick Henry is everywhere remembered as the greatest orator of the American Revolu-

tion. A Virginian, eminent in the practice of law, he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses in 1765, when only twenty-nine years old, and had at once assumed the leadership of the radical group by introducing the so-called "Virginia Resolves," setting forth the doctrine that only the Virginia Burgesses and Governor had the right to tax the colony. In support of his resolution he made one of the many brilliant speeches that were to mark his career. Ten years later, as a member of the Virginia Provincial Convention, he introduced a resolution putting the colony in a state of armed defense, and supported it with the speech printed in this volume. The exact words Henry used on this occasion will probably never be known, for no adequate records were kept at the time. But the text here given, for which Wirt's *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry*, Philadelphia, 1817, is immediately responsible, is the traditional version, and is almost as much a part of American literature as if an attested copy were in existence. Furthermore, as Tyler puts it, "It is probably far more accurate and authentic than are most of the famous speeches attributed to public characters before reporters' galleries were opened, and before the art of reporting was brought to its present perfection." (*Patrick Henry*, Boston, 1887.)

In July of 1775 Henry was made commander of all the Virginia troops; several times he was elected Governor of Virginia, and more than once—so great were his executive abilities—the Legislature to all intents and purposes made him a military dictator. He died in June of 1799, having established a secure reputation as one of Virginia's foremost patriots, as well as the most distinguished public speaker in the entire thirteen colonies.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Two admirable biographies of Henry are readily available: Moses Coit Tyler's *Patrick Henry*, Boston, 1887 and 1898, and W. W. Henry's *Patrick Henry: Life, Correspondence, and Speeches*; N. Y. 1891, 3 vols. The latter is the best source to which to turn for the texts of Henry's addresses.

JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826)

John Adams was one of the comparatively small group of able and fearless men to whom the United States owes its existence. He was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, in October, 1735; graduated from Harvard in 1755; studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1758. During the agitation over the Stamp Act (1765) he became prominent as one of the leading Whigs, and from that time till his retirement from the Presidency was constantly engaged in politics. Though sec-

ond to none in his opposition to the policies of the North ministry, he showed his courage and devotion to justice by successfully defending the British soldiers charged with murder after the "Boston Massacre." From 1774 to 1778 he was a member of the Continental Congress. In 1782, after serving the colonies in various capacities at home and abroad, he was appointed one of the commissioners to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. In 1785 he had the honor of being the first Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James's. Four years later he became Vice-President, retaining the office till Washington's retirement in 1797, when Adams himself became President. His four years in the chief magistracy added little to his fame, and when he left the Presidency in 1801 he retired to private life. He died on the same day as Thomas Jefferson: July 4, 1826.

The letters by which Adams and his gifted wife are represented in this volume are among the most readable products of the Revolution. Terse, vivid, dramatic, they form an admirable contrast to the more formal political prose of the period, and round out the picture in a way which is historically significant as well as pleasing.

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The best collected edition of Adams's work is that by Charles Francis Adams, Boston, 1850-1856, 10 vols. The letters are available in *The Familiar Letters of John Adams to his Wife Abigail Adams*, by the same editor, Boston, 1875 and 1896. *John Adams*, by J. T. Morse, Jr., Boston 1884 and 1898, is a good brief biography.

NOTES

154. b. 38. **While the Congress is assembling.** The first Continental Congress.
155. a. 22. **Rumor of the cannonade of Boston.** The rumor was groundless.
- a. 42. **Sortes Biblicae.** Literally, Biblical lots. The reference is to the belief that questions may be answered, and a line of conduct determined upon, by opening the Bible at random and being guided by the first verse that catches the reader's eye.
156. a. 7. **The arrival of Dr. Franklin.** Franklin had just returned from France.
- a. 47. **Suspicious entertained of designs of independency.** At the time Adams was writing thus, only the most hot-headed Whigs ever mentioned actual independence from England. The colonists were united in demanding their rights, but rarely went beyond asking for the rights to which all British subjects were entitled.
- b. 35. **Dunmore.** John Murray, Earl of Dunmore (1732-1809), royal gover-

nor of Virginia from 1771 till the end of the war.

b. 45. **Do you not want to see Boston?** The city had been only recently evacuated by the British, who withdrew to Halifax.

157. b. 31. **The second day of July, 1776.** On the relation between the second of July and the fourth, see the note on the *Declaration of Independence*, p. 1128, this volume.

THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809)

To Thomas Paine, an English emigrant who landed in America in 1774, leaving a rather bad reputation behind him, and having as his only visible asset a guardedly written letter of introduction from Franklin—to this unpromising bankrupt and fugitive belongs the honor of having written what Tyler calls "the first open and unqualified argument in championship of the doctrine of American Independence."

His record in England, before his emigration, gave no indication of the talent which was to develop when once he found himself absorbed in the problem of America's future. Born in 1737, the son of a corset-maker, he had worked—off and on—at his father's trade; had been twice appointed to the Excise, and twice dismissed for inefficiency and neglect of duty; had been sold out by the Sheriff as a bankrupt; and had come to America with no prospect save the very vague one of getting on in the world somehow. He possessed, however, a clever journalist's ability to write prose which plain people could understand; he had the journalist's instinct for timely topics. When once he had familiarized himself with the American situation, he became a passionate advocate of independence—and this at a time when the majority of Colonial leaders were still protesting that no thought of independence would ever enter their heads.

The pamphlet in which he urged this new and treasonable doctrine appeared in January, 1776, bearing the appropriate title, *Common Sense*. Discarding such conservative and constitutional arguments as Dickinson had made the framework for his *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania*, Paine argued that things had now gone so far as to make all thoughts of union with Great Britain ridiculous, and that the only rational program for America was immediate and complete separation from the oppressing monarchy.

The pamphlet was republished up and down the land; it found its way at once across the Atlantic, and was reprinted in France, Germany, and England. So clear was the style, so lucid the argumentation, that the document—published anonymously—was generally attributed to either John Adams or Benjamin Franklin. It was as popular, in

the hot-tempered days of 1776, as Dickinson's *Letters* had been in 1768.

That the rapid change in American public opinion which took place between January and July of 1776 was due in considerable measure to *Common Sense*, seems established beyond reasonable doubt. It appeared at a time when the leaders of the American cause were decrying any discussion of separation from England; but within six months the *Declaration of Independence* had been issued.

Only once again, in America at least, did Paine write so effectively, and this was in the series of sixteen papers entitled *The Crisis*, which appeared at various times between December, 1776, and December, 1783. The circumstances of the publication of the first number are well known. Washington's army was retreating before the British in New Jersey; the victory at Trenton had not yet been won; American hopes seemed doomed to an early blight. It was then that Paine wrote his appeal, beginning with the words that have not yet lost their thrill: "These are the times that try men's souls." The impression made by this paper is evidenced by the fact that Washington ordered it read at the head of every regiment in his army.

During the next few years Paine was serving in many capacities, part of the time with the army, part of the time as Secretary to Congress, and, as occasion demanded, issuing new numbers of *The Crisis* to enhearten his countrymen. In 1781 he went to France with Laurens to solicit a loan from Louis XVI, to return with two and a half million *livres* in silver, as well as a ship-load of military supplies. When peace was restored Paine found himself more or less without an occupation, and in 1787 he sailed for Europe, where he at once plunged into the political battle then raging.

When the French Revolution broke out, and Burke, in 1790, published his *Reflections*, Paine replied with *The Rights of Man* (1791), an essay which won for him a reputation in France equal to that which *Common Sense* had gained for him in America. He was considered a dangerous revolutionist by the British, among whom he was living at the time the work appeared, and in May of 1792 was indicted for treason. He at once fled to France, where he had already been elected a member of the Assembly. In 1793 he urged moderation towards the King, and soon found himself imprisoned by Robespierre, and under sentence of death. Through the efforts of the American consul he escaped the guillotine, and remained in France till 1802, when he returned to America. He died in 1809, on a farm which many years before had been given him by the State of New York.

It is impossible in the space here available to give a satisfactory estimate of Paine's

superb journalistic skill, or of his invaluable contribution to the American cause. Enough has been said, however, to indicate the main facts, and to suggest Paine's significance as the most trenchant and effective prose writer of the days from 1776 to 1781.

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Both *The Crisis* and *Common Sense* have been so many times reprinted that copies are available in any large library. The best biography is M. D. Conway's *Life of Thomas Paine*, N. Y. 1892, 2 vols. Conway's *The Works of Thomas Paine*, N. Y. 1894, is a good edition of Paine's writings.

NOTES

COMMON SENSE

158. b. 13. Prior to the nineteenth of April. I.e., prior to the outbreak of actual hostilities at Lexington and Concord.
160. a. 41. Boston, that seat of wretchedness. When *Common Sense* appeared, in January, 1776, Boston was occupied by the British, and Washington was besieging it. Two months later the British were forced to evacuate it.
161. a. 23. As Milton wisely expresses it. *Paradise Lost* IV, 98, ff.
- a. 43. The repeal of the Stamp Act. In 1766.
- b. 2. To be always running, etc. It is in such statements as this, and in the paragraph which follows, that Paine's "common sense" method of argumentation appears most vividly.
- b. 46. Masaniello. A fisherman of Naples, who in July of 1647 organized, and led to success, a revolt of the "common people."
162. a. 52. The social compact. Such a casual phrase as this indicates—what is sufficiently clear on other grounds—that Paine drew much of his political theory from Rousseau.

THE CRISIS

162. b. 44. "To bind us in all cases whatsoever." Quoted from the "Dependency Act," which Parliament insisted on passing at the time the Stamp Act was repealed.
163. a. 8. Howe. General Sir William Howe, British Commander-in-Chief in America from 1775 to February, 1776, when he was succeeded by his brother, Vice-Admiral Earl Howe.
- b. 16. I was with the troops at Fort Lee. Paine was attached to General Lee's force, and took part in the hurried evacuation of Fort Lee in November, 1776. It was at Newark, during the retreat from the abandoned post, that he began the composition of the first number of *The Crisis*.

REVOLUTIONARY SONGS AND BALLADS

Such poems as those here reprinted have a greater collective value than might appear at first blush. No one of them, taken alone, would deserve much praise; indeed, the purely literary merit is hard to find, even in the best. But as specimens of a popular type of verse, written, read, or sung, by "the man in the street," hawked about as broadsides, or published and republished in contemporary newspapers, they possess a very real historical significance.

For one thing, they link one phase of American literature closely to the great English ballad tradition. Such songs as these, the English had known for centuries; particularly during the long struggle between Parliament and the Stuarts the output of street songs and ballads had been enormous. It was but natural, then, that Englishmen living in America in 1776, and finding another civil war in progress, should adopt the customs of their forefathers and write songs such as these—songs intended to enhearten their friends and cast derision on their foes.

But even if the Revolutionary songs and ballads did not possess this historical significance, they would still be of value to any student of American civilization. For many of them were in a very real sense popular; they were to the struggle of 1775-1781 what *Tipperary* and *Over There* were to the Great War: songs which, though devoid of poetical merit, and often of unknown authorship, were actually popular with the men who did the fighting. Such songs as these, more certainly than the literary productions of Trumbull and Freneau, give an indication of the poetical taste of the common man, the man in whose interests the war was being fought, and who was himself fighting the war. Incidentally, even so small a collection of songs as the present one, makes it quite clear that American sentiment during the war was by no means unanimous. The Tories had their versifiers as well as the Patriots.

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The student who finds himself interested in reading more of these ballads will consult Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, N. Y. 1856, or the same author's more pretentious but incomplete *Illustrated Ballad History of the American Revolution*, N. Y. 1876. Winthrop Sargent's *Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, Philadelphia, 1857, is the best source for material on the Tory side of the question.

NOTES

A PARODY OF "THE LIBERTY SONG"

165. See the original by John Dickinson, p. 142, above.

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA

166. Supposed to have been written by a young lady of Virginia.
 7. North. Lord North, British prime-minister.
 15. Gage. General Gage, British commander-in-chief in America during the first months of the war.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP

167. This is in some respects the most famous of Revolutionary songs. It is interesting to note, therefore, that not only is its authorship uncertain, but that the very words of the song are still a matter of dispute. It exists in many versions, no one of which can be called authentic.

NATHAN HALE

169. Another anonymous composition. Hale was hanged on September 22, 1776.

BOLD HATHORNE

170. The vessel whose exploits are here commemorated was the *Fair American*, commanded by Daniel Hathorne, grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne,
 41. We hauled up our courses. Furlled the lowest sail on each of the masts.

THE CONGRESS

171. A fair specimen of the loyalist satire of the period.
 172. 49. Montgomery. Richard Montgomery (1736-1775), killed on December 31, 1775, while leading the ill-starred attack on Quebec.
 66. Carleton. . . Dunmore. British commanders.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Jonathan Odell (1737-1818), who was probably the author of this song, was the ablest of the loyalist satirists. An Episcopal clergyman in Burlington, N. J., he fled to New York early in the war, and began the output of a large amount of unrelenting, vitriolic, anti-American verse. When peace was declared he went, with many other irreconcilables, to Nova Scotia, where he died. *The American Times* was his most severe indictment of the American cause and its leaders.

SONG: "I'VE HEARD IN OLD TIMES"

173. Joseph Stansbury (1750-1809) wrote as much loyalist verse as did Odell; his most characteristic productions, however, were not satiric but lyric.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817)

The Reverend Timothy Dwight, Yale 1769, chaplain in the Revolutionary army, founder and headmaster of a famous school at Greenfield, Connecticut, and President of Yale from 1795 till his death in 1817, was also a voluminous writer who probably expected his long poems *The Conquest of Canaan* (1785) and *Greenfield Hill* (1794) to keep his memory fresh in the hearts of Americans. These works, however, have been allowed to slip into the waste-basket of oblivion. The sturdy warrior-preacher-poet is remembered today for *Columbia*, a patriotic song written during the Revolution, for a few hymns, the best of which is here reprinted, and—above all—for his very considerable contribution to the cause of American education. In this last field he was as distinguished as he vainly aspired to be in poetry; he was one of the pioneers to whom American secondary schools and colleges are still under a heavy debt.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

There is no modern edition of Dwight's works. The best biographical and critical discussion is that by Moses Coit Tyler, in his *Three American Men of Letters*, N. Y. 1895.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752-1832)

As Joseph Odell was the most bitter of the loyalist poets, so Freneau exceeded everyone else on the American side of the struggle in producing powerful and mordant satire. Nature, to be sure, had not limited him to this particular field. He could write graceful verse in which the note of satire never appears, and—long before the *Lyrical Ballads*—he published not a few lines in the spirit of that new poetry which literary history calls "romantic." But as the conflict between Britain and the colonies grew intense, Freneau deliberately abandoned the pleasant career of a writer of pleasant verse, and—like Whittier seventy years later—gave himself and all his energies to the battle, fighting with his pen as persistently, as unrelentingly, and as successfully, as any warrior in the armed forces.

He was born in New York, in 1752, of Huguenot ancestry. After securing his preliminary education at home, he entered the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), where he graduated in 1771. He was a facile versifier at the time he received his degree, and had already learned the trick of writing satire. His career after leaving college was that of a man by nature a rover, unwilling to fetter himself to any profession. By turns a teacher, a lawyer, a journalist, and a mariner, Freneau finally grati-

fied his love of adventure and hatred of England by fitting out a privateer, only to be captured in 1780, and imprisoned in the hulks in New York harbor. The experience of this captivity provoked his most bitter poem, *The British Prison Ship*, which he published in 1782.

When the war ended, the temper of Freneau's verse became less caustic, and occasionally, as in *The Indian Burying Ground*, he showed how genuine was his talent for non-satiric poetry. Indeed, had he written no political verse at all, Freneau's other work would have entitled him to grateful remembrance. It shows him to have been a keen observer of nature, and an interested student of American tradition. This later verse, moreover, establishes the fact that both in his thinking and in his poetic technique Freneau was sturdily independent. He was the first American poet of whom it can be surely said that his work is significant in the history of American national literature, and at the same time of some genuine merit as art. With Freneau, American poetry begins.

During the last forty years of his life Freneau was less active, poetically, than he had been during the earlier years. The War of 1812 brought from him a few verses that were in the strain of those of 1776, but that added little to his fame. He died in December, 1832, at Monmouth, New Jersey.

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Bibliographical entries concerning Freneau might well be limited to one entry: *The Poems of Philip Freneau*, edited by Fred L. Pattee, Princeton, 1902-1907, 3 vols. Here one has all of Freneau's work that deserves reprinting admirably edited, together with Professor Pattee's life of the author, and an adequate bibliography. Mary S. Austin's *Philip Freneau, the Poet of the Revolution*, N. Y. 1901, is a sympathetic biographical study.

NOTES

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE

175. First published in 1775. The mock-litany had long been a favorite form with English satirists.
5. St. James's. The Palace of St. James, the official residence of the king.
11. Wallace, Graves, etc. "Captains and ships in the British navy, then employed on the American coast." (Freneau's note.)
21. Tryon the mighty. William Tryon (1729-1788), royal governor of North Carolina from 1765 to 1770, and of New York from 1771 to 1780. In October, 1775, he fled from New York city, and took refuge on a British man-of-war in the harbor, where he remained till the British captured the city in the autumn

of 1776. In 1779 he commanded a force which ravaged a part of Connecticut.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

Written shortly after the battle.

176. 20. **They took the spear—but left the shield.** It has been often pointed out that Sir Walter Scott appropriated the line for the Introduction to Canto iii of *Marmion*:

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.

THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP

This poem, which records Freneau's actual experiences, is good evidence concerning conditions about which Washington more than once protested in the name of humanity.

24. **My Orestes.** A legendary Greek character, son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was pursued by the Furies.
178. 128. **David Sproat.** "Commissary of prisoners in New York." (Freneau's note.)
141. **St. Kilda.** An island of the Outer Hebrides group, off the north-western coast of Scotland.
179. 177. **That juice destructive.** Rum.

A PROPHECY

Published in 1782.

180. 8. **Whose name rimes to cage.** Gage.
11. **When B and C.** Burgoyne and Cornwallis.
22. **The Stars and the Lily.** The American and French flags. When the poem was written, the Fleur-de-lis still appeared in the French royal ensign.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

First published in 1788.

181. 36. **The hunter and the deer—a shade.** Thomas Campbell made use of this line in his poem *O'Connor's Child*:

Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasseled horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits—
The hunter and the deer—a shade.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

17. **Who seized from kings, etc.** Freneau's English for the Latin hexameter ascribed to Turgot: *Eripuit caelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*

TO MY BOOK

First published in 1792.

6. **Shylock's canker'd hoof.** Freneau habitually designated one of his critics as Shylock.

ODE

182. An echo of the French Revolution. The poem is of uncertain date, but was certainly written by June of 1793, and possibly by November of 1791. It was sung at a dinner given in honor of the French Minister Genet, in Philadelphia, June 1, 1793.

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750-1831)

Born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1750, the son of the local clergyman, Trumbull developed into one of the most precocious of youths. He learned the classical languages at an age when the average youngster is still puzzled by his A-B-C's, and passed the entrance examinations to Yale College when he was but seven years old. He did not enter college for six years, however, but employed the intervening time in further reading of those classics for which he had developed so astonishing an aptitude. Graduating A.B. in 1767, he took his master's degree in 1770, began his career as essayist and poet, studied law in John Adams's office in Boston, was admitted to the Bar in 1773, and for the rest of his long life was intimately connected with the legal profession either as attorney or judge. He died in Detroit, where he had gone when an old man, in the year 1831.

As a man of letters, Trumbull is chiefly remembered for his poetic satires, though his essays, patterned after 18th century English models, were popular in his own day. First of the satires to win any considerable amount of applause was *The Progress of Dulness* (1772), the work of a clever young man just out of college, who turned the shafts of his ridicule against those portions of society's armor which were most vulnerable to his attacks. *M'Fingal*, which came out in its first form in January, 1776, and in the complete four-canto version in 1782, is political rather than social satire, and because of its cleverness, humor, vigor, and timeliness, became at once one of the most popular of American poems. Though Trumbull wrote much after this, and was for a long time a member of the group of literary men known as "The Hartford wits," he never published anything which added materially to the fame these first two works had brought him.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The only edition of Trumbull's work approaching completeness is that published at Hartford in 1820, in two volumes. *M'Fingal* has been reprinted a dozen times or more since the 1782 edition, most recently with editorial matter by B. J. Lossing, N. Y. 1881. For a pleasant discussion of Trumbull and his associates see H. A. Beers's *The Connecticut Wits and Other Essays*, N. Y. 1920.

NOTES

M'FINGAL

183. Trumbull's most popular poem appeared first (one canto only) in January of 1776. The complete poem in four cantos was not published till 1782. The scene of the poem is laid in a small Massachusetts village where, shortly after the events of April, 1775, the Tory squire M'Fingal finds himself in conflict with the patriotic sentiment of the village. He is a blustering, oratorical champion of Great Britain, and urges submission in every particular. Opposed to him is Honorius, whom Trumbull seems to have patterned after John Adams. In the canto here reprinted M'Fingal argues matters with his neighbors, and ends by being tarred and feathered.
11. Brobdignagian. See *Gulliver's Travels*, Part II.
12. Satan's walking staff. See *Paradise Lost* I, 292-296.
28. Circe. A legendary sorceress who transformed men to beasts.
184. 52. Gage's power. General Gage was British commander in Boston.
60. The Jewish pole in Edom. See *Numbers* xxi:4-9.
81. Like Aaron's calves. See *Erodus* xxxii:20.
185. 133. See Arnold quits. During the early part of the war Benedict Arnold was a general in the colonial forces, and an able commander.
147. Like Hudibras. Hero of Samuel Butler's poem of the same name, which was published in 1663, and which gave Trumbull a general model for *M'Fingal*.
158. No soul is bound to notice. M'Fingal's point, that Congress was helpless to enforce its own acts, was well taken. See the comments in the *Federalist* papers, above, p. 212.
170. Shakespeare's Trinculo. Trinculo, the jester in *The Tempest*.
186. 226. Drown'd the tea. An obvious reference to the Boston Tea Party.
274. Ventur'd to give battle. The battle of Concord, and subsequent withdrawal of the British from Boston.
187. 404. Satan, struggling on through Chaos. See *Paradise Lost* II, 927 ff.
188. 447. As Socrates of old. Aristophanes, in *The Clouds*, pictured Socrates as dangling thus in a basket.
472. Hatchel-teeth. A hatchel, or hetchel, used for cleaning hemp or flax, was a tool which had many iron teeth set in a board.
189. 545. So Claudian sings. Claudius Claudianus, a Latin poet of the fourth century B. C.

HECTOR ST. JOHN DE CRÉVECŒUR (1731-1813)

Like Tom Paine, Crèvecoeur was a foreigner who came to America, found it congenial, and became one of the most popular writers of the Revolutionary period. Born in Normandy in 1731, he went to England when he was sixteen years old, and seven years later, after he had learned English, landed in America. Here he married, and settled on a farm in New York. During the Revolution he was suspected by the British of being a spy, and was finally arrested, imprisoned for some months in New York, and in 1780 sent as a prisoner to England. Not long afterwards he was exchanged, and allowed to return to France. *The Letters from an American Farmer*, which had been in large part written before the war, were published in London in 1782, and found a most favorable reception. In 1783 he once more came to the United States, this time as French consul at New York. Here he remained till 1793, when he returned to France to remain till his death in 1813.

The *Letters*, on which his literary fame depends, were for the most part descriptive of the physical and economic condition of the colonies. The latter part of the book included four letters of a more miscellaneous nature. From one of these is taken the selection printed in this volume. The work as a whole, published as by "Hector St. John," attained an immediate and widespread popularity, both in Europe and America. The grace of his style, the charm of his description, the plaintive and at times sentimental note running through much of the book, the idealization of simple American life—these caught the fancy of European readers, as they pleased the Americans who enjoyed seeing themselves so attractively pictured.

The volume was at once translated into French, German, and Dutch, and did much to stimulate interest in the romantic phases of life in the new republic. It is some indication of Crèvecoeur's reputation that the town of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, was named for him by its founder.

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The best reprint of the *Letters* is that edited by Ludwig Lewisohn, N. Y. 1904. They may also be procured in the *Everyman Library*. The only extensive critical treatment of Crèvecoeur is Julia P. Mitchell's *St. Jean de Crèvecoeur*, N. Y. 1916.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732-1799)

Washington occupies a place in American civilization so uniquely significant, and touches the chronicle of our history at so

many points, that in a work of the present nature it would be impossible if not undesirable to do more than outline the main events of his many-sided career, and point out one or two reasons for thinking him entitled to a position in American literature as well as history. Any attempt to state the real importance of his contribution to the life of the nation would involve a consideration of the political, military, and economic history of the country during the entire half century that closed with his death in 1799. Consequently the student who finds himself wishing to learn more of the actual accomplishments of the man must seek for information in one of the works listed in the bibliography, any of which will serve as points of departure for a study that may be made as extensive as the time at one's disposal will permit.

The main facts of his life are known to everybody. Born in Virginia on February 22, 1732, he never had the advantage of a college education, but grew up as a member of a family that enjoyed plantation life on the banks of the Potomac river, and showed little inclination to intellectual pursuits. His formal schooling was over by the time he was fifteen; a year later he had taken up the business of surveyor, and soon was serving in that capacity, most of the time near the western frontier of the colony. In 1755, after some military experience gained against the French and Indians, he accompanied General Braddock in his disastrous campaign, and after the rout at Fort Duquesne, succeeded in saving a fraction of the army from annihilation. On his return he was made commander of all the Virginia forces, and for two years was engaged in repelling attacks along the western boundary of the colony. When the war was ended he resigned his commission, and in 1759, after marrying Mrs. Martha Custis, he began fifteen years of quiet and happy life on his estate at Mount Vernon. By this time he was one of the wealthiest men in America, greatly interested, as his *Diary* shows, in all the problems of his large estate, and not actively concerned with political affairs.

By 1765, however, when the Stamp Act agitation was at its height, Washington was one of the group that most strenuously opposed the bullying tactics of the British Governor, Lord Dunmore. For nine years he had a share in every attempt to bring about a more tolerable condition of affairs in Virginia, and when at last it appeared that the colonies must act together if they wished to preserve any semblance of their rights, it was inevitable that Washington should be one of Virginia's delegates to the first Continental Congress. Again in 1775 he was a member of the second Congress, where in June he was unanimously chosen commander of the army that was already in conflict with the British around Boston. His first cam-

paign ended in March, 1776, with the evacuation of Boston by the British. Following this important initial success, he attempted, unsuccessfully, to prevent the British occupation of New York. When he was driven from Manhattan Island he crossed the Hudson into New Jersey, there to conduct what Frederick the Great called the most brilliant campaign of the century, albeit he was most of the time in retreat or on the defensive.

The year 1777 saw Washington enduring the hardships of Valley Forge, while at the same time discontented elements in Congress and in the army were plotting to have him removed in favor of Gates. The arrival of French aid in 1778 made his position more secure, and when in the early autumn of 1781 Cornwallis went into camp at Yorktown, to rest after his victorious southern campaign, it was Washington who marched the combined French and American army from West Point to Virginia, surrounded his opponent, and forced the surrender which practically ended the war. Two years later he resigned his commission as General, and once more retired to Mount Vernon.

In 1787 the Federal Convention assembled in Philadelphia to draw up a new Constitution. Washington, one of the delegates from Virginia, was at once chosen President of the Convention, and when the first election was held under the new plan of government, he was unanimously elected the first President of the United States. Four years later he again received the vote of every elector, and though his second term was embittered by broils and disputes, he would have been re-elected again for a third term had he not refused to be a candidate. On March 4, 1797, he relinquished the Presidency to John Adams, and withdrew to Mount Vernon, where he died on December 14, 1799.

It is hardly possible to think of Washington as a man of letters, even in the sense in which the term may be applied to men like Franklin and Hamilton. His written work consists largely of official correspondence and private letters, and though it is never without interest, it is lacking in the stylistic merit which other similar documents of the time possessed. His most famous single utterance, the *Farewell Address*, was written for him by Hamilton. At the same time the breadth of Washington's interests was so great, and the significance of much of his work so clear, that the matter warrants his inclusion in a volume of American literature, albeit the manner is sometimes open to criticism. And even in this last respect Washington's prose is entitled to more praise than is sometimes given it. The letters possess a solid and substantial dignity which comports well with the character of their author, and are of obvious value to the person who would understand either Washington the

man, or the age in which he lived, or would learn at first hand how a plantation owner in old Virginia thought and wrote.

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BIOGRAPHIES. Among the many biographies Washington Irving's *Life*, N. Y. 1855-1859, 5 vols., still holds its place as one of the ablest. Henry Cabot Lodge's *George Washington*, Boston, 1889 and 1898, 2 vols., is a valuable modern study. The most notorious biography—interesting solely as a document in the history of the "Washington legend,"—is that by M. L. Weems, published in its first form in 1800, and later (1806) expanded and embellished with many apocryphal incidents, including that of the cherry tree. This has been republished many times, and is available in an 1892 reprint by the J. B. Lippincott Company. For details concerning Washington's private life, one must consult the invaluable *Diary of George Washington*, Boston, 1925, 4 vols.

NOTES

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

194. This typical letter gives a graphic picture of the difficulties Washington was constantly forced to overcome. To turn the pages of his correspondence during the war is to realize that his chief problem was not that of defeating the British army. The hardest task which he had to accomplish was the dual one of stirring a weak and vacillating Congress to action, and of overcoming a Tory sentiment which in many parts of the country made it far easier for the British to gain information of Washington than for him to learn of the movements of his foes. At the time he wrote this letter he was also harassed by the disaffected elements which were planning to depose him in favor of Gates, who was high in popular favor on account of the victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga.

LETTER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

196. See Franklin's letter, p. 136, above, to which this is a reply.

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

197. a. 45. **Two new states.** Ohio and Tennessee.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

203. a. 52. **Why forego the advantages.** Compare Jefferson's remarks on the same subject, p. 209, above.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826)

When Jefferson wrote, "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against any form of tyranny over the mind of man," he gave utterance to the guiding principle of his whole life. It was in this spirit that he fought for the political independence of the colonies. It was with the same high purpose that he helped destroy the almost feudal caste system of Virginia, and secured the passage of the Virginia statute for religious liberty. The same passion for liberty inspired his last great act, the establishment of the University of Virginia. "The institution," wrote Jefferson in 1820, "will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow the truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error, so long as reason is left free to combat it."

It has been Jefferson's fate to be represented as almost the patron saint of a political party, as the founder of that tradition which the Democratic party of today claims as its historical birthright. It would be more fair to him, and more in accord with his own wishes, to think of him as one of the chief emancipators of the American mind; as a man who brought not only political but intellectual independence to the country he loved and served.

To record only the more outstanding facts of Jefferson's life is to indicate how significant and many-sided was his career. He was born in Virginia, in April, 1743, of a well-established family. Educated under private tutors, and at William and Mary College, he was admitted to the Bar in 1767, but after 1774 rarely practised. His experiences as a legislator began in 1769, when he entered the Virginia House of Burgesses. In 1775 he represented his state in the Continental Congress, and from that time till his final retirement from the Presidency in March, 1809, he was constantly in the inner political councils of the nation. His *Summary View of the Rights of America* (1774) established his position among the chief political writers of the time. When the question of independence finally came before Congress, his reputation was such that it was natural for him to be appointed on the committee to frame a declaration, and for the committee to entrust to him virtually the entire composition of the document.

Immediately after the *Declaration of Independence* had been adopted, Jefferson left Congress and returned to the Virginia legislature. Here he worked arduously—and suc-

cessfully—for the enactment of laws which should make impossible either a landed aristocracy or an established church. He early began his life-long struggle against slavery, and succeeded in putting his state on record as opposed to any further importation of negroes. From 1779 to 1781 he was Governor of Virginia; from 1784 to 1789 he represented the United States at the Court of Louis XVI. So sincere was his affection for France, and so great was the respect in which he was held by the French, that in July of 1789 he was asked to advise with the committee appointed to draw up the new French Constitution—a request which he felt bound to decline, on account of his status as diplomatic representative.

From 1789 to 1794 Jefferson was Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet, where he and Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, soon found themselves holding sharply divergent theories of government. Hamilton was the Federalist, constantly urging more and more power for the central government; Jefferson was the Republican, distrusting Hamilton's schemes because they seemed destined to lead back to a monarchy, and feeling confident that the best happiness of the nation was to be attained only by preserving to the individual states as many as possible of the attributes of sovereignty. Hamilton's views seemed in a majority of cases to be those of Washington, and in 1793 Jefferson resigned his portfolio and retired to his home at Monticello.

But for him to remain long out of public affairs was impossible. He had been too many years in harness to enjoy the leisure of plantation life, and in 1796 he was the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. John Adams, a Federalist, was elected; but Jefferson, who received the second largest number of electoral votes, became Vice-President. As presiding officer of the Senate he had little power, but he made an admirable party leader, and four years later, after the long-drawn-out contest between Burr and Jefferson in the House of Representatives, Jefferson became President. So successful was his first administration that in 1804 he was enthusiastically re-elected, and might conceivably have had a third term had he not followed Washington's example by refusing to be a candidate. His friend and political disciple, James Madison, followed him in the Presidency, and continued the "Jeffersonian tradition," as, indeed, did Monroe, who succeeded Madison.

During the latter years of his life Jefferson gave his energies whole-heartedly to the establishment of the University of Virginia, but found time to write much, and to exercise an important if unofficial influence upon American political thought. He died on July 4, 1826, just half a century after the adoption of the *Declaration* he had worded, and at the

same hour that saw the death of his life-long rival and friend, John Adams.

Near the close of his life Jefferson composed the epitaph which he wished to appear on his tombstone. It singles out three achievements which he thought most memorable, and which posterity would agree were perhaps his chief contributions to American civilization: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence, the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

As a man of letters, Jefferson belongs in a sense with Franklin: he wrote for utilitarian purposes, usually political or economic; but like Franklin, he wrote so well that the best of his work seems sure to endure. His store of information was encyclopædic; his logical processes were usually good. He was inspired by a great and passionate enthusiasm for the causes he espoused. And—most important of all, in some ways—he possessed that gift of style without which no person can create literature. Hence it is that Jefferson, though significant primarily in the political history of America, has his assured place in literature.

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NOTES

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

204. The motion which immediately prepared the way for the *Declaration* was introduced in the Continental Congress on June 1, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee,

and stated that "these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved of all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." John Adams at once seconded this motion, but it did not come to a vote till July 2, when it was passed.

On June 10 a committee consisting of Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston had been appointed to frame a formal declaration embodying the sense of Lee's motion. This declaration, in turn, was ratified by Congress on July 4, twelve colonies voting "aye," with New York not voting because her delegates had not been authorized to act on the matter. John Hancock, President of the Congress, may have signed the Declaration on July 4. Five days later the New York delegates added their affirmative to the vote of the other colonies, and on August 2, after the *Declaration* had been properly engrossed on parchment, it was signed by the fifty-three members of Congress then present. Three others signed later, only one, John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, refusing his assent to the resolution.

The *Declaration* as a whole was the work of Jefferson, whom the committee of five entrusted with its composition. The original copy shows some marginal and interlinear corrections in the hand of Franklin.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

206. Jefferson's *Autobiography*, like Franklin's, is incomplete. He carried it from 1741 to March 21, 1790, and in the fragmentary and at times regrettable *Anas*, continued the story to 1809. Both documents show their author intimately, with all his fine enthusiasms and unfortunate prejudices undimmed and unblunted.
206. b. 40. **The fundamental defect of the Confederation.** Compare Hamilton's remarks on the same matter, *The Federalist*, pp. 212 ff. above.
207. a. 54. **In circumstances peculiarly favorable.** Jefferson was American Minister to France when the Revolution began.
- b. 15. **Mr. Jay.** John Jay (1745-1829) was Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the last years of the Confederation. He helped Hamilton write *The Federalist*, and was selected by Washington to be the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
- b. 27. **The metamorphosis.** The change from the government under the Confed-

eration to that under the Constitution.
b. 34. **This great and good country.** Jefferson's devotion to France here receives its finest expression.

NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA

208. The volume bearing this title is Jefferson's most pretentious single work, and illustrates admirably the many-sidedness of his learning, as well as his literary skill. The book furnishes the one example in the history of civilization in which a questionnaire has been productive of good, for it was prepared as a reply to a series of queries sent out by the French legation in 1781, for the purpose of getting information to transmit to the Ministry at Versailles. The *Notes* were first printed—but not published—in 1784, in Paris, where Jefferson was then residing. The outspoken nature of some of his comments, and doubt as to how the book would be received in America, constrained him to circulate it only in private. By 1787, however, a French translation had been surreptitiously issued, as a result of which Jefferson made a few alterations, and then published the work over his own name. It has been often reprinted, and is entitled to be called one of the most popular American books of the late eighteenth century.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

209. The moderateness of Jefferson's inaugural was a disappointment to some of his Republican supporters, who hoped that he would assume a less conciliatory attitude towards the defeated Federalists. The people as a whole, however, approved of his attitude, which the events of the next four years entirely justified.
- b. 6. **We are all Republicans, etc.** Compare Lincoln's first inaugural, pp. 780 ff., above.
210. a. 39. **Entangling alliances.** The phrase Jefferson here coins is commonly thought of as being found in Washington's *Farewell Address*. Though Washington voiced the same general ideas, he did not use quite these words, nor any others so succinctly expressive.

LETTER TO JAMES MADISON

211. a. 40. **The late troubles in the eastern states.** Shay's Rebellion. See note on *The Federalist*, p. 1131, this volume.
- b. 40. **A little rebellion now and then is a good thing.** Such a statement as this indicates how genuine was Jefferson's devotion to "the illimitable freedom of the human mind."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757-1804)

Hamilton belongs to the group of interesting and influential persons who were men of letters almost by accident. Like Burke and Lincoln, he made statecraft his primary concern. When he wrote, it was to influence political action, not to experience the artist's joy in creation. But despite this practical purpose which sanctioned all his published work, he wrote in such a masterly fashion that to deny him an honorable position in the catalogue of literature would be as unthinkable as to rule out his great English contemporary, or his even greater American successor. In the history of "belles lettres" Hamilton's name does not appear; in the history of the larger and more significant literature of the nation that he helped to establish, the literature which is itself the most enduring record of that nation's life—in this chronicle Hamilton's name is writ large. For he was one of the few masters of political prose whom America has produced.

He was born in January, 1757, on the island of Nevis, British West Indies. For fifteen years he lived on one or another of the islands; when he was old enough, he occupied himself in an uncle's business, and developed an extraordinary talent as a letter writer. It was the promise of literary skill, indeed, that persuaded friends—after he had been left an orphan—to send him in 1772 to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he completed his preliminary education. Two years later he enrolled in King's College, New York (now Columbia University), only to have his studies soon interrupted by the war.

During the Revolution Hamilton served in several military capacities, and for four years was Washington's confidential aide and secretary. He thus had an opportunity to view what he later called "the defects of the present constitution" from a position behind the scenes, as well as to come in close and intimate contact with the man whom he was afterwards to assist in elevating to the Presidency.

When the Federal Convention met in Philadelphia in 1787, Hamilton was one of the delegates from his state. In the convention his energies were centered upon securing the adoption of a constitution which should create a strong federal government, and should end once and for all the troubles resulting from the very loose union established by the soon outworn Articles of Confederation. When such a document was finally signed by the delegates, though it was not in all ways what Hamilton desired, he gave himself enthusiastically to the more difficult task of securing its ratification by the requisite number of states. In New York the opposition was particularly strong. It was feared that the state would suffer if it entered any union

in which small states like Delaware and Rhode Island had as much voice in the Senate as New York or Virginia. Hamilton undertook to overcome this local opposition. To give currency to his ideas, he began in October of 1787 the series of *Federalist* papers. He had the aid of Madison and Jay in part of the work; but the underlying theory of government, the general plan, and more than half of the actual writing, were entirely his own.

In speaking of the importance of the *Federalist* one is tempted to use the sort of superlatives which as a rule have no place in thoughtful writing. But in this case it is hard to do without them, for all the evidence of a century and a half goes to show that the *Federalist* was the most important single influence in securing the ratification of the Constitution. Without it, the new nation might never have been born.

To the reader of today, the qualities that stand out most markedly in the *Federalist* are, perhaps, the absolute clarity of statement, the steady and convincing development of an informing thesis, the wealth of historical allusion and illustration, and the irrefutable quality of the logic. When to these one adds the fiery intensity and passion of Hamilton himself, who was as brilliant and magnetic in debate as he was convincing in argumentation, one realizes with what force the Federal theory of government must have been driven home upon the New York convention. Almost against its will, that body succumbed to Hamilton's appeals, and ratified the Constitution in 1788.

Of Hamilton's subsequent career little can here be said. His service as Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's cabinet, his opposition to Jefferson and Adams, his life-long hostility towards Aaron Burr, whom he early suspected of being a dangerous person, and whose ambitions he thwarted once and again, his enduring significance as sponsor of the theory of government that puts the Federal power above that of any individual state—all these are matters of common knowledge. Even better known is the story of his final quarrel with Burr, and of his death following the duel of July 11, 1804. His work as a statesman seemed to be but beginning when Burr's bullet wrote a swift *finis* to the story. His work as a man of letters, however, had been completed when on August 15, 1788, he published the eighty-fifth number of the *Federalist*. By the time that final number was off the press Hamilton had written what *Blackwood's Magazine* called "the Bible of republicanism," a document which—to quote from the *Edinburgh Review*—exhibited "an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research, and an acuteness of understanding which would have done honor to the most illustrious statesman of ancient or modern times."

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NOTES

THE FEDERALIST

212. a. 25. **Total want of a sanction to its laws.** Under the Articles of Confederation Congress could recommend action to the State legislatures, but could not compel obedience to its acts. This was the chief "defect of the present constitution."
- b. 48. **The tempestuous situation.** The reference is to "Shays's Rebellion," which was occasioned by discontent resulting from economic distress following the war, and was finally quelled early in 1788. At the time Hamilton wrote this paper the trouble was still brewing, though the worst crises had been passed.
215. a. 9. **Publius.** The signature appended to each of the papers.
218. b. 22. **The United Provinces.** The Netherlands.
220. a. 15. **The right of legislative appeal.** This doctrine, here branded by Hamilton as "enormous," was to reappear half a century later as the doctrine of nullification.

JOEL BARLOW (1754-1812)

To represent Barlow's poetical work by *The Hasty Pudding*, and to pass over what he considered his chief accomplishment without reprinting a line of it, is to treat him in a way which he and some of his contemporaries would have considered unfair. But it is clear by this time that his estimate of his own work was inaccurate, and that his chief claim to be remembered rests not upon *The Columbiad*, an epic of great size published in 1807, but rather upon the mock-epic which is here reproduced entire. *The Columbiad*, as Barrett Wendell once put it, is "among the most impressive books, to look at in the world." *The Hasty Pudding*, on the other hand, is clever, readable, humorous, and sincerely American in subject matter—a poem that can still be enjoyed even by a reader who does not share Barlow's enthusiasm for cornmeal mush.

Born in Redding, Connecticut, in 1754,

Barlow graduated from Yale in 1778, serving at the time as class poet. During the latter part of the war he was chaplain in an infantry regiment. Later in life he settled at Hartford, Connecticut, where he made one of the group still referred to as the "Hartford wits." From 1788 to 1805, however, he lived abroad, and it was while in Europe that he one day in 1792 found himself eating a dish of well-made hasty pudding. The result of this unexpected blessing was the poem here reprinted. Nothing that he did between this date and his death in 1812 is of sufficient importance to merit recording here.

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Barlow's more pretentious works are available only in the original editions. *The Hasty Pudding* was reprinted by D. J. Brown, N. Y. 1847. For a biography of Barlow see C. B. Todd's *Life and Letters of Joel Barlow*, N. Y. 1886, or Moses Coit Tyler's *Three Men of Letters*, N. Y. 1895.

NOTES

THE HASTY PUDDING

220. First published in 1796, though written some time before.
224. 70. **The tall top-gallants.** The sails just above the topsails on a square-rigged ship.

EARLY LYRISTS

None of the authors included under the general heading *Early Lyrists* was a great poet, yet each of them wrote at least one song which has become a permanent part of our literature. Sentimentalism was still rife in America in the early nineteenth century, and much of the poetry of the day made its appeal through a mild form of melancholy that verged on the maudlin. Nevertheless, these particular lyrics, which have held their place with the public for the better part of a century, stand out from the rest by the genuineness of their feeling. The three patriotic songs at the beginning of the collection have much poetic fervor; and *The Star-Spangled Banner* in particular, despite the fact that it concerns one special aspect of an almost forgotten battle, and despite the difficulty of its tune as compared to those of other popular favorites, has easily established itself as our National Anthem.

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), a graduate and trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and a distinguished Philadelphia jurist, was a son of Francis Hopkinson, author of *The Battle of the Kegs*; his one well-known song, *Hail, Columbia*, was written in 1798 at the request of a friend. Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), a graduate of St. John's College,

Annapolis, practised law and became district attorney in Washington. His poetic fame rests chiefly on *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D. (1808-1895), was a clergyman, editor of various religious publications, and author of many hymns, of which the most famous is *America*. (For a tribute by his distinguished classmate Holmes, see the Harvard reunion poem, *The Boys*, p. 703, above.) Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842) was an author and journalist of moderate ability, best known for *The Old Oaken Bucket* and *The Forest Rose* (a play), and for his part in founding the *New York Mirror*. John Howard Payne (1792-1852), actor and playwright, carried on his dramatic work chiefly in England, and after retiring from the stage became American consul at Tunis. George Pope Morris (1802-1864) was one of the founders of the *New York Mirror*, which he edited for twenty years. He was among the ablest early American journalists, and financially the most successful songwriter of his day.

NOTES

HAIL COLUMBIA

227. Written in 1798, when Congress had put Washington in command of the army, and it was generally thought that the United States would have to take one side or the other in the war between England and France.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

During the War of 1812, Key, with a flag of truce, went aboard one of the British vessels to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. While still aboard the enemy ship, he witnessed the prolonged but unsuccessful bombardment of one of the defenses of Baltimore, Fort McHenry, which the British Admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours.

AMERICA

228. Written and published in 1832.

HOME, SWEET HOME

229. First sung in Payne's opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, at Covent Garden, London, in 1823.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

230. One of Morris's friends had such pleasant childhood associations with an old tree near Bloomingdale, N. Y., that he paid ten dollars to have it preserved from the woodman's axe. Morris happened to be present when the contract was made, and this poem is the result.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN
(1771-1810)

The literary reputation of Charles Brockden Brown rests principally on the fact that he was the first American to make authorship his sole profession, and the first to write a series of novels that met with some appreciable success. He was eager to prove that an American could write fiction, with strictly American backgrounds, in a style sufficiently elegant to enable his work to compete with the great novels produced in England during the eighteenth century. Seldom has a novelist taken himself so seriously, or aimed with such naïve assurance at a mark so hopelessly beyond his reach. Taking William Godwin's story of criminal oppression, *Caleb Williams*, as his model, and imitating in his general plan the horror-piled-on-horror method of the "Gothic" romances, he chanced by ill luck to adopt a style so pedantic and Latinized that his works survive today partly as literary curiosities. Yet despite the crudities of style, and, in some parts, of construction, his best book, *Wieland*, continues to be read for its vigorous depicting of terror as a force in human life. Brown had a power which breaks through the barrier of literary immaturity and gives life to a kind of writing that in most particulars was out of date when he wrote it.

During his seven most productive years (1798-1804) Brown published six novels: *Wieland*, which was written in a single month, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, *Edgar Huntly*, *Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot*. Almost without exception the atmosphere of these tales is gloomy and morbid, suffused with the miasma of yellow fever, madness, or murder. Towards the latter part of his brief life, his literary efforts took a more wholesome turn, and he became the editor of various magazines, but his health gave way and he died of consumption in 1810. It is a commonplace of literary criticism that his talent was admirably suited for writing the short story, but he missed the opportunity, which was promptly seized by Poe and Hawthorne.

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NOTES

WIELAND

230. The story is told in the first person by Wieland's sister Clara, who has lived happily in a secluded part of Pennsylvania with her brother and his family,

and who is about to marry, when Carwin, the malignant man of mystery, comes upon the scene. Chapter VI, the selection included in this volume, describes the peculiar personality of this villain, and gives an instance of his uncanny influence. Towards the end of the book it is made clear that the horrors and tragedies recounted are all caused by Carwin's amazing power as a ventriloquist, which enables him to play upon the credulity of his victims until he drives Wieland into a homicidal mania and forever separates the innocent sister from her betrothed.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851)

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1789, but the family moved when he was only one year old to the beautiful wilderness of lakes and mountains in what is now called Cooperstown, N. Y. Here the boy came to know the forest trails and the primeval forest itself in a way that stood him in good stead later, when he was writing his *Leatherstocking Tales*. For a time he seemed likely to go through the commonplace experiences of school and college, but a peremptory dismissal from Yale forced him into scenes of greater interest. In a word, his father, Judge Cooper, thought the discipline of the Navy desirable for one who could not accommodate himself to college rules; as a preliminary step the youth shipped on a merchantman, the *Sterling*, and for a year sailed the Atlantic, gathering, all unknowingly, material for the sea stories that were destined to be almost as famous as his tales of the Indians. After many exciting adventures, including saving a comrade from drowning and being chased by pirates, he enlisted in the Navy, where he acquitted himself creditably as a midshipman. His marriage in 1811 to Miss DeLancey, a woman of pronounced Tory leanings, made it undesirable for him to fight against England in the War of 1812, and on resigning his commission he settled down to the life of a country gentleman, his active career apparently over.

After several years there came the trifling incident which changed the course of his life: he expressed the opinion that he could write a better novel than one he happened to be reading; and, challenged by his wife, attempted to do so. The result, *Precaution* (1820), scarcely justified his boast; but with the appearance of *The Spy* in 1821 he established himself as an author of note. Within the next three years he wrote *The Pioneers*, creating Natty Bumppo, and *The Pilot*—the latter a frank attempt to better the seamanship displayed by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*. In these two volumes he showed his skill at two distinct types of story, on which

he rang the changes with marked success for over twenty-five years.

Both in New York City and on his extensive travels in Europe he was a popular favorite, but at times his published criticisms of both American and European ways of life involved him in unnecessary and fruitless controversy. His declining years, like his early childhood, were spent in happiness among the lakes which play so large a part in his novels.

He died at Cooperstown, in 1850, having requested his family to authorize no biography, for he felt that he had been misunderstood by his contemporaries, and would inevitably be misrepresented in whatever might be written. Two volumes of his correspondence, however, recently (1922) edited by his grandson, provide an excellent source for a study of his later years.

The advance in fiction as one turns from the first American novelist of importance, Charles Brockden Brown, to the second, Cooper, is so great as scarcely to permit a comparison of their worth. As has already been pointed out (p. 1132), Brown's priority is his chief claim to recognition; Cooper, on the other hand, wrote thirty-two romances, of which half a dozen are still popular throughout western Europe and the United States, while a dozen more were widely read during the author's lifetime. Books which weather the literary storms of a century show some promise of permanence, and there is reason to believe that Cooper may be among the immortals. He created a new type—the romance of the sea, with which Defoe, Smollett, and Scott had toyed without recognizing its latent possibilities; moreover, he created the novel of frontier life dealing principally with the American Indians. And in creating these two types he wrote with such freshness and vigor that his sea stories have been surpassed only seldom, and his Indian stories never.

On the other hand, there is not one of Cooper's many books which can be praised without reservation: at times the dialogue is tedious, the moralizing is painful, and the style is atrocious. Suspense is frequently prolonged to the point of fatigue, and the more exciting incidents frankly tax the reader's credulity. (See Mark Twain's incisive criticism in "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," an essay in the volume entitled *How to Tell a Story and other Essays*.) On the whole, Cooper's romances are unique in their absurd mixture of literary faults and merits.

Cooper has often been called "the American Scott," but the comparison throws very little light on the secret of his amazing power as a story-teller. A contrast of Cooper with Hawthorne is far more illuminating. Hawthorne's work is not popular on the Continent because the act of translation, by blurring the delicacy of his literary etchings,

spoils his chief glory. Cooper's style, on the other hand, is so clumsy that it loses nothing by any reasonable translation—nay, it often gains; and his works have gripped French and German readers just as forcibly as they have English and American. If we set down several essential elements of fiction and arrange them according to the abundance in which Cooper possessed them, we find something like this: first, stirring action; second, interesting settings accurately described; third, character portrayal; and fourth, style. If we reverse the order, making greatest what was least in Cooper, and so on, the result is surprisingly close to an analysis of Hawthorne's peculiar literary equipment.

In the larger phases of authorship, then, Cooper had an unusual talent—in selecting a story worth telling, devising a plot or plan, and in portraying acts of physical prowess set off against a background of ocean or forest. He is at his best when his hero stands at the helm of a storm-tossed vessel, steering among uncharted shoals along some secret channel known only to him, while the waves dash over the bow and the crew cower in fear of death; or when a helpless maiden (somewhat unromantically called a "female") is being carried off by Indians to some forest fastness whence her lover can rescue her only with the aid of the ubiquitous guide, Natty Bumppo. For the minute details of technique, in dealing with which Hawthorne had no peer, Cooper had no *flair*; but his vitality has proved sufficient to make his work survive. And one of his characters, Natty Bumppo, variously known as Deerslayer, Hawkeye, or Pathfinder, seems already to have attained immortality.

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Of critical articles the following—representing many different points of view and methods of approach—are all significant: Balzac's *Fenimore Cooper et Walter Scott*, in *La Revue Parisienne*, 25 July, 1840; Mark Twain's *Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses*, first published in the *North American Review*, July, 1895; Parkman's *James Fenimore Cooper*, *North American Review*, January, 1852; W. C. Brownell's *Cooper*, in his *American Prose Masters*, N. Y. 1909. Preston A. Barba's *Cooper in Germany*, Bloomington, Indiana, 1914, contains much information on one phase of Cooper's European vogue.

NOTES

THE PILOT

236. *The Pilot* (1824) was written in an attempt to surpass, at least in nautical accuracy, Scott's *Pirate*. Several of the exploits of the hero, Gray, are modelled after those of the American naval commander, John Paul Jones, whom Gray was intended to represent.

To readers not familiar with the complicated problem of handling an old-fashioned ship, it may be briefly explained that a square-rigged vessel cannot "point up" within forty-five degrees of the wind, and that her drift sideways is so great that she does not actually go in the direction she is headed; progress against the wind is thus made by a series of diagonals, with the complicated manœuver of either "tacking ship" or "wearing ship" at each turn. "Tacking ship," or coming about, involves changing the position of all sails set, and getting them to draw on the other side; and if the vessel loses her momentum during the turn, she becomes unmanageable. In the passage here reproduced, Cooper has shown how a ship should be "tacked" through a narrow and tortuous channel, between unmarked shoals, with strong tidal currents, in a gale of wind. Under such conditions if too little sail be carried, there is not speed enough to make the vessel steer properly; if too much sail be carried, the masts break and a wreck is inevitable; under some conditions it is well-nigh impossible to find the happy medium.

237. a. 33. To be taken aback. To be caught without momentum, the vessel heading into the wind, and the sails drawing backwards.
238. b. 11. See all clear for stays. Everything ready for tacking.

THE DEERSLAYER

243. Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* set forth different periods in the life of an American woodsman who was constantly in contact with Indians, both friendly and hostile. The chronological order of the stories with reference to the life of the hero is: *The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *The Pioneers* (1823), and *The Prairie* (1827)—a fact easily remembered because (as pointed out in Bronson's *American Literature*, p. 132) the titles run in alphabetical order.

In the first of these volumes the hero is called Deerslayer. Though of pure white blood, he lives as companion of Chingachgook, chief of the friendly Delaware Indians. With his famous

long rifle, Killdeer, Deerslayer helps defend both the Delawares and the white settlers from raids by the savage Hurons. The situation in Chapter XXIX is that Deerslayer, having been captured by the Hurons, refuses to marry the squaw Sumach, whose husband and brother he has killed. He is accordingly condemned to death by torture.

245. *b. 19. He had not been made woman.* The Delaware Indians had been conquered by the Iroquois, disarmed, and forced to adopt the sobriquet of "women."
246. *a. 11. Gesler's apple.* In Schiller's play *Wilhelm Tell*, Tell is obliged by Gesler to show his skill with the crossbow by shooting an apple from his own son's head.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

To say that Irving was the first American essayist who wrote with charm and urbanity, the first American biographer and historian who presented the results of scholarly investigation in a thoroughly readable fashion, and the first American who won any large audience by the exercise of his native humor, is to put the case for him bluntly but truthfully. To add to this the statement that he was the first American who was an artist in prose and not merely a maker of books, who was in reality a man of letters, not by accident, but because his life-long ambition was to be a writer of good prose, is to make the picture less incomplete. With him American prose literature came into its majority.

He was born in New York City in April, 1783. His Scottish father and English mother felt no hesitation over naming one of their five sons for that American who had just driven the British from New York, and Irving never tired of telling how General Washington, at the time of his first inauguration as President, patted his head and told him to be a good boy. Interestingly enough, this man for whom he was named, and whose accolade he was proud to have received, was the subject of Irving's last work and greatest biography, completed in the year of Irving's own death.

As a child Irving felt somewhat repressed in the atmosphere of his Presbyterian home; more baneful than this, so it seemed at the time, was the fact that he was never strong, and that at the time he might otherwise have been going to college, he was wandering north in the Hudson River country, trying to check the tuberculosis that had already fastened itself upon him. In 1804 he went abroad, and for two years found the utmost delight in his contacts with picturesque parts of Europe, and in the gradual return of his health.

In 1806 he was admitted to the New York Bar, and for the rest of his life—like Sir Walter Scott, one of his English friends—was nominally an attorney. Like Scott, however, he found literature more pleasing than law, and was a barrister only in name.

His first venture into the world of letters came in 1807, when, in collaboration with James K. Paulding, he issued a series of sketches or essays known today as *The Salmagundi Papers*. Two years later these locally amusing skits were entirely forgotten in the applause that followed the publication of the *Knickerbocker History of New York*.

After the War of 1812 had ended, Irving once more went abroad, this time as English representative of an importing firm in which he and his brothers were partners. Disliking the work heartily, but enjoying to the full his experiences in England, he seems almost to have welcomed bankruptcy in 1818; for the failure of the business left him free to give all his time to literature. In 1819-1820 the publication of *The Sketch-Book* showed that his time had been well spent.

At once he found himself famous—the friend of Scott, Southey, and their contemporaries. *Bracebridge Hall*, another collection of essays, followed in 1822; in 1828 he entered a different field with the *Life of Columbus*. To fit himself for this biographical work Irving had begun his studies of Spanish history; the fascination of the field proved so great that in 1829 he published *The Conquest of Granada*, and in 1832 *The Legends of the Alhambra*. By this time he was known as historian and scholar as well as essayist; his fame was as great in Europe as in America.

Returning to New York in 1832, with the Oxford doctorate and medal of the Royal Society of Literature as testimonials of his prestige abroad, he lived for ten years in quiet happiness, somewhat reluctantly going abroad again in 1842 as Minister to Spain. His *Life of Goldsmith* had been published in 1840, and had been at once received as the best biography of that Englishman whom Irving has so often been said to resemble.

Returning from Spain in 1846, he spent the remaining thirteen years of his life at "Sunnyside," Tarrytown. His last work, *The Life of George Washington*, was published in 1859; shortly afterwards his own life ended.

No one reads *The Sketch-Book* or *Bracebridge Hall* without realizing that in the difficult rôle of familiar essayist, Irving ranks close to the masters of the type. Learning much from Addison and Goldsmith, and finding much of his inspiration from the English country life which they had known a century before, he never lost his enjoyment of the Hudson River scenery and stories—one is almost tempted to say folk-lore—with which he had come in contact during his early wanderings in search of health, and in treating which he wrote his best-known essays. Eng-

lish though he may be by virtue of his literary ancestry, and often by virtue of his subject matter, he is never quite so effective as in *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, where the material owes nothing to foreign influence. (It is interesting to note that at the very time Irving was bringing out these early essays, Bryant was publishing his first volume of what may be called native American poetry, a forty-four page booklet issued in 1821. It is also interesting to remember that had neither man published anything after this date, his fame would have been secure.)

Irving's historical work came after his most popular essays had been published, and added much to his contemporary reputation. Nor have these longer, more pretentious volumes ceased, with the passing of time, to exert the charm which the first readers found in them. *The Columbus*, *the Goldsmith*, and *the Washington*, are still vivid, colorful biographies, biographies which no "mere essayist" could have written, but which demanded the patience and learning of the scholar as well as the literary skill of the trained craftsman. And whoever would delight once more in the romance and legends of old Spain, must still turn to the *Alhambra* and *Conquest of Granada*, books which Irving wrote with all the enthusiasm of his American youth, albeit in an approximation to the idiom of his English masters.

Yet when all is said and done one wonders whether Irving's claim to our gratitude does not rest more firmly upon the *Knickerbocker History* than upon anything else. Pure burlesque at first, almost a parody, as was *Joseph Andrews* in its opening chapters, the book rapidly outgrew its original purpose of laughing at a ponderous historical treatise, and became that most difficult but admirable thing, a work of art done in the spirit of broad comedy. Here one sees announced, sixty years in advance, the humor which Mark Twain was to tag as "American," and to send over all the world. Here is the mingling of the serious and the comic, of actual fact and stark impossibility, here the colossal exaggeration, the fabulous yarn told with the gravest of faces, that, rightly or wrongly, are considered parts of America's distinctive literary privilege. To be sure, the satire in the book offended some of the Dutch families living along the lower Hudson; but Sir Walter Scott liked it all immensely, and eagerly sought out the young author to thank him for having written a great and enjoyable book. The verdict of a hundred years coincides with Scott's.

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CRITICAL ARTICLES. An attempt to list American articles dealing with Irving would be futile; but because of his long and intimate connection with England the following British criticisms are of particular interest: Hazlitt's essay, *Elia*, and *Geoffrey Crayon*, in *The Spirit of the Age*; two most complimentary reviews by Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 34, Aug. 1820, and vol. 37, Nov. 1822; a briefer discussion—probably by Lockhart—in *Blackwood's*, vol. 6, Feb. 1820; and Thackeray's notice of Irving's death entitled *Nisi Nisi Bonum*, first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. 1, 1860, and now included in *Roundabout Papers*.

NOTES

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK

250. Wouter Van Twiller, the subject of this chapter, was the fifth of the Dutch Governors of New York, and held office from 1633-1637.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

253. From *The Sketch-Book*. This somewhat autobiographical description at once suggests Addison's description of the Spectator.

RIP VAN WINKLE

255. From *The Sketch-Book*. The source of the story, as the author's note suggests, was the German tradition concerning the Emperor Frederick the Red-Beard. Students interested in the development of the short story will find an interesting contrast in mood and method between the leisurely manner of Irving, as illustrated here and in *The Moor's Legacy* (above, p. 270), and the tense emotionalism of Poe.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE

264. From *The Sketch-Book*. The subject of this essay—the changes in literary styles—came to affect Irving in an unpleasant way. In 1846 his publishers informed him that there was no need for a new edition of his works because

during his long stay in Europe public taste had changed.

- b. 22. **Drummond of Hawthornden.** A Scottish poet (1585-1649).
 b. 49. **Doomsday Book.** Two volumes containing the records of the "Grand Survey" of England, made in 1086 by direction of William the Conqueror.
 266. b. 24. **Giraldus Cambrensis.** Like most of the other writers mentioned in this paragraph, an Anglo-Latin chronicler of the twelfth century.
 267. a. 3. **Wynkyn de Worde.** An English printer, successor to Caxton. He died about 1535.
 a. 24. **Robert of Gloucester.** A writer of the late thirteenth century. The poetic merit of his chronicles is so slight as to justify the phrase "Rhymes of mongrel Saxon."
 a. 27. **Spenser.** Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) paid this tribute to Chaucer. The expression, which Irving has slightly misquoted, comes from *The Faerie Queene*, IV, 2, 32: "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled."
 268. b. 44. **Little of Latin.** The now proverbial expression "small Latin and less Greek" is from Ben Jonson's poem *To the Memory of . . . William Shakespeare*.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

270. From *The Alhambra*.
 a. 4. **The fortress of the Alhambra.** A palace and citadel dating from the time of the Moorish occupation of Granada. The buildings which made up the large group were the work of many rulers, and were in process of erection during the hundred years following 1240.
 272. b. 29. **The famous Barber of Seville.** Figaro, the clever busybody who thrives on intrigue, in Beaumarchais' comedies *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and in the operas derived from these plays.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820)

Joseph Rodman Drake, physician and poet, collaborated with Halleck in the witty *Croaker* verses, and wrote enough poetry of his own to give evidence of excellent taste and unusual talent. His *Culprit Fay*, a fanciful thing obviously influenced by Coleridge, was written in two days to prove that he could compose a narrative poem in which human beings played no part. *The American Flag* won immediate popularity because of its vigorous patriotism, and is still more readable than most similar work of a hundred years ago. Had Drake lived longer, he might have achieved something notable; as it is, his poetry marks a distinct advance over that of his predecessors in America.

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Some fifteen editions of Drake's work have appeared since 1835, but no one is of outstanding merit. J. G. Wilson's *Joseph Rodman Drake*, in *Harper's Monthly*, June, 1874, is a competent estimate of the man and his work. Poe's comments on Drake (and Halleck) may be found in an essay originally published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, vol. 2, and now included in the *Virginia Edition* of Poe, VIII, 275.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867)

Halleck's life was too closely confined to the accountant's desk, at which he spent his best years, to allow him to develop much originality as a poet. Yet having a facile pen and literary taste amounting almost to talent, he managed to become a leading minor poet whose verses pleased a public not overcritical in its demands. Except for a few poems by Bryant, Poe, and Pinkney, the early years of the nineteenth century were singularly lean; contrasted with the mid-century period when Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Whitman were in their prime, they present a sorry spectacle. Halleck's verses, imitated from Byron and other giants of the English romantic movement, would scarcely have been noticed but for the lack of American competition. His long satiric poem *Fanny* is Byron without the Byronic spice; his *Marco Bozzaris* shows an interest in the Greek struggle for liberty that is again Byronic—but somewhat diluted. His society verse is undoubtedly clever, but where the majority of Byron's metrical lapses are both deliberate and amusing, Halleck's are commonly only clumsy and annoying. Accordingly it seems worth while to include in this volume only a few samples of his work and one elegy by which he will always be remembered—the tribute to Joseph Rodman Drake.

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The best edition of Halleck's work is *The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, with Extracts from those of Joseph Rodman Drake*, ed. J. G. Wilson, N. Y. 1869, 1885. Wilson's *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*, N. Y. 1869, is still the best biography.

NOTES

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

289. The verses of this elegy not only commemorate the friendship between Drake and Halleck, but also mark the high-water level of Halleck's poetic accomplishment.

MARCO BOZZARIS

290. "Marco Bozzaris, one of the best and bravest of the modern Greek chieftains. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1822, and expired in the moment of victory." (Halleck's note.) The poem is probably the best-known example of Halleck's work.
18. Platæa. At the battle of Platæa, 479 B. C., the Greeks overcame the Persians in a crucial engagement.

THE IRON GRAYS

291. Halleck was a member of this New York infantry organization during the War of 1812.

EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY (1802-1828)

Edward Coote Pinkney—the correct spelling of his middle name has just been established by Messrs. Mabbott and Pleadwell in their definitive edition of his works—the son of William Pinkney of Maryland, was born in 1802 and died in 1828. During his short and adventurous life he was by turns an officer in the navy, a lawyer, a journalist, and a poet of more promise and ability than any American of his times, save only Bryant and Poe. His total output was small, yet among his collected works are to be found half a dozen lyrics that surpass in beauty anything that America had produced at that time, and that one still reads with pleasure. Poe admired his work, the best of which had appeared before Poe began to write, and imitated it. It would be hard to find a more certain indication of his merit.

The first two of the poems here reprinted were included in Pinkney's 1825 volume. The last was first published in 1926.

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Pinkney's work is now available in *The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney*, ed. T. O. Mabbott and F. L. Pleadwell, N. Y., 1926. In this edition one finds an admirable biography, as well as the entire body of Pinkney's literary work, including thirty poems or prose items hitherto unpublished.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)

Before commenting on Bryant's poetry, which is his most tangible gift to posterity, it will be well to consider briefly the facts of his life and the scope of his editorial work, which was of great importance to his contemporaries. He was born in 1794, in Cummington, Massachusetts, and in that state he spent the first thirty years of his life.

His father, a physician and member of the legislature, was able to give him a good schooling in preparation for college, but the natural beauties of the Berkshire hills seem to have exerted a greater influence on his poetry than did any formal education. The family life was wholesome and happy, yet the modest sum paid the tutor Hallock for tuition and board—one dollar a week—suggests a financial stringency. It was in part lack of funds that led the poet to skip the freshman year at Williams, and that subsequently made it impossible for him to transfer to Yale, the college of his choice. After seven months at Williams he obtained an honorable dismissal and took up the study of law, but from this career his ability as a writer of both prose and verse soon turned him. The violent satire of 1808, *The Embargo*, had been a mere boyish tirade in verse; but the brooding on nature and death which culminated in *Thanatopsis* was soon supplemented by other signs of literary power: critical articles from his pen appeared in the *North American Review*; he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem (*The Ages*) at Harvard in 1821; and in the same year he published the slender volume of his *Poems* which, though it contained but forty-four pages, was destined to rank as the first really distinguished collection of poetry by any American.

By 1825 Bryant was married and established in New York City on the staff of the *Evening Post*. Three years later he was editor and chief owner of the same journal, and was beginning a half century of work which was to demonstrate that a metropolitan newspaper could be dignified, interesting, and profitable, without sacrificing its independence or the ideals of its editor. Long before Horace Greeley built up the *New York Tribune*, Bryant had made the *Evening Post* the foremost newspaper of the country, and had established a new code of journalistic ethics for the English-speaking world.

It is a matter of common knowledge that as time passed Bryant became New York's leading citizen, and went about the streets of the city with a quiet, austere dignity which suggested, as George William Curtis pointed out in his funeral address on Bryant, the personality of a Spartan lawgiver. The reputation which had come to him from his poetry and from his editorial success, made him much sought after as a speaker at public meetings of special importance. To this fact we owe the series of brilliant addresses on Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and various other contemporaries. Yet arduous as were his duties as editor and orator, he was able to complete and publish blank verse translations of the *Iliad* (1870) and the *Odyssey* (1871). On the whole Bryant's life was an example to his countrymen, and indeed to the world, of the wholesome influence in public affairs which can be wielded by an

independent man of letters. He died in June, 1873, a few hours after having made the chief address at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini.

In considering Bryant's poetry one passage in his brief autobiography is peculiarly significant: "In my ninth year I began to make verses, some of which were utter nonsense. My father ridiculed them, and endeavored to teach me to write only when I had something to say." Here are suggested several points which, if space permitted, might be enlarged on—Bryant's precocity at verse-making, the value of his father's literary guidance, and the doctrine that having "something to say" is essential to writing good poetry. Four years later his first considerable poem, *The Embargo*, showed the results of this precocity and of his father's teaching. And still four years later, *Thanatopsis* illustrated on a heroic scale the same points of interest. Here is a precocity so astounding that Dana's remark has become famous: "Ah! Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." Here again appears the kindly influence of his father, by whose interest the poem was brought to light; and finally one notes the mark which characterizes every poem that Bryant gave to the public—he "had something to say." *Thanatopsis* is not only incredibly mature for a youth of seventeen, but its fundamental message is still of value, for "it takes the idea of Death out of its theological aspects and sophistications, and the perversions of conscience with which they are connected, and restores it to its proper place in the scheme of things." (From Parke Godwin's *Life of Bryant*, I, p. 100.)

Bryant's love of nature is probably the quality which has chiefly endeared him to us as a poet. There is an intimacy amounting almost to personal affection in his feeling for the yellow violet, the fringed gentian, and the bobolink; the poems in which he sings their praises are not copied from Burns, Wordsworth, or any other poet of nature. They are the self-sufficient expressions of his own personality—too measured and restrained to be spontaneous, and thus lacking one of Burns's chief merits, yet gaining something by this very calmness. In no sense such a mystic as was Wordsworth, Bryant felt, nevertheless, the presence of God in nature; his *Forest Hymn*—not to mention the richness of its blank verse—shows that to him every object in nature was

est Hymn is to many readers his most notable treatment of nature.

Bryant was not a great poet, in the sense in which the adjective may be applied to some of his English contemporaries. He was neither a profound thinker nor an unfailing master of the technique of verse. His themes were few, and of the sort that tend to become monotonous: the beauty of Nature, the inevitableness of death. But in its simplicity, its dignity, its concrete picturing of nature, and its pervading "high seriousness," his best work presents a combination of qualities which made him worthy to be—what in fact he was—the first of the major poets of America.

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BIOGRAPHIES. In addition to Godwin's life, W. A. Bradley's *William Cullen Bryant*, N. Y. 1905 (*E. M. L.*), is a valuable study. G. W. Curtis's *The Life, Character and Writings of William Cullen Bryant*, N. Y. 1879, is of particular interest because of the fact that Bryant and Curtis were personal friends. J. G. Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends*, N. Y. 1886, is useful on account of its treatment of men like Drake and Halleck.

Poe discussed Bryant's work several times, most effectively in an article published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, April, 1846, and now included in vol. 6 of the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, p. 105.

NOTES

THANATOPSIS

292. Bryant wrote the main portion of this poem when he was only seventeen years old, after reading Blair's *Grave*, Porteus's *Death*, Cowper's *Task*, and various poems by Southey and Henry Kirke White. Some years later the unpublished manuscript was discovered by Bryant's father, and sent, without the author's permission, to the *North American Review*, where it appeared in September, 1817. Bryant subsequently added lines 1-16 and 66-81, thereby altering considerably the philosophical significance of the poem. For an interesting study of the history of the poem, see an article by Carl Van Doren in *The Nation*, October 7, 1915.

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great Universe.

The same religious significance of nature is suggested, though less clearly, in several other poems, especially in the introductory lines of *Monument Mountain*; but the *For-*

A WINTER PIECE

294. First published in the 1821 volume.

TO A WATERFOWL

296. Written on the evening of December 15, 1815. Bryant had been walking alone, feeling somewhat disconsolate concerning his uncertain future. The appearance of the waterfowl seemed to him a sort of vision sent to teach the lesson of divine guidance, which he set forth in the last stanza of the poem. Matthew Arnold's enthusiastic praise of the poem ("the most perfect brief poem in the language") is well known.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

297. The mountain is near Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Bryant heard the tradition from a friend, who had it from one of the Indians.

A FOREST HYMN

301. 101-18. This is the sort of passage that has caused some people to call Bryant "the American Wordsworth." See, for instance, Lowell's remarks in *A Fable for Critics*, p. 624, above.

"O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS"

301. From among the many poems that Bryant wrote to Frances Fairchild, whom he married in 1821, this only was authorized for publication.

THE PAST

302. Bryant is said to have considered this his best poem, ranking it above even *Thanatopsis*.

THE PRAIRIES

304. In 1832 Bryant made a trip to Illinois, and spent a week with his brothers there. On November 2, 1833, he wrote to Dana: "I have a little piece by me in blank verse entitled *The Prairies*, for which I have directed room to be left. It is not yet quite finished; the conclusion gives me some perplexity."

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

306. "The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting 'like a gentleman and a Christian.'" (Bryant's note.)

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

307. Bird-lovers enjoy this poem for its accuracy of detail, and especially for the success with which the refrain imitates the song of the male bobolink.

JONES VERY (1813-1880)

Jones Very, poet, teacher of Greek at Harvard, and Unitarian minister, was one of the most spiritual among the many friends of Emerson. Despite the esteem in which he was held by other Transcendentalists, there was something futile about his life in the busy world: although licensed as a minister, he never had charge of a church; his influence as a teacher was negligible; his friends were frequently called on to testify as to his sanity; and his first published volume of poems (1839) was the only one that appeared during his lifetime. On the other hand, these early poems, and those which he contributed to various magazines, are remarkable not only for their perfection of expression but also for occasional glimpses into the author's moods of mysticism and religious exaltation.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best edition of Very's work is that edited by William P. Andrews, Boston, 1883. The introductory memoir gives an adequate account of Very's life. All the selections in the present volume are taken from Very's *Poems and Essays*, Boston, 1839.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

Although some of the details of Poe's life are still obscure, the chief facts are well known. He was born in Boston, on January 19, 1809, the son of David Poe and Elizabeth Arnold Poe. His parents, who at the time of his birth were itinerant actors of considerable ability, were both dead by 1811, and Edgar—the second of their three children—was adopted by John Allan, of Richmond, whose name he thereafter bore. Allan, and more particularly, perhaps, his wife, felt an interest in the helpless ward, and as he grew to boyhood gave him the best education Virginia afforded, supplemented by five years (1815-1820) in school at Stoke Newington, England. By 1826 the boy was ready for college, and entered the newly established University of Virginia. Here the freedom from discipline proved a misfortune, for in a year Poe accumulated large gambling debts, and became somewhat notorious for his fondness for alcohol. At the end of a year Allan removed him from the University, refused to pay his debts of honor, and acquiesced, after a quarrel, when Poe went to Boston and on May 26, 1827, enlisted in the United States Army.

For two years he served in the coast artillery, and made an admirable record. The discipline under which he found himself was a steadying influence; his own intelligence and ability made it inevitable that he should rise in the service. It is not to be wondered at that within two years he had become regimental sergeant-major, the highest grade to which an enlisted man could attain, or that his officers should unite in recommending him for a cadetship at West Point, to which place he was transferred in 1829.

His enlistment in the army in 1827 had been almost coincident with the appearance of his first publication, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, which was announced as "By a Bostonian." He continued to write after entering West Point, and in 1829 and 1831 published two more volumes of poems, over his own name. In the last of these "the real Poe" may be said to have appeared for the first time. At the same time, however, he was court-martialed and dismissed from the military academy, having deliberately set about to accumulate demerits, and thus win his freedom, when he learned that Allan proposed to make no addition to the salary on which he would be expected to support himself when he should receive his commission as second lieutenant.

During the rest of his career Poe was writing for a living, often in absolute want, and never free from the fear of poverty. In 1836 he publicly married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, thirteen years of age, whom he had probably privately married the year before. Although his personal habits made it difficult for him to continue long in a position of any responsibility, he had at times editorial connections of importance with several magazines and newspapers, including the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, *The Evening Mirror*, and *The Broadway Journal*. The publication of *The Raven*, in 1845, made him internationally famous, but added only ten dollars to his bank account. After the death of his wife in 1847, Poe suffered a complete collapse, and was for a time supported by his friends. His recovery was sufficient to permit his doing a little further literary work, both writing and lecturing, but his body was so weakened and his spirit so broken that his life came to a tragic close on October 7, 1849, in a Baltimore hospital.

A valuable clue to an understanding of Poe's genius lies in the fact that he was one of the few authors to attempt a somewhat scientific solution of the problems of literary art. The same methods that enabled him to solve cryptograms with amazing speed and accuracy, also enabled him to excel at "the rhythmical creation of beauty" in poems, and at the creation of original and astonishing effects in his short stories. What these methods were may be inferred partly from a study of *The Poetic Principle*, *The Philosophy of*

Composition, and of a single paragraph in the criticism of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*—the one beginning: "A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale." In more detail they may be grasped by a study of his most brilliant productions. Had such methods been applied with mechanical rigidity, the poems would doubtless be puerile, and the stories immature. But Poe had just the flexibility necessary to escape—at least on occasion—from science into art, and to let his own intense personality give both life and color to his output. Indeed, in the field of criticism the personal elements of friendship and jealousy were at times too strong to allow him to write impartially of his contemporaries. His genius thus manifested itself clearly in poems, tales, and critical essays dealing with literary theory.

To Poe the first essential of great poetry was an approach to beauty through some emotional appeal heightened by all the devices of a skilled versifier; any appeal to the intellect or to the moral sense was subordinate to this, which he carefully defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." His temperament and circumstances were such that grief was the emotion he could most easily arouse, and accordingly the prevailing atmosphere of his poetry is one of brooding melancholy. In some cases the music and the attempted emotional appeal are so devoid of human interest that the result is little more than a glorified jingle; in other cases the verse is so melodious and the mood so compelling that the reader is, at least for the moment, enthralled. In a number of poems, of which *The Raven* and *The Bells* are outstanding representatives, there is a mechanical perfection of technique which astounds one on first reading, but which gains little with increasing familiarity. In others, of which *To One in Paradise* and *To Helen* are fair examples, the metrical effects, though less dazzling, are of the subtle sort that gain from re-reading, and the imagery is far more suggestive. The lines *To Helen* are themselves rich with "the glory that was Greece." *The Conqueror Worm* abounds with effective symbolism and sounds a note of gloom far deeper than that of *The Raven*; *Annabel Lee* and *Lenore* likewise are perfect examples of their own type—a type which creates through beauty and sorrow the peculiar exaltation of feeling of which Poe was master. It is past debate that Poe's poetry has but a limited range; much of life that stirred Whitman, much that inspired Browning, was far beyond Poe's ken. Nevertheless, within the scope to which he confined his poetic efforts, he has not been surpassed; and in this very limited field one may say of him, as Matthew Arnold said of Keats, "He is with Shakespeare."

Poe's tales—published in a score of contemporary magazines—are too well known to require a detailed enumeration; they have

fascinated readers the world over. Their range is astonishing, covering, in addition to several smaller classes, large groups of analytical tales (including detective stories), tales of mystery and the supernatural, and tales of horror. In the opinion of many critics, the modern short story reached the height of its technique under Poe, Hawthorne, de Maupassant, and Stevenson, leaving to later writers the difficult task of introducing novel changes into a form already developed to perfection. At the lowest estimate, Poe was one of the early masters of the form, and in many particulars his work has not been excelled. An outstanding feature of his method is the pruning away of all that is unessential, and making every sentence of the story contribute to the cumulative effect of the climax. (The exact manner in which Poe may have written *Ligeia* is set forth in Professor Clayton Hamilton's *Manual of the Art of Fiction*, pp. 194 ff.) There is also evident a genius for descriptive touches which create both atmosphere and mood and at the same time increase the reader's interest in the outcome of the narrative. Of characterization there is little, but enough to differentiate the various personalities and make them vital. This weakness in character portrayal, were it in a novel, would be serious; but in tales so short and so compelling as Poe's, it is overlooked among the abundance of riches. Poe's experience of life and his personal habits rendered him, as he doubtless recognized, peculiarly unfit for writing a novel. In the short story, on the other hand, he could isolate some special phase of life in which he was interested, apply to it his tremendous powers of intellect, and produce a masterpiece, flawless in structure, and as perfect in its tonal unity as a Beethoven sonata.

Poe's literary criticism is of value largely because of his keen analytical powers, his fearlessness, and—it should be frankly admitted—his fortune in living at a time when serious criticism was still something of a novelty in this country. He was, indeed, the first American critic of importance, and his estimates of the early work of Hawthorne, Tennyson, and Elizabeth Barrett (Browning) are notable. Like other newspaper writers of his day he was sometimes partial to his friends and unduly hard on his rivals, but in the majority of his judgments he was fair-minded and incisive. He was prone to put too great an emphasis on minutiae; a resemblance of one piece to another he habitually branded as plagiarism; a line where the rhythm was free, he almost invariably condemned. He wrote hundreds of reviews (many of which have been reprinted under the general title *Marginalia*), in which petty caviling is curiously blended with sound criticism. His best critical work is undoubtedly that in which he sets forth, constructively, his own theories of composition. Here he was

able to rise above his personal prejudices, and to do work which was not only of value and significance when it appeared, but which still commands the attention of every serious student of literature.

Finally, whether writing poetry, criticism, or fiction, Poe was always and undeniably an artist. On virtually everything he touched he left the impress of his genius. One may call him morbid, hypersensitive, egotistical, and what not, but one can not call him unskilled in the use of his chosen medium, words. The same words which in the hands of other writers remain dull and inert, take life and form under the magic of his touch, and glow with the dusky colors of passion. The same vowels and consonants which most persons find it difficult to combine into euphonious patterns, shape themselves at Poe's command into melodious rhythms, and cadences of haunting beauty. One may find that what he thus wrote has little significance so far as the fundamental problems of existence are concerned. One does not go to Poe for a "criticism of life." But he was the foremost master of words that America has produced; a great and original genius, and the supreme artist in American letters.

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EDITIONS. The bibliography of Poe is so large that only the most outstanding items can be mentioned here. Among collected editions three are notable: *The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe*, with a Memoir of his life, by Rufus W. Griswold, N. Y., 1850-1856, 4 vols. This, the earliest of all, has been many times reprinted, and is still of value, since it contains more of Poe's criticism than can be found outside the *Virginia Edition*, which is out of print. Griswold's biographical sketch is notorious for its unfairness, and should not be considered authoritative. More scholarly in all ways than Griswold's edition is *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry, Chicago, 1894, New York, 1914, 10 vols. This is still in print, and is the best readily available modern edition. J. A. Harrison's *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (Virginia Edition), N. Y. 1902, 17 vols., is the best edition that has yet appeared, but is unfortunately out of print.

The best edition of Poe's verse—and one so good that but little remains to be done on this score—is Killis Campbell's *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, Boston, 1917.

BIOGRAPHIES. The best biography has been G. E. Woodberry's *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, Boston, 1909, 2 vols. This entirely supersedes Woodberry's earlier study, which forms one item in the *A. M. L.* series. Now, however, *Israfel*, by Harvey Allen, N. Y. 1926, 2 vols., bids fair to be held definitive.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. Two significant pieces of contemporary criticism, written by men

who knew Poe personally, are G. R. Graham's *The Genius and Characteristics of the Late Edgar Allan Poe*, printed in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1854, and Griswold's *Memoir*, referred to above. For other items, see the *C. H. A. L.*

NOTES

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

309. This tale, regarded by many as Poe's masterpiece, is at once an admirable narrative, and a perfect exemplification of Poe's critical and artistic theories, so far as the field of the prose tale is concerned. It was first published in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1839.
314. *b. 23. The Haunted Palace.* Poe wrote Griswold that the title implied "a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain." It is obviously in point at this place as illustrating the condition of Usher's mind, and might seem to have been composed for this particular purpose. It had, however, been printed in the *Baltimore Museum* in April, 1839.
315. *b. 38. Vigiliæ Mortuorum, etc.* Vigils for the dead according to the choir of the church at Mayence.
317. *b. 48. The Mad Trist.* Both title and author seem to have been created by Poe. Professor T. O. Mabbott informs the editors that he has identified all but one of the books referred to in this tale, and will shortly publish a note establishing the fact.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

320. First published in *The Gift*, 1845. The story is one of the most famous of Poe's analytical tales, and, together with *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Gold Bug*, has done much to set the style in detective stories.
- a. 40. Au troisième.* On the third floor above the ground floor.
326. *b. 38. Non distributio medii.* "Undistributed middle term": a form of logical fallacy.
327. *a. 7. Il y a à parier, etc.* "It is a safe bet that every common notion, every accepted convention, is a piece of stupidity, for it has found favor with the multitude."
- a. 24. Ambitus, religio, homines honesti.* Each of these words, as used in Latin, has a variety of meanings, and some of these meanings do actually overlap those indicated by Poe; this is especially the case with *honesti*. *Ambitus*, however, may be accurately translated as "canvassing for political office," and *religio* as referring to a bargain struck between a man and a god.
330. *b. 36. Un dessein si funeste, etc.* "A

plan so baleful is worthy of Thyestes, if not of Atreus."

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

The tale was first published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, November, 1846. For other examples of tales of horror, see *The Pit and the Pendulum*, or *The Black Cat*.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

334. First published in 1827, under the title *Imitation*. The final version of 1849 contains no line of the original unchanged by revision.

ROMANCE

First published in 1829, as was the *Sonet—to Science*.

TO HELEN

335. There is some evidence that Poe may have written this poem at the age of fourteen, though it was not published till 1831. The Helen was Mrs. Jane Stith Stannard, mother of one of his friends.
9. The earliest printed version of these, the most famous lines among all Poe's verse, reads thus:

To the glory of fair Greece
And the grandeur of old Rome.

The improvement effected by the revision is obvious.

ISRAFAEL

First published in 1831. To the quotation from the *Koran* Poe added the clause, "whose heartstrings are a lute."

THE CITY IN THE SEA

336. First published in 1831, as *The Doomed City*. Poe said that the city was intended to represent Sodom or Gomorrah. He used the theme at the beginning of Part II of *Al Aaraaf*.

LENORE

This poem is perhaps the best single illustration of Poe's fondness for revising his own work. The earliest printed version (1831) consists of 44 regular lines, arranged thus:

How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song be sung
The requiem for the loveliest dead,
That ever died so young?

The version printed in this volume is Poe's 1843 arrangement, which is gen-

erally conceded to be the most effective. In 1845 he again re-arranged it, making 26 long couplets with much internal rhyme, thus:

Ah! broken is the golden bowl, the
spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats
on the Stygian river;

Col. T. W. Higginson's opinion has been widely quoted: "Never in American literature, I think, was such a fountain of melody flung into the air as when *Lenore* first appeared in *The Pioneer*; and never did fountain so drop downward as when Poe re-arranged it in its present form. The irregular measure had a beauty as original as that of *Christabel*; and the lines had an ever-varying cadence of their own, until their author himself took them and cramped them into couplets."

1. **Broken is the golden bowl.** A quotation from *Ecclesiastes*, xii, 6.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

337. First published as part of the tale *The Assignation*, in *Godey's Lady's Book*, January 1834. The poem has no specific autobiographical significance.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

First published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1843. Poe later inserted the poem in the prose tale *Ligeia*.

THE RAVEN

338. First published in *The New York Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845. Poe's own account of every step in the composition of the poem may be found in his essay *The Philosophy of Composition*, p. 347, above. It is doubtful whether Poe actually wrote the poem in the manner described; that he *might* have thus written it, is almost certainly true, but see the discussion in Hervey Allen's *Israfel*, II, pp. 608 ff. Woodberry's statement (*Life of Poe*, II, 110), that "no brief poem ever established itself so immediately, so widely, and so imperishably, in men's minds," is probably correct. In addition to numberless imitations and parodies, it occasioned one poem of surpassing beauty so unlike it that the relationship is often forgotten. Dante Gabriel Rossetti said that *The Blessed Damosel* owed its existence to *The Raven*, and added: "I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven."

ULALUME

340. First published in the *American Whig Review*, December, 1847. Poe's wife Virginia had died on January 30, 1847, and it is probable that the poem was written after that date. There is some evidence, however, that it had been at least begun in the summer of 1846.
37. **Astarte.** The Phoenician goddess of the planet Venus.
46. **Lethean.** Pertaining to Lethe, the mythological river of forgetfulness.

THE BELLS

341. As originally written the poem consisted of but eighteen lines, descriptive of wedding and funeral bells. Poe gradually added to it until it now stands as the most considerable example of onomatopoeic verse in American literature. First published in the *Union Magazine*, November, 1849.

FOR ANNIE

342. First published in 1849; see Killis Campbell's note, *Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, p. 287, for an informing account of the poem's history. "Annie" was Mrs. Annie Richmond, of Lowell.

ANNABEL LEE

343. First published as an insert in Griswold's article on Poe, which appeared in the *New York Tribune*, October 9, 1849, two days after Poe's death. Despite various claims to the contrary, it is probable that the poem is a tribute to Poe's deceased wife.

ELDORADO

344. First published in the *Flag of Our Union*, April 21, 1849. The poem was in a sense occasioned by the gold-rush of 1849, but in a larger way was symbolic of Poe's own lifelong quest for a happiness that constantly eluded him.

REVIEW OF TWICE-TOLD TALES

This essay, first printed in *Graham's Magazine* for May, 1842, is much more than a mere review. It is Poe's public acclamation of Hawthorne, whose genius he was among the very first to recognize. It is of further significance as embodying Poe's own views on the short story, or, as he called it, "the tale." For Poe's other comments on Hawthorne's work, see the references in the Index, vol. XVI, *Virginia Edition of Poe*.

345. b. 38. **De Béranger.** Jean Pierre de Béranger (1780-1857), a French lyric poet.
347. a. 8. **John Neal.** An American prose writer (1793-1870), now chiefly remem-

bered for the feat of writing four long novels in seven months.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

347. First published in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1846. This notable essay—one of the most memorable pieces of American critical writing—illustrates in detail how Poe's theory of poetic art was—or could have been—applied to the specific problem of writing *The Raven*. Whether Poe actually composed the poem as he here says he did is of less moment than the fact that his best poems appear, from internal evidence, to have been written in general accord with the theory here expounded and illustrated.

THE POETIC PRINCIPLE

354. First published in *Sartain's Union Magazine*, October, 1850. This selection is excerpted from the long essay because it sets forth with the utmost possible brevity the extreme theory of poetry (derived in part from Coleridge) by which Poe guided himself in his own poetic composition, and by which he tested the work of others. If generally accepted it would narrow the range of poetry immeasurably; it is, however, a wholesome antidote to the looseness of structure and general disregard of technique which have recently developed through careless imitation of Whitman, who stands at the opposite pole from Poe so far as theory is concerned. Poe's essay, *Longfellow's Ballads*, contains a further development and application of the principles set forth here.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

Hawthorne was a great writer in an age of great writers. A contemporary of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and Poe—to mention only four persons whose works appeared during his mature years—he had the fortune to live at a time when the English novel was at perhaps the highest point of its development, and when America was producing, in the tales of Poe, one of her relatively few contributions to world literature. Both as novelist and as short story writer Hawthorne stands comparison with any of the persons mentioned; in certain respects he excels them all. No English novel comes nearer to technical perfection than *The Scarlet Letter*; none of Poe's tales are at once so appealingly human and so flawless in structure as the best of Hawthorne's. He made himself our greatest novelist, and shared with Poe the distinction of being a short story writer whose work seems to have found its place in the world's library of great fiction.

Born in Salem on July 4, 1804, he came of

a family which for generations had been settled in the old Puritan town, and in which the Puritan tradition had become firmly imbedded. His grandfather had followed the sea, and had won distinction as the Master of *The Fair American*, a Revolutionary privateer whose exploits are celebrated in a contemporary ballad (see p. 170, above). His father, master of one of the vessels which during the early part of the nineteenth century carried the American flag into every port on the salt water, died when Nathaniel was four years old; the widowed mother at once shut herself off from the world in a seclusion which her children were forced to share. "We do not even live at our house," the young lad once told a playmate. Save for the four years at Bowdoin College, the boy grew into manhood known to relatively few persons, and too reserved to break through the inherited reticence which his own temperament accentuated.

When he was seventeen years old he entered Bowdoin, where he found—among others—Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, and Horatio Bridge as fellow students. To the friendship of these men he owed much. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that without the aid of his college mates, who secured positions for him, and in times of stress supplied him with money, Hawthorne could never have accomplished the work which ultimately stood to his credit.

When he graduated from Bowdoin in 1825 he had only one ambition—to make himself a writer of fiction. It is characteristic of him that the path to this goal seemed to lie not in the stimulating contacts with life which Dickens and Thackeray found in journalism, but rather in the seclusion of his room in the Salem house—his "chamber under the eaves," where for a dozen years he lived again in the seclusion which by this time had become part of the Hawthorne tradition. Commenting later on some of the tales produced during this period, he said: "They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade." He seems to have been aware of the limitations that his solitary life entailed; only in such an existence, however, could he find the leisure to give to his work the finish which his exacting artistic conscience required him to impart to whatever he published.

In 1839 Hawthorne entered the Revenue Service as "Weigher and Gauger" in the Boston Custom House, receiving the appointment through the influence of college friends. The regular work—and income—seemed at first a blessing; gradually, however, the monotony of the life grew appalling, and he almost welcomed his discharge in 1841 when the administration changed. The next year saw him a member of the famous Brook Farm community. What his reactions were to this attempt to establish an ideal communistic group, the selections from his *American Note Books* printed in this volume make clear. He

soon found that happiness was not to be his lot if he remained at the Farm; consequently he promptly withdrew, relinquishing the thousand dollars which had been his pecuniary investment. Engaged by this time to Sophia Peabody, of Boston, and married in 1842, he spent the years 1842-46 in the "Old Manse" at Concord. Here he was at first happy in his new-found love and freedom, but soon became discouraged by his growing indebtedness, and inability to win any substantial number of readers.

In 1846 his friends again came to his aid, and secured his appointment as Surveyor of the Port of Salem—an office that brought a salary of \$1200, and entailed relatively few duties. Discharged in 1849, again a victim of the spoils system, he left Salem embittered at his native town, and ready to give utterance to his feeling in the famous introductory chapter of *The Scarlet Letter*, which was soon to appear. How the novel came to be published is graphically told in James T. Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*; the fame which it brought to Hawthorne is a matter of common knowledge.

The publication of this first great work in 1850 was followed in 1851 by that of *The House of the Seven Gables*; it in turn was succeeded in 1852 by *The Blithedale Romance*. Thus within the compass of three years Hawthorne had produced enough to ensure his position among the great novelists.

The year 1853 saw him again a government employee. His college friend Franklin Pierce had just been elected to the Presidency, and one of his first acts was to appoint Hawthorne to the most lucrative position in his gift, the consulship at Liverpool. Resigning this office in 1857, when Buchanan succeeded Pierce, Hawthorne spent three years in England and Italy, published his last complete novel, *The Marble Faun*, in 1860, and after four years of life in and around Boston, died at Plymouth, N. H., in the spring of 1864, while on a walking trip with Pierce.

Hawthorne's fame rests primarily upon his short stories, or tales, and his four best-known novels. To be sure, *The Wonder-Book* (1851) and *Tanglewood Tales* (1852) brought him the friendship and admiration of children who delighted in his retelling of classic myths; various other works seemed when they were published to be of considerable significance. But to all intents and purposes Hawthorne's major accomplishment is to be found in three collections of short stories: *Twice-Told Tales* (1837; 1842); *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846); *The Snow Image* (1851); and in four novels: *The Scarlet Letter* (1850); *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851); *The Blithedale Romance* (1852); and *The Marble Faun* (1860).

The title of his first collection, *Twice-Told Tales*, gives a clue to the nature of the contents. During the twelve years of his ap-

prenticeship Hawthorne published many tales, sending them to magazines, and one or another of the "Annuals" then so popular. In 1837 he collected what seemed to him the best, and reprinted them in a single volume. Five years later a second edition in two volumes contained approximately twice as many titles. That the two editions sold but slowly, and that Hawthorne was discouraged by his lack of popularity, are well-known facts. Nevertheless *Twice-Told Tales*, and the similar sketches which compose the *Mosses* and *Snow Image*, have for the student of today a double interest which the reader of 1842 could not have suspected.

In part the significance of these tales is historical. In them that form of brief prose fiction which we today call the short story moved one step nearer its culmination. Irving's genial sketches may fairly be said to furnish the starting point of the American short story; after Irving it was Hawthorne who saw the possibilities of the type, and gave us a score of examples which were to provoke the admiration of Poe, even if they did not greatly stir the general reader. *Young Goodman Brown*, *Endicott* and *the Red Cross*, *The Minister's Black Veil*—these and the others which different readers might select as their favorites, are sure signs of the development of the *genre* which has of late become so formidably popular.

A greater significance than this, however, attaches to the best of Hawthorne's tales. Above all, they are works of art, enduring in their appeal because of the literary skill with which Hawthorne has expressed his ideas concerning significant matters. In them one finds the truth and the beauty which great art must possess. Choosing as theme some incident from New England history, some tendency of human character, some vague yearning of the soul, Hawthorne lets his imagination play round the figures of the tale till they take shape in his own mind, and ultimately—so great is his creative power—start to life before the reader on the printed page. It is true that some of his early tales are relatively crude and insignificant. The best, however, are of the sort that defy criticism: perfect in phrasing as in structure, rich in the concrete detail, the physical symbol, that shows how closely akin was Hawthorne's imagination to that of the poet, and hauntingly interwoven with suggestions of a mysterious, supernatural world, which never is allowed to obtrude itself unpleasantly upon the reader.

When one turns from the tales to the novels one finds the same beauty of rhythm and cadence in the phrasing, the same fondness for the physical symbol, the same sure technique, and a more powerful understanding of the fundamental problems and facts of life. The obvious truth has often been pointed out that in both tales and novels Hawthorne is concerned with the fact of sin in human

life. Over the significance of this fact he brooded not precisely as his Puritan ancestors must have done, but puzzlingly, inquiringly, somewhat in the spirit of the psychological investigator of today. As Woodberry pointed out in his life of Hawthorne, the four great novels seem to have been written in a definite attempt to illustrate, in a series of related studies, Hawthorne's ideas concerning the effect of sin upon the human soul. *The Scarlet Letter* pictures the breakdown of two individual souls, each overcome by his own sin. *The House of the Seven Gables* shows the effect of sin—in this case avarice—upon a family, a sin that finds its symbolic counterpart in an inherited tendency to apoplexy. *The Blithedale Romance*, not an accurate transcript of Hawthorne's life at Brook Farm, but none the less reflecting some phases of that experience, shows the author studying neither an individual nor a family but a community, and pointing out how the appearance of sin in that community caused disaster and tragedy. In *The Marble Faun* the novelist delves still deeper, and attacks the age-old problem of the reason for sin and suffering in what we believe to be a divinely ordered universe. His solution—never stated in so many words, but implied and suggested in the development of the story—is not the least satisfactory of the many explanations that from time to time have been put forward to account for the disturbing fact. Only out of suffering, says Hawthorne, can come happiness; without the shadow, there would be no possibility of joy in the sunlight; without the possibility, the actuality, of sin, there would be no such thing as good. Hence it is only through the fact of his own sin and attendant suffering that Donatello, the Faun, can arrive at the happiness of finding a soul developing within him.

Both as novelist and as writer of short stories Hawthorne made generous use of what one may call the supernatural, or in his case, more accurately, perhaps, the supernormal. In this particular respect he made himself the supreme artist among writers of English fiction. From the frank but childish use of the supernatural by Horace Walpole, "Monk" Lewis, and other writers of the "Gothic" romances, to the labored explanations of Charles Brockden Brown, and on through the artistic but frankly impossible supernaturalism of Poe, there had been persistent but not altogether successful attempts to utilize the supernatural as material for prose fiction. It remained for Hawthorne to suggest the existence of the supernatural without taxing his reader's credulity, to hint at an explanation without obtruding it, and to enrich his picturing of life in old New England by including in the picture much that the realist would have omitted, and that a romancer like Mrs. Radcliffe would have made puerile and unconvincing.

In still one more respect Hawthorne may seem of greater interest to the reader of today than he did to his contemporaries. Born and bred in the old Puritan tradition, seeing the facts of life in New England as few of his critics have ever done, sympathetic with what it is popular today to call the superstitions of the age he pictured, he had nevertheless won for himself an intellectual, a spiritual, freedom which permitted him to view the spectacle of Puritan civilization in America objectively, with the detachment which the artist finds needful. He saw the beauty as well as the grimness in that Puritan life, and he pictured it as no one else has ever done. Hence it is hardly an over statement to say—in Johnsonian phrase—that whoever would understand the America of 1620-1700 must "give his days and nights to the study of" Hawthorne.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. Many editions of Hawthorne's collected works are available today, but the student who owns either the *Little Classics* edition, Boston, 1875-76, 23 vols., or the *Riverside*, Boston, 1883, 12 vols. (both by Houghton Mifflin), will be well equipped with texts. The *Lenox Edition*, N. Y. 1902, Crowell, 14 vols., lacks certain items like the *Note-Books*, but has valuable introductions by Katharine Lee Bates. Reprints of individual romances and collections of tales are so numerous as not to be worth listing here.

BIOGRAPHIES. The best approach to a study of Hawthorne's life is through George E. Woodberry's *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, Boston, 1902 (*A. M. L.* series). Henry James's *Hawthorne*, London, 1879 (*E. M. L.* series), is particularly interesting as being the comment of one novelist upon another. *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by the novelist's son, Julian Hawthorne, Boston, 1885, 2 vols., contains a more intimate picture of Hawthorne's home life than is available elsewhere. Horatio Bridge's *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, N. Y. 1893, and James T. Fields's chapter "Hawthorne," in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, Boston, 1875, are both valuable as showing Hawthorne through the eyes of intimate personal friends.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. Of contemporary criticism three items should be mentioned: Poe's review of *Twice-Told Tales*, in *Graham's Magazine*, April, May, 1842; Lowell's review of *The Marble Faun*, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1860; and Rufus Griswold's *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, in the *International Magazine*, November, 1851.

Of more recent critical and appreciative articles the number is so great, and the field covered so extensive, that any attempt even to select the half-dozen most significant would be futile.

NOTES

PREFACE TO TWICE-TOLD TALES

355. The *Preface* is reprinted partly because of its autobiographical value, and partly because of the accuracy with which Hawthorne here comments on his own tales.

THE GRAY CHAMPION

357. From *Twice-Told Tales*. Hawthorne doubtless got a hint for the story from an incident in the Indian attack on Hadley, Mass., in 1675, when a mysterious warrior appeared, rallied the faltering colonists, led them to victory, and then disappeared. So completely was his identity hidden that tradition soon had it that Hadley had been succored by an angel. In reality the champion was Colonel Goffe, one of the fugitive regicides.

358. a. 19. **Another encounter.** The so-called "Boston massacre," March 5, 1770.
b. 16. **A Smithfield fire.** At Smithfield, England, John Rogers, first of the martyrs in the reign of Queen Mary, was burned at the stake in 1555.
b. 30. **A new St. Bartholomew.** Thousands of the Protestant Huguenots of France were mercilessly butchered on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24), 1572.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

361. From *Twice-Told Tales*. Concerning Hawthorne's use of this theme, the abolition of old age and death, see the note, below, on his *American Note-Books*.

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS

367. From *Twice-Told Tales*. The source of the tale is an actual historical incident. See Winthrop's *Journal*, above, p. 23.
368. b. 26. **The letter A.** Here appears, for the first time in Hawthorne's work, the physical symbol which was the germ of *The Scarlet Letter*. At the time he first published this tale (1838), Hawthorne had probably read an old statute (1658) of the Plymouth colony, which provided that a person found guilty of adultery should be whipped twice, and also should "were two Capitall letters viz: AD cut out in cloth and sewed on their uppermost garments."

THE OLD MANSE

371. The first chapter in *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN

377. From *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The story is typical of Hawthorne at his best. Here, as in *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*, his amazing interest

in the problem of evil is that of the artist and psychologist rather than that of a conscious moralist.

384. a. 54. **Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep?** As usual, Hawthorne neither insists upon a supernatural interpretation of the story, nor does he deny it. See the end of the first paragraph of the *Preface to The House of the Seven Gables*, above, p. 385, for the author's own statement on this matter.

PREFACE TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

An unusually interesting essay, setting forth Hawthorne's ideas on the distinction between a *romance* and a *novel*, on the use of the marvellous in fiction, and on morals in fiction.

THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS

386. These note-books, written chiefly for Hawthorne's own use, and not published till after his death, contain material of two sorts: hints to be developed into future stories, and journal-like records of his life. The suggestions for stories are as unusual as they are characteristic of Hawthorne. Some of them he subsequently utilized, as the notes here show; but the entire collection—of which only a fragment is here printed—contains material enough for much more work than he was destined to accomplish. The genial letters from Brook Farm speak for themselves.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STORIES

387. a. 15. **Curious to imagine.** The idea of the abolition of death was one which fascinated Hawthorne. *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment* deals with this theme; there are many scattered references to it throughout his works; it is the theme of the unfinished *Septimius Felton*, or, *The Elixir of Life* (published posthumously); it appears as well in *The Dolliver Romance*.
a. 21. **Gratified revenge.** For Hawthorne's best study of the debasing effect of this passion for revenge, see the character of Roger Chillingworth in *The Scarlet Letter*.
b. 10. **The semblance of a human face.** See Hawthorne's story, *The Great Stone Face*.
b. 21. **A scarecrow.** See *Feathertop*, in the *Mosses*; also Percy MacKaye's dramatization of it, *The Scarecrow*.

LETTERS FROM BROOK FARM

For the literary and social significance of the Brook Farm experiment, see Lind-say Swift's *Brook Farm, its Members*,

Scholars, and Visitors, Boston, 1900. Hawthorne's own experiences are reflected in *The Blithedale Romance*.

388. a. 7. **Margaret Fuller.** Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli (1810-1850), one of the most prominent transcendentalists, the first editor of *The Dial*, and an intimate friend of Thoreau and Emerson.

ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS

390. Like the American, the *English Note-Books* were published posthumously. They are a private journal kept during the years he was consul at Liverpool, and reveal his opinions of English life more intimately than do the somewhat guarded comments which he himself published under the title *Our Old Home*.

392. a. 10. **Lord Palmerston.** Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston (1784-1865), became Prime Minister on February 5, 1855, and held the office, with only one brief interruption, until his death ten years later.

b. 10. **Abbotsford.** The mood of petulant criticism here manifest suggests that Hawthorne may have been subconsciously jealous of Scott's popularity. On the other hand, the tone may be due to nothing more than a natural disappointment at finding how much the magnificence of Abbotsford—Scott's country estate—had been exaggerated.

b. 38. **Strawberry Hill.** The fantastic country home of Horace Walpole (1717-1797), the author of *The Castle of Otranto*, and well-known patron of art and literature.

393. a. 24. **Archbishop Sharpe.** James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered in 1679 by a band of Covenanters. In *Old Mortality* Scott had confused John Balfour of Kinloch (a Covenanter) with John, Lord Balfour of Burley. Hawthorne here repeats the error.

394. b. 13. **Rob Roy's gun.** Rob Roy Macgregor (1671-1734) was a Scottish freebooter who plays an important part in Scott's novel of his name.

b. 15. **Claverhouse.** John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee (1649-1689), was a vigorous persecutor of the Covenanters, and a loyal supporter of the Stuart monarchs. See Scott's song, *Bonny Dundee*, in *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

b. 16. **The sword of Montrose.** James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), was a Scottish royalist, and the most successful supporter of the Stuarts during their dark years.

395. a. 25. **Reading all his novels.** On Hawthorne's return to America, he did read all of Scott's novels aloud to his family.
a. 32. **Mr. Milnes.** Richard Monckton Milnes (1809-1895), later raised to the

peerage as Baron Houghton; an English politician and man of letters.

a. 54. **Moore.** Thomas Moore, the Irish poet and wit, died in 1852, the year before Hawthorne went to England.
b. 4. **Mr. Ticknor.** George Ticknor (1791-1871), Longfellow's predecessor as professor of modern languages at Harvard, and author of *A History of Spanish Literature*.

b. 6. **Mrs. Browning.** Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wife of Robert Browning. Hawthorne was to meet the Brownings again in Italy. See his *Italian Note-Books*, *Riverside Edition*, p. 293.

396. a. 2. **Miss Bacon.** A student of Shakespeare whose mind had become unbalanced. Hawthorne gives a full and sympathetic account of her work in *Our Old Home*, *Riverside Edition*, p. 129.

a. 10. **Margaret Fuller.** See above, note on letters from Brook Farm.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR. (1815-1882)

It was only the accident of poor health and weak eyesight that caused Dana to take a two years' vacation before completing his studies at Harvard College, and to ship as an ordinary seaman "before the mast" on the brig *Pilgrim*, bound from Boston to California. In the forecabin of this vessel he experienced at first hand the perils and hardships of the life of the common sailor, and accumulated the material for the book which he published in 1840 under the title, *Two Years Before the Mast*.

When he withdrew from Harvard in 1834, in order to recover his health at sea, he had shown no indications of genius, or of more than the ordinary educated young man's interest in letters. His father, Richard Henry Dana, was a critic and journalist of both ability and influence; but the son was apparently on the point of settling down into a humdrum career of no particular distinction when he began the voyage which both figuratively and literally "made a man out of him." When he returned from the sea twenty-five months later he was physically vigorous, and his youthful dilettantism had given place to an energetic ambition. He completed his undergraduate course at Harvard, studied law, and for the rest of his life was a distinguished member of the Massachusetts bar. But so far as American literature was concerned, his work was accomplished with the publication of *Two Years Before the Mast*.

A surprisingly small proportion of the sea stories that have been published will bear analysis by even a nautical amateur; and if only on account of the accuracy of its seamanship Dana's book would be unusual. He was, however, more than accurate. He had a knack not only of being exact in his seamanship, but also of making things compre-

hensible to the landsman,—and this, too, without seeming to condescend or explain unnecessarily. Accordingly, whoever turns the pages of the book, whether he be versed in the ways of the sea or not, will enjoy Dana's account of his two years' adventure. Much interest attaches to the various members of the crew, whose different personalities become increasingly real as the narrative proceeds. In a sense, too, the narrative is ideally autobiographical; the author, without aiming to focus attention on his own personality, nevertheless does unconsciously reveal it bit by bit; consequently the reader does not make the voyage alone. He makes it in the company of Dana himself, whose companionship grows more delightful the more one reads.

But it is perhaps the fundamental veracity of the book that most certainly guarantees its enduring popularity. "Did you ever read *Two Years Before the Mast*?" the Keeper of a United States Coast Guard station once asked the writer of this sketch. "Did you? You did? Say—that's the truest book ever written; there isn't a lie in it, not one." When that sort of praise is bestowed on a book by a man who for over half a century has been a follower of the sea, and when whoever reads the volume finds not only truth of subject matter but charm of style, then one may be reasonably sure that the book under discussion is entitled to be called one of the classics of American Literature.

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Two Years Before the Mast has been many times reprinted, and is easily accessible: in the Everyman edition, for instance. For biographical information consult Charles Francis Adams's *Richard Henry Dana*, Boston, 1891, 2 vols. The essay *Dana's Magical Chance*, in Bliss Perry's *The Praise of Folly*, Boston, 1923, is an informing and sympathetic discussion of Dana's work.

NOTES

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

397. Rounding Cape Horn in a sailing vessel of moderate size was (and still is) virtually the most dangerous passage that could be undertaken by mariners.
- b. 9. *Royals*. The highest of the sails usually carried on any square-rigged vessel. Above them skysails were occasionally set.
- b. 10. *Studding-sails*. On long runs in light weather, extra yards were lashed to the ends of the regular ones, and on these were set extra sails. These studding-sails always had to be taken in before the vessel could be put through any complicated manœuvre.
- b. 25. *Brig*. A vessel with two masts, both of them "square-rigged."

b. 44. *Hove her to*. "Heaving to" was the process of bringing the vessel's bow close to the wind and setting just enough sail to keep her lying in that relatively safe position; she then took the waves bow-on, but made little or no progress.

399. a. 23. *All Starboardlines*. All members of the starboard watch.
401. a. 25. *Sent down his topgallant masts*. An extra precaution sometimes taken on entering stormy seas.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891)

The adventures of Melville's early life furnished both incidents and settings for his best romances. Born in New York City, in 1819, he went to sea before he was twenty years old, and in 1841 shipped from New Bedford on a whaling voyage to the Pacific. His sufferings under the brutal master of the vessel, the *Acushnet*, and his escape to an island inhabited by cannibals, who held him a captive for several months, gave him material for his first two books. These he wrote upon his return to civilization in 1844, under the titles *Typee* and *Omoo*. Both portray the island civilization which he had come to know so intimately. The books made something of a stir in England and America, partly because of their obvious merit as chronicles of adventure, and partly because of the controversy—still unsettled—as to the proportion in which fact is blended with fiction. For many subsequent years Melville continued, with varying success, to write stories of the sea. Among them *White Jacket, or, The World in a Man-of-War*, is specially famous for its vivid picturing of the brutalities of naval discipline, and was largely influential in causing the abolition of flogging in the United States service.

Melville's masterpiece, as every one knows, is *Moby Dick* (1851). This may not be the best sea-story ever written, but it certainly is among the best. It was written after Melville had mastered the art of expression, yet before he had exhausted his creative power. Its style—as highly individual as that of Whitman or Carlyle—its penetrating humor, its powerful symbolism, and its vivid descriptions, combine to make it original to the point of being unique. Without conceding to it the perfection of *Treasure Island* or the special autobiographical charm of *Two Years Before the Mast*, one may well agree with the verdict of Carl Van Doren that "it belongs with the greatest sea romances in the whole literature of the world."

During the forty years of life left to him after publishing *Moby Dick*, Melville did nothing that added to his literary fame. Like Hawthorne, his friend and contemporary, he supported himself by working in the Revenue Service. He continued to write,

but produced nothing comparable with his earlier publications, and at the time of his death (1891) he had been virtually forgotten. Since that time, however, and especially during the past few years (1918-1927) there has been a decided revival of interest in him and his best work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. There is no collected edition of Melville's complete work, but the sea tales may be had in four volumes, edited by A. Stedman, Boston, 1900. Everything of any significance that Melville wrote is included in the best available edition, *The Works of Herman Melville, Standard Edition*, London, Constable, 1922-24, 16 vols.

BIOGRAPHIES. R. M. Weaver's *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic*, N. Y. 1921, and John Freeman's *Herman Melville, E. M. L. series*, N. Y. 1926, are especially valuable. Further biographical information may be found in Meade Minnegorode's *Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville*, N. Y. 1922. This last contains an admirable bibliography.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. From among the many essays dealing with Melville the student might limit himself to one: Alexander MacMechan's "The Greatest Sea Story in the World," in his *Life in a Little College*, Boston, 1913.

NOTES

MOBY DICK

404. The dangers and excitement of whaling as set forth in these selections can be understood if the reader will bear in mind that the actual harpooning and killing had to be done from small boats, lowered from the large vessel. The whole book, however, is more than an account of whaling; it is a unique narrative pervaded with an increasingly uncanny feeling of terror as the reader gradually comes to realize that Captain Ahab, master of the *Pequod*, is mentally unbalanced; that he regards Moby Dick, the White Whale, as the incarnation of the spirit of evil; and that, in addition to the usual whaling, he is pursuing Moby Dick with all the fervor of religious fanaticism. To aid him in this maniacal quest he has smuggled aboard an extra boat's crew of savages, who make their initial appearance at this first lowering.
405. a. 28. Starbuck, Stubb, Flask. Seamen in command of three other boats.
410. b. 23. Morning of the third day. The third after Moby Dick had been sighted.
413. b. 44. The Parsee. A sailor who had been lost overboard earlier in the chase.
417. b. 10. Ixion. A character in Greek mythology condemned to eternal punishment on a wheel.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN (1828-1862)

O'Brien was born in County Limerick, Ireland, in 1828. After attending Dublin University and squandering in London his patrimony of £8,000 he came to America to retrieve his fortune by his pen. From 1852 to 1862 he lived a Bohemian life, chiefly in New York, and attracted such favorable notice by his poems and stories that he came into considerable literary and social prominence. From what might have been a brilliant and influential literary career he was cut off by the Civil War, for he volunteered for active service and was killed in one of the earliest skirmishes.

In *The Diamond Lens* (p. 417) we see him carrying on the Poe tradition but combining into a single story elements from which Poe would probably have made four: an experience of clairvoyance, a murder, an invention of the scientific, or pseudo-scientific, sort in which Poe delighted, and a tragedy of love and beauty. Others of O'Brien's tales, which serve as a transition between the early work of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne, and the later work of Aldrich, Bret Harte, Henry James, and others, are *The Wondersmith*, *The Golden Ingot*, *Mother of Pearl*, and *What Was It?* In some of these his realistic descriptions foreshadow the manner of more famous story-tellers who succeeded him.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

O'Brien's work is available in his *Poems and Stories*, edited, with a sketch of the author, by William Winter, Boston, 1881; also in *The Diamond Lens with Other Stories*, edited, with a sketch of the author, by William Winter, New Edition, 1885.

NOTES

THE DIAMOND LENS

417. Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1858.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826-1864)

Foster was more of a musician than a poet. In all, he seems to have written over a hundred and twenty songs, for which he composed both words and music. Probably none of them would have survived had he not developed the knack of fitting mediocre jingles to melodies of more than common merit. The two that are reprinted in this volume would have been forgotten without the tunes, which are so well known as to have a national popularity. As has been often pointed out, these two songs are not negro folk-songs in origin, in language, or in spirit. They are, rather, the white man's sentimental notion of what a negro song ought to be. But they

are extremely good songs, easy to remember, easy to sing, and endowed with a pleasant though somewhat languid lyric appeal which is of a distinctly higher order than that of the general run of such productions. Both were written between 1850 and 1855.

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867)

Timrod was primarily a poet of the South. Unlike the ephemeral war-poets who succeeded in fitting a few sentimental lines to a catchy popular tune, Timrod expressed in his impassioned lyrics the highest aspirations of the Confederacy as well as some of her less lofty ambitions. Before the outbreak of the Civil War, Timrod, Hayne, and a few others were succeeding in making Charleston, S. C., something of a literary center; Timrod's first volume of poems (1860) showed him to be a disciple of Keats and Tennyson, too imitative to assure him a permanent place among our poets. The war (in which he could take no important part as a soldier on account of his frail health) provided the necessary stimulus to vigorous, original work as a poet, but it also ruined his fortune and hastened the time of his death. His poems were subsequently collected and edited by his friend Hayne. Their persistent though moderate popularity—there have been five editions since his death—is an indication of their worth. Intensely local and partisan though he was, his best work has won the admiration of Southerners and Northerners alike.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

An admirable edition of Timrod's poetry is the *Memorial*, Richmond, Va., 1901. The best biographical study is G. A. Wauchope's *Henry Timrod; Man and Poet*, Columbia, S. C., 1915. W. P. Trent's *William Gilmore Simms*, N. Y. 1892, gives an interesting picture of the South as Timrod knew it.

NOTES

ETHNOGENESIS

433. This poem, celebrating, as the title indicates, the birth of a nation, is one of the most optimistic outbursts with which the founding of the Confederacy was hailed. The spiritual aspiration here expressed has given the poem a permanent place in our literature, despite the inaccuracy of its prophecies.

41. The mighty ghosts of Moultrie and of Eutaw. The ghosts of Southern colonial soldiers who fought during the Revolution, and won fame at the memorable defense of Fort Moultrie, and at the crucial battle of Eutaw Springs (Sept. 8, 1781). The reference cannot be to General William Moultrie, since

there was no similar leader named Eutaw.

THE COTTON BOLL

435. The poem is a tribute to the greatness of the South, and a prophecy of her development. The poet sees in the cotton boll a symbol of future prosperity, and of commercial intercourse with all the world.

61. The curious ointment of the Arabian Tale. "The Story of the Blind Man, Baba Abdallah," in *The Arabian Nights*, tells of a magic ointment which, when applied to the left eye, gave a view of treasure no matter where hidden; when applied to the right eye, it caused blindness.

436. 98. The Poet of "The Woodlands." William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870), who lived on an estate called "Woodlands."

437. 167. The Port which ruled the Western seas. New York.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

(1834-1867)

("ARTEMUS WARD")

Browne was born and brought up in Waterford, Maine, and learned the trade of printer in another country town of the same state—Skowhegan. The backwoods Yankee dialect, which might have been a handicap, he capitalized as one of his chief assets; and when he added to it his ridiculous spellings and his own talent for incisive witticisms, he quickly won his way to a high place among contemporary humorists.

Always of a roving disposition, he served as printer and reporter—or more exactly as a "column-writer"—on various papers from Maine to Ohio, until in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* he found an almost national medium of expression for Artemus Ward and his imaginary "show." In 1861 he began a protracted series of lecture tours which carried him, with ever-increasing popularity, as far west as the Pacific coast and as far east as London. In these lectures he exhibited powers of friendly caricaturing and of humorous moralizing which won him the admiration and personal friendship of even the leading English men of letters. In 1866, with the success of the letters to *Punch* and of the London lectures, he reached the height of his fame—only to be suddenly cut off by consumption.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. The most inclusive edition of Browne's work is *Artemus Ward Complete*, London, 1890 and 1910. Individual works, earliest of which was *Artemus Ward, His*

Book, N. Y. 1862, are not difficult to obtain.

BIOGRAPHIES. E. P. Hingston's *The Genial Showman*, London, 1870, is a good source of biographical information.

NOTES

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

438. From *Artemus Ward, His Book*. The *Interview* was originally published between the time of Lincoln's election and his inauguration.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE

440. From *Punch*, September 29, 1866.

HENRY WHEELER SHAW (1818-1885)
("JOSH BILLINGS")

During the first forty years of Shaw's life, he was anything but a man of letters. Lured from Hamilton College by tales of the adventurous west, he gave himself up to an active and varied career as boatman, farmer, and auctioneer. By 1858, however, he had returned to the east, and had settled at Poughkeepsie, where he began to write. He first attracted the attention of the public when he revised the spelling of his *Essay on the Mule* (1859) so that it appeared as *An Essa on the Muel*. His annual burlesque, *The Farmer's Allminax*, appeared from 1860 to 1870, and sold over a hundred thousand copies a year. Gradually his awkward but vigorous and original type of humor won him an increasingly large audience, and he soon came to be as well known as his contemporary Artemus Ward. *Josh Billings, his Sayings* (1866), *Josh Billings on Ice* (1875), and *Every Boddy's Friend* (1876), were followed by his *Complete Works* in 1876. The student who turns the pages of this last book will find in it more of proverbial wisdom and amusing irony than has often come from the pen of a single writer.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The *Complete Works*, N. Y. 1876, is not complete, but contains a large and adequate selection of Shaw's sayings. No good biography has yet appeared, though Francis S. Smith's *Life and Adventures of Josh Billings*, N. Y. 1883, is reasonably accurate.

NOTES

REMARKS

443. All the selections in this volume are from *Josh Billings, His Sayings*, 1866.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

When Matthew Arnold was lecturing in America, during the winter of 1883-84, Emer-

son had been dead less than two years. Many of the people who composed Arnold's audiences had listened to Emerson; all of them were more or less familiar with his reputation and general achievement. Consequently, Arnold's attempt to estimate the significance of Emerson in American life and thought proved of more than ordinary interest to his auditors. The resulting summary was not in all ways flattering. Emerson was not a great poet, said Arnold, because his verse lacked that inevitableness which one finds in the highest sort of poetry; he was not a great prose writer, because he had not the sure sense of style that distinguishes the work of men like Swift and Voltaire; he was not a great philosopher, because his thinking was unsystematic. But—and here Arnold put the case so well that his phrasing has not yet been improved upon—he was "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Harsh though the first part of Arnold's summary may appear to some persons, the concluding tribute to Emerson's tonic quality, to his potency as a spiritual energizer, seems after the lapse of forty years as close an approximation as has yet been made to a concise statement of Emerson's particular contribution to American culture.

Had Emerson been born a hundred years earlier, before the Puritan leadership had begun to falter, or seventy years later, when the spiritual unrest of the post-Revolutionary period had given place to a somewhat lethargic materialism, it is inconceivable that he should have become the Emerson whom the world knows. Despite his cosmopolitanism and his almost dateless paganism, he was definitely a product of America at the turn of the century; of New England, center of Puritan dominance, at the time the Puritan was finding himself mellowed and humanized by the inexplicable but very powerful forces that we associate with what it is difficult to call anything except the Romantic revolt. He was a product of this second Renaissance, of this age of expansion; he was himself influential in carrying the revolt to high issues. At the same time he never lost touch with the sturdy Puritanism which was his spiritual heritage, and against the background of which all his subsequent development was to take place.

But no such deterministic attempt to "account for" Emerson in terms of race, time, and place, can ever be satisfactory. He would have been great in any age. He bore the marks of genius. However much he owed to his world, he gave away more than he borrowed. More and more he is coming to seem the chief figure among American men of letters.

The important facts concerning his life and personality have now become so well known as to be part of American tradition. Especially since the publication of his *Journals*, it has been possible to follow him in some de-

tail during the most interesting period of his life, and to gain a new conception of the workings of his mind, and his methods of literary composition.

Born in Boston on May 25, 1803, he was a descendant of a long line of Puritan pioneers and ministers. His father, William Emerson, pastor of the first Unitarian Church of Boston, was a man of local distinction and intellectual ambition, and though liberal in his theology, was firm in his adherence to the Puritan tradition of morality and idealism. He died when his son Ralph was ten years old, at a time when the boy's ambition was limited to following his father and grandfather in the ministry, and to writing a little verse. Entering Harvard College in 1817, Emerson had in considerable measure to "work his way through." In his first year he served as "President's freshman," or messenger; in his second year he acted as a waiter in the Junior dining hall. The activities of his Junior and Senior years are recorded in some detail in the first published volume of his *Journals*. That he was an unusual youngster, different from the general run of college students then or now, is obvious; at the same time such selections as are printed in this book show him to have taken a genuine interest in college friendships and college fun. During his undergraduate years he won prizes for declamation and essay writing; at the end of his course his fellows elected him Class Poet—an honor which pleased him greatly, despite the fact that seven other men had declined the position before it was offered to him. He graduated in 1821, near the middle of his class, and promptly went home to teach school in order that a younger brother might take his turn at Harvard. Three years later, after a rather distasteful experience as school-master, he returned to Cambridge to study for the ministry. In 1826 he was licensed to preach; in 1829 he was installed as Assistant Pastor, and shortly afterwards as Pastor of the Second Church (Unitarian) of Boston.

Thus by the time he was twenty-six years old he had achieved the first part of his boyish ambition, and had become comfortably established in what he supposed would be his life work. Already, however, his thinking had progressed far from even the liberal creed of his denomination; by 1832 he considered it impossible conscientiously to remain in the ministry. Finding himself "no longer interested" in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he proposed to his church that the service be discontinued. When the church declined to take this step, he at once resigned. A memorable trip to Europe, in which he met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and—more important from the point of view of subsequent friendship and influence on his work—Carlyle, occupied the next few months; by 1834 he was settled in Concord, where he was to live till his death in 1882.

What he accomplished in this half century of quiet residence in a country village, the world knows. He continued to serve as a preacher, but instead of a pulpit, he used the lecture platform for his rostrum. Boston early accepted him as the most popular lecturer of the day; gradually the circle of his influence widened till by the time of the Civil War he was known and welcomed from Massachusetts Bay to the Mississippi. A master of the sort of public address which the Lyceum course demanded, with a manner which forced people to listen, albeit they were not always certain of the significance of what they were hearing, Emerson spent his best energies in preaching his gospel to audiences that crowded the halls in which he spoke, and became a spiritual tonic to a great portion of the United States. He died on April 27, 1882.

The years in which, Emerson was best known as a lecturer were naturally the years in which he did most of his publishing. Much of his work appeared first in magazine form, to be republished later under various titles. *Nature* (1836) might well be called his inaugural address; it was an announcement of his gospel, and an indication that a new voice was making itself heard in the land. In 1841 and 1844 came two collections of *Essays*; in 1847 a collected volume of *Poems*, and in 1849, *Nature, Addresses and Lectures. Representative Men*, frankly modeled on his friend Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, appeared in 1850; in 1856 *English Traits* gave expression to the pleasant impressions gained on two visits to England. *The Conduct of Life* (1860) might well have been called *Essays, Third Series*. Though there are other titles in the Emerson bibliography, the student who owns the nine here listed, and adds to them the *Journals* (1909-1914), will possess all that is best in Emerson's work.

In the total of Emerson's publications the poetry occupies a relatively small space. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the ideas which lie at the center of all his thinking may all be found, stated or implied, in his verse. In reading this verse the student should remember that Emerson's chief concern was to give expression to what seemed a significant *idea*. "It is not metres," he wrote in his essay *The Poet*, "but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem." For technical niceties and poetical conventions he cared relatively little; he was eager, as he puts it in *Merlin*, to

Climb to Heaven by the stairway of surprise.

He was not averse to putting a sermon into poetry which a school-boy could understand, nor did he avoid the other extreme, the poem in which the central idea is never clearly expressed, but merely suggested, hinted at, throughout a series of figures and images.

It is obvious that he possessed in rich measure the essential qualifications of a poet: he could state an abstract idea, or paint a picture, or give expression to a mood, in language which is at once rhythmically effective, and rich with concrete, sensuous, imagery. Every poem he wrote, as well as much of his prose, attests this fact. Occasionally, as even Arnold admitted, he struck off those "inevitable" lines or quatrains which passed at once into the literature of the race. Rarely, however, is he as effective in large units as in small. For the fact seems clear that when Emerson wrote, he was—one might almost say—thinking aloud; he was passing on to his reader ideas which came to him out of the blue, and which sometimes followed one another without apparent connection. Consequently, the student who would read Emerson's verse with intelligent appreciation must be content to go slowly, to disregard superficial breaks in the thought, to do without the formal structure which Emerson did not consider needful, and above all, to *think*. If he will do these things, he will find in Emerson's verse a poetic beauty which is never unrelated to some stimulating idea.

Much the same things, *mutatis mutandis*, are true of the various collections of essays. It is platitudinous to repeat the statement that Emerson's essays were first lectures, and that his lectures were collections of sentences bearing some relation to the announced topic, but never fused into the unified whole that Pater, for instance, would have demanded.

Hence it is almost impossible to "outline" one of the essays; rarely is there a "first," a "second," or a "third." But the student who reads with a pencil in his hand will seldom find better use for it than when turning the pages of Emerson's prose. He will use it not to indicate the formal divisions of the thought, for these do not appear, but rather to underscore those pithy, stimulating utterances, each of which may contain more value than will appear in a page of other writers. "God will not make himself manifest to eowards"; "Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view"; "Hitch your wagon to a star"; "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind"; "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string"; "If a single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him"; "See [a thing] to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow"; "Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue"; "In God, every end is converted into a new means": in such pregnant sentences as these one finds an explanation of the influence Emerson exerted upon his auditors, and may exert upon his readers. It is in such utterances that Emerson the lecturer and essayist became Emerson the prophet, setting forth ideas which had proved of compelling significance in his own life, and which

were to stir unnumbered hearers to higher thinking and more generous living. He who could thus phrase his precepts could well trust to the sympathetic reader the task of divining the informing unity—intuitional, and not structural—which bound together the apparently disconnected fragments.

That there was such a unity, not of form or structure, but of idea, of attitude, becomes apparent when one realizes that each of the poems and essays centers around some one of the concepts which, taken together, compose Emerson's philosophy. To call him a Transcendentalist, is to place him among those who were in revolt against Locke's empiricism, and to align him with the thinkers who hold that man's most important ideas and beliefs are not based on experience, but "transcend" it: are in part innate, and in part derived by intuition. It is clear that he was the most influential of American Transcendentalists; it is as clear that he owed much to kindred minds, from Plato and Confucius to Carlyle. Yet as philosopher he developed no systematic cosmogony, nor did he face some of the central problems that have given pause to thinkers of all ages. He was content to announce his gospel in his own way, and to leave "systems" to other hands.

What the ideas are which compose that gospel, and of which his poems and essays are fragmentary developments, it is not difficult to state: The spiritual nature of reality; the primary importance of self-reliance; the existence of a unifying "Over-Soul" which harmonizes and explains all the diverse phenomena of life; the supreme significance of character; the obligation of optimism, of hope—these are some of the truths which Emerson preached to his countrymen. That he never forced—or permitted—himself to develop systematically any one of his central themes, as Edwards had done in *The Freedom of the Will*; that his phraseology is at times baffling and obscure; that his conception of an "Over-Soul" seemed to some people an unsatisfactory substitute for God; that his revolt against authority went so far as to alienate still others among his contemporaries—these matters are of less significance than that the world in which he lived caught gleams of inspiration from his personality as well as from his philosophy, and accepted him as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." He may well serve in the same capacity today.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The bibliography of Emerson is so extensive that only the most important sources of information and guides to further study can be indicated in this volume.

The student of Emerson might well begin his reading with Harold C. Goddard's *Studies in New England Transcendentalism*, N. Y. 1908, which is an admirable survey of the

philosophical and religious background against which Emerson's figure appears. To make the picture more complete one should add such works as Lindsay Swift's *Brook Farm; its Members, Scholars, and Visitors*, N. Y. 1900; Bronson Alcott's *Concord Days*, Boston, 1872; F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris's *A. Bronson Alcott*, Boston, 1893, 2 vols.; Charles T. Brooks's *William Ellery Channing*, Boston, 1880; Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Margaret Fuller Ossoli* (A. M. L. series) Boston, 1884; and O. B. Frothingham's *George Ripley* (A. M. L. series), Boston, 1882.

EDITIONS. Of Emerson's own works, the *Centenary*, edited with biographical introduction and notes by E. W. Emerson, Boston, 1903, 12 vols., is the best readily available collected edition. To this should of course be added the *Journals*, edited by E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes, Boston, 1909-14, 10 vols.; for excellent selections see *The Heart of Emerson's Journals* by Bliss Perry, Boston, 1926. There are several collections of Emerson's letters, though no one is inclusive. Perhaps the most significant is *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, revised edition, Boston, 1888, 2 vols. There are countless reprints of the earlier volumes of essays.

BIOGRAPHIES. The standard biography is J. E. Cabot's *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Boston, 1887, 2 vols. Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (A. M. L. series), Boston, 1885, is a sympathetic study by a personal friend. Edward Waldo Emerson's *Emerson in Concord*, Boston, 1888, is the most detailed treatment of Emerson's home life. George E. Woodberry's *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (E. M. L. series) N. Y. 1907, is an admirable brief biography. O. W. Firkins's *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Boston, 1915, presents an adequate account of Emerson's life, and a searching, stimulating, commentary on Emerson as prose writer, as poet, and as philosopher. If one had to limit one's reading to a single biographical work, this last would probably be the one to choose.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. Matthew Arnold's essay *Emerson*, in his *Discourses in America*, should be read by every student. Bliss Perry's two essays on Emerson, in his *The Praise of Folly*, Boston, 1923, add much to our understanding of Emerson. As both have appeared since the *C. H. A. L.*, they should be listed here. For other suggestions, see the *C. H. A. L.*

NOTES

THE JOURNALS

445. The greater part of Emerson's *Journals* is made up of random jottings on philosophy, literature, and politics, rather than of personal memoirs. From these jottings, as Emerson wrote his essays, he took sentence after sentence until by the

end of his life he had skimmed most of the cream from the *Journals*. Much of the remainder is now available in the Houghton Mifflin edition prepared by E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes. For an admirable review of the *Journals* see Bliss Perry's essay *Emerson's Savings Bank*, in *The Praise of Folly and other Papers*, Boston, 1923. The passages here reprinted are from the first volume, and are significant only as they throw a somewhat new light upon Emerson the college student.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

447. From the volume *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures* (1849). The address, often referred to as "America's intellectual Declaration of Independence," was delivered before the Harvard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on August 31, 1837. For the best account of the occasion see Bliss Perry's *Emerson's Most Famous Speech*, in *The Praise of Folly*. Holmes, in commenting on it, said, "The young men went from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming to them, 'Thus saith the Lord.' No listener ever forgot that address, and among all the noble utterances of the speaker it may be questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of immediate inspiration." (*Emerson*, p. 88.)

453. a. 44. **Flamsteed and Herschel.** John Flamsteed (1646-1719), the first Astronomer Royal; Sir William Herschel (1738-1822) and his son John were both famous astronomers.

457. a. 15. **Emanuel Swedenborg.** A Swedish mystic and theologian (1688-1772), founder of "The New Church." Emerson makes him the subject of one of the chapters in his *Representative Men*.

a. 46. **Pestalozzi.** Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827), a Swiss educator and writer.

SELF-RELIANCE

458. *Self-Reliance* was published in *Essays, First Series* (1841). Perhaps the best short comment on the controversy which it aroused and on the proper interpretation of Emerson's thought is to be found in the following passage from *Emerson in Concord* by Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 250: "Hence his essay on Self-Reliance, which has been called the lowest note in his philosophy; rightly read, is the highest note. He explains it, after his manner, elsewhere [in the Anti-Slavery Address of March 7, 1854], and says that one comes at last to learn 'That self-reliance, the height and perfection of man, is reliance on God.'"

a. 18. **Ne te quæsis extra.** Seek not outside thyself.

460. a. 19. **Barbadoes.** In the British West Indies. Slavery was abolished there in 1834.
461. b. 1. **Foolish face of praise.** Quoted from Pope's satire on Addison in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
462. a. 9. **Joseph.** The story may be found in *Genesis XXXIX*.
463. b. 13. **That popular fable.** For Shakespeare's use of the story, see the Induction of *The Taming of the Shrew*.
- b. 35. **Alfred, etc.** Alfred the Great, King of England from 871 to 901; Scanderbeg (George Castriota) (1403-1468), an Albanian patriot; Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden from 1611 to 1632.
468. a. 12. **The word made flesh.** See *John I, 14*.
- b. 4. **The god Audate.** An unimportant blunder. The Celtic deity to whom Emerson refers was the goddess *Andate* (or *Andraste*), and the quotation from *Bonduca* actually begins "Her hidden meaning."
- b. 49. **Locke, etc.** John Locke (1632-1704), English philosopher, and author of the *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*; Antoine Laurent Lavoisier (1743-1794), a famous French chemist; Charles Hutton (1737-1823), English mathematician (Emerson may have referred to James Hutton [1726-1797], Scottish geologist); Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), English philosopher and economist.
471. a. 6. **Phocion, etc.** An Athenian statesman; Socrates, Anaxagoras, and Diogenes, Emerson uses as types of Greek philosophers.
- a. 16. **Hudson.** The older navigators, Henry Hudson and Vitus Behring, are contrasted with Sir William Edward Parry and Sir John Franklin, both of whom were still living when Emerson wrote.

COMPENSATION

472. This essay is the third in the collection entitled *Essays, First Series* (1841), coming between *Self-Reliance* and *Spiritual Laws*.
474. a. 48. **Become a byword and a hissing.** Emerson was himself hissed on two occasions; at one of his attempts to address an Anti-Slavery Society the mob "roared and hissed" until he was forced to withdraw.
- a. 52. **Res nolunt diu male administrari.** Translated in the preceding sentence.
475. a. 18. **Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς δει εὐπρόσποιοι** Translated in the following sentence.
476. a. 48. **Prometheus knows one secret.** See the *Prometheus* of Æschylus and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley.
- b. 11. **Tithonus.** Compare Tennyson's poem *Tithonus*.

477. a. 10. **Phidias.** The most famous sculptor of ancient Greece, who flourished in the fifth century B. C.
478. a. 29. **The emerald of Polycrates.** Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so prosperous that, fearing the jealousy of the gods, he threw a valuable ring into the sea. It was found in a fish and returned to him; shortly afterwards he was enticed to the mainland and murdered. The story is told by Herodotus.
479. b. 18. **The royal armies sent against Napoleon.** The incident referred to took place early in 1815, shortly after Napoleon's escape from Elba.
480. a. 25. **Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.** With the ideas expressed in the whole essay, and of this sentence in particular, the student may compare parts of Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.
481. b. 21. **St. Bernard.** A French monk (1091-1153), famous for founding a monastery at Clairvaux, and for preaching the Second Crusade.
482. b. 34. **The banian of the forest.** A wide-spreading tropical tree; usually spelled *banyan*.

NATURE

- From *Essays, Second Series* (1844). In this essay Emerson summarizes and restates some of the ideas concerning Nature which had appeared throughout his earlier works, and which had received more extensive but perhaps not more lucid treatment in the 1836 booklet, *Nature*. This earlier publication—somewhat revised—was reprinted in 1849 in *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, and the student who finds himself seriously interested in Emerson's ideas will consult that longer work. The essay here printed, however, is sufficient to show the main trend of Emerson's thinking, when that thinking was directed towards the phenomena of the natural world.
484. b. 7. **Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon.** Places famous for wealth and luxury in France, Cyprus, and Turkey respectively.
- b. 54. **Makes Edens and Tempes.** Tempe, a beautiful valley of Thessaly, so famous that the name is often used, as here, for any valley of great beauty.
485. a. 54. **They fall into euphuism.** Used here to mean "ornate style"; literally, the particular style popularized in Elizabethan literature by John Lyly's *Euphues*.
487. a. 51. **Dalton, Davy, and Black.** John Dalton (1766-1844), an English chemist and natural philosopher; Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829), an English chemist; Joseph Black (1728-1799), a Scottish chemist and anatomist.

488. *b. 20. Jacob Behmen and George Fox.* Jakob Böhme (1575-1624), a German mystic and visionary, whose writings influenced Emerson, and whose name he habitually spells *Behmen*, following the regular English tradition. George Fox (1624-1691), founder of the Society of Friends (Quakers).
- b. 23. James Naylor.* A fanatical English Quaker (?1617-1660), who was mercilessly punished by Parliament for "blasphemy."
490. *b. 7. An Œdipus arrives.* According to Greek tradition it was Œdipus who solved the riddle of the Sphinx.

GOOD-BYE

491. Written at the age of nineteen; when Emerson was teaching in Boston. "The sylvan home" refers to his mother's residence in Roxbury, whither he went when his work at school was over. First published in 1839.

THE RHODORA

In *Nature* (1836), chapter 3, Emerson had written: "The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of Beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks Beauty. Beauty . . . is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair." First published in 1839.

EACH AND ALL

492. It was a favorite idea of Emerson's that "nothing is fair or good alone." "I remember when I was a boy going upon the beach and being charmed with the colors and forms of the shells. I picked up many and put them in my pocket. When I got home I could find nothing that I had gathered—nothing but some dry, ugly, mussel and snail shells. Thence I learned that Composition was more important than the beauty of individual forms." *Journals*, May 16, 1834.

THE PROBLEM

Emerson here sets forth what had been his own problem—whether to be a clergyman, when that way of life was in many ways repugnant to him. The poem was written in November, 1839. A little more than a year before he had made this entry in his *Journal* (Aug. 28, 1838): "It is very grateful to my feelings to go into a Roman Cathedral, yet I look as my countrymen do at the Roman priesthood. It is very grateful to me to go into an English church and hear the liturgy read, yet nothing would induce me to be an English priest."

493. 10. Phidias. Greatest of Greek sculptors (fl. 480 B. C.).

65. *Chrysostom.* John of Antioch (?347-407), Bishop of Constantinople.

Augustine. Saint Augustine (354-430), most eminent of the Church Fathers, and author of the *Confessions* (397).

68. *Taylor.* Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), an English churchman, best known as the author of *Holy Living and Holy Dying*.

THE SPHINX

The idea of relating one thing to another, applied to the phenomena of Nature in *Each and All*, is here extended. In his 1859 Note-Book (quoted in the *Centenary Edition* of his poems) Emerson said: "I have often been asked the meaning of the *Sphinx*. It is this,—The perception of identity unites all things and explains one by another, and the most rare and strange is equally facile as the most common. But if the mind live only in particulars, and see only the differences (wanting the power to see the whole—all in each), then the world addresses to this mind a question it cannot answer, and each new fact tears it in pieces, and it is vanquished by the distracting variety." In this prose comment Emerson is stating what is virtually the central theme in his philosophy, the doctrine of Identity in Difference. Compare *The Over-Soul*, in *Essays, First Series*, for a more extended development of the same theme.

HAMATREYA

495. "This poem is a free rendering of a passage in the *Vishnu Parana*, Book IV, an everlasting theme which, by changing the imagery to that which surrounded them, Mr. Emerson made striking to his Concord neighbors." (*Centenary Edition* of the *Poems*, p. 416.)
1. *Bulkeley, Hunt*, etc. Early Concord settlers. Peter Bulkeley was one of Emerson's own forbears.

WOODNOTES

496. First published in 1840, in *The Dial*, and subsequently much revised.
31. *A forest seer.* The following description has often been considered Emerson's portrait of his friend and neighbor Thoreau. He said, however, that he had written this part of the poem before he knew Thoreau intimately.

FORBEARANCE

498. First published in 1842. It is quite possible that Emerson had Thoreau in mind as he wrote. See the *Centenary Edition* of the *Poems*, p. 430.

THE APOLOGY

Compare Wordsworth's ideas as expressed in *The Tables Turned*:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

MERLIN

499. 27. Despite the dislike of conventional verse-forms suggested in lines 27-38, Emerson rarely showed as much metrical originality as in this poem.
49. *Sybarites*. Inhabitants of Sybaris were proverbially notorious for luxurious living.
80. *Balance-loving Nature*. In Part II the poet treats in some detail one of his favorite themes: the operation throughout all nature of the principle of compensation.

CONCORD HYMN

500. "Of all Emerson's poems," wrote Holmes (*Emerson*, p. 332), "the *Concord Hymn* is the most nearly complete and faultless,—but it is not distinctively Emersonian. . . . Its one conspicuous line,

And fired the shot heard round the world,

must not take to itself all the praise deserved by this perfect little poem, a model of all its kind. Compact, expressive, serene, solemn, musical, in four brief stanzas it tells the story of the past, records the commemorative act of the passing day, and invokes the higher Power that governs the future to protect the Memorial-stone sacred to Freedom and her martyrs."

BRAHMA

Published in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857. "Mr. Emerson, much amused when people found *Brahma* puzzling, said to his daughter, 'If you will tell them to say Jehovah instead of Brahma, they will not feel any perplexity.'" (*Centenary Edition of Poems*, p. 467. The student should read the entire note.)

TERMINUS

This poem, written in 1866, may be considered Emerson's renunciation of the active life he had so far enjoyed. Edward W. Emerson, commenting on it in the *Centenary Edition*, p. 489, wrote: "In the last days of 1866 . . . I met my father in New York. . . . We spent the night together at the St. Denis Hotel,

and as we sat by the fire he read me two or three of his poems . . . among them *Terminus*. It almost startled me. No thought of his ageing had ever come to me, and there he sat, with no apparent abatement of bodily vigor, and young in spirit, recognizing with serene acquiescence his failing power; I think he smiled as he read. He recognized, as none of us did, that his working days were nearly done."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

When Thoreau died, on May 2, 1862, his Concord neighbors honored him with a public funeral, and selected Emerson to make the address. There was no other person who could have performed the task so well. For over twenty years Thoreau's relations to Emerson had been those of intimate companion and disciple; Emerson knew at first hand all Thoreau's peculiarities and substantial virtues, and was in a position to do more than pronounce a formal eulogy on his dead friend. The resulting essay—for the address soon appeared in print—is perhaps as good a starting point as the average reader can find for a study of one of America's most unusual men of letters.

In his sympathetic but never uncritical estimate Emerson records the more important facts of Thoreau's life. Born in Concord in 1817, educated at the village school, graduated from Harvard in 1837, he taught school for a year or two, found the profession irksome, and soon settled down to the quiet, local existence which readers of his books can reconstruct at will. His somewhat cryptic statement, "I have travelled a good deal, in Concord," seems to imply that he rarely wandered far from his native village, and also suggests the more important consideration that his mental journeyings were constant and extensive. Thoreau shared with Blake the power to

Hold the world in a grain of sand,
And see Eternity in an hour.

His mind was never hedged in by the boundaries of Concord township.

His characteristic attitude towards society as a whole became apparent early in life. A rebel against the existing order of things, he decided not to go to church, not to pay taxes to a government which permitted slavery, not to become involved in any formal association with a social organization of which he disapproved, and especially not to concern himself unnecessarily over the problem of earning a living. On this last matter he had formed a definite opinion even during his college years, and had suggested, in his commencement speech, that "the order of things should be somewhat reversed; the seventh

should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow; the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul—in which to range this widespread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of Nature."

Curiously enough, Thoreau did more than preach his gospel of simplification, of a passive, contemplative life—he lived it. A skillful surveyor and mathematician, a good farmer, an adept in his father's trade of pencil-making, Thoreau was qualified to "get on in the world" had he cared to. "I have as many trades as I have fingers," he wrote in *Walden*. But happiness would never have come to him as a result of any sort of worldly "success." Instead of using his very real abilities as most people would have expected him to use them, he made it his practice to limit his labor to just enough to support him in virtually monastic simplicity, and to save the best part of each year free for what seemed to him of vastly more importance than making money: walking in the woods, studying the wild life around Concord River and Walden Pond, reading the classics, writing for the *Dial*, recording his observations and ideas in a voluminous journal, and sitting quiet in that condition of "wise passiveness" in which he found the mystic's intense satisfaction.

The books which he wrote from time to time are all of a piece, though only one has proved its claim to be considered an American classic. Of the entire list four may be mentioned here. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* (1849) is ostensibly an account of a trip in a flat boat. The narrative element, however, is slight; there is much Transcendentalism in the volume, much sermonizing, not a little mediocre poetry, and much preaching of Thoreau's anti-social individualism. It is over the passages of description that the reader lingers gladly, descriptions that attest Thoreau's accurate observation of the life of the river, and his rare skill in reproducing what he had seen.

Walden, or Life in the Woods, came out in 1854, and made its author known throughout the English-speaking world. It is because of *Walden* that Thoreau still lives, and will live. The book is an account of Thoreau's two years' life in his cabin by the shore of Walden Pond. Here, in a one-roomed hut which he had built himself, Thoreau lived from the spring of 1841 to that of 1843, and tried his great experiment of reducing existence to its simplest terms. At the end of the two years he was satisfied with his accomplishments, and returned to his more normal life in Concord village. The detailed record of this adventure, written ten years afterwards, has the fascination of such romantic tales as *Robinson Crusoe* or *Two Years before the Mast*, albeit the events chronicled are the minutiae of a circumscribed

existence, and the volume itself is somewhat overburdened with the social diatribes and philosophizing characteristic of all Thoreau's prose. Such passages as are reproduced in this book are fair samples of the whole, and show not only that Thoreau possessed a vigorous and charming style, but also that he might easily have made himself a renowned naturalist. *The Maine Woods* (1864) and *Cape Cod* (1865) appeared after the author's death. Neither added anything to the fame that *Walden* had brought him, though both are welcome additions to any library of the out-of-doors.

As Emerson's essay indicates, Thoreau's friends early recognized him as an able, interesting, but abnormally queer person,—a crank, whose habit of uncompromising truth-telling made him somewhat feared, but who might be extremely useful—if he were so inclined at the moment—when houses were to be "cleaned," gardens weeded, or fields surveyed. They respected his sincerity, though they felt bound to lodge him in the Concord lock-up for persistently refusing to pay his poll-tax. They regretted—some of them—that a man of his ability should have been content to live the insulated and restricted life that he chose for himself. "Instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party," said Emerson. At the same time they were generous in praise of his kindness and sincerity, and his uncompromising opposition to whatever he considered unlovely.

The student who turns the pages of Thoreau's books today, seventy years after his death, will delight in the whimsical but powerful personality which those pages reveal, will enjoy the romance of the Walden experiment, will be amused and not infrequently disquieted by his observations on society, and will realize that Thoreau's name belongs in the relatively short list of American masters of prose.

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EDITIONS. The best readily available editions of Thoreau's collected works are the *Riverside*, Boston, 1894, 11 vols., and the *Walden*, Boston, 1906, 20 vols. The latter contains Thoreau's *Journal*, edited by Bradford Torrey. *Walden* is available in a score of inexpensive reprints.

BIOGRAPHIES. William E. Channing's *Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist*, is hopelessly inaccurate in some ways, but is interesting because it is the work of one of Thoreau's intimate friends. It is best read in F. B. Sanborn's revision, Boston, 1902. The best formal biography is also Sanborn's: *Thoreau*, Boston, 1897 (*A. M. L.* series), which in most ways is more useful than the same author's later study, *The Life of Henry David Thoreau*, Boston, 1917. Léon Bazalgette's *Henry Thoreau, Bachelor of Nature*, translated by Van

Wyck Brooks, N. Y. 1924, is the most stimulating single avenue of approach to the many fascinating problems presented by Thoreau's life and character.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. At least three critical articles may well be read by any student: John Burroughs's *Henry Thoreau*, *Century Magazine*, July, 1882; Emerson's remarks at Thoreau's funeral, published in the *Atlantic* for August, 1862; Lowell's rather unsympathetic essay, first published in 1865, and now included as *Thoreau*, in vol. 1 of the *Riverside Edition* of Lowell's prose works. Two more recent studies, the chapter on Thoreau in Norman Foerster's *Nature in American Literature*, and P. E. More's *Thoreau's Journal*, in *Shelburne Essays*, *Fifth Series*, are well worthy of attention by the serious student.

NOTES

SYMPATHY

501. First published 1840, in *The Dial*.

SIC VITA

502. First published 1841, in *The Dial*.

WALDEN

Thoreau did not believe that a life of solitude was of any particular advantage from the standpoint of economics. He did believe that the independence of solitude was valuable enough to justify the inconvenience involved, and was eager to prove that the economic difficulties were not insuperable. Hence the experiment of which all the world is aware, and which is described, in part, in the selections here reprinted.

503. *a. 3. What I have heard of Brahmins*, etc. Thoreau here lists various types of self-inflicted penance of which he had read in one place or another.
504. *a. 18. Walden Pond*. Near Concord, Mass.
508. *b. 28. Arthur Young*. An English writer on agriculture (1741-1820).
512. *b. 31. An Austerlitz or Dresden*. Two of Napoleon's most famous battles are generally known by these names.
- b. 31. Concord Fight*. The skirmish at Concord Bridge, April 18, 1775. The persons mentioned were American participants, Davis and Hosmer being killed.
513. *a. 27. Hôtel des Invalides*. The famous old soldiers' home in Paris.

WALKING

First published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1862, less than four weeks after Thoreau's death.

514. *b. 27. Ambulator nascitur*, etc. The walker is born, not made.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT
(1796-1859)

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem, May 4, 1796, of an old and honorable New England family. In due time he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1814, handicapped for life by the fact that he had been almost blinded by the carelessness of a fellow student. Unable to study law, as he had hoped to do, and forced to guard most scrupulously what eyesight remained to him, he gradually took up the serious study of history, and decided upon the career of a man of letters. Accordingly he devoted a year to improving his own style by a study of the English classics—including Johnson's *Dictionary* and Hugh Blair's *Rhetoric*. His progress was, happily, accelerated by his comfortable financial situation, which enabled him to employ readers and secretaries to assist him. Still undecided as to the precise field of his future labors, he slowly mastered, year by year, the literature of Europe; and in the case of French, Italian, and Spanish, acquired a thorough knowledge of the languages.

Not until 1825, eleven years after his graduation, did he decide to focus his attention on Spanish history at the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. And not until eleven years later did his first important work appear—*A History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic*. So great was the success of this undertaking that Prescott, definitely established as a historian of international fame, devoted the remaining years of his life to further research and writing. As a result, he gave the world three other great works: *The Conquest of Mexico* (1843), *The Conquest of Peru* (1846), and *Philip II* (1859). With the publication of these four works, Prescott's notable contribution to history and literature came to a close. His last work, *Philip II*, was incomplete when in February, 1858, he suffered a slight apoplectic stroke. Characteristically, he kept at his task with what energy was left to him; but his death in January, 1859, found the work still unfinished.

It is doubtless true that Prescott's historical writing is open to the charge of inaccuracy in details. Though no one ever wrote with a more scrupulous regard for truth than he, the sources on which he depended for information were at best unreliable, and at worst hopelessly mendacious. In all large ways, however, Prescott's work is reliable. He misrepresented nothing of serious moment. And he wrote so well, with such a feeling for the dramatic value of the incidents he was portraying, with such a sure sense of proportion, that his work has the rare merit of being of literary as well as historical significance. He had a sense of values which enabled him to disregard minutiae and fix the reader's attention on what is at once

significant and interesting. The characters whom he portrays are not mere figures of the past; they become, under his touch, living personages of heroic size who conquer great kingdoms as the knights of ancient legends overcame dragons. Sweeping fearlessly on through a maze of conflicting evidence, Prescott felt for himself, and conveyed to his public, the true romance of the olden times. Thus it comes about that he made for himself a position in American literature as well as in the chronicles of historical scholarship.

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EDITIONS. The best collected edition of Prescott's work is the *Montezuma*, ed. W. H. Munro, Philadelphia, 1904. The individual works have been many times reprinted.

BIOGRAPHIES. Either Rollo Ogden's *William Hickling Prescott* (A. M. L. series), Boston, 1905, or H. T. Peck's *William Hickling Prescott* (E. M. L. series), N. Y. 1905, is an excellent starting point for the study of Prescott. *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott*, ed. Roger Wolcott, Boston, 1925, 2 vols., makes available a considerable amount of new material.

NOTES

THE CONQUEST OF PERU

519. This passage narrates the climactic incident in the conquest of Peru by that amazing military leader and religious fanatic, Francisco Pizarro (?1471-1541). Of ignoble birth, Pizarro suffered from neglect during his youth, but later achieved military and political success by his ability as a rigid disciplinarian and brilliant leadership in various expeditions to the New World. In January, 1530, he left Spain in command of an expedition sponsored by Charles V, and two years later boldly led his force of less than 200 men into the interior of South America, and made the difficult passage of the Andes. By entering the city of Caxamalca, in November, 1532, Pizarro brought his troops into contact with those of the Inca, Atahualpa, which numbered between 30,000 and 50,000. Having thus deliberately come into a position of extreme danger, Pizarro extricated himself by "one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history," described in the chapters here printed. Nine years later, after a varied political career, he was assassinated, his last act being symbolic of his whole life—to dip his finger into a pool of his own blood, trace a cross on the floor, and kiss the cross.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877)

John Lothrop Motley, historian and diplomat, was born in 1814 and died in 1877; by a curious coincidence the city of his birth was Dorchester, Mass., and that of his death was Dorchester, England. After graduating from Harvard, he studied abroad, wrote two unsuccessful novels, and played a small part in Massachusetts politics. Finally taking up the study of history as his life work, he spent nearly ten years in preparing the three volumes of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and even then was obliged to publish them at his own expense. The success of the book, however, was so great that immediately after its appearance in 1855 he began work on the sequel, *The United Netherlands*. The publication of this second contribution to scholarship and literature assured the author a distinguished place among the great writers of his day. Having lived in many of the principal cities of Europe while gathering material for his books, and having won for himself an international reputation, Motley was appointed Minister to Austria, and subsequently to England. In these positions he served his country well, yet he lacked the political shrewdness to care for his own interests with the authorities at Washington, and in both cases was virtually forced out of the service. His last important work, *John of Barneveldt*, served to distract his thoughts from the disappointments he had suffered; it, too, is a notable book, though it has never received the high praise given to its two predecessors.

Motley was indefatigable in his zeal for research and was praised for his conscientious accuracy by the greatest historians of his day. Like Carlyle, he was a biographer quite as much as an historian, portraying character with unusual power. Yet even these excellent qualities might not have enabled him to write history that should be at the same time great literature. Fortunately he had, in addition, a strong sense of the dramatic. It is this all-pervading dramatic feeling that has given his books their unusual hold on the public and has caused one of them in particular—familiarily known as "*Motley's Dutch Republic*"—to be universally recognized as an American classic.

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BIOGRAPHIES. The best biography is O. W. Holmes's *John Lothrop Motley*, Boston, revised edition 1898. For further information one should consult *John Lothrop Motley and His Family*, by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay, N. Y. 1910.

NOTES

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

527. The selection given in this volume is from the very end of the book—a passage in which Motley not only describes the death of his hero but also sums up in brief retrospect what has been narrated at full length in the preceding chapters.
529. a. 50. *Ecce homo*. "Behold the man!" The phrase used by Pontius Pilate (*John XIX*, 5) in presenting Christ to the Jews.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)

Parkman belongs in any list of the world's foremost historians. He was at once enthusiast, scholar, philosopher, and skilled literary artist; and the series of works which he left behind him bids fair to outlast anything of the sort that has yet been produced in America. When one remembers that he was an invalid most of his life, and like Prescott forced to work under the shadow of threatened blindness, one's admiration for the man becomes as unqualified as one's praise of his accomplishment.

He was born in Boston on September 16, 1823, the son of a distinguished Unitarian clergyman. In 1844 he graduated from Harvard, winning election to Phi Beta Kappa, and then took up the study of law, though he was never to practise. On the contrary, he had already decided to give his life to historical writing, and had chosen as his subject the romantic spectacle of the rise and fall of French influence in North America.

In the execution of this task he did everything that was humanly possible to ensure accuracy and thoroughness: sooner or later he made seven trips to Europe, searching the libraries of the Old World for documents and manuscripts on which to base his chronicles; he visited in person all the sections of North America which had been the scenes of important conflicts between France and England; he lived on terms of intimacy with Indian tribes whose ancestors had sided with one or another of the two contestants; he was indefatigable in reading and mastering whatever had already been published that bore on his subject.

His first important publication was *The Oregon Trail* (1847), an account of his experiences while living with a tribe of Dakota Sioux. Four years later came *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, a brilliant character study of the ablest Indian leader known to history, and a work which was in a sense a preliminary survey of the ground he was later to cover more thoroughly, and in a sense a sequel to his subsequent publications.

It was while writing the *Pontiac* that Parkman suffered the physical breakdown from

which he never entirely recovered. His nerves were shattered to such an extent that half an hour of mental effort exhausted him; his eyesight became so weak that only by closing his eyes could he safely venture to write even his own name. Fortunately he had the means to employ readers and secretaries, and he persevered in his task, though when the *Pontiac* had been seen through the press, fourteen years were to elapse before another volume was ready.

By 1864 Parkman had made himself better known as a horticulturist and breeder of roses than as a historian. But in 1865 the appearance of *Pioneers of France in the New World* signalized Parkman's return to the field in which he was most happy, and gave a new start to the work for which he had been steadily preparing himself. The *Pioneers* was the initial volume in the large series known under the collective title of *France and England in the New World*. Once the series had fairly begun, the work progressed rapidly. *The Jesuits in North America* (1867); *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1869); *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874); *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877); *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), generally accounted his masterpiece; and finally *A Half-Century of Conflict* (1892): these were the individual items in the large and inclusive study. Just a year from the time the concluding work appeared, Parkman died at his home in Jamaica Plain, having to his credit an accomplishment greater than that of any other American historian, and one which it is not easy to parallel in any tongue.

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BIOGRAPHIES. Two good biographies are C. H. Farnham's *A Life of Francis Parkman*, Boston, 1905, and Henry D. Sedgwick's *Francis Parkman*, Boston, 1904. O. B. Frothingham contributed a brief but authoritative memoir of Parkman to the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, second series, vol. VIII, where may also be found an autobiographical fragment in which Parkman recounted the main facts concerning his life-long struggle against disease.

NOTES

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

534. Chapter IV is here printed entire, as illustrating various phases of Parkman's literary skill. It is, moreover, of special interest as containing his short ac-

count of the capture of Quebec, an incident narrated at greater length in *Montcalm and Wolfe*. The other passage—*The Illinois*—shows the author's power of imaginative description at its best.

Chapter XXVIII

552. a. 9. **Laocoön writhings.** The reference is to the well-known group of statuary, in which Laocoön and his two sons are shown writhing in the coils of enormous serpents.
b. 4. **La Salle.** Parkman's own work, *La Salle and the Great West*, is the best study of this adventurous spirit.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878)

(James) Bayard Taylor—translator, poet, traveler, diplomat, and prose writer—was a typically versatile American who, despite his hard-earned success in many important fields of activity, has left behind him no original literary work of the highest order. His translation of Goethe's *Faust* is perhaps the best in English, but his own prose is more remarkable for its quantity than its quality, and his poetry lacks the touch of genius.

Taylor was born in 1825 in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. His father's family were chiefly Quakers of English descent, and though his grandfather had been forced out of that sect for "marrying out of Meeting," the Quaker traditions and ideals were preserved in the family life. Bayard was intended by his father to be a farmer; but a phrenologist who scrutinized the boy's head remarked, "That boy will ramble around the world, and furthermore he has all the marks of a poet." In the fulfillment of that prophecy most of Taylor's story is told.

After the publication in 1844 of a little sheaf of poems entitled *Ximena*, Taylor went abroad and tramped over Europe, capitalizing his experiences in *Views Afoot* (1846). In the following years he extended his travels to California on the west and Japan on the east, including a two-thousand mile jaunt across India and fairly extended tours of Greece, Egypt, Lapland, and nearly all of the intervening countries! By virtue of his essays and lectures on his travels, Taylor made a comfortable income, and in addition to building a substantial house at Kennett Square enjoyed leisure for literary work of a less commercial sort. His novels, *Hannah Thurston* (1863), *John Godfrey's Fortunes* (1864), *The Story of Kennett* (1866), and *Joseph and his Friend* (1870), written at a terrific speed, enjoyed only an ephemeral popularity; but his poems, with which he took the utmost pains, are still read. The appearance of his *Faust* in 1870 gave Taylor the sort of distinction which fitted him for the diplomatic service, and as a final recognition of the value

of his many-sided career he was appointed Minister to Germany in 1878. He had hardly entered upon his duties in Berlin, however, when he was taken ill. He died on December 19, 1878, respected as a man of international distinction and as the author of nearly fifty books.

Taylor's brilliant little volume of parodies in verse, *The Echo Club* (1872), gives a clue to both his strength and his weakness as a poet: he not only had great skill in the technique of verse but was also a superb imitator, a fact which made his conscious parodies brilliantly successful, but served as a serious handicap when he unconsciously allowed his original work to become distinctively imitative. Even his best known poem, *The Bedouin Song* (above, p. 554), bears a marked resemblance to Shelley's *Indian Serenade*. There is, however, a group of simple, realistic studies of rural characters on which his fame may ultimately rest when his more pretentious treatments of exotic subjects have been forgotten: *The Quaker Widow* (above, p. 555), *Jane Reed*, *John Reed*, and *The Old Pennsylvania Farmer*. Despite the difference in versification, there are many similarities between the artistic mood of these four poems and that of Robert Frost's sketches in *North of Boston*. It is one of the delightful ironies of life that the poet who traveled the whole world over in search of literary material should do his best work describing the rustic characters of his native village.

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Such of Taylor's works as he considered worthy of republication are included in the *Household Edition*, Boston, 1870, 14 vols. His poems are available in the *Household Edition*, Boston, 1885, 6 vols. This latter contains the best biography of Taylor, *The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, by Marie H. Taylor and Horace Scudder, Boston, 1884, 2 vols. His many separate publications are listed in the *C. H. A. L.*

NOTES

BEDOUIN SONG

554. This poem shows Taylor's most successful "Oriental" vein. It was published in 1854.

THE QUAKER WIDOW

555. Published 1863.
23. **A deep concern.** A matter requiring religious meditation and action.
28. **Benjamin was Hicksite.** The two branches of Quakers, Orthodox and Hicksite, were bitter rivals for many years after the separation in 1827-28.
30. **Her husband's of the world.** He is a non-Quaker.

31. **A hireling priest.** Orthodox Friends do not approve of paying a salary to ministers. Ruth had apparently been forced out of the Society of Friends for "marrying out of meeting" like Taylor's own grandfather, or had withdrawn voluntarily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

One of the most significant facts in the life of Longfellow is that he, like Irving, succeeded in absorbing the best of European culture without giving up his birthright as an American. That birthright he received from his mother, who was a descendant of John Alden; from his father, who was a prominent lawyer of Portland, Maine, and a trustee of Bowdoin College; and from the homely but wholesome associations of life in Northern New England. He was born and brought up in Portland, "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea"—a town small enough and leisurely enough to promote friendliness, yet large enough to possess something of a cosmopolitan outlook. To this he added by his three years at Bowdoin, where among his fellow-students were Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. His first intimate contact with the culture of Europe came shortly after his graduation in 1825, when, to prepare himself to occupy at his *alma mater* a professorship of modern languages patterned after that held by Professor George Ticknor at Harvard, he received six hundred dollars a year from the college authorities for three years of study abroad.

Returning from Europe in 1829 with a reading knowledge of German, French, Spanish, and Italian, he taught at Bowdoin with such success that after six years Ticknor recommended him as his successor at Harvard. Accepting this call, Longfellow spent another year in Europe, a year chiefly devoted to study of the literature of the northern peoples. Despite his grief at the illness and death in 1835 of his wife, Mary Storer Potter, whom he had married in 1831, he persisted with his studies, and in 1836 he began his eighteen years of teaching at Harvard. After a third trip to Europe, he married in 1843 Frances Elizabeth Appleton, the woman who was to bear him six children and to make the Craigie House one of the happiest homes in Cambridge. By 1854 his reputation and his income from writing were sufficient to justify him in resigning his chair at Harvard and devoting all his energy to creative work. But in thinking of Longfellow's work as a whole, it must always be borne in mind that for nearly a quarter of a century he taught foreign languages, with such conscientious attention to detail and such strong influence over his students that he shares with Ticknor the honor of having popularized in this coun-

try the study of what is today called comparative literature.

It is a pleasure to trace the course by which this much-loved man had come, before he was fifty, to the position of the most popular American poet. His juvenile attempts at verse were followed by the prose sketches of *Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea* (1835) and *Hyperion*, a sentimental romance also in prose (1839), both of which attracted some little notice. In the latter year there also appeared *Voices of the Night*, a slender collection of short poems showing the first unmistakable evidence of poetic power. *Ballads and other Poems* (1841), containing such popular favorites as *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, and *Excelsior*, did more to enhance his reputation than the *Poems on Slavery* (1842), which lack the vigor of Whittier's similar productions. There followed in rapid succession *The Spanish Student* (1843), popular at the time notwithstanding its want of dramatic power; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* (1845), including some of Longfellow's best lyrics; and *Evangeline* (1847), his narrative masterpiece. The story of Hawthorne's kindness in allowing his classmate to use the literary material out of which *Evangeline* was built, is well known; but it is worth pausing a moment to reflect on the disastrous results to Longfellow's fame if he had written in prose and made a failure, as he did two years later of *Kavanagh: A Tale*. The faults of *Kavanagh*, however, were soon forgotten with the appearance of three more volumes of poetry: *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1850), best known for *The Building of the Ship*; *The Golden Legend* (1851), greatly admired by students of mediæval life; and *Hiawatha* (1855).

By the time he was fifty, Longfellow was famous all over the United States and western Europe. No longer hampered by the college work which he likened to "a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibration," he found time to enjoy more fully the pleasures of Boston society, and of his own home life, without any diminution of poetic energy. Ten thousand copies of *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858) were sold in London alone on the day of its publication; in Boston, five thousand before noon of the first day. The richness of his own life had clearly served to lend a mellowness and a touch of friendly humor to *Standish* which had not been noticeable in the earlier work, and still greater maturity is evident in his next undertaking, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. These excellent short narratives were in large part completed before the shock of his wife's death by fire in 1861, but their publication in book form was delayed until late in 1863.

During the last twenty years of his life Longfellow added two other long pieces to *The Golden Legend* and published the three

together as *Christus: A Mystery*; he completed his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, added to the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and was frequently engaged in giving poetical expression to the thoughts of his old age. He did not, however, succeed after the death of his wife in writing, except in a few sonnets, with enough uniform, sustained excellence, to add materially to his reputation. After a fourth and last trip to Europe in 1868-69, when he received academic honors and other tokens of public esteem such as have been accorded to few Americans, he returned to Cambridge. Still loved as a man, still honored for his past work as a teacher, still respected as the leading poet of America, he enjoyed to the full the declining years of his life, and died, after a brief illness, in 1882. He was buried in Mount Auburn, but his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey, and the Longfellow House in Portland has become a Mecca for lovers of poetry.

A few years after Longfellow's death, there set in a reaction against his poetry, a reaction as amazing as had been its early popularity. In part this change was due to an international movement, the swing of the pendulum from subjective sentimentalism across to cold objectivity and cynicism, influencing readers of both verse and prose; lovers of Thomas Hardy were not, by nature, lovers of Longfellow. In part, too, the reaction was a more personal one, affecting Longfellow and Tennyson, who, despite their obvious points of difference, appealed to much the same class of readers. Some of these readers, without being either cold or cynical, turned to Browning, whose vogue increased steadily after his death in 1889; others, to Kipling. Browning's hammer sent out, even from his smoke-obscured smithy, sparks of thought such as Longfellow never produced; while Kipling, with his realistic Tommies and his romantic three-deckers sailing to the Islands of the Blest, showed a vitality which Longfellow, and to some extent Tennyson, had lacked.

But in still larger measure the reaction was against Longfellow's own type of poetry, which was condemned (and with some justice) as unoriginal, didactic, ill-versed, and shallow. The twentieth century lost interest in the *Psalm of Life*, and found *Excelsior* less inspiring than *A Grammarian's Funeral* or, according to taste, *Gunga Din*. The naïve, lucid style of *Hiawatha* was discovered to be the result of a constant repetition tiresome to adult readers; and the fact that this style was in keeping with the simplicity of the Indian legends only emphasized the occasional lapses which sometimes make the matter of *Hiawatha* as tiresome as its manner. The pathos of *Evangeline*, so these new critics said, was sustained and emphasized by the time-worn devices of the eighteenth-century sentimentalists, and the metrical structure appeared on close analysis to be faulty.

Sophisticated persons discovered that one hasty reading of a short poem enabled them to sound the full depth of its thought, and that the more pretentious poems of Longfellow's later years were scarcely worth reading. So numerous were those who tried to exhibit their own astuteness by picking flaws in his work, that twenty years after his death he had come to be called, in a sense very different from that in which the phrase was originally applied to him, "the Children's Poet."

Longfellow has now been dead not quite fifty years, and the time may not yet be ripe for an exact appraisal of his poetic achievement. But where there has been so much special pleading on both sides, it seems only reasonable to attempt an impartial survey. For a preliminary statement as to what are the poems on which his fame principally rests, no criterion is safer than Dr. Johnson's: "... I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honors." Applying this test to Longfellow, we find it is generally agreed that the best of the longer poems are *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* has also enjoyed a considerable popularity, but *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, *The New England Tragedies*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Michael Angelo* are practically unknown to "the common reader." Had Longfellow written nothing but *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, and a few of the short pieces included in this volume, he would have done enough to show America some of the literary methods of Europe, and to show Europe the poetry of America.

The question of originality, in the case of a poet so prolific and so studious of foreign literature, must be considered with impartiality. The day has passed when we can take seriously such an article as Poe's, entitled *Longfellow and other Plagiarists*. We must bear in mind that, despite his indebtedness to foreign models, Longfellow avoided servile imitation as carefully as he shunned the straining at eccentric originality which has marked the efforts of many more recent poets. If we point out that the metre of *Hiawatha* is taken from the *Kalevala*, we must also point out that the Finnish epic would never have been heard of, popularly, in America but for Longfellow's use of it. If we say that *The Wreck of the Hesperus* is immediately suggestive of *Sir Patrick Spens*, we must also say it is one of the few successful modern imitations of the old popular ballads. If we seek for the influence of Goethe in *Evangeline*, and of Leigh Hunt in *King Robert of Sicily*, we find evidence which, however interesting, only shows that in using the work of other men Longfellow

followed the tradition established by Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Longfellow's didacticism is too patent to allow any argument as to the fact of its existence. The question resolves itself into one of individual taste and preference, with the observation that, for a hundred years and more, obvious preaching in verse has been growing less popular. Directly connected with this question, however, is another of perhaps more importance—that of the poet's habitual moral tone. And here there can be no question as to the attitude which Longfellow took. Keeping his simple, undogmatic religion with him day by day, he infused into his poetry a spirit of reverence, of patriotism, of chivalry towards women, and of affection for children, which many other poets of similar Anglo-Saxon stock have failed to express. His poetry suggests a view of life less limited than that of Wordsworth or Bryant; less erotic than that of Burns, Byron, Shelley, and the later "fleshy school of poetry"; less self-obtrusive than that of Whitman. Longfellow's view of life as expressed and implied in the best of his poems is neither very startling nor very profound, but it is so sensible and at times so spiritual that "the common reader" has found it an essential part of his "claim to poetical honors."

From the charge of intellectual shallowness so often brought against Longfellow, it would be futile to attempt to vindicate him completely. The poems do not lure the thoughtful reader back to a third and fourth reading with the certainty that a new search will reveal deeper wells of thought; in appealing to the intellect, they rank higher than those of Poe, but lower than those of Emerson and Browning. On the other hand it would appear that sometimes Longfellow's habitual perspicuity of style has been mistaken for shallowness, as Browning's occasional obscurity of expression has been confused with his depth of thought. Suffice it to say that Longfellow habitually composed the type of poem which is suited to reading to a group, and which contains enough food for thought to satisfy those who hear it for the first time.

It seems unlikely that Longfellow will ever again command quite the attention that he did during his own lifetime. On the other hand, when the history of nineteenth-century literature in America comes to be written from the perspective of some two hundred years, when personal friendships are no longer an influence in its criticism and time has winnowed the chaff from the wheat, it will probably appear that Longfellow did more good work than Lowell, Whittier, or Holmes; that his representative poems are more uniformly excellent than those of Whitman; nearer to the true poetic ideal than the emotional music of Poe. If so, he will again be regarded, as he was in his own day, as the leader among the poets of the period which

has come to be called "the Age of Longfellow."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

As is the case with other American writers of importance, the Longfellow bibliography is of such astonishing size that little can be done here except to indicate the most important sources of further information. The special student will consult the *C. H. A. L.* selective bibliography for detailed suggestions.

EDITIONS. The best relatively inexpensive collected edition of Longfellow is the *Riverside*, Boston, 1886, 11 vols. This includes his poetry, his prose, and his translation of the *Divine Comedy*. The best one-volume edition of the poems is the *Cambridge*, ed. Horace Scudder, Boston, 1893. *Longfellow's Boyhood Poems*, ed. R. W. Pettengill, Saratoga Springs, 1925, makes accessible a considerable number of poems not included in the collected editions.

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CRITICAL ARTICLES. Poe's review entitled *Longfellow's Ballads*, originally printed in *Graham's Magazine* for March and April 1842, and now included in the Stedman-Hutchinson edition of Poe, vol. 6, p. 120, should be read for the light it throws upon Longfellow's early reputation as well as upon Poe himself. F. L. Pattee's essay, *The Shadow of Longfellow*, in his *Side-Lights on American Literature*, 1922, discusses particularly the interesting questions of Longfellow's relations to certain German writers. Bliss Perry's *The Centenary of Longfellow*, in *Park Street Papers*, Boston, 1908, and Alfred Noyes's *Longfellow and Modern Critics*, in *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*, N. Y. 1924, are unusually illuminating.

NOTES

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

556. First published in *Voices of the Night* (1839).
 557. 21. Orestes-like. In Æschylus' drama *The Eumenides*, Orestes prays for peace and respite from the pursuing furies.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Longfellow kept the poem in manuscript for some time before making it public because it was "a voice from my innermost heart at a time when I was rallying from depression." First published in *Voices of the Night*.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

The schooner *Hesperus* was actually wrecked on the reef of Norman's Woe, near Gloucester. Longfellow noted the

fact in his diary for Dec. 17, 1839, and added, "I must write a ballad upon this." Before the month was out he had done so, the actual time of composition being only three hours. It is one of the best of the modern poems written in the manner of traditional ballads such as *Sir Patrick Spens*. First published in *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841).

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

558. The idea of the poem, which Longfellow called "a new Psalm of Life," came from a scene near his own home in Cambridge. The character of the smith is in part a sketch of the first Stephen Longfellow of Newbury. First published in *Ballads and Other Poems*.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

559. Both the ancient tower at Newport, R. I., and the skeleton in armor discovered near Fall River, Mass., were thought for some time to be Norse. On this slender historical basis Longfellow built his poem. From *Ballads and Other Poems*.

EXCELSIOR

561. Longfellow's intention in writing the poem was "to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is Excelsior—'higher.' He passes through . . . the rough, cold paths of the world; . . . disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward." (From Longfellow's letter to Mr. C. K. Tuckerman.) First printed in *Ballads and Other Poems*.

SERENADE

From *The Spanish Student*, I, 3.

THE BELFREY OF BRUGES

In Longfellow's diary for May 30 and 31, 1842, he tells of his delight in hearing the chimes of Bruges, and describes in some detail the *carillon*—a set of

forty-eight bells "with keys like a musical instrument for the *carillonneur*." This poem stands first in his 1845 volume, *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

562. When Longfellow visited the Arsenal at Springfield, Mass., in 1843, in company with his wife, she pointed out that the rows of shining gun-barrels resembled an organ, and urged him to write a poem on peace. The poem was completed some months later, and published in *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*.

THE DAY IS DONE

563. First published in 1844 as poem to a collection of poems, edited by Longfellow, called *The Waif*. The verse-form, because of the poet's repeated use of it, has come to be called the "Longfellow stanza."

THE BRIDGE

564. The bridge connected Cambridge and Boston, which are separated by the Charles River. First published in *The Belfry of Bruges*.

EVANGELINE

Longfellow's first hint of the *Evangeline* story seems to have come from the Rev. H. L. Conolly, who told Hawthorne of a young Acadian couple separated on their marriage-day by the deportation. The bride searched all over New England for her lover, but found him only on his death-bed. Subsequently Mr. Conolly urged on Hawthorne the value of the story as material for a romance, and repeated it in the presence of Longfellow. Assured that Hawthorne did not wish to make use of the material, Longfellow asked permission to use it himself.

In developing the story, Longfellow greatly extended the geographical range of *Evangeline's* wanderings, thereby varying the setting. He did not himself visit either Nova Scotia or Louisiana, but described the scenery at second hand from books. The poet had, however, seen and admired the Pennsylvania Hospital, and accordingly laid the closing scene in a Philadelphia almshouse pictured after his memory of the Hospital, but utterly unlike anything that Philadelphia knew at the time of the yellow fever epidemic of 1793.

The historical background of the poem involves the long struggle between France and England for possession of

Nova Scotia, which was finally ceded to England in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. The poet has omitted, for obvious reasons, the prolonged bickerings over the reluctance of the French inhabitants to swear allegiance to the British crown, and has given no indication of the moderation of the British government in dealing with its unruly and unwilling subjects. Things went from bad to worse in the colony, till finally the condition was almost that of guerilla warfare. To put an end to this, the Governor, in 1755, deported some 6000 French inhabitants, many of whom necessarily suffered for crimes and misdeeds not their own.

"Of the longer poems of our chief singer," said Holmes, "I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice."

The text here reprinted is the first edition, with punctuation somewhat modernized.

Part I

567. 125. "Sunshine of St. Eulalie." Popular superstition held that sunshine on St. Eulalie's Day, Feb. 12, promised a plentiful supply of apples.
569. 243. Filled the barn with hay. The young men of an Acadian village made it a custom to build a house for a newly married couple and to supply them with the necessities of life for a year.
570. 287. "Once in an ancient city." Florence.

Part II

578. 48. To braid St. Catherine's tresses. The occupation, according to a popular French saying, of a girl who did not marry.
585. 368. A silent Carthusian. This order of monks (founded by St. Bruno in 1086) made silence a part of the rigid discipline imposed on its members.
379. "Upharsin." The handwriting on the wall, seen by King Nebuchadnezzar, was MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. The incident is told in the fifth chapter of *Daniel*.
588. 561. Nepenthe. A drug or drink causing forgetfulness of sorrow.
590. 633. A pestilence fell on the city. Philadelphia suffered a plague of yellow fever in 1793.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

592. One of Longfellow's own notes serves as the best brief introduction:—"This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, for-

ests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, vol. I, p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III, p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narration of an Onondaga chief.

"Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

"The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable." (—*Cambridge Edition*, p. 664.)

Longfellow made no secret of the fact that the metrical form of the poem was suggested to him by reading the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. His indebtedness to various authors was, in fact, so obvious that charges of plagiarism were brought against him; but his original contribution was relatively so great that the poem is now regarded as one of his most considerable achievements. Longfellow accordingly shares with Cooper the honor of having successfully brought the American Indian into literature.

The poem was first published in 1855.

MY LOST YOUTH

600. The poem, written in Cambridge at the end of March, 1855, is accurately reminiscent of Longfellow's early life in Portland, where he lived until he entered Bowdoin College.
601. 37. The sea-fight. In 1813 the American brig *Enterprise*, after an engagement of forty-five minutes, captured and towed into Portland Harbor the English brig *Boxer*. Both captains were killed, and their bodies were buried ashore, side by side.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

11. Grave Alice. Longfellow here uses the actual names of his daughters.
602. 28. Mouse-Tower. Tradition relates that Archbishop Hatto, in the tenth century, burned alive in a barn a number of peasants caught stealing grain in time of famine. As a punishment, it is said that he was pursued by mice and that he built the tower near Bingen in a vain attempt to escape being eaten

by them. Southey has put the story into verse in his poem *God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop*.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

This is the *Landlord's Tale*, the first of several stories connected somewhat in the general manner of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and together making up the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The "Wayside Inn" was the old Red-Horse Inn at Sudbury, Mass., and the story-tellers, including the Landlord, Mr. Howe, were the poet's personal friends. (See the *Cambridge Edition*, p. 204.) The first group of tales was published in 1863; others were added in 1872 and 1873.

31. *The tower of Old North Church*. Longfellow himself climbed the tower, as recorded in his diary for April 3, 1860. There is, however, some doubt as to which church was used for the signals.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

604. This is *The Sicilian's Tale* from the first group of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Although the story has been told many times and in many languages, it is probable that Longfellow's source was Leigh Hunt's prose *Legend of King Robert* in his *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*.
606. 110. *Enceladus*. A mythical hundred-armed giant killed by Zeus and buried under Mt. Etna.

WEARINESS

607. First published in 1863.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

608. During the dark years after the death of his wife, by fire, in 1861, Longfellow sought refuge from his grief in translating Dante's *Divine Comedy*—a prolonged task for which his ability as linguist and poet admirably fitted him. The first and second of these sonnets prefaced his translation of the *Inferno*; the third and fourth, that of the *Purgatorio*; and the fifth and sixth, that of the *Paradiso*. Taken together, they form a brief sonnet sequence, of which the principal ideas are these: I. The *Divine Comedy* likened to a cathedral where Longfellow rests and prays. (The figure is maintained throughout Sonnets I-V.) II. The marvelous variety in the *Divine Comedy*, and the varied emotions with which Dante must have written it. III. The benediction that comes to Longfellow as he follows Dante (by translating the *Divine Comedy*). IV. Beatrice and her benignant influence on Dante. V. The triumph of Dante's achievement likened to the celebration

of the Mass. VI. The Greatness of Dante as a "bringer of the light" to all the world.

Clearly this suffering Longfellow, "stretched upon the cross," had greater poetic power than the facile and sometimes superficial Longfellow of earlier days.

IV

2. *She stands*. Beatrice.
609. 12. *Lethe and Eunoë*. The rivers of Forgetfulness and of Knowledge.

V

4. *The Great Rose*. The circular or rose window at the end of the nave.
14. *The elevation of the Host*. The climax in the celebration of the Mass.

CHAUCEUR

Written 1873.

THE CROSS OF SNOW

610. Written 1879. The death of Mrs. Longfellow occasioned the poem.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

James Russell Lowell, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born in 1819, at Elmwood, the ancestral home in Cambridge, where he was to spend most of his life. (See Aldrich's poem, *Elmwood*, p. 1020, above.) He was descended from a line of distinguished Massachusetts ancestors, the first of whom had come to America in 1639. He grew up in the atmosphere of a home where books were plentiful, and made his father's study, with its four thousand volumes lining the shelves, both his playroom and his schoolroom. When he entered Harvard College with the class of 1838, Lowell found himself in a group of students whose special interest was poetry; they read Keats, Shelley, and Byron with enthusiasm, and were among the first Americans to recognize merit in the early work of Tennyson and Browning. Lowell's own ability as poet developed while he was an undergraduate, and his contributions to the college magazines met with such favor that in his senior year he was elected Class Poet.

Just before the close of the senior year Lowell was "rusticated" by the college authorities—a fact which gains a certain humorous piquancy when one considers the eminence he was subsequently to attain as poet, essayist, editor, diplomat, and teacher. The young man who was suspended from Harvard "on account of continued neglect of college duties," and thereby prevented from reading his class poem, had not developed the moral stamina and intellectual energy which later

in life were to dominate his poetry, to make him scrupulously conscientious as teacher and editor, and to enable him to solve questions of political ethics which perplexed the diplomats of Europe. And it is highly improbable that the youth who spent the last weeks of his college course in disgraceful rustication in Concord, had any idea that before long he would be recalled to Harvard as Smith Professor of Belles Lettres.

The years from 1838 to 1844 began with a critical conflict in his life between law and letters, with the degree of LL.B. from Harvard in 1840 indicating an apparent victory for the law. But the young attorney soon found that his own taste, as well as the influence of his friends, was all towards poetry; and with his engagement in 1840 to Maria White, a brilliant young woman who was herself a poet, he inclined more and more towards making literature his profession rather than his avocation. During these years of vacillation he published two volumes of verse—*A Year's Life* (1840), and *Poems* (1844),—the second of which may fairly be called significant. He also undertook to edit, with Robert Carter, a magazine called *The Pioneer*; and though the venture was short-lived, it brought Lowell into contact with such contributors as Hawthorne, Poe, and Whittier. Thus by the time of his marriage in 1844, he had completed his literary apprenticeship, and was ready to earn a living by his pen.

The agitation which preceded and accompanied the Mexican War found Lowell vigorous in opposition to slavery, and to those politicians who were fomenting the war for the purpose of bringing new slave territory into the Union. The first series of *Biglow Papers* (1846) was the immediate result of his anger at the way the nation was being led into hostilities, and won for Lowell a nation-wide audience. From this time on his productivity was astonishing. So far as poetry is concerned, his *annus mirabilis* was 1848, when he collected in book form the first series of *Biglow Papers*, and published in addition his *Poems, Second Series, A Fable for Critics*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*,—all this besides a considerable amount of prose. He thus showed, before he was thirty, a poetic skill which he was later to surpass only in the *Commemoration Ode*, and a breadth of range as astonishing as it is characteristic. While men like Poe, Whitman, or Bryant, had each his own easily recognizable style, Lowell fitted from literary satire to political satire and on to narrative and lyric with a variety of treatment which makes generalization difficult.

From 1848 to the end of his long life, he continued to write poetry of a high order; and once, when the death of Lincoln and the emotions incident to the conclusion of the Civil War stirred him deeply, he rose to greater heights than have often been attained in America.

Although it has been stated that Lowell reached virtually his full stature as poet by 1848, the years from 1851 to 1857 mark a new period of development in general maturity, and particularly in critical power. Two long European trips, devoted chiefly to study, immensely broadened his knowledge of world literature; the series of lectures on literary topics which he delivered at the Lowell Institute in 1855 further prepared the way for years of success as a writer of essays in criticism. Whether it was the death of his wife in 1853, or some other cause, that turned him more and more to study, the fact remains that from then on he was increasingly prolific as a writer of prose. Beginning modestly enough by assisting Professor Child with an edition of the *British Poets*, he continued year by year to write biographical and critical essays which, despite the quantity of new information available to succeeding scholars, are still read with delight.

At the time of his second marriage, to Frances Dunlap, in 1857, Lowell entered upon two decades during which he was perhaps the most influential man of letters in America. His reputation as poet was secure, and he and his wife gathered around them at Elmwood a circle of friends on whom his direct influence was considerable. But there were other outlets for his literary talent. In 1855 he had been chosen to succeed Longfellow as Smith Professor at Harvard, and spent two years in European study in preparation for the work. In 1857 he began teaching, and at the same time undertook the editorship of the new *Atlantic Monthly*. Two years later he left the *Atlantic* and joined Charles Eliot Norton in editing the *North American Review*, and continued that connection for ten years. There seems to have been virtually no limit to his energy or ability. He published many volumes of critical essays and poetry, at the same time that his varied activities brought him an international reputation which made possible his subsequent successful career as a diplomat.

Of the later years of his life, when he was Minister to Spain (1877-1880), and then to England (1880-1885), space permits one to say only that he was loved and honored abroad as he had been at home, and to record Queen Victoria's statement that "During my reign no ambassador or minister has created so much interest or won so much regard." His address entitled *Democracy* (above, p. 646) was only one of many successful attempts to interpret to the old world the ideals of the new. Such an address—or that on Lincoln—gives the last bit of evidence necessary to establish his position as the most versatile among the greater American men of letters. After retiring from the diplomatic service, Lowell traveled extensively, and then returned to Elmwood, where he died in 1891.

It is perhaps unfortunate that to most

people Lowell is known chiefly through his poetry, which, despite its admirable qualities, reveals only one side of his genius. All that is best in men like Burns and Byron and Shelley is revealed by their poetry; further study brings to light little that is valuable. But with Lowell the case is different. He was brilliantly successful as teacher and editor, and his prose work demands as much praise as the best of his verse. Finally, he was himself one of the few international Americans, a man at home in the libraries as well as the courts of the old world, but firmly rooted in the soil of the western continent, and as fine a representative of that new civilization as either Lincoln or Emerson.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. Shortly before Lowell's death, Houghton Mifflin brought out the *Riverside Edition* of his collected works, in ten volumes. In 1904 the same publishers issued the somewhat more inclusive *Elmwood Edition*, 16 vols., which contains four volumes of letters. The most useful one-volume edition of the poems is the *Cambridge*, ed. Horace Scudder, Boston, 1897.

BIOGRAPHIES. The standard life is still Horace Scudder's *James Russell Lowell*, Boston, 1901, 2 vols. Ferris Greenslet's *James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work*, Boston, 1905, is the best of the briefer biographies.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. Of the many critical articles the following will be of interest to any student of Lowell: Poe's *Poems by James Russell Lowell*, first published in *Graham's Magazine* for March, 1844, and his caustic review of the *Fable for Critics*, published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, February, 1849, and included in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, vol. VI, p. 240; Henry James's essay in the *Atlantic*, January, 1892; Charles Eliot Norton's in *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1893; and two articles, interesting because of their British point of view, in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1891, and January, 1900.

NOTES

SONG

610. This lyric was one of many poems which Lowell wrote during the five years of his betrothal to Maria White, whom he met Dec. 1, 1839, and married Dec. 26, 1844.

SONNET: WENDELL PHILLIPS

Published in 1843, when Phillips (1811-1884) was the greatest orator among the abolitionists.

RHÆCUS

The poem—published in 1843—should be compared with Walter Savage Landor's *Hamadryad*, a rendering of of the same fable, which was published three

years after *Rhæcus*. Landor gives the story for its own sake without the moral.

COLUMBUS

613. Written in 1844, two years after the appearance of Tennyson's *Ulysses*, by which Lowell was doubtless influenced. Compare Joaquin Miller's *Columbus*, p. 1032, above.
615. 110. **Pharos.** The site of a world-famous lighthouse in Egypt.
616. 158. **Laocoön.** The metaphor of the snake is inevitable in view of the popularity of the Laocoön group of statuary.
185. **The Tuscan.** Dante.
189. **The wise Athenian.** Plato tells of the lost continent of Atlantis.
190. **Bjorne.** Bjarni Herjulfson (variously spelled), who is traditionally credited with the discovery of Vinland, some fifteen years before the voyage of Leif Ericsson.
193. **Nero's tutor-victim.** Lucius Seneca (3 B. C.-65 A. D.), a Roman statesman, philosopher, and writer. When Nero was eleven years old Seneca was appointed his tutor; seventeen years later his former pupil, then Emperor, forced him to commit suicide.
203. **Simeon.** St. Simeon Stylites, a Syrian ascetic of the fifth century, who lived on top of a pillar.

TO THE DANDELION

617. First published in 1845.
618. 26. **Sybaris.** Lowell probably refers to the ancient city of southern Italy, famous for its luxury, rather than to the fountain or river of the same name.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

The publication of the *Biglow Papers*, of which the first series appeared in the *Boston Courier*, 1846-1848, and the second in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1862-1866, was an important episode in the life of Lowell, in the history of American literature, and in the struggle against slavery. These racy satirical comments on politics brought the poet his first wide popularity; they have endured as poetry because of their cleverness, and because of the glowing intensity with which they express Lowell's hatred of injustice and oppression. Though Lowell's opposition to the Mexican War—an opposition which is obvious in the entire first series—was futile, the first series was influential in strengthening the determination of the North to resist any further extension of slavery; the second did much to unite the North in opposition to secession.

Number I

A cruetin Sarjunt. A recruiting sergeant, enlisting volunteers for the Mexican War. Hosea's reaction to the situation is, of course, Lowell's.

619. 33. **Ez fer war, I call it murder.** Lowell's categorical statement should be interpreted in the light of his own conduct. He believed that war in the abstract was unjustifiable. When, however, the situation in 1861 made it necessary to engage in war, Lowell was quite willing to lay aside his theoretical objections and face the existing situation. No more staunch supporter of the Union cause could have been found than this man who fifteen years before had branded war as "murder."

Number III

621. 1. **Guvener B.** George N. Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts from 1844-1851, defeated "Gineral C" (General Caleb Cushing) in the campaign, despite the fact that John P. Robinson, an influential Whig, went over to the Democrats.

SHE CAME AND WENT

622. First published 1849.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

622. Numerous forerunners of the *Fable* could be mentioned, among the most prominent being Pope's *Dunciad* and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. An admirable recent imitation is Miss Amy Lowell's *A Critical Fable* (1923), in which she discussed contemporary poets as Lowell had commented on those of his own day.

To the Reader. As an illustration of his whimsical statement that his own style "is neither good verse nor bad prose," Lowell has printed this Preface as prose, though it has a vigorous poetic rhythm and an easily detectable rime-scheme.

623. 553. **Plotinus.** An Egyptian philosopher of the third century. **Montaigne.** A French philosopher and essayist (1553-1592).

558. **Never a doorway to get in a god.** Not an altogether fair statement, yet touching one of Emerson's recognized peculiarities.

624. 818. **Griswold says so.** Rufus W. Griswold (1815-1857), an influential critic and editor. For several years he was connected with *Graham's Magazine*. His *Poets and Poetry of America* (1842) was the work to which Lowell probably had reference.

625. 830. **Ices.** A pun on *Isis*, a goddess of the Egyptians.

873. **Hesiod.** An early Greek poet, whose *Works and Days* abounds with proverbial wisdom. The specific refer-

ence is to a rather cryptic passage (140): "Fools! They know not by how much the half is greater than the whole."

898. **Like old what's-his-name.** Taillefer, a minstrel, is said to have chanted the Norman army to victory at the battle of Hastings (1066). He sang "of Charlemagne, and of Roland, and of Oliver, and of the knights who died at Ronceval."

626. 904. **Anne haec, etc.** Is this indeed the dress of thy son?

905. **Leather-clad Fox.** George Fox (1624-1691), the founder of the Society of Friends. Popular report credited him with making for himself a suit of leathern clothes, in order to be freed from concern about dress. See Carlyle's chapter, *Incident in Modern History*, in *Sartor Resartus*.

1008. **Fouqué.** Friedrich Heinrich Karl Fouqué (1777-1843), a German poet and novelist. **Tieck.** Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853), a German novelist.

1021. **Cooper.** The reference is to Cooper's controversial works, especially, his accounts of his European travels, and such a novel as *Home as Found*.

1036. **Natty Bumppo.** The hero of the *Leatherstocking Tales*.

627. 1037. **Long Toms.** Long Tom Coffin is a character in *The Pilot*.

1060. **Adams; Primrose.** Parson Adams is one of the characters in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*; Primrose is the central figure in Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

1305. **You musn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so.** A reference to Poe's ill-considered article, *Longfellow and Other Plagiarists*.

1318. **Greek metres in English.** Lowell's opinion of *Evangeline* is now generally accepted: that the poem is successful in spite of the meter.

628. 1331. **Theocritus.** The earliest of the Greek pastoral poets. He wrote ca. 260 B. C.

1581. **There's Lowell.** Lowell's self-criticism is severe but in general accord with the facts. His early work especially suffers from excessive "preaching."

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

In March, 1847, Lowell was saddened by the death of his daughter Blanche, aged fourteen months; but in September of the same year the birth of another daughter, Mabel, brought him some consolation. This poem was written in 1849.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

629. The poem was begun Oct. 7, 1861, and printed in the November *Atlantic*

Monthly. At that time Fort Sumter had surrendered, and the Northern troops had been defeated at Bull Run and elsewhere. Lowell's own nephews were at the front. The atmosphere of grim foreboding is excellently created by the use of Teutonic mythology: Odin is the ruler of the gods, and Thor is the god of thunder; but the destiny of men lies chiefly in the hands of the three sisters, Udur, Verdandi, and Skuld. (Cf. the Witches in *Macbeth* and Gray's *Fatal Sisters*, and see Professor F. E. Farley's *Scandinavian Influences in the English Romantic Movement*.) The "mystic Tree" is the Tree Igrasil. These grim sisters wove a web of fate, but Lowell has slightly popularized the mythology by references to the better known corresponding divinities of Greece—the three Fates who spun, measured, and cut the thread of life.

630. 50. *Hesper*. The evening star, which always appears in the west. Here it signifies the United States.

631. 107. *Dear ones by Potomac's side*. The poet's "passionate pain" was destined to grow more tragic; three of his nephews (Charles Russell Lowell, James Jackson Lowell, and William Lowell Putnam) were killed during the Civil War.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

SECOND SERIES

The general facts about the *Biglow Papers* are given in the notes to the First Series, above, p. 1172. This second series was occasioned by the Civil War, as the first had been by the Mexican.

The Courtin'

This little romance in the vernacular, a sort of interlude between discussions of politics, proved to be one of Lowell's most popular poems. It originally appeared, in a shorter form, in the First Series, but was later expanded and included in the Second.

632. 95. *They was cried*. The marriage banns were published.

Jonathan to John

Early in 1862 Lowell voiced this protest against the British policy during the war. The feeling on both sides had been rendered tense by the Mason and Slidell episode, by the conceding of belligerent rights to the Confederacy, and by the moral support given the South by English cotton interests. This support, Lowell said, was worth an army of two hundred thousand men.

25. *Vattel*. A Swiss statesman and jurist (1714-1767), best known for his *Droit des Gens* (1758).

633. 64. *We give the critters back*. Mason and Slidell, Confederate agents, had been removed from a British vessel by a United States man-of-war. The British protest against this violation of their sovereignty resulted in the release of the two men.

Sunthin in the Pastoral Line

634. No. VI of the second series of *Biglow Papers*, published 1862.

COMMEMORATION ODE

639. When Harvard University planned a commemoration service in honor of her sons killed in the war, Lowell was asked to write a poem for the occasion. He accepted the commission, but found it far more difficult to execute than he had anticipated. After a long period of hesitation, he finally composed the *Ode* in the two days preceding the exercises, but found himself exhausted by the ordeal. Witnesses testify to the fact that his reading, before the great audience, was effective; it is clear, however, that much of it must inevitably have been perplexing to any audience which was listening to it for the first time. Fully to appreciate it, one must make it the object of careful study. For detailed information concerning both the occasion and the poem, see Scudder's life of Lowell, II, 63f.

640. 37. *The Veritas*. The Harvard motto, "Truth."

641. 150. *Our martyr chief*. The stanza on Lincoln was not part of the original poem, but was added immediately afterwards.

643. 246. *Dear ones*. His three nephews (see note on line 107 of *The Washers of the Shroud*) and several other relatives were among the dead.

253. *The grapes of Canaan*. Carrying out the reference of line 232 to "the Promised Land," according to the Biblical story told in *Numbers*, XIII, 17-26.

644. 329. *Who now shall sneer?* In connection with this whole strophe, Lowell wrote: "I confess I have never got over the feeling of wrath with which (just after the death of my nephew Willie) I read in an English paper that nothing was to be hoped of an army officered by tailors' apprentices and butcher boys."

645. 383. *Banners adance*. The obvious meaning is "dancing with triumph," but many texts have incorrectly printed *advance*.

AFTER THE BURIAL

646. Six stanzas of this poem were written in 1850, after the death of Lowell's

daughter Rose. It was completed in 1868, when his first wife and three of their four children were dead.

DEMOCRACY

This, the best known of Lowell's English addresses, was delivered on October 6, 1884, at his inauguration as president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. Despite the limitations imposed by his official position as American Minister—perhaps because of them—he discussed the broad principles of democratic government with an incisive wisdom that has not been surpassed. The first two paragraphs are of no lasting significance, but the personal note in such an introduction was doubtless useful in catching the attention of the audience.

648. *b. 30. Forgetting Purke's admonition.* In his *Speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies*.
649. *b. 2. A Father of the Church.* St. Ambrose (?340-397), Bishop of Milan.
- b. 4. Proudhon.* Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-1865) made famous the doctrine that "property is theft." See the first paragraph of his essay *What is Property?*
- b. 36. The sores of Lazarus.* The story of the rich man and Lazarus is to be found in *Luke*, XVI, 19-31.
650. *a. 29. Polonius.* See *Hamlet*, II, 2.
- a. 37. The wicked and the weak.* Slightly misquoted from Coleridge's *France: an Ode*; stanza 5:

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion.

- b. 43. The Thane of Cawdor.* See *Macbeth*, II, 2.
651. *a. 10. Ichabod.* A common term of regret, from the Biblical use in connection with the loss of the ark. See *I Samuel*, IV, 21.
- a. 40. Priestley.* Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), an English scientist and prominent Unitarian. Because he sympathized with the French Revolution, his house was wrecked by a Birmingham mob. Later he came to the United States.
652. *a. 21. Jellaladeen. Jelâl-ed-dîn,* a Persian poet of the middle of the thirteenth century.
- b. 44. The Rights of Man.* A political treatise by Thomas Paine. See the note on Paine, p. 1120, above.
654. *b. 6. That white-haired king of Brownings.* The quotation is from one of the songs in *Pippa Passes*.
655. *b. 9. Those who have the divine right to govern.* Such a sentence as this shows how close Lowell was, in some respects, to Carlyle's position half a cen-

tury before. On many matters, however, the two men would have been in sharp disagreement.

656. *a. 38. Hudson, the railway king.* The statue was not erected because Hudson's dishonorable business methods were brought to light. The facts were well known to Lowell's audience.
657. *b. 3. A very sagacious person.* Dogberry, the rustic constable in *Much Ado about Nothing*. See Act III, 5.
- b. 11. Mr. George. Henry George* (1839-1897), best known for his *Progress and Poverty*.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(1807-1892)

The three periods into which Whittier's life naturally falls have much in common, respectively, with certain phases in the lives of Burns, Milton, and Longfellow. During his youth he struggled against the hardships of living on a Massachusetts farm, hampered by poverty and frail health, much as Burns had struggled in Scotland, yet finding time, like him, for occasional bursts of song. Throughout the second part of his life he put his able pen at the service of the cause of abolition, and, like Milton in support of the Puritan movement, sacrificed art to duty. After the fight against slavery had been won, he entered, like Longfellow, upon a peaceful old age devoted to the pursuit of literature and to the enjoyment of those honors which sometimes come towards the close of life to a great and good man.

Descended from a long line of Massachusetts Quakers, Whittier was born at Haverhill in 1807. The farm on which he spent his early years was so isolated that no other dwelling was in sight, and the drive to the Friends' Meeting at Amesbury, which the Whittiers attended twice each week, was eight miles. The books that he read in his own home were the Bible and some thirty other volumes—chiefly Quaker journals. The suffering from cold, from poverty, and from overwork, which was the common lot of the whole family, is reflected in the pages of *Snow-Bound*; but the mist of years had softened the harsh tones of the picture for the poet, much as it had done for Burns when he wrote *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. There was much of farming, much of Quaker discipline, little of schooling and little of pleasure; yet these early years prepared the way for a long life of unusual spirituality and self-sacrifice. At the age of fourteen Whittier came for the first time to know the songs of the Scottish poet to whom he has so often been compared, and within a few years his own youthful verses, obviously imitated from Burns and Byron, were being published by William Lloyd Garrison in the Newburyport *Free Press*. How he divided his time for the

next few years among shoe-making, studying, farming, teaching, and editing, is well known. The friendship of Garrison was a constant stimulus to his literary efforts, but still more of an influence in making him an active abolitionist. By the age of twenty-five he had shown some promise as a poet, but had published nothing of great merit.

Despite his two youthful ambitions, to be a successful poet and a successful politician, Whittier was so thoroughgoing a Quaker that he followed the "inner light" along paths which made the middle period of his life one of singular difficulty. A consistent pacifist, he was bound to find some of his views unpopular, as the issues between North and South became increasingly clear. By deliberately choosing the rôle of an abolitionist of the non-militant type he cut himself off from all hope of a successful political career, and at the same time brought into his life elements of discord which were almost incompatible with the writing of poetry. In spite of this handicap, however, he produced between 1833 and 1865 several of his best narrative poems and a quantity of anti-slavery verse, of which some has permanent value; but during these years he was for the most part one

Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill.

His varied and consistently unselfish political activities throughout this period of his life moulded and deepened his character much as the character of Milton was affected by the turmoil of the Civil War in England. His persistence in attending anti-slavery conventions despite the mob-violence suffered at Philadelphia and Concord, N. H., and his ceaseless editorial efforts to spread abolitionist propaganda, can only be suggested in so brief a survey as this; yet in taking account of his influence on the thought of his country, they must not be forgotten. By 1857 he had come to occupy a position of such respect as thinker and writer that he became one of the contributors to the new *Atlantic Monthly*, where he had for the first time a worthy medium of publicity. With the ratification of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in 1865, he published his triumphant hymn of praise, *Laus Deo*, and thus brought to a close the period of dedication to national service which had begun more than thirty years before with his public tribute *To William Lloyd Garrison*.

At the close of the Civil War Whittier found himself at length free to turn from propaganda to poetry, and, like Longfellow, he lived to enjoy to the full "the last of life, for which the first was made." Despite the depth of his grief at the death of his sister, Elizabeth, who, as Whittier never married, had been a singularly close companion, he was

serene in his peaceful happiness. Almost immediately he took a high place among the poets of America by writing, before the end of 1868, five of his masterpieces: *The Eternal Goodness*, *Snow-Bound*, *Our Master*, *The Tent on the Beach*, and *Among the Hills*. The profits from the sale of *Snow-Bound* were enough to make him financially independent, and the degree of LL.D., conferred upon him by Harvard in 1866, was only a formal recognition of the esteem in which he had already come to be held throughout New England. Though he did not mingle in metropolitan society to the extent that Longfellow did, he counted among his friends many of the leading writers of the time—among others, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Stedman, and Bayard Taylor. From his own home in Amesbury, he made frequent visits to relatives in other parts of New England, and in summer he enjoyed to the full the peace of the hills of New Hampshire and of the coast between Portsmouth and Newburyport. Wherever he went he was loved, and was honored quite as much for the dignity and spirituality of his life as for the poetic ability which each new volume of poetry made manifest. These later volumes contain, happily, much of his autobiography and of his personality. They have served—from *Snow-Bound* to the last, privately-printed collection, *At Sundown*—as a revelation of character so intimate as to be the best record of his life. His death, in 1892, was an experience for which he was prepared, and which he anticipated in a mood perfectly expressed in one of his last poems, *Burning Drift-Wood*:

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn,
I hear the sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

Before attempting a criticism of Whittier's poetry, it is well to clarify a certain vagueness in the popular conception of his views on war and on religion. Although *Snow-Bound* and the historical ballads speak for themselves, the religious poems and those against slavery require a sympathetic understanding. It must always be borne in mind that Whittier was a pacifist of the best Quaker type; if his blood sometimes ran warm (as it unquestionably did) at a story of military prowess, he nevertheless felt about war much as the rest of the world has already come to feel about duelling—that of all methods of trying to decide questions of right and wrong, the use of weapons is the worst. He was not, however, one to let such questions go undecided. On the contrary, he felt

it a matter of conscience to be a strong controversialist and to make the better reason triumph over the worse. This spirit of intellectual militancy, so evident in his abolitionist writings, is also to be found in many of his most deeply religious poems. The spirit is hardly compatible with the popular conception of pacifism, but it is entirely so with the type of pacifism which Whittier avowed. It must also be understood that Whittier followed what Quakers call "the inner light"—a direct guidance of man by God, of a mystical sort which finds the intervention of a priest and the tenets of an inflexible creed equally distasteful.

With these considerations in mind one can better understand the poems themselves. Of those written in opposition to slavery, the majority have at least one poetic quality: a glowing intensity. When to this intensity is joined the dignity of expression of which Whittier was capable, and when the subject is one of more than local interest, then the resulting production has real value as poetry. All the fervor of a Hebrew prophet pulses in *Massachusetts to Virginia*. Something of greatness, too, pervades the more kindly lines of *Brown of Ossawatimie*. In *Ichabod*, Whittier's burning indignation at what he considered Webster's apostasy lifts the verse far above the level of personal invective. At the lowest estimate, the poems just mentioned, together with the address to Garrison, *Laus Deo*, and a few others, suffice to show that Whittier could achieve distinction in a sort of verse at which Longfellow, for instance, had tried his hand and virtually failed.

In the field of brief narrative poems, Whittier had an unqualified success. The vigor of *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, *Barbara Frietchie*, and *The Pipes at Lucknow*, is no less effective than the quiet charm of his descriptive and reflective poems. Indeed, it is hard to find any American poet who has written better ballads than Whittier's.

If, however, Whittier's fame were to rest on a single poem, the universal choice would undoubtedly be *Snow-Bound*. As the explanatory notes in this volume show, the poem is largely autobiographical; in this connection it inevitably brings to mind *The Deserted Village* and *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. From memories of his own childhood, Goldsmith constructed a series of artistic sketches, of which those of the Parson and the Schoolmaster will always be remembered. Burns, with minute fidelity, gave an idealized picture of a single evening in the home of a Scottish peasant. Whittier enlarged the scope of his poem to include more than a whole day, and thus brought together a considerable number of pictures reminiscent of his own early life. That *Snow-Bound* is somewhat diffuse, and that its different parts are of unequal merit, will probably be admitted by its warmest admirers. Yet the poem gains more than it loses by its length;

it makes us so intimately acquainted with the Whittier household, and creates so perfectly the atmosphere of home life, that after more than half a century it still stands as a masterpiece of description and of characterization—a poem "notable," as Mr. Bliss Perry says, "not so much for sensuous beauty or for any fresh range of thought, as for its vividness, its fidelity of homely detail, its unerring feeling for the sentiment of the hearth-side."

The title *Religious Poems*, prefixed by Whittier to a group of seventy-five pieces, suggests indirectly the patent fact that the tone of his whole poetic output is "religious." This religious spirit is to be found, for example, in *Snow-Bound*, in the anti-slavery poems, and in the collection *At Sundown* (the benediction at the end of his life), almost as much as in poems chosen at random from this specially classified group. Within this limited group, however, there are several points worthy of note: One is the persistence with which Whittier combatted the idea of a God of Vengeance—a Calvinistic conception to which many of his contemporaries still clung; poems like *The Minister's Daughter* and *The Meeting*—to mention only two among many—are so controversial as to be almost satiric. Again, it should be remembered that passages from Whittier are used as hymns even in churches whose creeds and ritual the poet attacked with vigor. Finally, there is the generally recognized truth that *Our Master* is one of the most spiritual poems in our language. Here Whittier succeeded in giving utterance to ideas which are fundamental in the simple Quaker faith, and which for the most part are shared by all Christians. The message of the poem—that of love from God to man, from man to God, and from man to man—was the motivating force of his own life; it moulded his views on race problems and on war; it gave him courage for self-sacrifice; it brought him in happiness to a serene old age, in which he was universally loved as man and as poet.

Despite the fact that some of Whittier's work is marred by bad rimes (though it should be noted that the inaccuracy often disappears when one pronounces the rime-words as they were pronounced in eastern Massachusetts), despite the fact that he devoted much of his energy to polemics rather than to poetry, and that his work is lacking in both the originality and depth that mark the greatest literature, nevertheless Whittier wrote enough poetry distinguished by simple beauty, rugged strength, and sincere religious feeling, to assure him a position among the chief American poets. If we add to this achievement his political activity from 1833 to 1865, his relative success in writing historical essays, and his permanent influence on our religious thought, it becomes self-evident that he will always hold a place of high honor among American men of letters.

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NOTES

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

658. This poem, read at the Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, December, 1833, is more than a tribute to a personal friend. It marks Whittier's formal avowal of the principles of abolition.

PENTUCKET

659. The town is now called Haverhill. Whittier gives another account of this attack in his prose article entitled *The Border War of 1708*. The poem was written in 1838.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

661. The immediate cause of the poem was the arrest in 1843 of George Latimer, a fugitive slave who had taken refuge in Massachusetts. Over fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts petitioned Congress for reforms which should forever free them from any participation whatsoever in the slave trade. First published in *The Liberator*, January, 1843.
662. 67. *Essex*. Whittier here begins calling the roll of the counties of Massachusetts.

THE SHOEMAKERS

663. Published in *Songs of Labor*, 1850, though written in 1845.
7. *St. Crispin's day*. St. Crispin, a shoemaker, was martyred ca. 287. His day is October 25.

PROEM

666. Written at the end of 1847, and published in 1849 as the introductory verses in the first collected edition of Whittier's poetry. The accuracy of Whittier's self-criticism is notable.
33. Marvell. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), a Puritan poet.

ICHABOD

This indictment of Webster, occasioned by his "Seventh of March" speech (see p. 721, this volume, and note), should be contrasted with the more favorable opinion expressed later by Whittier in *The Lost Occasion*. The word *Ichabod* means "the glory has departed," or "there is no glory." For the Biblical use of the term see *I Samuel*, IV, 21.

WORDSWORTH

667. Written in 1851, the year following Wordsworth's death. The *Memoirs* was the official life of the poet, by his nephew Christopher Wordsworth.
17. *The violet by its mossy stone*. Celebrated by Wordsworth in *She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways*.
18. *The primrose by the river's brim*. From line 58 of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*.
19. *Chance-sown daffodils*. The occasion of Wordsworth's *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

Whittier spent many summers by the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee; in southern New Hampshire. The poem was written in 1853.

MAUD MULLER

669. Whittier once said that the story of the poem had no foundation in actual fact, but that he got a hint for the character of Maud Muller when he and his sister once saw in a hay field a young girl who blushed as she tried to cover her bare feet by raking hay over them. Written in 1854.
670. 94. *Astral*. An elaborately wrought table-lamp.
95. *Chimney lug*. A pole from which a kettle hung over the fire.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

672. Some time after publishing the poem Whittier learned that Ireson was in reality blameless, but that as a result of a conspiracy on the part of a cowardly crew he had been falsely accused and subjected to the ignominy here described.
3. *Apuleius's Golden Ass*. In the second century Apuleius, a Roman philosopher, wrote *Metamorphoses*, or the *Golden Ass* as it was popularly called, a satiric narrative of a young man named Lucian who was changed into an ass.
4. *One-eyed Calender's horse of brass*. A calender or dervish was a religious mendicant. Whittier's reference is to a story in *The Arabian Nights*.

6. **Al-Borák.** The steed which carried Mahomet to the seventh heaven; it had an eagle's wings and a human face.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

673. The source of the poem, as indicated in lines 10 and 11, is Cotton Mather's *Magnolia Christi Americana*. See the selections, pages 77 ff., this volume, and notes.

8. **Rantoul.** Robert Rantoul (1805-1852), a friend of Whittier, was distinguished as a reformer, statesman, and abolitionist. See Whittier's poem *Rantoul*.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

675. The siege of Lucknow in 1857 and its relief by Scottish troops led by Sir Henry Havelock constitute one of the most thrilling incidents of the Sepoy mutiny in India. Whittier's poem was written in the following year.

TELLING THE BEES

676. The ceremony here described was thought necessary to prevent the swarms of bees from leaving their hives when a member of the family died. The setting of the poem is that of the poet's boyhood home.

MY PLAYMATE

677. The original title of the poem was *Eleanor*. It was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, in 1860. Tennyson later said of it, "It is a 'perfect poem.' In some of his descriptions of scenery and wild flowers [Whittier] would rank with Wordsworth."

LAUS DEO

The poem is Whittier's outburst of joy on hearing the bells ring to announce the ratification of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. He was sitting in the Friends' Meeting House at Amesbury, Mass., on Dec. 18, 1865, when he heard the bells.

SNOW-BOUND

The text is that of the 1866 edition, tenth thousand, published by Ticknor and Fields, and copyright 1865 by the author. This text is not in all respects identical with that of the first edition, nor with that which the poem finally assumed under Whittier's revision. It represents, however, the form in which the poem first attained its nation-wide popularity, and has been chosen for that reason.

680. 90. **Amun.** An Egyptian God, in the shape of a ram.

682. 215. **The Chief of Gambia's golden shore.** From Sarah Morton's poem, *The African Chief*.

286. **Sewell's ancient tome.** The *History of the Quakers*, by William Sewell (1654-1720), a Dutch Quaker and a man of letters. The book was highly praised by Charles Lamb in his essay, *A Quakers' Meeting*.

289. **Chalkley's Journal.** Thomas Chalkley (1675-1749) records in his *Journal* the details of the incident here related by Whittier.

307. **Our uncle.** In his essay, *The Fish I Didn't Catch*, Whittier says, "Our bachelor uncle . . . was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing."—*Prose Works*, I, 323.

683. 320. **Apollonius of old.** Apollonius Tyanæus, a philosopher of the first century.

322. **Hermes.** The Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus, reputed to have had great knowledge of magic, has for centuries been confused with the god Thoth.

332. **White.** Gilbert White (1720-1793) made his *Natural History of Selborne* more readable than the general run of such works by his vivid and colorful descriptions.

684. 476. **Pindus-born Araxes.** A river of Greece which rises in the Pindus Mountains.

685. 510. **Another guest.** Harriet Livermore. See next note.

555. **The crazy queen of Lebanon.** Lady Hester Stanhope, like Harriet Livermore, was an eccentric religious fanatic of unsound mind. The two women wandered over much of the near East, and lived for a time on the slope of Mt. Lebanon, awaiting the second coming of Christ.

687. 683. **Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse.** An English Quaker (1639-1713), who wrote an uninspired epic on David. Posterity has remembered him more kindly for his suggestion to Milton that he write *Paradise Lost*.

694. **Daft McGregor.** Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scot who attempted to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

696. **Taygetos.** A mountain in Greece.

697. **Ypsilanti.** A Greek patriot (1792-1828), who took an active part in freeing Greece from Turkish rule.

719. **The weird palimpsest.** Literally, a parchment from which the first writing has been erased, in order that it may be used again. Here it means simply an ancient book.

741. **Some Truce of God.** An agreement or plan much talked of during the eleventh century, for the purpose of reducing the amount of warfare and bloodshed.

OUR MASTER

This poem, like *The Eternal Goodness* (above, p. 678), shows Whittier's religious poetry at its best. Several popular church hymns have been formed from the two poems.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

689. Colonel Abraham Davenport, of Stamford, Conn., was an historical character whom Whittier admired because of his firm conduct in the State House on May 19, 1780, the terrifying "dark day." The poem was written in 1866.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

690. Without being in any way imitative of Wordsworth, this description of the scenery of Bearcamp River, New Hampshire, suggests Wordsworth's view of Nature in at least two particulars: the insistence on the immediate presence of God in nature; and the concluding idea, that the poet will always retain in his memory the beauties of the scene which he is viewing. Compare *Tintern Abbey*, *passim*, and the last stanza of *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-1894)

Almost every discussion of Holmes includes a statement to the effect that he was born in Cambridge, lived most of his life in Boston, and was a member of what he himself called the "Brahmin caste" of New England—a man whose ancestors for generations had followed one or another of the learned professions, and had contributed to the intellectual life of the communities in which they lived, and a man who himself continued in the way his fathers trod. It is quite as much to the point to indicate that Holmes was in some ways unique in his reaction to both his heredity and his environment.

Despite the strict orthodoxy of his father's Calvinism, Holmes became a Unitarian, and devoted much of his energy to combating a conception of God which had dominated New England since long before the time of Jonathan Edwards. He loved the good things of life with a catholicity of taste unknown to the "Brahmin caste"; in his zest for life, his enjoyment of the many phases of music, science, and letters, he was a Renaissance spirit in the environment of a Puritan. He was a connoisseur of old violins; he toyed with the microscope by the hour, and finally made an optical invention worth a fortune if he had taken out a patent; he loved a spirited horse to such an extent that his friends said he maintained his medical practise

largely to justify the expense of his stable. As an undergraduate at Harvard he had dabbled in verse with enough success to win the election as Class Poet, but after his graduation in 1829 he turned to law rather than to letters. After one year in the Law School, he frankly admitted that poetry had interfered with his studies; nevertheless the wide popularity of his earliest poem of note, *Old Ironsides* (1830), did not restrain him from a new interest, medicine. To this he devoted four years of hard work in Boston and Paris, and the lure of a still broader culture took him into England, Germany, and Italy.

With his return to America at the end of 1835 Holmes's joy in the artistic side of life, and in life itself, made it impossible for him to confine himself to any one activity. From the publication of his first volume of poems in 1836 until the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, he divided his intellectual efforts with fair impartiality between teaching anatomy—first at Dartmouth, and after 1847 in the Harvard Medical School—writing poetry, practising medicine, and lecturing in public. His marriage (1840) to Miss Amelia Jackson brought domestic responsibilities which made him careful of his financial interests, but which extended, rather than limited, the range of his interests. The spirit of levity which led him to announce, when he began the practice of medicine, "The smallest of fevers thankfully received," is said to have lost him an occasional patient who preferred solemnity to mirth at the sick-bed. He served for thirty-five years with great distinction as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at the Harvard Medical School, where he became famous as an entertaining instructor and a productive scientist.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1857, the editor, Lowell, pressed Holmes into immediate service, with the result that the overwhelming success of the *Breakfast-Table* series made its many-sided author henceforth primarily a man of letters. Even then, however, Holmes's diversity of interests persisted in making itself felt: he wrote novels—"medicated novels," they have been called—designed principally as vehicles for his theological and biological views, *Elsie Venner* (1861), *The Guardian Angel* (1867), and *A Moral Antipathy* (1884); essays and poems almost without number; and biographies of his friends Motley and Emerson.

His temperate ways of living enabled him to enjoy to the full his old age, in which the social delights of the Saturday Club were his greatest pleasure. He had by this time become in one sense the most provincial of Bostonians; for fifty years the ties of his home, his profession, his college, his club, and his business affairs (for his publishers accounted him an excellent business man) all combined to make him for and of Boston. Yet on his brief trip to Europe in 1886 he

was given honorary degrees by Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh; and long before his death in 1894 he had become an international figure in the world of letters.

Although here and there one of Holmes's poems is outstanding for some special quality—*Old Ironsides* for its vigor; *The Chambered Nautilus* for its spirituality; *My Aunt, The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay*, and a dozen others for sheer humor—yet during his own lifetime he was best known for his occasional poems, such as those he wrote year after year for the reunion of his class at Harvard, and for the birthdays of his friends. With many of these apparently trifling pieces he said he took more pains than a minister takes with the preparation of his Sunday sermon. The best of them are little masterpieces of celebration or greeting or appreciation, in which the poetry—with none of the cold glitter of formal *vers de société*—flows along with almost the friendly informality of conversation and sparkles with Popeian wit. The most popular bit of this familiar verse, at which Holmes was so adept, is perhaps *The Last Leaf*. But more truly representative is the best of his reunion poems, *The Boys*. Here are combined all the usual Holmes characteristics: a touch of Harvard spirit, a sentimental reference to old age, a vitality that rises above any regret for the passing years, an appreciation of the worth of his friends—all these bound together by the author's habitual mood of conviviality and good-fellowship.

Most of Holmes's verse was, from the very nature of the subject matter, ephemeral or provincial; poems written specifically for the dedication of the Boston Library or for the dinner in honor of Whittier's seventieth birthday may not attract the readers of another century. Yet it is something that he was foremost among the American poets of his age at this type of verse, and that it would be hard to find his superior even among his great contemporaries in England. As has often been suggested, what a Poet Laureate he would have made!

If it is true that Holmes's poetry often has the charming intimacy of conversation, it is equally true that his conversation had the polished perfection of poetry. Many of his contemporaries have borne witness to the fact that he was the best talker in Boston—both the most interesting and the most brilliant—and that, too, at a time when—if ever—Boston was "the Hub." In this connection it would be a pity to overlook the points of similarity and of contrast between Dr. Johnson at The Club in the London of the seven-teen-sixties, and Holmes at the Saturday Club of Boston a century later; Johnson, with his gigantic figure and truculent manners, "tossing and goring" people right and left; Holmes, five feet three, suave, almost dapper, courteous to a degree, using his rapier of wit

against the idea rather than the man who advanced it—or if he did encounter an opponent, thrusting home so skillfully that the victim scarcely knew he was impaled; yet each of them dominating the greatest minds of his age by sheer conversational power. The names of the illustrious members of Johnson's Club have been immortalized by Boswell; the Saturday Club had, in this sense, no Boswell; but its membership included Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Motley, the younger Dana, Prescott, Howells, Aldrich, and in addition to these a dozen other men who, though not primarily men of letters, stood—like President Eliot and Bishop Brooks—at the head of their respective professions.

Yet in a very genuine sense Holmes did have a Boswell; not a biographer, but one to report and give lasting form to his conversational brilliancies, a man amply qualified—himself. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (1858), *The Professor* (1859), *The Poet* (1872), and *Over the Teacups* (1889), he has reproduced the best of his own conversation. "The best things which he said, the best bits in his letters, were very sure to be encountered afterwards in print. He gathered up the fragments, that nothing should be lost." (*Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by John T. Morse, Jr., II, 24.)

The most famous of these books is, of course, *The Autocrat*. Here for the first time Holmes found his perfect medium of expression—conversational prose interspersed with bits of verse and an occasional poem like *The Chambered Nautilus*,—a medium flexible enough to allow full play to his many-sided personality. As in brilliant conversation, there are abrupt changes from one mood to another—now a keen flash of wit, now a dogmatic utterance, and now a suggestion of sentiment. There is a deal of argument, too, but it is always rapid, logical, and incisive. Some of the sly irony has doubtless been misunderstood by the majority of casual readers; for instance the remark that a pun is "the lowest form of wit." Holmes happened to be an inveterate punster himself, and even with the approach of blindness in his old age, he could write that he suffered from "cataract" still in the "kitten" stage. Yet the very subtlety of Holmes's manner gives the book one of its principal charms, for with each re-reading one is sure to find fresh delights to provoke thoughtful laughter. Seldom if ever has a series of essays been conceived and carried out so successfully in the spirit of high comedy.

The Professor and *The Poet* continue, with only a little less piquancy, the manner of *The Autocrat*. Either of the two later volumes would have been enough to make the author famous; Holmes was never "written out"—not even in *Over the Teacups*; his later work shows only a slight falling-off in

vigor and variety. The *Breakfast-Table* series as a whole is almost unique; it is more sparkling than the best of Addison or Goldsmith, and it stands so far above Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler* as to make comparison absurd. Only in the best conversational passages of Boswell's *Johnson* do we find a comparable body of good talk on such an endless variety of subjects.

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NOTES

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

691. Holmes's most famous work of any considerable length, *The Autocrat*, was first published in the *Atlantic* during 1857 and 1858. As was quite appropriate in what purported to be the record of a long series of conversations, held around a boarding-house table, the first number opened with the phrase, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted." The conversation thus begun continued, with longer or shorter interruptions, through four series of papers, and ended only with *Over the Teacups* in 1888.

692. a. 27. *C'est le dernier pas*. It is the last step which comes hardest.

693. b. 26. *Hunc lapidem*. His mourning comrades erected this stone.

b. 46. *Arcus senilis*. A whitish ring in the eye, caused by old age.

694. b. 29. *Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά*. The opening words of the *Iliad*: "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath [of Achilles]."

b. 45. *McFingal*. For selections from this once-popular piece of satire by John Trumbull, see pages 183 ff., above.

b. 52. *The spacious firmament on high*. The opening lines of Addison's hymn.

OLD IRONSIDES

697. In September, 1830, when Holmes read of the proposal to break up the famous frigate *Constitution*, popularly known as "Old Ironsides," he wrote this almost impromptu outburst, which appeared first in the *Boston Advertiser*, and was at once so widely reprinted that it brought him an immediate fame.

THE LAST LEAF

First published in 1831. The subject of *The Last Leaf* was Major Thomas Melville, one of the "Indians" of the "Boston Tea Party." When Holmes saw him he was an old man, but still a picturesque figure on the streets of Boston. The poet retained his youthful fondness for the poem, and allowed it to be reprinted in his own extreme old age, saying, "I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem."

NON-RESISTANCE

699. Written in 1852, but withheld from publication until 1862.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

First published in *The Autocrat*.

700. 26. *Than ever Triton blew*. The adaptation of the line from Wordsworth's sonnet, *The World is too Much With Us*, is obvious.

THE LIVING TEMPLE

First published in *The Autocrat*. The poem has been called "the anatomist's hymn."

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Another of the poems woven into *The Autocrat*. It is probable that Holmes intended the poem to be considered as an allegory of the breakdown of Calvinism in New England.

CONTENTMENT

702. Also from *The Autocrat*.

21. *Be Plenipo*. Be Minister to England, or, in diplomatic parlance, "Minister Plenipotentiary."

THE BOYS

703. Written for the thirtieth reunion of Holmes's class (1829) at Harvard, a class which contained many persons of distinction. Those named are identified in the *Cambridge Edition* of Holmes's poems, p. 340.

A HYMN OF TRUST

704. From *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, 1859.

A SUN-DAY HYMN

This poem, also from *The Professor*, is often used as a hymn.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT

705. Compare the anonymous reply to this poem, above, p. 756. The occasion of the verses was the secession of South Carolina.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

Written in 1870.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

706. 5. g.m. Grey mare. S.h. Sorrel horse. B.g. Bay gelding. The abbreviations are those of the race-track reports.

39. O woman. A parody on Scott's

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
—*Marmion*, VI, 902.

53. Like Lazarus. As described in *Luke*, xvi, 19.

64. Old Blue. "A famous Boston horse of the early decades of this century, who was said to trot a mile in less than three minutes." (Holmes's note.)

68. Mazeppa. In Byron's poem of that name.

707. 152. The spectral lover of Lenore. *Lenore* was a late eighteenth century poem of the supernatural, written by the German Bürger. It was still generally remembered when Holmes wrote his poem.

170. Hector. The story of Hector's ride around the walls of Troy is told in the *Iliad*, book xxii.

708. 182. Old Dutchman. "Old Dutchman was transferred from between the shafts of a cart to become a champion of the American trotters of his time." (Holmes's note.)

JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782-1850)

Calhoun's position in American history and literature is not difficult to state: among the many persons who between 1830 and 1850 opposed the centralization of power in the Federal government, and attempted to preserve the attributes of sovereignty to the individual states which had formed the Union, Calhoun was probably the most influential. What Webster was to the North, with its growing faith in a Union "one and inseparable," Calhoun was to the South, where the State's Rights theory became increasingly popular as the breach between the two sections steadily widened. The two men are not only figures in American literature by virtue of their ability to write political prose

of a masterly sort, but, taken together, stand in much the same relation to the constitutional questions of 1850 that Hamilton and Jefferson had occupied half a century before. Their significance in the chronicle of American civilization is consequently far greater than the space allotted to them in this volume would indicate.

Calhoun was born in South Carolina, in March, 1782. Twenty-two years later he graduated with high honors from Yale. In 1807 he was admitted to the South Carolina Bar. Twice he served in the legislature of his state, and from 1811 to 1817 was a member of the House of Representatives. As the most influential member of the important committee on foreign affairs he played a large part in inducing Congress, in 1812, to declare war against Great Britain. During the eight years of Monroe's administration (1817-1825) he was Secretary of War, and from 1825 to 1832 was Vice-President of the United States. It was during this period of his life that he became an eager supporter of the State's Rights theory. In this connection it is interesting to note that it was not the slavery question, but solely the protective tariff fostered by the North, which occasioned in 1828 his first significant political writing, the so-called "South Carolina Exposition." In this he asserted that if the Federal government exercised any powers which infringed upon the sovereignty of an individual state, that state had the inherent right of nullifying the act of the federal power.

This is the thesis upon which his subsequent political work was to rest. In 1833, after having resigned the Vice-Presidency, he was elected Senator from South Carolina. His first debate concerned the 1832 nullification bill, and his chief opponent was Daniel Webster. From that time until his death in 1850, less than a month after his last great speech in opposition to Webster, he was the foremost champion of Southern rights, protesting against what he considered the unconstitutional encroachment of the North. By 1850 the tariff was no longer of chief consequence; the one question of the hour was slavery. But whether discussing the nullification bill in 1832, or opposing Clay's compromise in 1850, his position was the same: the United States, he held, was but a voluntary association of sovereign states. Any state could nullify an act of the Federal Congress, and—as an ultimate resort—could withdraw from the Union. That Calhoun's theory was destined to fall, when tested on the battlefields of the Civil War, is not necessarily to be taken as a proof that it was either logically or historically invalid.

At the time of his "Fourth of March speech"—here reprinted—Calhoun was seriously ill. Three days later he again rose from a sick-bed to be present during Webster's reply. On the thirty-first of the same month he died, honored both in the North

and in the South for his ability and unquestioned sincerity. Interestingly enough, the chief eulogy on Calhoun was pronounced in the Senate chamber by Webster himself.

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NOTES

SPEECH ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION

709. On March 4, 1850, Calhoun was too ill to stand the strain of speaking. He was in his seat in the Senate chamber, but his address was read for him by Senator Mason of Virginia. As regards the question immediately before the Senate at the time, Calhoun's contention proved correct. The Compromise of 1850 failed, as Calhoun, in this speech, foretold it would fail. Webster and Clay supported it because they believed it would save the Union. It did not. It merely postponed the already inevitable trial by battle. (Curiously enough, no one of the three statesmen most intimately connected with it, lived to see it fail.) This address of Calhoun's however, barely touches upon the Compromise. It is rather a masterly review of the entire slavery question, and of the events which had brought about the situation that existed in 1850.
711. b. 53. Its effect was to exclude the South. I.e., to exclude slavery.
712. a. 5. The Missouri Compromise. The Compromise of 1820.
717. a. 16. Methodist Episcopal Church. Neither the Methodist nor the Baptist church has yet (1927) been reunited.
- a. 32. The Episcopal Church . . . remains unbroken. The Church did divide in 1861, but the breach proved only temporary.
719. a. 24. The plan proposed by the . . . Senator from Kentucky. Henry Clay (1777-1852) was the chief sponsor of what has come to be called the Compromise of 1850.
720. b. 44. California will become the test question. The bill to admit California to the Union with a free-soil constitution finally passed on September 7, 1850, six months after the Webster-Calhoun debate.
721. a. 11. To arrest it. To check the anti-slavery agitation.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852)

Webster is entitled to representation in any collection of American literature. He belonged, to be sure, to the "old school" of oratory; his rhetoric is more Ciceronian than that of the twentieth century; his periods are at times too long and involved to appeal to readers fed on the "pep" and "punch" of modern journalism; above all, his arguments are too full of facts to allure a public accustomed to draw its information from headlines and tabloid summaries. But when all allowances have been made, the fact remains that he could speak in a manner which no other American has ever been able to equal, and could impart to his best work a quality of style which puts it definitely in the class with the work of Burke, of Cicero, and of Demosthenes.

His abilities were recognized—and honored—during his life-time. When Webster was in England in 1839 he met Carlyle, and Carlyle thus described him in a letter to Emerson: "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablist of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman; such Limbs *we* make in Yankee land! As a Logician, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of silent Bersirkir-rage, that I remember of, in any other man." At the time this letter was written, Webster was fifty-seven years old, and was recognized at home and abroad as America's foremost orator, and as the ablest expounder of that theory of government which Hamilton had sponsored half a century before, but which Webster's phrase, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," had seemed to make peculiarly his own.

As has often been said, Webster believed that the United States is rather than *are* a nation; that nullification and secession were possibilities that should not even be considered; and that the preservation of the Union was of more significance than the preservation—or destruction—of any institution or local interest. This theory, that the agreement between the states "to form a more perfect union" was a contract which could not be broken, was the theory which Calhoun, among others, opposed, and which was to be a matter of debate until the argument was ended by the outcome of the Civil War.

But in the mind of Webster there was never any doubt. He lost no chance to impress his views upon the minds of his countrymen, and by his powerful and repeated iteration of his ideas he did much to make possible the ultimate triumph of the Union cause.

It is interesting to note that at the very beginning of his career Webster had taken the position which he was to maintain till his death. A New Hampshire lad, born in 1782, receiving his early schooling at Philips Academy, Exeter, he naturally attended Dartmouth College, the chief educational institution of his native state. At the close of his junior year he delivered the Fourth of July oration on the college campus, and by implication at least committed himself to the Hamiltonian theory of a strong central government. When on March 7, 1850, he made his last great speech in the Senate, he had gained greatly in power, but his fundamental position was what it had been half a century before.

Interestingly enough, Webster's first important case before the Supreme Court of the United States involved the same question of the inviolability of contracts, and the supremacy of the Federal government over a single state. He had been a member of the Bar since 1805, and after ten years of practice was chosen one of three attorneys to represent his college in a suit which in 1817 reached the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. That court decided that certain acts of the state legislature, which had in effect repealed the college charter, were valid. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Webster made the chief argument. The decision, written by Chief Justice Marshall, reversed the New Hampshire court, on the ground that the acts of the state legislature constituted a violation of a contract. Webster had thus assisted in establishing a precedent which has been of value to more than one American educational institution, at the same time that he was preparing for the greater debates with Hayne and Calhoun on the contractual nature of the Constitution, and on the right of the Federal government to over-ride the act of a state legislature.

Despite his early successes as a lawyer, Webster found his life work in politics. He first entered Congress in 1813, as Representative from New Hampshire. In 1827 he was elected Senator from Massachusetts. Except for the years 1841-45, when he was Secretary of State, he remained till July of 1850 in the Senate, where he fought his greatest battles and won his chief honors. In the debates with Hayne in 1830 and 1831 concerning nullification, and again in 1850 when Calhoun was opposing Clay's compromise measure, Webster announced his Unionist doctrines with such force and eloquence that the speeches made on these occasions have become classics of the world's oratory.

Webster's claim to distinction, then, appears to be three-fold: he was the greatest orator of an age which set great store by public eloquence; he was a lawyer of unusual ability; he was the chief expounder of that constitutional theory which time has established as the only tenable foundation for the United States government. His death on October 24, 1852, deprived the Unionist cause of its foremost leader, albeit his influence can be traced in the later work of Lincoln, and—indirectly but none the less surely—in the response of the North when the argument over "State's rights" passed from the Senate chamber to the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg.

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Webster's work is available *in extenso*, in *The Writings and Speeches of Daniel Webster, National Edition*, Boston, 1903, 18 vols. The first volume contains an adequate biographical memoir. Either Henry C. Lodge's *Daniel Webster*, Boston, 1883 and 1899 (American Statesman Series), or Frederick A. Ogg's *Daniel Webster*, Philadelphia, 1914, will serve as a starting point for further study.

NOTES

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

721. The speech was Webster's reply to Calhoun's speech of March 4, and was delivered on March 7, 1850. To Webster's anti-slavery constituents in Massachusetts it seemed to indicate that he had gone too far in his willingness to compromise with slavery. The reader of today, however, realizes that Webster's position in 1850 was approximately that of Lincoln at the time of his "open letter" to Horace Greeley (p. 787, above). The preservation of the Union was to him of more importance than either the preservation or destruction of slavery. Whittier's *Ichabod* (p. 666, above) indicates the feeling which the address aroused among the more outspoken opponents of slavery. It should be remembered, however, that Whittier's bitterness passed with the years, and that he later made amends for *Ichabod* by publishing *The Lost Occasion*.
723. a. 13. It was prosecuted for the . . . acquisition of territory. In his first speech as Representative from Illinois, Lincoln took a similar position.
724. b. 30. Senator from South Carolina. Calhoun.
726. a. 11. There was then no diversity of opinion. Compare Lincoln's argument throughout the first part of the Cooper Union address, above, p. 767.
727. b. 36. An honorable member. Calhoun.
730. a. 16. There is not at this moment, etc. Many of Webster's constituents objected

to this statement that slavery was established by an "irrepealable law."

731. *b. 54. The Wilmot Proviso.* A proviso, moved in the House of Representatives by David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, on August 4, 1846, and adopted by the House as an amendment to the bill appropriating a sum of money to be used in negotiating peace with Mexico, to the effect that slavery should never exist in any part of the territory ceded by Mexico. The Senate twice rejected the proviso, which never became law.
732. *b. 29. The Greek Kalends.* A famous if somewhat shop-worn classical joke. There were no Kalends in the Greek calendar; hence the expression "To the Greek Kalends" means forever.
736. *b. 16. The South . . . is right.* Another statement objectionable to many at the North.
737. *a. 10. A bill on the subject.* The "Fugitive Slave Law," adopted as part of the Compromise of 1850. Webster's announcement that he would support it gave great offense to many of his friends in Massachusetts.
742. *b. 49. Now, the broad shield.* Quoted from the concluding section of Book XVIII of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1811-1896)

Harriet Beecher Stowe was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811, of an old and distinguished New England family. In 1832 her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was elected President of the newly established Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, and when he moved west, his daughter Harriet naturally accompanied him. In Cincinnati she first came in direct personal contact with slavery, for with only the Ohio river separating the slave state of Kentucky from the free soil of Ohio, it was inevitable that she should see for herself certain phases of "the institution" which in Connecticut she had only read of. The Seminary buildings soon became a station on the "Underground Railroad"; Harriet herself gave aid and shelter to many a runaway negro—and apparently she remembered the stories they told her.

Her marriage to Calvin Stowe took place in 1836. He was a widower with several children; more were born to his second wife; and by 1850, when he was called to the Professorship of Greek in Bowdoin College, Mrs. Stowe was worn with the manifold obligations which life had forced upon her. Before leaving Cincinnati for Brunswick, Maine, she had written stories and sketches, but had done nothing to attract the notice of more than a very limited circle of readers, or to indicate that she possessed any but the most

ordinary sort of literary talent. The year 1850, however, in which the Stowes moved to Brunswick, was the year of the fugitive slave law, and even the quiet Maine village found itself aroused by the statute. It was as a protest against this law, and against the institution which it fostered, that Mrs. Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The story was first published as a serial in *The National Era*, an anti-slavery journal of relatively little influence, in which it ran from June, 1851, to April, 1852. In this form it attracted but little attention. When it was published in complete form in the spring of 1852, however, it became—almost over-night—not the most widely read piece of fiction of the year, or of the century, but perhaps of all time. It is doubtful whether any book save the Bible has enjoyed such a circulation. Translations have appeared in at least twenty-three languages, and in the dramatized form it is still (1927) a living document.

To answer the charge that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* grossly misrepresented conditions in the South, Mrs. Stowe published in 1853 *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, giving the documentary evidence on which she had based the tale. In 1856 her novel *Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, added another title to the list of anti-slavery publications, and for several years thereafter her pen was constantly busy. Never again, however, did she equal the success of *Uncle Tom*, and today all that she wrote save this one book is virtually forgotten. She died in Hartford, Connecticut, on July 1, 1896.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is one of the books that can be understood only when seen against its own proper historical background. It is a book which belongs definitely to one particular period in the history of one people—to the period when the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was about to be repealed, and when the Compromise of 1850, sponsored by Clay and Webster in a final attempt to save the Union, was offending both North and South because, while satisfying neither, it angered both. It belongs to an age of discontent and uncertainty, to an age when secession was in the air, and when disunion, no longer covertly threatened, was being openly and unqualifiedly advocated.

But *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was more than a document in the history of the struggle against slavery. It is as surely part and parcel of the literature of what is usually called the Romantic Revolt as was Burns's *Jolly Beggars* or Shelley's *Queen Mab*. The humanitarian impulse which is in part exemplified by the French Revolution was not yet played out; and at the same time that Dickens, in England, was striking his passionate blows for justice and kindness and decency, Mrs. Stowe was doing the same thing in America. Consequently, though the anti-slavery people of the North praised the book because of the fearless way in which it ex-

posed the evils of the institution, readers in France and England and Germany saw it in its true significance, and realized that it marked another step in the age-old struggle for the liberation not of the negro but of the human race.

It would be idle to deny that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is in some ways unfair to the slaveholders of 1850, or to claim for it any great degree of technical excellence. But this at least is true: it is a picture of what might happen anywhere under "the institution," and of what had happened often; it is written so well that the narrative still retains its compelling interest; it is humanized by sure and sympathetic characterization; it is keyed to the note of tragedy which forms a sombre undertone for the great literature of the entire world. All in all, it is a unique document in the history of civilization, and cannot be pooh-poohed by even the most sophisticated of critics.

Mrs. Stowe's chief works of fiction have been republished as *The Novels and Stories of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, Boston, 1910, 10 vols. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of course, is available in many reprints. *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* has never been reprinted, and is somewhat difficult to come at in the original 1853 Boston or London editions. *The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which Mrs. Stowe wrote in 1878 as an introduction to a new edition, is available in the *Old South Leaflets*, General Series, number 82, Boston, 1897. The best biography is that by C. E. and L. B. Stowe: *Harriet Beecher Stowe: the Story of her Life*, Boston, 1911.

NOTES

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Chapter IX

743. The chapter not only gives a vivid picture of the ways in which runaway slaves were assisted to escape, but also shows the conflict that might arise between legal obligation and humanitarian impulse. In this chapter Senator Bird, sworn to uphold the laws of his state and country, assists in the escape of Eliza, who is the wife of George Harris.

Chapter XIX

746. St. Clare represents a fine type of Southern plantation owner, who here talks things over with his Vermont cousin, Ophelia. The discussion does not advance the action materially, but introduces some of the most significant passages in the entire book.
750. b. 31. A mere matter . . . of latitude and longitude. Passages such as that introduced by these words indicate Mrs. Stowe's fair-mindedness.
752. a. 11. The slave-owner can whip, etc. Here again Mrs. Stowe shows herself to

be as keenly aware of social injustice in the North as of slavery in the South.

753. b. 34. There is a mustering among the masses. Such passages as this caught the attention of many persons who felt no particular concern over slavery, and showed Mrs. Stowe as the herald of a better day for the lowly folk of all the world.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE CIVIL WAR

As was the case with the Revolution of 1776, the Civil War occasioned a large amount of prose and verse, some of which is fairly entitled to preservation in the library of American literature. Lincoln's most famous work, much of Whitman's, certain poems by Lowell and Whittier—these are perhaps the best known literary products of the conflict which all but destroyed the nation that the Revolution had created. And in addition to the work of these—and other—recognized men of letters, there is a large amount of poetry written by persons who might otherwise have been unknown, but who found in the war a stimulus for a sort of literary activity which finds a comparatively recent parallel in the poetry of the Great War.

To realize the amount of this Civil War poetry one must turn to such a collection as Richard Grant White's *The Poetry of the Civil War*, or consult the bibliographies in Miss Esther P. Ellinger's *Southern War Poetry of the Civil War*, Philadelphia, 1918. But the selections reprinted in the present volume indicate fairly enough the nature of this verse, and include the best work of representative Southern and Northern writers.

Comparing these selections with the songs and ballads of the Revolution, one sees that the ballad form was less popular in 1861 than it had been in 1776, and that there is a more conscious attempt to write "literature" than there had been during the earlier conflict. The Civil War is farther from the age of oral transmission than was the Revolution. On the other hand, such a marching song as *John Brown*, of the many versions of which only one is here reprinted, is an indication that the older tradition was by no means dead, and that a song with easily remembered words, united to a thoroughly "singable" tune, will wander far, undergo many changes, and have, in brief, the sort of history recorded for many an age-old traditional ballad.

For other poems of the Civil War, by poets of wider reputation, see pp. 661, 699, 705, 968 ff., etc.

The Picket-Guard was first published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1861, and was probably the work of Mrs. Ethelinda Elliott Beers (1827-1879), whose pen-name was Ethel Lynn Beers.

Dixie, like *John Brown*, appeared sooner or

later in many versions. The one here reprinted is perhaps the best, and is the work of Albert Pike (1809-1891), who, born in Boston, early transferred his allegiance to the South, and served as a Brigadier-general during the war. It too was published in 1861.

Farewell to Brother Jonathan, the authorship of which is unknown, appeared in the same year, and was a direct answer to Holmes's *Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline* (above, p. 705).

James R. Randall (1839-1908), whose *Maryland, My Maryland*, attained as wide a popularity as any Southern lyric, was a native of Baltimore who became one of the South's ablest journalists.

George Frederick Root (1820-1895) was at the time of the war a musician and publisher of music in Chicago. A versatile composer as well as a facile rimester, he had the knack of turning out popular compositions with tunes that it was impossible to forget, and with words which made an appeal to the emotions of the day. His best known war songs were *The Battle Cry of Freedom*, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, and *Just Before the Battle, Mother*.

Still another song of the early days of the war is the so-called "original" *John Brown*, probably the work of Henry Howard Brownell (1820-1872). The author, a Connecticut lawyer, served with Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay, and remained in the navy till 1868, when he settled at Hartford, Connecticut. He wrote much, but nothing so popular as the song here reprinted.

Stonewall Jackson's Way (1862) is the best known work of John W. Palmer (1825-1906), who, born in Baltimore, practised medicine in San Francisco, transferred his energies to journalism, and served as Confederate war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*.

Among the many anonymous lyrics of the war, the lines *We Are Coming, Father Abraham* (1862), were among the most popular. Written in "fourteeners," and thus linked to the old ballad tradition so far as form is concerned, the poem, despite its obvious sentimentalism, has a strength of feeling and concreteness of imagery which make one wish that the author were known.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic (1862) made its author, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910), famous over all the English speaking world. She was a native of New York, but after her marriage lived for most of her life in Boston, editing, with her husband, an anti-slavery journal called *The Commonwealth*, and publishing several volumes of poetry. The *Battle Hymn* gave her a reputation which far outshone that won by her more elaborate early work, and made her in great demand as a lecturer on various reform topics, prominent among which was "Woman's Rights." She died in Boston in 1910.

Francis Orrery Ticknor (1822-1874) was a

physician of Georgia whose very considerable poetic output is here represented by *Little Giffen* (?1863). The ballad is founded on Ticknor's acquaintance with a young lad whose history was much like that of the hero of the poem.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground (1863), by Walter Kittredge, is a song which owes much of its popularity to a melodious and easily remembered tune. It was a favorite in the Northern army, and has not yet ceased to have a certain sort of appeal.

Henry Clay Work (1832-1884) was a musician as well as a poet, and had the same sort of facility in writing popular songs that George Root possessed. *Marching through Georgia*, commemorating Sherman's famous march to the sea, was published in 1865 by Root's firm, with which Work was connected.

The Blue and the Gray, by Francis Miles Finch, appeared first in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1867, with the following head-note: "The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings in memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.—*New York Tribune*."

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In addition to the work of Richard Grant White and Miss Esther Ellinger, already referred to, the following four collections of Civil War poetry, all edited by Frank Moore, are of great value: *Songs for the Soldiers*, *Lyrics of Loyalty*, *Personal and Political Ballads* (all published in New York in 1864), and *Songs and Ballads of the Southern People*, N. Y. 1866. Miss Ellinger's bibliographical section will furnish a complete list of other available and useful collections. C. G. Eggleston's *American War Ballads and Lyrics*, N. Y. 1889, 2 vols., though a popular collection, is of little use to the student.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865)

Only two phases of Lincoln's life and activity will be touched upon here. First, for the sake of the student who is unfamiliar with the life of Lincoln, and to supplement the autobiography printed as one of the selections from his work, there is a brief section setting forth certain facts concerning his life and character. Second, there is a slightly more extensive discussion of Lincoln as a writer of prose. The student who would go further in the fascinating study which Lincoln's work opens before him, must consult one of the biographies referred to later.

It is perhaps easiest to think of Lincoln's life as divided into four periods. From his birth in 1809 to his election to the Illinois legislature in 1834 he was the boy and young

frontiersman. More intellectually curious and mentally acquisitive than the average young man growing up in the backwoods of Kentucky or Indiana, more interested in "book-learning" and the worlds that opened to him through the printed page, more given to contemplation and introspection, he was not what would have been called precocious, nor did he early show many signs of the genius that was to develop later. His physical strength was notable; his integrity unquestioned. But he was content to work on a farm, keep store, act as surveyor, or serve as village postmaster. That he was popular with his fellows is clear; that they ever understood him, or penetrated his veil of reserve, is doubtful. He was a good-natured, tolerant, and somewhat indolent young man; not in any obvious sense the sort of person for whom one would have prophesied a career of distinction.

With his election to the Illinois legislature in 1834 the circle of his interests widens. The study of law, which he had taken up when about twenty-three or four years old—he received his license as an attorney in 1837—gave him a profession, and naturally made him think of politics. The storekeeping days become things of the past; he looks beyond the limits of his own township. The next two decades were to see Lincoln a popular and influential local politician, and a most able though somewhat unusual lawyer. Three times he was elected to the Illinois legislature, once to Congress; from time to time his name appeared on the list of Presidential Electors. He became a man of considerable local influence and importance, a believer in party government and party organization, but honorable and unselfish in his use of the party machine which he helped to create.

It was in 1839, during this second period, that he moved to Springfield, Illinois, where his practice as a lawyer increased, despite the fact that at times his attention to his profession was half-hearted. In 1842 he married Mary Todd, and found in the new relationship some relief from the attacks of melancholia to which he had long been subject, and which the death of a former fiancée, Anne Rutledge, in 1835, had greatly intensified. In 1846 he was sent to Washington as a member of the House of Representatives. Here his independence and integrity were demonstrated in his attitude towards the administration and the Mexican War. Though he never refused to vote supplies for the troops, he opposed the war as iniquitous, and in his first speech demonstrated that hostilities had been brought about not by the Mexicans, but by the aggressions of United States forces, acting under orders from Washington. With the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law, and for five years—from 1849 to 1854—took little part in politics. He had apparently reached the summit, so far as his public life was concerned;

his return to the courtroom appeared to mark his retirement from the political field.

The passage in 1854 of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, sponsored by Judge Stephen A. Douglas, then United States Senator from Illinois, recalled Lincoln from the seclusion of his professional work, and marked the beginning of the third period of his career. Once again the horizon of his interests widened, and he abandoned the rôle of local politician and lawyer for the larger one of a statesman engaged in the great struggle concerning the spread of slavery. His chief opponent, so far as Illinois was concerned, was Douglas, whom in April of 1858 the Democrats renominated for the Senatorship. Two months later the Republicans nominated Lincoln. In July Lincoln challenged Douglas to a series of public debates, to be held in seven Illinois towns. When the election was held, Douglas won, but Lincoln had forced him into such a position concerning slavery that the South lost confidence in him, and two years later deserted him in the presidential campaign.

The Republican National Convention met on May 16, 1860, in Chicago. At first Seward was the leading candidate, but on the third ballot Lincoln was nominated. As a result of the November election he received 180 electoral votes, while the three other candidates polled only 123 in all.

Then began the fourth period of Lincoln's life, his four years in the White House. Fort Sumter surrendered to Beauregard on April 14, 1861. The next day Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers; five days later another proclamation announced the blockade of the Southern ports; on April 27 he authorized the military commanders to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. From then to the surrender of Lee on April 9, 1865, Lincoln used all his power, and all the powers of the government, with but one thought: to restore the Union to the condition in which it had been before the secession movement had begun. That he succeeded in the attempt was due in part to the skill of the commanders who ultimately found themselves at the head of the Northern forces, and in part to the fact—which Lee pointed out at the opening of hostilities—that the North was more populous and better equipped for a long struggle than the South; but in large measure the success of the North was due to Lincoln himself. The "common people" of the North believed in him and trusted him, and the victories of Grant and Sherman were in great measure the victories of Lincoln himself.

On November 8, 1864, while the issue of the war was still in doubt, Lincoln was re-elected to the Presidency, receiving 212 electoral votes to 21 for McClellan. His second inauguration, on March 4, 1865, was the occasion of his last great address, for one month and ten days later he was shot by John

Wilkes Booth during a performance in Ford's Theatre, Washington. At seven o'clock the next morning he was dead—just four years after he had issued the first call for volunteers.

In passing from this bare chronicle of fact to a consideration of Lincoln as a man of letters, one's first reaction is apt to be that of bewilderment. How came this backwoods lawyer to be the master of such a prose style? to wield such an influence? Without formal education, and—what is more important—without that environment which commonly accompanies and in part occasions an interest in letters, he made a greater impression on the thought of America than any other person in his century. And he made this impression largely through his ability to write—to phrase his ideas so compellingly that the audience to which he spoke, and the still larger audience which read the printed address, understood what he was saying and accepted his conclusions as true. The student who finds it hard to "explain" or "account for" the literary skill of Benjamin Franklin, will be even more baffled when he tries to come at some accurate understanding of Lincoln's power. His accomplishment is too many-sided to be understood by even the most sympathetic of observers. The result is that after spending more than a little time on the study of Lincoln one still finds oneself baffled and bewildered.

Yet some things stand out with reasonable clearness. To begin with, there is the obvious fact that though Lincoln's power was at its height during his later years, he was, even as a young man, the master of clear, vigorous exposition. Such a letter as that written in June 1836 to Colonel Robert Allen, when Lincoln was 27 years old, is of the same sort as the more famous—but no more lucid—open letter to Horace Greeley written a quarter of a century later. Indeed this lucidity is perhaps the outstanding quality of most of Lincoln's prose. "I know what I mean and I do not propose to leave this crowd in doubt," he once said in reply to a taunt by Douglas. In that succinct, monosyllabic rejoinder might fairly be found the key to Lincoln's success as a writer. He knew what he had to say; he aimed to say it so that his readers would know too; more than that seemed unnecessary.

This quality of lucidity was never due, in Lincoln's case, to mere thinness. On the other hand, he might well have become confused by the very multiplicity and magnitude of the ideas with which he was dealing. Wherever one turns one realizes that Lincoln "had something to say." He knew facts—the facts of law, of military science, of human nature; he was even interested in some of the facts of literature. And these facts did not lie inert in his consciousness; they were productive of thought, of intellectual reactions. As

a result, his prose is rich not in facts alone, but in ideas; it is pregnant with ideas.

It is perhaps in the orderly presentation of these ideas that Lincoln best shows his genius for clear thinking and writing. His analytical powers were superb. There is never a doubt in his mind as to what the chief issue is; he arranges his material in such a way as to make that issue clear to the reader, and presents his evidence so that the conclusion he wishes to establish appears inevitable. It is a tradition in Illinois that when Lincoln was arguing a case before a jury he would often present his opponent's side better than that opponent had been able to state it—all for the sake of placing the case before the jury in such a way that confusion would be impossible. Such a speech as the Cooper Union address is possibly the best single illustration of this phase of Lincoln's ability. In it he deals with facts and prejudices and ideas and themes that would have involved most people in a slough of disorganized illogicality; yet, so sure is his grasp of the facts, so trenchant his analysis, and so clear the organization of his material, that never for an instant does the reader become confused, or burdened with the weight of ill-digested irrelevancies.

Richness in idea; absolute clarity of thought and expression—these are perhaps the two qualities in Lincoln's prose that first impress the student. It is not till one has read much in Lincoln that one realizes the flexibility of his style—a quality which Burke, for instance, who was his equal in many respects, did not possess. Burke's work is all of a piece; the "grand style" was his habitual note. Lincoln, however, was more than ordinarily skillful in adapting what he had to say to the particular audience in front of him. For instance, he could write to his step-brother Johnston in a language that Johnston could understand; he could address an audience of Illinois farmers so interestingly that they would stand for an hour and a half in silent attention; he could pour into the four sentences of a letter to a bereaved mother all the sympathy and gratitude of an entire nation; he could transform what might have been a perfunctory address of dedication into an enduring statement of the hopes and ideals of a civilization. This deftness with which he varied his medium, to adapt it to the exigencies of a particular situation, is one of the less obvious but distinctly significant indications of his command of his pen.

The comparison with Burke suggests another trait that marks Lincoln's prose as different from that of the English political philosopher: his fondness for the idiom of the common man, for the provincialisms that show how close he was to the every-day life of the American frontier. Illustrations of this quality can be found wherever one cares to turn: "Major-generalships in the regular army are not as plenty as blackberries";

"We shall hive the enemy yet"; "We shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it"; "Hold on with a bull-dog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible"; "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." This is the language of a man who has lived close to the soil; it is the idiom of the farm, not that of the library. When such homely but telling figures as these are grafted into a diction that is always direct, pungent, and vigorous, the result is a prose style which is not only downright American in its flavor, but also as admirable as it is unusual.

Lincoln's humor derives from the same source as the provincialisms in his diction. The stories he told, and the anecdotes that add zest to many of his speeches, were in part based on actual experiences, and in part invented to fit particular occasions. But always they show Lincoln's understanding of the world in which he lived, and his sympathy with the pioneers whom he knew and loved. One never finds Lincoln speaking wittily; his humor was more serious and more simple than wit. Like much native American humor it was occasionally tinged with coarseness—another indication of Lincoln's familiarity with the talk in the country store and the broad jests of the tavern.

But never did Lincoln's provincialism or humor detract from the dignity of his utterance when a memorable occasion offered the sort of opportunity of which he could so well take advantage. The judgment of the years, that in so far as the matter of English prose is concerned he was at his best in the *Gettysburg Address* and the *Second Inaugural*, is without doubt a correct judgment. Here, as in the letter to Mrs. Bixby, and in occasional paragraphs in various addresses, there is found that touch of genius which is at once the distinction of Lincoln's style and the mark of his personality. Rich in idea as well as in imagery, flawless in form, vibrant with an emotional quality which finds part of its expression in rhythms and cadences that defy analysis even while they are making their sure effect upon the reader's consciousness, and touching those fundamental issues of life with which the most significant literature is always concerned, these documents remain the unquestioned proof of Lincoln's greatness in the field of letters, and promise to endure as the most memorable individual works in the entire collection of American prose.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EDITIONS. Several excellent collected editions of Lincoln's works are available today. The selections in the present volume have been taken from *The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, ed. Nicolay and Hay, The

Century Company, N. Y. 1894, 2 vols., and from *The Constitutional Edition*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. 1906, 8 vols.

BIOGRAPHIES. Biographical and critical literature is so voluminous that if any particular items are mentioned, others perhaps as valuable will surely be omitted. The most detailed life is that by Nicolay and Hay, N. Y. 1890, 10 vols. This is invaluable for matters that of necessity are omitted from briefer treatments. Miss Ida M. Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, N. Y. 1900, 2 vols., and Brand Whitlock's *Abraham Lincoln*, revised edition, Boston, 1916, are both readable and reliable. Lord Charnwood's *Abraham Lincoln*, London, 1916, has an especial interest because it represents an English point of view. Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years*, N. Y. 1926, 2 vols., is a highly imaginative recreation of the world in which Lincoln lived.

NOTES

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

763. On December 20, 1859, Lincoln wrote to J. W. Fell, enclosing this brief account of his life, to be used for campaign purposes. A longer and more detailed autobiography was prepared in June, 1860, and may be found in the Nicolay-Hay edition, I, 638.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF POLITICAL VIEWS

764. Published when Lincoln was a candidate for the position of representative in the Legislature from Sangamon County. He was elected.
b. 30. By no means excluding females. This early pronouncement in favor of woman-suffrage has been often pointed to as evidence of Lincoln's progressive attitude on political and economic matters.
b. 51. Hugh L. White. Hugh Lawson White (1773-1840) was a Tennessee banker and politician who in 1836 was both a member of the United States Senate and an independent anti-Van Buren candidate for the Presidency. He received the electoral votes of only Tennessee and Georgia.

LETTER TO JOHN D. JOHNSTON

766. Johnston was Lincoln's step-brother.

LETTER TO H. D. SHARPE

767. From the *Constitutional Edition* of Lincoln's works, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ADDRESS AT COOPER INSTITUTE

The series of debates between Lincoln and Judge Stephen A. Douglas, held in 1858, made Lincoln a figure of national

interest. Though defeated by Douglas in the Senatorial campaign of which the debates were the most spectacular feature, Lincoln forced his opponent into the admission that the people of a territory could by lawful means prevent the introduction of slavery into the territory—an admission that was to make Douglas unacceptable to the South as a Presidential candidate two years later. Moreover, Lincoln's trenchant way of writing and speaking on the large issues of the campaign had already marked him as a man of power. By the time the debates had come to a close, the East was finding itself interested in Lincoln, and towards the end of 1859 he was invited to speak in the Cooper Institute at New York. The Presidential nominating conventions were still some months in the future, but the possibility that Lincoln might be the leader of the Republicans was already being discussed. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the address delivered in response to this invitation did as much as any single thing to make that possibility a fact.

The presiding officer on the evening of the address was William Cullen Bryant. It is well known that at first Lincoln seemed ill at ease and somewhat awkward. As he proceeded, however, and realized the intelligent friendliness of his audience, he quickly got rid of his initial embarrassment, and made the event one of the great triumphs in his career as a speaker.

The address is memorable on many accounts, but three considerations will impress the student most strongly: (1) It shows Lincoln as a master of facts; (2) It shows his power of organizing the facts which his own research had made available; (3) It shows him phrasing his ideas so clearly that even a hostile auditor could not fail to grasp his meaning.

771. **b. 25. Dred Scott Case.** In 1848 Dred Scott, a negro slave then residing in Missouri, sued for his freedom on the grounds that his owner had in 1836 taken him into Illinois, where slavery was illegal, and in 1838 into Minnesota—part of the Louisiana territory where slavery was expressly prohibited by the "Compromise of 1820." The case reached the Supreme Court of the United States in 1854, and in 1857 the decision was handed down, written by Chief Justice Taney. The decision held, in effect, that Scott was not entitled to sue for his freedom, because as a slave he was not a citizen of Missouri. The Chief Justice went further than this, however, and wrote into the decision certain *obiter dicta* concerning the entire matter of slavery, vir-

tually stating that slaves were not *persons* but *property*, and as such could be taken into any free territory and held in slavery.

773. **a. 6. But enough!** Up to this point Lincoln has been discussing Douglas's statement quoted at the beginning of the address. He now turns to the attitude of the South towards the Republican Party, and of the Republican Party towards slavery and related questions.
774. **b. 35. Harper's Ferry! John Brown!** For years before his raid upon the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, October 16, 1859, John Brown (1800-1859) had been an uncompromising abolitionist. The raid, intended to start a general slave revolt, failed completely of its purpose. Brown was captured by troops under command of R. E. Lee, convicted of treason and murder, and hanged on December 2, 1859. The incident provoked the most intense bitterness at the South. See Stedman's poem, above, p. 1023.
775. **a. 47. Southampton insurrection.** A rising of the slaves in Southampton County, Virginia, which took place in 1831. Before the affair ended some seventy persons had lost their lives.
- b. 21. Slave revolution in Haiti.** The famous insurrection of 1791, led by Toussaint L'Ouverture.
- b. 23. Gunpowder Plot.** A plot to blow up the houses of Parliament at a time when the King, Ministers, and Members, should all be present. The plot was discovered, and frustrated on November 5, 1605.
776. **a. 28. Orsini's attempt.** On January 14, 1858, Felice Orsini attempted to assassinate Napoleon III.
- a. 38. Helper's book.** *The Impending Crisis in the South, and How to Meet It*, by Hinton R. Helper (1829-1909), published in 1857.
- b. 36. The Supreme Court has decided.** In the Dred Scott case. See note, above.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

779. Just as the train bearing Lincoln towards Washington was about to start, the President-elect appeared on the rear platform and spoke briefly to the friends and neighbors who were standing in a drizzling rain waiting "to see him off." The speech was wholly extemporaneous.

ADDRESS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

One of several informal addresses made in the course of the journey from Springfield, Illinois, to Washington.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

780. The last paragraph of this address gives interesting evidence of Lincoln's stylistic ability. As originally written, the

conclusion was unsatisfactory, both to Lincoln and to Seward, who advised with Lincoln concerning the entire address. Seward submitted two suggestions for a concluding paragraph, one of little value, and the other running thus: "I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all the hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation."

Recognizing this as more appropriate than what he had previously written, Lincoln took the general idea, and the figure of speech in Seward's last sentence, recast it all in simpler sentence structure, and gave to the whole the touch of style which was henceforth to distinguish all his work.

LETTER TO MAJOR RAMSEY

785. This letter is reprinted from the *Constitutional Edition* of Lincoln's works, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LETTER TO GENERAL G. B. McCLELLAN

George B. McClellan (1826-1885) was one of the many Northern generals who proved unequal to the tasks assigned them. A genius at organization, and a favorite with the men of his command, he lacked the driving ability necessary in a commander confronted by men like Jackson and Lee. Not long after this letter was sent, McClellan was removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac. See the telegram to him dated October 24, 1862.

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY

786. Horace Greeley (1811-1872), owner and editor of the New York *Tribune*, had supported Lincoln during the campaign, and during the trying first year of the war. By the summer of 1862, however, he had come to feel that the administration's policy as regards slavery was a temporizing one. Hence his "Open letter," entitled "A Prayer of Twenty Millions," that elicited Lincoln's reply. The third paragraph of Lincoln's letter is at once the classic statement of Lincoln's attitude towards slavery, and perhaps the best single example of his power of expressing himself with absolute clearness.

LETTER TO GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

787. In contrast to McClellan, who organized and planned but would not fight, "Fighting Joe Hooker" (1814-1879) was apt to fight first and do his thinking afterwards. When, after seeing McClellan and Burnside fail, Lincoln appointed him to the command of the Army of the Potomac, the President felt constrained to give his fiery subordinate some kindly counsel. The resulting letter shows Lincoln doing a difficult thing with tact but also with unmistakable firmness. The original of this letter was sold in 1924 for ten thousand dollars.

LETTER TO GENERAL U. S. GRANT

788. a. 25. **The almost inestimable service.** Just at the time Lee was receiving his first really serious defeat, at Gettysburg, Grant was adding to his growing fame by the capture of Vicksburg. The many letters written by Lincoln to Grant would in themselves form an interesting study. Early in the series the reader senses a new note of confidence and assurance—a note absent from the letters to McClellan and Hooker.

LETTER TO JAMES H. HACKETT

This letter to an actor occasioned Lincoln some embarrassment. With very poor taste, Hackett gave the letter to the press, and secured some "free publicity." Lincoln's critics seized on it as evidence that the President was wasting his time on trivial concerns such as literature.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

When it was decided to set apart a section of the Gettysburg battlefield as a national cemetery, Edward Everett was asked to make the formal address. This he did, speaking for two hours in a manner which was in keeping with the occasion, and in harmony with the "oratorical tradition" which he represented. When he had concluded, Lincoln read the three paragraphs which have become known wherever English can be understood or translations procured.

Immediately after returning to Washington Everett wrote Lincoln, saying that "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

789. a. 22. **Of the people, by the people, for the people.** It has been several times pointed out that Theodore Parker, in an anti-slavery address given in 1850, defined a democracy as "a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." See *The Dial*, N. Y. Oct. 25, 1917, p. 407.

MEMORANDUM

This brief prophecy of defeat at the polls, Lincoln brought to a cabinet meeting, where it was sealed, initialed by the men around the table, and filed in a drawer for future reference—all without the persons who were present being aware of its contents. The November elections showed Lincoln's prophecy to be ill-grounded. The "President-elect" referred to would have been General George McClellan.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

The original of this letter is not now known to exist. On this account the authenticity of the document has at times been questioned. The entire matter was thoroughly discussed in the press during the summer of 1925, and the *New York Times* for August 6 and 7, 1925, contains interesting articles concerning the letter, its genuineness, and the circumstances that prompted Lincoln to write it. There still remains some doubt as to whether five or four of Mrs. Bixby's sons died in the war.

LETTER TO THURLOW WEED

790. Weed was a New York journalist and politician, a friend of Seward and Horace Greeley, and one of the most influential men in his state.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909)

In the eighty-seven years of Dr. Hale's life as preacher, editor, lecturer, and author, he did much that was of value to American civilization and literature, and imparted a flavor of distinction to everything that he touched. Born in Boston in 1822, graduating from Harvard in 1839, he lived most of his life within sight of the State House dome which his friend and contemporary Holmes had pronounced to be the hub of the universe. His literary work, however, was in no sense provincial, and his most famous story, *The Man Without a Country*, centers around a theme that is of interest wherever patriotism is esteemed a virtue.

This account of the life and death of Lieutenant Philip Nolan—a character purely imaginary, yet described so convincingly that it is hard not to believe the entire story literally true—possessed a special significance at the time it was first published. It appeared as the leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1863, and was as much a campaign document as had been some of Whittier's anti-slavery poems. It was intended to hearten those Northerners who might be in despair over the repeated failures of their armies, and to throw into disrepute the "Copperheads" who—especially in Ohio—were ad-

vocating peace with disunion and dishonor. The popularity of the story was instant and worldwide. Even in the South it was reprinted and read with eagerness, and as many copies seem to have been sold in England as in America. It remains to this day one of the classics of American letters, and one of the few American short stories that seem reasonably sure of immortality.

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Hale's work is available in a collected edition, *The Works of Edward Everett Hale*, Boston, 1898, 10 vols. *The Man Without a Country* has been many times reprinted. The best source of biographical information is *The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale*, by E. E. Hale, Jr., Boston, 1917, 2 vols.

NOTES

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

791. b. 25. **Ross burned the public buildings.** On the evening of August 24, 1814, a British force commanded by Major General Robert Ross captured Washington and burned the public buildings. Ross was killed in action a few days later.
- b. 52. **Aaron Burr.** No one knows just what Burr's plans were, but in 1805 he was busy in the Southwest about those plottings which later caused his arrest and trial for treason. He was acquitted of the charge.
792. a. 50. **Jefferson and the House of Virginia.** Jefferson was President at the time Burr came to trial for treason.
- a. 52. **All the possible Clarendons.** The reference is to George, Duke of Clarence (1449-1478), the brother of Edward IV. He was one of the many victims of the long struggle between the house of York and its various opponents, and was beheaded in February of 1478. See Shakespeare's *Richard III*.
795. a. 16. **Hesiod.** A Greek poet (ca. 750 B. C.), whose chief surviving works are the *Works and Days* and *Theogony*.
- a. 18. **Canning.** George Canning (1770-1827), British statesman and economist, who served as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Governor General of India, and Prime Minister.
- a. 42. **The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** The first of Scott's poetical romances, published in January, 1805.
796. b. 30. **Lady Hamilton herself.** Wife of Sir William Hamilton, a British diplomat, and for many years mistress of Lord Nelson.
797. b. 11. **The Iron Mask.** The reference is to a famous prisoner in the Bastille. He died in 1703, for the last thirty years of his life having worn a mask of iron.
- b. 13. **The author of "Junius."** "Junius" was the only signature appended to

a series of letters attacking the British ministry, and published in London journals between 1769 and 1772. The author was probably Sir Philip Francis, though there is still some doubt concerning the matter.

b. 18. **The War.** The War of 1812.

798. a. 46. **He was with Porter.** David Porter (1780-1843). His son was an Admiral in the Civil War.

b. 10. **Our French friends.** The French flag was raised on the Marquesas islands in 1842.

799. a. 20. **Linnaeus.** Carl von Linné (1707-1778), a Swedish scientist who may fairly be called the father of modern botany.

a. 21. **John Foy the idiot.** The chief character in Wordsworth's *Idiot Boy*.

a. 39. **Our slave-trade treaty.** By the treaty of Ghent, which in 1814 ended the War of 1812, England and the United States covenanted to abolish the infamous "slave trade," or importation of negroes kidnapped in Africa. "The Middle Passage" was the name popularly given to that part of the Atlantic which lay between the West Indies and Africa.

800. a. 25. **The deus ex machina.** Literally, "The god from the machine." In Greek drama, when it became necessary for an actor impersonating one of the gods to appear on the scene and bring the action to a happy ending, he was lowered to the stage by machinery.

802. b. 4. **The Vallandingham and Tatnalls.** Clement Vallandingham was the "Copperhead" candidate for the governorship of Ohio in 1863. Hale intended his story to appear before the election, in the hope that it might influence the result. It was not published, however, till after the defeat of the Copperheads at the polls. Joseph Tatnall resigned his commission in the United States navy to follow his state into secession.

803. b. 50. **To ask about the Chesapeake.** In 1807 the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the British frigate *Leopard*, which then sent an armed boat to board the American vessel and remove four seamen claimed by the British as deserters from the English navy. This particular episode, involving the "right of search," was one of the dramatic incidents which occasioned the War of 1812.

805. a. 8. **The Order of the Cincinnati.** An association of officers of the American Revolutionary forces.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE (1833-1888) (“PETROLEUM V. NASBY”)

Among the humorists who entertained America during the years just following the

Civil War, David Ross Locke is the one whose political satire seems at once most trenchant and most readable. Following the fashion of the hour, he adopted a picturesque pen-name, and like "Bill Arp," "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," and others of his contemporaries, employed a bizarre sort of spelling that represented no spoken dialect whatsoever, but lent an amusing sort of tang to his work. Despite this veneer of what might seem affectation, the *Nasby Letters* are genuinely humorous, and hit off with power and deftness certain aspects of the political situation following the war.

Locke first began to issue these letters in April, 1861, in the Findlay, Ohio, *Jeffersonian*, of which he was editor. Previous to this time he had worked as printer, reporter, and editor, on various Western journals, but had done nothing to attract attention. The personage of "Petroleum V. Nasby," however, caught the public fancy, and before long became much such a character in American letters as Finley P. Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" was to be half a century later.

After Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* (1868) had set the fashion for a new sort of "travel-book," Locke undertook a similar work, sending his character Nasby to Europe, and chronicling his adventures in a way which more than occasionally suggests Clemens's vein. But the political satire produced in the earlier days was more sincere and more timely, and it is by this that Locke will be known. He died in 1888, in Toledo, Ohio, where for many years he had been proprietor and editor of *The Blade*.

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Locke's work is not available in any collected edition. The following titles, however, are not difficult to obtain, and are representative of his best vein: *The Nasby Papers*, Indianapolis, 1865; *Ekkoes from Kentucky*, Boston, 1867; *The Impending Crisis of the Democracy*, Toledo, 1868; *Inflation at the Cross-Roads*, N. Y. 1875.

NOTES

MR. NASBY FINDS A NEW BUSINESS

805. b. 24. **Destroyed by Buell.** During the early part of the war General D. C. Buell (1818-1898) was in command of the Federal forces in Kentucky and Tennessee.

806. a. 51. **General Morgan.** General John Hunt Morgan (1825-1864), the famous Confederate cavalry leader, one of whose raids took him as far as the suburbs of Cincinnati.

b. 21. **He voted fer Micklellan and Seymour.** General George B. McClellan (1826-1885), whom Lincoln had been forced twice to depose from the command of the Army of the Potomac, was

- a Presidential candidate in 1864 on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. Horatio Seymour (1810-1886), the able and vigorous governor of New York during the latter part of the war, was the Democratic candidate in 1868, but was defeated by General Grant.
- b. 26. **The Ku Klux.** The society founded during the reconstruction period to control the blacks and "carpet-baggers," and retain some semblance of white supremacy in the occupied regions.

MR. NASBY LOSES HIS POST OFFICE

808. b. 5. **A. Johnson.** The reference, of course, is to Andrew Johnson (1808-1875), Vice-president when Lincoln was assassinated, and afterwards President. In 1868 he narrowly escaped impeachment, and virtually the entire country was relieved when on March 4, 1869, he relinquished the Presidency to General U. S. Grant.

HENRY W. GRADY (1851-1889)

Grady was a journalist and lecturer who made it his chief task, during the mature years of his life, to help re-establish the good feeling between the North and South which the Civil War had destroyed. Born in Georgia in 1851, and educated at the University of Georgia, he served an apprenticeship as reporter for the New York *Herald*, and in 1880 returned to his native state as editor and part owner of the *Atlanta Constitution*. On the twenty-first of December, 1886, he was one of the speakers at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York City, and took the occasion to make the remarks which bear the well-known title, *The New South*. The address was at once reprinted far and wide, and was of no slight influence in enabling the North and South to meet once more on terms of amity. During the three years of life that remained to him, Grady wrote and spoke extensively on the same general topic; but the New England Society address remains the best known and most influential of his works. He died in Georgia in December, 1889.

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The student who wishes more of Grady's work will turn to *The Complete Orations and Speeches of Henry W. Grady*, ed. Edwin DuBois Shurter, Austin, Texas, 1910. For biographical information consult *The Life and Labors of Henry W. Grady*, Atlanta, 1890. The editions of the *Atlanta Constitution* for October 21 and 22, 1891, were devoted largely to articles about Grady and his work.

NOTES

THE NEW SOUTH

809. b. 48. **Dr. Talmadge.** Thomas DeWitt Talmadge (1832-1902), the famous and sensational Presbyterian preacher, who from 1869 to 1894 was minister of the "Brooklyn Tabernacle."
810. b. 52. **"Bill Arp."** The pen-name of Charles Henry Smith (1826-1903), whose humorous newspaper letters won wide popularity during the Civil War.
811. a. 10. **General Sherman.** The leader of the famous march through Georgia was present at the dinner as Grady was speaking.
- a. 40. **Mason and Dixon's line.** In 1767 two surveyors, Mason and Dixon, located the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland. This line ultimately became known as the dividing line between slavery and free-soil territory.
812. a. 3. **Mr. Toombs.** Robert Toombs (1810-1885), a Georgia politician.
813. b. 49. **Those opposed eyes.** From *I Henry IV*, I, 1.

BRET HARTE (1839-1902)

"Bret Harte," says Mr. Fred L. Pattee in his *History of American Literature since 1870*, "is the writer of the epic of the gold rush of the middle century in America, and whatever the quality of the epic may be, it can never be forgotten." The sentence sums up what is certainly the most significant fact concerning Harte's literary accomplishment. Despite his many attempts to write about themes other than the "Golden West," he is remembered today because of a sheaf of short stories in which he re-created the picturesque conditions of life which the world will always think of—whether rightly or wrongly is small matter—as characteristic of California during the two decades following the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill. It was his good fortune to be in California at the time the gold rush was at its height. With the instinct of a trained and successful reporter he seized upon the most picturesque elements of that epic adventure. He heightened the contrasts which in cold fact were already sharp and dramatic, humanized the entire picture by placing in the foreground a handful of characters portrayed realistically yet sympathetically, and threw over it all a glamor of romantic sentimentalism which it is easy to tag as reminiscent of Dickens, but which none the less—in combination with the other elements referred to—won for Harte a popularity that extended to all the English-speaking world.

Curiously enough, only a brief portion of his life was spent in California. Born in 1839, in Albany, New York, where his father was a

school teacher, he first saw the Pacific Ocean in 1854, when his widowed mother moved her family to San Francisco. Here, as a lad of fifteen, he proved more interested in reading poetry and fiction than in sharing the adventurous existence which California offered to him. When he had to support himself, he set type, as Mark Twain was doing in Hannibal, or served behind the counter in a drug store, as O. Henry was to do twenty years later in Greensboro, or—possibly—turned an occasional shovelful of dirt on a mining claim. The details of his life are doubtful enough, let his biographers do what they can to clear up the uncertainties. But the general outlines, the significant facts, are obvious, and easily grasped.

It is certain, for instance, that Bret Harte lived in California more as an observer of events than as an active participator. He "knocked around" from one job to another, and found his most congenial employment on various newspapers and magazines where he acted as compositor, proof-reader, errand-boy, or editor. It is clear that like Mark Twain and O. Henry he gave much time to learning to write, albeit he was far more imitative in his early work than either of the two persons with whom he is often compared. Gradually he became known around San Francisco as something of a man of letters, and by 1863 had the satisfaction of seeing his *Legend of Monte del Diablo* in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was during these years that he met Mark Twain, and gave him a position writing for the journal of which Harte at the time chanced to be editor. In 1868 he was chosen editor of the newly-established *Overland Monthly*. The second issue contained his *Luck of Roaring Camp*—and with the publication of that story Harte's fame spread from San Francisco to New York and London.

As if for good measure he followed this first great story with *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* and *Tennessee's Partner*, and by 1870 had become so much of a figure that the *Atlantic* offered him ten thousand dollars for a year's output. Accepting the offer eagerly, he at once left California, and journeyed back to the east from which he had come. He was never again to see the Golden Gate.

The rest of his story is peculiarly insipid. For seven years he remained in the vicinity of New York, writing. Then he went abroad on a consular appointment to Germany. From 1888 till his death in 1902 he lived in London, still writing assiduously, but never approaching the accomplishment of his first glorious outburst.

The significance of this accomplishment, which is fairly represented by the two stories printed in this volume, is not difficult to state, although the importance of the work under consideration is in no way commensurate with the brevity of the statement. For one thing, it is clear that Harte is perhaps the most important figure in the transition from the

dreamy romances of Irving and the other-worldly vignettes of Hawthorne, to the more realistic short stories of the present. Once he had written his tales of California, it was but a short step to O. Henry and *The Four Million*. Again, he enriched American fiction immensely by popularizing the element which for want of a more specific term one calls "local color." The provincialisms, the dialectical peculiarities, the entire flavor of a story like *Tennessee's Partner*—all this was relatively new in America, and proved as appealing as it was novel. Finally, when he was at his best, he was without any qualification a great artist, dealing with one of the most difficult and elusive of prose types, and developing such a technical mastery of the type that some few of his tales must be included in any catalogue of the world's greatest short stories. It is easy, therefore, to forgive him his sentimental proclivities, and to close one's eyes to the fact that California in the Golden Age may not have been exactly as Bret Harte pictured it.

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Harte's work is available in *The Writings of Bret Harte, Standard Library Edition*, Boston, 1896-1903, 20 vols. His poems are to be had in the one volume *Household Edition*, Boston. The only extensive biography is H. C. Merwin's *Life of Bret Harte*, Boston, 1911.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907)

Aldrich was one of the large number of American men of letters who wrote with sufficient power to attain contemporary fame in both prose and verse without achieving great distinction in either. In the case of Aldrich, however, his further work as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* raised him to a position well above that of an author like Bayard Taylor, but far from the height of Lowell. Occasionally, as in *Marjorie Daw* (p. 825), he produced a masterpiece of prose; and among the great body of his lyrics there are a few, such as the *Longfellow* (p. 1022), which rank among the best of their respective types. Again as with many of his countrymen, the man's character and personality were to his contemporaries integral parts of his literary equipment.

Born in 1836, Aldrich has set forth the pranks and friendships of his boyhood days in Portsmouth ("Rivermouth") in his autobiographical *Story of a Bad Boy* (1869). On the death of his father in 1852 he gave up his plans for college and tried banking in New York City, but in 1855 he turned definitely to literature as a profession, becoming associated in turn with the *New York Evening Mirror*, the *Home Journal*, and *Every*

Saturday, while from 1881 to 1890 he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. After marrying and taking up his work in Boston, Aldrich lived for some time in the village of Ponkapog, but for two years, during the absence of Lowell, he occupied Elmwood (see p. 1020). Throughout his later life he wrote extensively, making himself known as short story writer, novelist, and lyric poet. He travelled widely, circling the globe twice, received honorary degrees from several American universities, and died in Boston on March 19, 1907.

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The Writings of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Riverside Edition, Boston, 1907, 9 vols., is the standard collected edition. Ferris Greenslet's *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, Boston, 1908, is an admirable biography.

NOTES

MARJORIE DAW

825. Published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in book form (*Marjorie Daw and Other People*) in 1873. By 1885 seventeen editions of the volume had been printed. The story furnishes an almost perfect example of the *surprise ending*—an ending which is not generally anticipated by the reader but which on analysis proves to be the most logical of all that were possible. A modification of the type has been used with great success by later writers, notably O. Henry.
826. b. 2. *Fidus Achates*. Faithful Achates was the intimate companion of Æneas; hence the term means "faithful friend."

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD
(1854-1909)

The inclusion of Marion Crawford in the present collection is incidentally an acknowledgment of his ability as a novelist, but principally an effort to set forth the literary ideals of a conservative romanticist of the past generation. There has been of late a good deal of question-begging discussion of "the triumph of realism" in poetry and fiction, by critics whose personal bias is self-evident. To offset this prejudice and to stimulate sounder thinking, the student will find Crawford's moderate statement of his views unusually valuable, as coming from an author of unquestioned success.

Crawford was born in Italy in 1854, the son of an American sculptor, and was educated in the United States, England, Germany, and Italy. An enthusiastic student of Sanscrit, he spent some time in India during the seventies, and on his return to the United States he was advised by his uncle, Samuel Ward (a brother of Julia Ward Howe), to put some

of his experiences of life in India into the form of a novel. This he did, five years before the appearance of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the resulting volume, *Mr. Isaacs* (1882), was so immediately popular that Crawford devoted himself assiduously to fiction and became one of the most prolific of the American novelists. The latter part of his life was spent largely at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, where he enjoyed the prosperity that came from producing over forty volumes, chiefly of fiction. Having travelled extensively himself, he chose his settings from all over the world, but the books that are most admired are those dealing with the Italian life in which he was completely at home; of these the best are the Saracinesca series: *Saracinesca* (1887), *Sant' Ilario* (1889), *Don Orsino* (1892), and *Corleone* (1897).

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Crawford's *Complete Works* are published by The Macmillan Company, N. Y., in 37 volumes. No biography of him has yet appeared. Several critical articles are listed in the *C. H. A. L.*

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916)

Whether James should be considered an American, by virtue of his American ancestry, birth, and early education, or an Englishman, by virtue of his long residence in London and naturalization as a British subject in 1915, is a question of some interest though of little importance. He belongs to both peoples; he was a man of unique Anglo-American relationships; and, because of the high quality of his art, he was a member of the relatively small group of novelists who have come to assume international significance. Not everyone reads James's fiction with enthusiasm; his criticism, likewise, is too acute and subtle to find favor with the multitude. But despite the lack of popular applause which many persons of essentially smaller talents have succeeded in winning, James's position is as assured as is possible in the case of a man whose work must be viewed in the short perspective of half a century. It is already clear that as an analyst of human emotion, or, to use the well-known phrase, as a psychological novelist, he belongs with George Eliot and Meredith. It is beyond cavil that in the architectonics of fiction James had few peers, and in English at least, no superiors. The great public may never read his books, but other novelists have turned to them with avidity, and have been eager to acknowledge his mastership. Furthermore, it is impossible to read a chapter of one of James's books without recognizing and admiring his sheer intellectual power, a power which may at times serve

as a drag on his story-telling ability, but is nevertheless one of the clearest marks of his distinction.

To understand James's fiction, one should have in mind the story of his life, especially as it concerns that process of denationalization to which he was early and intentionally subjected by his father. The materials for such a story are at hand in his own autobiographical volumes, *A Small Boy and Others* (1913), *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914), and *The Middle Years* (1917). If to these one adds *The Letters of Henry James* (1920, 2 vols.), and supplements the entire group by *The Letters of William James* (1921, 2 vols.), one will have clearly in mind the main outlines of his story, though one may still be baffled by some phases of James's development.

One should remember, in considering James's life, that he was the son of Henry James, Senior, a distinguished American scholar and metaphysician, whose essays lent dignity to the pages of the *Atlantic* and *North American Review* long before his son's first story appeared in the former journal. One should remember, too, that it was part of the elder James's system to bring up his sons in such a fashion that they should escape, if possible, the provincialisms of their native land. Consequently, though the boy was born in New York, his early education was derived in more than half a dozen centers of European culture, and closed—oddly enough—with a period of study in the Harvard Law School. Kept out of the Civil War by ill health, James took to writing, and under the friendly encouragement of Howells had succeeded by 1868 in publishing a number of stories in the *Atlantic* and the *Galaxy*. In 1869, and again in 1872-73, he made extended trips to Europe, and found in the civilization of the old world the quintessence of something generally lacking in the United States. In 1875 he definitely abandoned all attempts to live in the United States, and began what was to prove a permanent residence in London. "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to," he makes one of his characters say in *The Ambassadors*. It was in pursuit of this goal of a full, vivid, intellectual life, that James abandoned America for Europe.

Many years before his death he had thus virtually expatriated himself, though not till the United States, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, failed at once to declare war, did James make the final gesture by renouncing his citizenship, and becoming a subject of King George. Immediately on completion of this act he received from his sovereign the Order of Merit, only to die in London in 1916.

During his last forty years, James had been incessantly active in his chosen calling. The works which he published during this period—novels, tales, plays, and critical essays,—are so numerous, and the changes between

his early and later manners of writing are so striking, that it is difficult to make any brief statement about his aims and achievements which will not be misleading. Yet wherever one turns in James's fiction—the most important phase of his work—one realizes that he was an observer of life, not a man of action, and that the particular thing which most interested him was the analysis of human motives. He left the United States, in part at least, to find social centers where the physical needs of man were cared for so automatically, where the struggle against the forces of nature had been over for so many years, and where the routine of life was so well established, that he could study without distraction the comedies and tragedies of the human soul. His novels and tales are his varied and fascinating accounts of this study.

The student who wishes to become familiar with James's work, especially as it is best represented in the novels, should by all means begin with his earlier publications, say, for instance, *The American* (1877), and *The Europeans* (1878). In the former James takes Christopher Newman to Europe, where, as he later put it, he is "insidiously beguiled and cruelly wronged, . . . the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilization, and to be of an order in every way superior to his own." In *The Europeans* the situation is reversed, and two visitors from England serve as foils to set off some of the American traits which James considered least worthy.

With the publication of these two books, James appeared as virtually the creator of what has since been called the "international novel." *An International Episode* (1879), *Daisy Miller* (1879), and *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881) continue in the same spacious field, and illustrate James's all-absorbing interest in analyzing and depicting human character. Indeed, his picturing of Isabel Archer, "heroine" of the last book, is so deft, so subtle, and so plausible, that one hesitates not to call the story which shapes itself around her, James's best novel.

By the time one has read these five books, one may well go on to *The Princess Cassamassa* (1886), *The Aspern Papers* (1888), *The Tragic Muse* (1890), or even, perhaps, *The Ambassadors* (1903) and *The Golden Bowl* (1904). In the last two one finds oneself baffled by the mannerisms of style and method which became more and more obvious as James grew older. To say that his later style is involved almost to the point of being ridiculous, is hardly to overstate the matter. Here, for instance, are three sentences, culled from the *Preface* (1909) to the volume containing a revised form of *The Real Thing*, which account for the origin of the story and illustrate James's stylistic peculiarities:

"In like manner my much-loved friend George du Maurier had spoken to me of a call from a strange and striking couple desirous to propose themselves as artist's models for his weekly 'social' illustrations to *Punch*, and the acceptance of whose services would have entailed the dismissal of an undistinguished but highly expert pair, also husband and wife, who had come to him from far back on the irregular day and whom, thanks to a happy, and to that extent lucrative, appearance of 'type' on the part of each, he had reproduced, to the best effect, in a thousand drawing-room attitudes and combinations. Exceedingly modest members of society, they earned their bread by looking and, with the aid of supplied toggery, dressing, greater favourites of fortune to the life; or, otherwise expressed, by skilfully feigning a virtue not in the least native to them. Here meanwhile were their so handsome proposed, so anxious, so almost haggard competitors, originally, by every sign, of the best condition and estate, but overtaken by reverses even while conforming impeccably to the standard of superficial 'smartness' and pleading with well-bred ease and the right light tone, not to say with feverish gaiety, that (as in the interest of art itself) *they* at least should n't have to 'make believe.'"

The fact of course is that James became so concerned with the minute and subtle shades, gradations, and differentiations, in his analysis of human conduct, that he failed to hold himself to the major task of telling the story, or even to the relatively simple one of writing so that the ordinary reader could understand him. One wishes, while reading *The Ambassadors*, as one does while reading Joseph Conrad's *Arrow of Gold*, that the author had forgotten himself occasionally, forgotten his concern with the soul-stuff of his characters, and given free rein to his genius for absorbing narrative. Had he been able to make this one concession to the frailty of his readers, he would have found few novelists, the world over, entitled to stand beside him. Carl Van Doren's summary puts the case so well that the last four sentences must be quoted as they stand: "He is the creator of a world immensely beautiful in its own right: a world of international proportions, peopled by charming human beings who live graceful lives in settings lovely almost beyond description; a world which vibrates with the finest instincts and sentiments and trembles at vulgarity and ugliness; a world full of works of art and learning and intelligence, a world infinitely refined, a world perfectly civilized. In real life the danger to such a world is that it may be overwhelmed by some burly rush of actuality from without. In literature the danger is that such a world will gradually fade out as dreams fade, and as the old romances of feudalism have already faded. Elaborate systems of decorum pass away; it

is only the simpler manners of men which live forever." (*The American Novel*, N. Y. 1921; p. 220.)

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EDITIONS. The *New York Edition* of James's novels and tales, N. Y. 1907-1917, 26 vols., is the best collected edition. For this he wrote the famous prefaces which not only explain the origins of the various works, but—what is more important—set forth *in extenso* James's critical theories.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ARTICLES. There is as yet no adequate life of James. Joseph Warren Beach's *The Method of Henry James*, New Haven, 1918, is an admirable book with which to begin the study of James's novels. An essay by Howells, *Mr. Henry James's Later Work*, published originally in the *North American Review* for January, 1903, and reprinted in April, 1916, and one by Joseph Conrad, *Henry James: An Appreciation*, published in the same journal in January, 1905, and also reprinted in April, 1916, are especially interesting because of their authorship. For other suggestions, consult the C. H. A. L. James's own autobiographical works have been listed in the preceding account of his life.

NOTES

THE REAL THING

842. Here printed in its original (1893) form. An interesting illustration of James's fondness for revising his own work may be had by comparing a few paragraphs of this version with the 1909 text in *The Novels and Tales of Henry James*, *New York Edition*, vol. xviii, p. 305.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-1921)

Burroughs' long life was given wholeheartedly to the study of that Nature which he did so much to present to American writers. Born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837, he grew up on a farm, with but little formal education, and with—apparently—few opportunities for outgrowing the somewhat restricted life to which fate seemed to have devoted him. He tried his hand at school-teaching, held a government clerkship in Washington (where he met Walt Whitman and came to know him intimately) from 1864 to 1873, was a national bank examiner from 1873 to 1884, and in 1884 retired to his home at West Park, New York. There he spent the rest of his life, "devoting his time to literature and fruit culture," as he modestly put it. He died in 1921.

The best discussion of one interesting phase of Burroughs' life, his changing attitude towards the problems which the scien-

tific study of life was emphasizing, is Norman Foerster's chapter on Burroughs, in his *Nature in American Literature*, N. Y. 1923. But throughout the entire five decades of his literary productivity, and despite the many variations in his philosophical outlook, he remained unaltered in his love of the outdoor world and his ability to interpret it to others. As early as 1867, in his *Notes on Walt Whitman* (which he subsequently expanded into *Walt Whitman: a Study*, 1896) he had written the following self-revealing sentences: "From childhood I was familiar with the homely facts of the barn, and of cattle and horses; the sugar making in the maple woods in early spring; the work of the corn-field, hay-field, potato-field; the delicious fall months with their pigeon and squirrel shooting; threshing of buckwheat, gathering of apples, and burning of fallows; in short, everything that smacked of, and led to, the open air and its exhilarations. I belonged, as I may say, to them; and my substance and taste, as they grew, assimilated them as truly as my body did its food. I loved a few books much; but I loved Nature, in all those material examples and subtle expressions, with a love passing all the books of the world."

To the end of his days Burroughs continued to live in this same intimate relationship with the world of Nature, and his great contribution to American literature consists of a long series of volumes by the aid of which others may enjoy what Burroughs knew so intimately.

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Burroughs' most important writings are available in *The Collected Works of John Burroughs*, Boston, 1922, 12 vols. His best known single works are *Wake Robin*, Boston, 1871, in which he first appeared as the sympathetic interpreter of Nature; *Birds and Poets*, Boston, 1877, a similar collection of descriptive essays; *Locusts and Wild Honey*, Boston, 1879; *Whitman: A Study*, New York, 1896; *Literary Values*, Boston, 1904; *Accepting the Universe*, Boston, 1910; *The Summit of the Years*, Boston, 1913; and *The Last Harvest*, Boston, 1922. *My Boyhood: An Autobiography*, N. Y. 1922, is the best source of information about his early life; Clifton Johnson's *John Burroughs Talks*, Boston, 1922, is valuable for the light it throws on his personality and ideals during his later years.

NOTES

BIRDS'-NESTS

857. This essay, from the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1869, shows Burroughs in a characteristic rôle at the very beginning of his literary career.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (1835-1910) ("MARK TWAIN")

The student who finds himself interested in the astonishing phenomenon which the world knows as Mark Twain, should begin his reading with Albert B. Paine's admirable *Mark Twain: A Biography* (N. Y. 1912, 3 vols.); second, he might turn to *Mark Twain's Letters* (N. Y. 1917, 2 vols.), edited by the same competent critic. Mary Lawton's *A Life-time with Mark Twain* (N. Y. 1925) should perhaps come next; and by the time one has completed the pleasant task of reading these three works, one will be in a position to enjoy with intelligence the twenty-five volumes of Mark Twain's collected works, and to estimate more or less for oneself his significance in American literature, and will be in reasonably sure possession of the chief facts concerning Clemens's picturesque personality and equally picturesque career.

Picturesque: the adjective is perhaps the first that comes to mind as one thinks over Mark Twain's seventy-five years of adventurous life. He was picturesque to look at, with his white clothes, white hair and moustache, deep-set, blue eyes, and rolling, slouching gait—a combination of personal attributes that made him a marked man in any group. The most striking fact concerning his psychological make-up has also its picturesque interest: he was at once pessimist and optimist, a confirmed cynic, and an incurable idealist. As regards the here and now, the race of human beings as he saw it all around him, he saw little occasion for hopefulness; he knew too well our manifold shortcomings, our hypocrisies and self-deceptions. "Poor old Methuselah," he exclaimed in a characteristic outburst, "how ever could he have endured so many years of human existence." Yet only the most superficial of readers would be content to find in this, or in the scores of similar remarks that lie scattered throughout his writing, Mark Twain's final verdict on life. To turn the pages of *Joan of Arc*, or of the essay *In Defence of Harriet Shelley*, is to realize that the habitual note of cynicism is but a sort of protective armor, and that Clemens, as surely as his contemporary Walt Whitman, knew that truth and honor and unselfishness and purity were still to be found in human hearts, though often concealed beneath the most unpromising of exteriors. He knew the race of men as few Americans have ever known it. Towards the close of his life, when his whole outlook was embittered by painful illness, and when his ideally happy family life had been shattered by the death of his wife and three children, he published *The Mysterious Stranger*, an almost Swiftian attack on the entire scheme of things. But one should always remember the circumstances under which this indictment was drawn; "the real Mark Twain" was

the Mark Twain of the eighteen-eighties,—a firm believer in boys and girls and men and women, and in the world in which they lived their happy lives.

And surely it was a picturesque career which Clemens fashioned for himself. Born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, he was the son of a restless and easy-going old-time pioneer, who had left Virginia in the sure conviction that happiness and fortune, which had hitherto eluded him, were to be had "across the mountains," "beyond the next river," "out west." In quest of the pot of gold, he had moved and moved again, till finally he found himself precariously settled on the western shore of the Mississippi River, in Hannibal, Missouri, where in 1847 he tired of the game, and departed on his Last Adventure.

The boy Sam promptly went to work to help support the family—running errands, setting type, and delivering papers for his brother Orion, who was finding in the editorship of the *Hannibal Journal* one of the many occupations to which from time to time he turned his hand. For the next ten years the lad followed with more or less regularity his trade as a printer. He made himself an admirable compositor, as Benjamin Franklin had done under somewhat similar circumstances over a century before, and like Franklin wrote an occasional paragraph for the paper on which he was employed. By 1853 he found life in Hannibal too circumscribed for anyone who had inherited his father's fondness for roving adventure, and before long had worked his way to New York and Philadelphia, still setting type, and reading in the Printers' Library which Franklin had founded in the city of his adoption.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had Clemens been possessed of Franklin's "industry and frugality," and had he settled down to make his living in Philadelphia. But the speculation is futile, for in 1857 one finds him back in St. Louis, recalled from the east by the lure of the Mississippi River, beside which he had grown up, and which was then in the heyday of its importance as the chief artery of traffic throughout the center of the continent. As a boy he had fallen under the romantic spell of the river, and had long cherished the ambition of some day becoming a member of the glorious fraternity of pilots. Consequently it is no surprise to find that in the spring of 1857 he persuaded Horace Bixby to take him on as a "cub," and began, under the tutelage of that superlatively skillful navigator, the long task of "learning the river."

When Clemens thus committed himself to the task of mastering the bars and points and channels and bends of the river from St. Louis to New Orleans, he may fairly be said to have entered upon the second phase of his career: the years from 1857 to 1870, when he experienced to the full all that western

America had to offer in the way of adventure, and made the first of what were to prove numerous trips to Europe in search of still more romantic experiences. The story of these golden years begins with the account of his life as "Bixby's cub"—a story that he himself has told in *Life on the Mississippi*. The book as a whole is markedly uneven; but the first twenty chapters, which contain the record of his life in the pilot-house, reproduce with complete accuracy (so far as the major facts are concerned) Mark Twain's own experiences as a pilot, and also paint a fascinating and colorful picture of a phase of American civilization which has now passed beyond recall.

When the Mississippi was closed to navigation on the outbreak of the Civil War, Clemens, who had just received his license as a pilot, found himself out of a job. His brother Orion, however, had recently been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Nevada, and was only too glad to have his younger and more able brother Sam go with him to the gold fields of the west. Consequently he left the Mississippi valley and turned towards the mountains, as happy and care-free as a youngster going to a circus.

For an account of Clemens's experiences during the next three years, one reads *Roughing It*—a book which, like *Life on the Mississippi*, is substantially accurate concerning general conditions, albeit not to be implicitly trusted for details. To turn the pages of this chronicle is to discover that Clemens set out to make a fortune with his miner's pick and shovel, and that he failed; but that in the course of his three years' wanderings he made a "find" worth more to him than any pocket or vein of gold: he discovered that he could write, and that other people took delight in reading what he had written.

In 1864 he gave up mining for journalism in San Francisco. In 1866 he visited Hawaii as correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*, wrote a series of letters describing his experiences, and on his return recounted his adventures in the first of what was to prove a life-long series of popular and humorous lectures. By this time he was well known in California, though unheard of in the east. But in the spring of 1867 he joined the *Quaker City* expedition to the Holy Land, recounted his experiences in letters to the *New York Tribune* as well as to the *Sacramento* paper which had commissioned him to make the trip, and in 1869 published the entire record as *The Innocents Abroad*. With the appearance of this volume, published in Hartford, Connecticut, Mark Twain became a figure of national importance.

The next year, 1870, saw him married to Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, New York, and also marked the opening of the last period of his life—the forty years in which he made himself the distinguished man of letters whom the entire world came to know and

love. For a detailed record of these four decades one must turn to Paine's biography; the story is too fascinating to be marred by condensation. Suffice it to say here that they were years of great happiness and astonishing accomplishment, though shadowed by financial disaster and domestic bereavement. Twice he found himself virtually bankrupt, the very considerable sums his writing and lecturing had brought in, dissipated by his own lack of business sense and unconquerable eagerness for "getting rich quick." Each time, however, he did what Scott had done half a century before, and repaid to the penny not only his legal but also what he considered his moral obligations. Three of his four children, as well as his wife, preceded him to the grave. In 1907 he went to England to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature from Oxford University, and found in this symbol of his European recognition virtually the only relief from the lonely sadness of his last years. He died on April 21, 1910.

The student who wishes to discover for himself what Mark Twain accomplished during the forty years of his literary life, might well think of his writings as falling into three groups. First, there are the three great books centering around Clemens's own experiences on or beside the Mississippi River: *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884). Second, there is the group of books in which he is still coining his own experiences into literature, but which leads one far from the river beside which he grew up: *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), *Roughing It* (1872), *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), and *Following the Equator* (1897). Finally, there are several books of a more varied sort, diverse in theme and method, of which the following are perhaps most certainly worth while: *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), *Joan of Arc* (1896), *How to Tell a Story, and Other Essays* (1897), *Christian Science* (1907), *The Mysterious Stranger* (1916), and *What is Man?* (1917). The student who knows these books, may fairly say that he knows Mark Twain at his best.

To read such a list of selections from Mark Twain's collected works is to enjoy an experience which can be duplicated nowhere else in the library of American literature. Here, in Dryden's phrase, "is God's plenty." To match this output one must go beyond the confines of the new world—to Chaucer, or Dickens, or Rabelais. And in thinking over such a representation of Mark Twain's work as these selections present, one realizes that there are three or four things which can be said concerning his total accomplishment, and his position in literature.

First of all, he made humanity laugh. Not California alone, nor the West, nor the

United States, but—as his world tour triumphantly demonstrated—readers of all climes and races found delight in the humor which at first seemed to be Mark Twain's chief stock in trade. Here is humor compounded of broad jest and sheer burlesque, of unexpected incongruity and subtle contrast. Here is colossal exaggeration concealing the kernel of truth, and the casual remark, made with artless seriousness, which proves on second thought to be more mirth-provoking than the obviously farcical anecdote. And the whole world laughed at this humor which Mark Twain offered it.

If such a statement as this is virtually obvious, it is almost as obvious that Mark Twain made the world think. He was moralist as well as humorist, and could have said with Stevenson, "I would rise from my grave to preach a sermon." To search his volumes for the subjects on which he was most sure to indulge his fondness for homiletics is unnecessary; once more the truth is patent. Sincerity and democracy were the themes on which he never tired of writing, and for the constant reiteration of which the shortcomings of the human race seemed ample justification. From the lighthearted banter of *Innocents Abroad* through the almost reverent restraint of *Joan of Arc* and on to the mordant irony of *The Mysterious Stranger*, he is tireless in ringing the changes on these two motifs, till at the end he seemed more concerned with this serious side of his work than with the lighter.

Again, whether one finds him in the mood of the preacher or the jester, Mark Twain was always—after his boyish experiments—a sure master of his chosen art. He could write so well that at times one is tempted to call this particular phase of his accomplishment the most significant matter of all. In his own special field of humorous anecdote he was without any peer, so far as American letters are concerned. But he was in no sense limited to one genre. With a versatility which but few of his contemporaries possessed, he could describe some changing and evanescent mood of "the river," or hit off in half a dozen lines the character of some person who had caught his fancy, or picture the beauty of a sunset on Lake Tahoe, or send the shafts of his invective ringing against the armor of hypocrisy, or touch with reverence and awe upon the deepest emotions and most moving experiences of human life. And almost never does he strike a false note. If the sophisticated critic thinks that Mark Twain was "a mere journalist," let him read such a paragraph as his description of the Sphinx—and revise his opinion:

"After years of waiting, it was before me at last. The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything

human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. . . . All who know what pathos there is in memories of days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished—albeit only a trifling score of years gone by—will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in those grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before History was born—before Tradition had being—things that were, and forms that moved, in a vague era which even Poetry and Romance scarce know of—and passed one by one away and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange new age, and uncomprehended scenes.” To match such a portrait, one must turn to Carlyle, for Clemens was a master of words, a great artist, who saw what other people are blind to in the world around them, and who possessed the rare skill of reproducing what he had seen, that others as well as he might enjoy the beauty of the vision.

Finally, it is without doubt in point to suggest that in all his best work he was at once sturdily independent, and unqualifiedly American. His intellectual independence need not be argued. It is apparent in everything he wrote after, say, *Innocents Abroad*. His best pages are as inimitable as *The Ancient Mariner*. With equal confidence can it be said that the qualities in his work which differentiate it from that of any other of the world's great humorists, are qualities which may fairly be called American. The tang and flavor of the west, of the Mississippi valley and the gold fields, are in all the books which the world knows best. There too, as in the man himself, is the curious blending of idealism and materialism, of frank acquisitiveness and careless generosity, which Europe—probably rightly—thinks characteristic of America. There is the uncertain taste, redeemed by the sound heart, the boyish delight in adventure strangely intermingled with the brooding melancholy of the pioneer—the man who has seen the dawn grow red on lonely mountain tops, and watched the sun sink behind the horizon rim of desolate prairie and alkali desert. Yes, it would be as hard to “place” Mark Twain anywhere save in the America which he knew so well, as it would be to think of Dickens as uninfluenced by the sights and smells and sounds of London streets and alleys.

Humorist, preacher, artist, and downright Yankee: something like that seems to be our conception of Mark Twain. It is all summed up in the comprehensive phrase which Howells applied to him—“the Lincoln of our literature.”

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EDITIONS. The most widely read of Mark Twain's works—such as those listed above—may be found in the original editions in any

large library. His collected works were published in 1910, in 25 vols., by Harper's. *The Mysterious Stranger* and *What is Man?* were published posthumously, in 1916 and 1917 respectively.

BIOGRAPHIES. Albert B. Paine's *Mark Twain: A Biography*, N. Y., 1912, 3 vols., is an admirable study, which may be supplemented by the same critic's edition of *Mark Twain's Letters*, N. Y., 1917, 2 vols. Mary Lawton's *A Life-time with Mark Twain* is the re-telling of Katie Leary's story of her thirty-five years of domestic service in the Clemens family. *Mark Twain's Autobiography*, N. Y., 1924, 2 vols., is an omnium gatherum of autobiographical material, the most interesting sections of which had previously appeared in magazine form.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. W. D. Howells's *My Mark Twain*, N. Y., 1910, is a fascinating study by one who was an intimate friend of the Clemens family, and is perhaps the best of the many critical discussions of Mark Twain that have yet appeared. For other suggestions, consult the *C. H. A. L. bibliography*, IV, 635 ff.

NOTES

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

866. During the first seven months of 1875 Mark Twain published, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a series of papers entitled *Old Times on the Mississippi*. Eight years later these sketches, revised and amplified, appeared as a book under the present title. The first half of this latter publication, roughly speaking, deals with Clemens's own experiences as a “cub” pilot. The second half is an account of a long river trip, made in 1882, in which the author revisited the scenes of his earlier adventures. Chapters VII and VIII, here reprinted entire, are virtually self-explanatory.
867. b. 12. *Quarter less twain*. A quarter of a fathom less than two fathoms. In 1857 the channels of the river were virtually unmarked, and no useful charts had yet been made. Consequently the pilots had to depend, in tight places, on constant sounding by the two leadsmen, stationed in the bow of the boat.
868. a. 1. *Mr. Bixby*. Horace Bixby, who had undertaken the job of “learning” Clemens the river.
869. a. 10. *The cries of the leadsmen*. “Mark three” means exactly three fathoms; “quarter less three,” two and three quarters; “half twain,” two and a half; “mark twain,” exactly two fathoms. This last phrase, which Clemens adopted as his pen-name when working on a Nevada newspaper in 1862, had been previously used in similar fashion by a

retired pilot who from time to time contributed "Notes on the state of the river" to the New Orleans *Picayune*. Clemens subsequently appropriated it for himself.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

873. This book, which it is hard not to call Mark Twain's masterpiece, recounts the experiences of Huck Finn, son of a ne'er-do-weel and drunkard, here called "Pap," and Jim, Miss Watson's runaway "nigger," on their long trip down the river by raft and canoe. In *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) Mark Twain had created the two characters, and set the stage. Eight years later he continued the narrative in the present work. The first sentence of *Huckleberry Finn* indicates how close is the relationship between the earlier and later books: "You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*; but that ain't no matter."

Both parts of this statement are quite true. To understand in detail the somewhat puzzling relationships referred to throughout *Huck Finn*, one must have *Tom Sawyer* in mind. But to be ignorant concerning these details "ain't no matter." The book stands by itself, and has already come to be recognized as one of the world's most fascinating tales of picaresque adventure.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837-1920)

When William Dean Howells was asked, in his old age, what college courses should be taken to aid one in becoming an author, he laconically replied that he had written some ninety things in which the public had shown a good deal of interest, without ever feeling the need of any college courses whatever. Had he been given to boasting, he might have added that he was a self-made middle-westerner (for he was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, in 1837, when Ohio was "west"), that he attained to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* when New England letters were at their height, and that his books are generally conceded to give "the most considerable transcript of American life yet made by one man."

Of his youth Howells has written, in a way that rivals Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, in *A Boy's Town* (1890) and *Years of My Youth* (1916). Educated in the common schools, he worked as a printer under his father, read extensively among English and American authors, tried his hand at poetry, and became in Columbus a journalist of enough standing to be called on in 1860 to

write a campaign biography of Lincoln. Appointed American Consul at Venice, he served there from 1861 to 1865 and extended his reading to include an amazing proportion of the best literature of Europe. For a detailed account of his wide range of study one must turn to his own volume *My Literary Passions* (1895); suffice it to say here that among the Continental authors whom he particularly admired at one time or another were Heine, Dante, Goldoni, and Tolstoy. Returning to the United States in 1865, he published two books on Italy, joined the staff of the *Nation* for a few months, and was made assistant editor of the *Atlantic* under James T. Fields. From 1872 to 1881 he was editor-in-chief, having thus reached at the age of thirty-five one of the highest editorial positions his country had to offer. Of these busy years in Boston Howells has told many anecdotes in *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* (1900), from which certain sections are reprinted on pp. 885-890 above.

With the publication of *Their Wedding Journey* in 1871 the young editor appeared as a writer of prose fiction; and two years later with *A Chance Acquaintance* he began the long series of novels which he produced, sometimes at the rate of two a year, for half a century. At the same time that he was busy as a novelist he wrote a number of plays, chiefly farces, which considerably enhanced his reputation as a humorist. After four years of vacation from editorial duty, which he spent chiefly in England, Howells settled in New York City in 1885 and took charge of *The Editor's Study* and subsequently of *The Editor's Easy Chair* in *Harper's Magazine*, where he found a natural outlet for the thoughts of his later years. During this time he published, in addition to more novels, various entertaining collections of essays and one particularly noteworthy biography, *My Mark Twain* (1910). Before his death, in 1920, he had been honored by being made President of the American Academy and by receiving honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and Columbia.

Howells's personality cannot be represented by any single selection, or combination of short selections from his varied writings; even his manner as an author cannot be thus represented. In the majority of his pages he is light, vivacious, friendly, and even brilliant; we read with unfeigned enjoyment the sparkling chapters of such romances as *The Lady of the Aroostook* and *A Woman's Reason*, or the witty dialogue of his one-act plays, and we sense something delightful which we know to be Howells. But when we come to the deep character study of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and the stern realism of *A Modern Instance* we find an insight into human nature that is a Howells of quite another sort. And when we consider such delightful and friendly literary gossip as that

printed on pp. 885-890 above, we find still another aspect of his personality in the respectful kindness—not unmixed with editorial frankness—with which he came to treat the literary elect of New England.

Yet despite the many fields of life and letters in which Howells made himself loved and admired, he will be looked on by posterity chiefly as a novelist. In this capacity he stood as the first of the successful American realists—using the word *realist* in his case always with certain qualifications. He was far too sensitive to the prudishness of Victorian days—or he was personally too much averse to breaches of literary decorum—to search out the sordid, the unlovely, and the neurotic phases of life and flaunt them before the public as has been done by certain writers of a later generation. That he preferred to select characters and incidents which represent life under reasonably normal conditions, that he avoided the passionate scenes and morbid descriptions so popular with sensation-mongers, that he could use his own wife as the model for more than one of his frivolous but charming heroines, that he was a gentleman in his books quite as much as in his private life—all this militates against his posthumous reputation with a certain type of reader. Too realistic to satisfy entirely the taste of the late nineteenth century, yet far too cheerful and idealistic to fall into line with American imitators of Thomas Hardy, Howells is thought by some to have made an unhappy compromise, and by others to have achieved the golden mean. His all-pervading humor and the delicacy of touch with which he continually satirized the foibles of women are even more characteristic of his art than the power of the two novels for which he is now most admired—*A Modern Instance* (1882) and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1884). In his later years he came to have a mature optimism which enabled him to write realistically without being often depressing, entertainingly without being often superficial. There seems little doubt that his novels will remain as the broadest canvas, if not the most highly colored, on which American life from 1870 to 1920 has been pictured.

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Howells's work is so extensive that the following lists must be supplemented by reference to the *C. H. A. L.*

EDITIONS. There is no complete collected edition of Howells's writings. Both Harper and Houghton-Mifflin publish uniform editions of his more important works.

Of his books of travel, *Venetian Life*, Boston, 1872, and *Italian Journeys*, Boston, 1872, are the best known. The most notable of his novels are *A Chance Acquaintance*, Boston, 1873; *A Foregone Conclusion*, Boston, 1875; *The Lady of the Aroostook*, Boston, 1879;

A Modern Instance, Boston, 1882; *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, Boston, 1884; *New Leaf Mills*, New York, 1913; and *The Leatherwood God*, N. Y., 1916.

Much of Howells's critical writing is to be found in *Criticism and Fiction*, N. Y., 1891; and *Literature and Life*, N. Y., 1902. Three volumes in which autobiographical reminiscence and literary gossip are delightfully mingled are *My Literary Passions*, N. Y., 1895; *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, N. Y., 1900; and *Years of My Youth*, N. Y., 1916. His study of S. L. Clemens, *My Mark Twain* (N. Y., 1910), is doubly interesting: for the light it throws on Clemens, and for its revelation of Howells himself.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS. The best single work through which to approach the study of Howells is Oscar W. Firkins's *William Dean Howells: A Study*, Cambridge, 1924. Throughout the *Letters of Mark Twain* (N. Y., 1917, 2 vols.) and the *Letters of Henry James* (N. Y. 1920, 2 vols.) there is material which the biographer or serious student will find invaluable.

NOTES

LITERARY BOSTON AS I KNEW IT

885. These excerpts from *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* (1900) contain sketches of some of the leading figures in American literature, and in addition two portraits of personal friends of less prominence which are painted with strokes so affectionate that they reveal, as no autobiography could do, the rich personality of the author himself.
b. 31. In *Fields's room*. James T. Fields (1817-1881), junior partner of the publishing house of Ticknor and Fields, and for a time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* with Howells as his assistant. Various aspects of his literary and social relations are set forth in his *Yesterdays with Authors* (1872).
888. a. 22. A controversy between her and Doctor Holmes. Holmes's views are set forth in his vigorous treatise, *Homeopathy and its Kindred Delusions* (1842).
a. 33. Lady Byron's jealousy. The reference is to Mrs. Stowe's *Lady Byron Vindicated* (1870).

WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER (1862-1910)

("O. HENRY")

William Sidney Porter is in some ways one of the most interesting figures in recent American literature. A southerner, born and brought up in Greensboro, North Carolina, spending his young manhood on a ranch in

Texas, or as reporter, government clerk, or banker, in one or another of the cities of Texas, he lived the last eight years of his life in New York City, where he made himself so thoroughly at home that one hesitates to name anyone—save perhaps Walt Whitman—as his equal, so far as intimate first-hand knowledge of that city is concerned. When he died, he left behind him a dozen volumes of short stories dealing with life in the southwest, in Central America, and in New York—and the best are those of the last group. In such collections as *The Four Million* (1906) and *The Voice of the City* (1908), for example, one sees him at the height of his power. Here are the New Yorkers whom other people never wrote about—the people who wash dishes in restaurants and measure ribbons behind the counters of stores. Here, skillfully blended, are the comedy and pathos and selfishness and heroism which somehow or other make life in New York what it is, and that make life over all the world, so far as the fundamental issues are concerned, precisely what it is on Manhattan Island. And the man who thus pictured not only New York but human nature, was born in a far-away southern state, brought up to be a clerk in a country drug store, and spent three years and three months in the Ohio State penitentiary, convicted of embezzlement while serving as cashier in a national bank. Withal he was a simple, friendly, human being, modest, unselfish, untainted by the bitterness of his dark years, unspoiled by the success of his last decade; a man whose only boast was that he “had never written a filthy line.” Take him all in all, he seems to have been one of the most lovable persons with whom the student of American letters can come in contact.

The story of his life has been told by C. Alphonso Smith in his sympathetic study, *O. Henry Biography* (New York, 1916). Reading this chronicle one realizes again that the child was father to the man. The young pharmacist, occupying his leisure by drawing pictures of the people who came into the store, had already begun his life-long study of human nature. The amateur cow-boy on Red Hall's ranch, carrying Webster's dictionary and Tennyson's poems with him in the saddle, had already fallen victim to the fascination of words. The newspaper reporter, writing for a living, and trying his hand at any sort of journalistic work that would pay, had begun the years of apprenticeship that were necessary before the mature O. Henry could produce the stories in which all the United States was to delight.

Yet despite the fact that in O. Henry's early experiences one sees much that was later to stand him in good stead, one realizes that it was the prison ordeal which transformed the writer of humorous quips, the “column conductor,” into the masterly story

teller of the later years. It was in the penitentiary that O. Henry really grew up. Convicted on inconclusive evidence, and largely the victim of a go-as-you-please banking system against which he had vainly protested to his directors, he was fortunate enough to be assigned to duty as night-clerk in the prison drug store and hospital. Here, in comparative leisure, he served his time, studying the luckless men around him, and writing a score of stories which first introduced his newly adopted pen-name to the public.

When he was released, he soon found his way to New York, where he lived the rest of his life. Before long he was under contract with *The World* to write a story a week, at the modest rate of one hundred dollars for each story. During the rest of his life he was ceaselessly busy, sometimes drawing for material on his early experiences in the west, sometimes looking about him at the fascinating drama of life, and recording what he saw. When he died, in 1910, no other short story writer in America had such a following.

It is easy to borrow Alphonso Smith's phrase, and say that O. Henry “humanized the short story.” It is almost as easy to point out one or two things concerning his technique, especially his use of the “surprise ending,” which, on analysis, often proves to be more logical than the conclusion the reader had anticipated. It is easy to praise him for his persistent optimism, his manliness, his cleanness. Only one thing should be noted by way of adverse criticism. O. Henry wrote so fast, under such constant, such almost unbelievable pressure, that he never allowed himself the privilege of writing a story as well as he might have written it. A personal friend once told the editors of this book how he had sat for an hour in O. Henry's study while Porter, using the long-distance telephone, dictated the conclusion of a story for which an importunate publisher was clamoring. The writer who does his work under such disadvantages can hardly expect even the best of his output to measure up to, say, *The Brushwood Boy* or *The End of the Tether*. In finish, in the fine points of technique, as in breadth of vision, O. Henry is simply outclassed by such writers as Conrad or Kipling. But even to compare him with these masters is to honor him, and in his own particular *métier* as chronicler of the “four million,” he is unique and supreme.

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O. Henry's collected works are available in a uniform edition published by Doubleday Page, N. Y., 1911, 12 vols. The only extensive study is C. Alphonso Smith's *O. Henry Biography*, N. Y., 1916.

JACK LONDON (1876-1916).

Jack London was born in California, of humble stock, in 1876, and after a few years of elementary schooling became an unskilled laborer in and about San Francisco. Like Carl Sandburg he learned at first hand the life of the proletariat, working as ranchman, coal-shoveler, longshoreman, and factory-hand, and hunting seals on the Pacific, where he went as far as Japan and the Bering Sea. After tramping ten thousand miles over the United States and Canada, joining the mad rush for gold in the Klondike, and studying for a year at the University of California, he became a leader among socialists of the less conservative type and developed a talent for prose fiction which gained him an enormous popularity. Continuing to travel, he explored the slums of London, cruised the South Seas in his own vessel, and finally bought a ranch in California where he could enjoy the prosperity which came to him through his writings. Of the ups and downs of his sensational and picturesque, though not altogether romantic, career, many volumes could be written—and indeed have been written. His most strongly autobiographical volumes are: *The People of the Abyss* (1903), *The Road* (1907), *Martin Eden* (1909), *The Cruise of the Snark* (1911), and *John Barleycorn* (1913); and the study of his personality may be carried further by reference to the recent *Book of Jack London* by his widow, Charmian London. Between 1900 and 1916 London accomplished the stupendous task of producing over fifty volumes, chiefly of popular fiction. His public experienced the thrill of travelling the world from England to Japan, from Alaska to the South Seas, with a man who, within those large geographical limits, seemed to have gone everywhere and seen everything. Despite his large income and the social opportunities which came to him as a popular author, London definitely cast his lot with the masses, and died in 1916 a man of the common people.

London probably did more than any of his contemporaries to vitalize, and at the same time to brutalize, the short story. His work in this field was so vivid and so appealing to certain elemental instincts that it became immediately popular, and was widely imitated. But the stories, like the author, were lacking in the patrician touch that makes for finish of style, and his vogue with the more cultivated class of readers has been very moderate. He came into prominence when even the mushroom growth of short story magazines seemed unable to satisfy the demand for a certain type of fiction, when the public wanted "action stories" and "stories with punch" and stories of "red-blooded he-men" regardless of literary merit, and when editors frankly advertised their need of such wares in those very terms. Yet amid the host of already forgotten catch-penny authors who

aimed at quantity production of what the public wanted, London stood out as an almost unique writer; if he was a lumber jack rather than a cabinet-maker among American authors, he did his work more conscientiously and more skillfully than the would-be lumber jacks. His local color is accurate as well as vivid, for he knew whereof he wrote and many of his stories have a flavor of autobiographical truth. In his novels, except those treating the themes of socialism, the same faults are obvious; they deal with men who act like animals, or with animals who act like men; physical struggle is omnipresent; the descriptions, especially in the earlier work, show a considerable artistry, but the subtle shadings of character by which great fiction is commonly recognized are sought in vain. For this reason, perhaps, his books dealing principally with animals—*The Call of the Wild* (1903) and *White Fang* (1905), for instance—seem likely to leave a more lasting impression on our literature than the more conventional novels in which he attempted a form a little too fine to be shaped by his heavy axe.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

No collected edition of London's work has been published. The titles listed in the preceding note will be adequate for the purposes of the student.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919)

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in 1858 and graduated from Harvard in 1880. His rise to positions of increasing importance was rapid; and though the bitterness of party strife still clings to his memory too strongly to permit a fair estimate of his position as a statesman, a few of the brilliant points in his career may be reviewed. As civil service commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Riders," and Governor of New York, he climbed to the height of popularity which made him Vice-President in 1900; and on the death of President McKinley he carried on the duties of the chief executive in such a fashion that in 1904 he was elected President by the largest popular majority ever accorded a candidate up to that time. His leadership in cutting short the Russo-Japanese War (for which he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize), in defending the Monroe Doctrine against infringement by Germany, and in "taking" the Panama Canal, was characteristic of the manner in which he conducted affairs of state for many years. At the expiration of his term in 1909, he travelled extensively, made a spectacular but unsuccessful attempt to lead the Progressive Party to victory in 1912, and died in 1919, loved, honored, feared, and disliked

as only a few other distinguished leaders of his country have been, and admired throughout Europe as our most representative American.

No President except Lincoln is more certain of a permanent place among our men of letters than is Roosevelt, and in variety of literary achievement the advantage rests entirely with the latter; there is, indeed, some chance that his posthumous reputation may rest almost as much on his writings as on his active life in the world of affairs. The honors which he won in the Spanish-American War and the notable part he played in the government of New York are now but chapters—or pages—in the history of his country; even his career of national and international leadership as President has, in the opinion of some people, been a little shadowed by his treatment of ex-President Taft in the campaign of 1912, and by the *débacle* of the Progressive Party through his overwhelming defeat in the election of the same year. But throughout the mature years of his "strenuous life"—one inevitably falls into his own phrase—he produced a number of books on history, biography, nature, and standards of conduct (both personal and national) which are still of interest. Just as his characteristic words, *nature-faker*, *muck-raking*, *mollycoddle*, have come into general use throughout the country, so his philosophy of strenuous living and of fearing God and taking your own part has been an important element in the thought of an entire generation. And his accounts of the joys of outdoor existence, his accurate and intimate pictures of the life of nature in western America, show him in his most delightful vein, and apparently will be read as long, and with as much pleasure, as the similar pages of Burroughs or John Muir.

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Roosevelt's collected works are available in several editions, best of which is the *Memorial*, edited by Herman Hagedorn, N. Y., 1923-25, 24 vols. Biographical treatments of Roosevelt are numerous. The following are useful as points of departure for a study that may be as extensive as the reader's time will allow: *Theodore Roosevelt, An Autobiography*, N. Y., 1920; *Theodore Roosevelt and His Times*, by Joseph B. Bishop, N. Y., 1920, 2 vols.; *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt*, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, N. Y., 1921; *Theodore Roosevelt*, by Lord Charnwood, Boston, 1923. Further information is available in *The Bibliography of Theodore Roosevelt*, by John Hall Wheelock, N. Y., 1920.

NOTES

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

905. The address was delivered in Chicago, on April 10, 1899, when the events of the Spanish War were still fresh in men's minds.

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918)

If George Meredith had been able to follow Adams's career to its close, he would have taken a keen relish in noting the "comedy" of it all. Here was a New Englander, with the blood of the Puritans in his veins, a member of a family whose very name had for a century and a half been synonymous with success and distinction, grandson of President John Quincy Adams and great-grandson of President John Adams, a man who began life by turning to the appropriate career of historian and teacher of history in Harvard, and yet who ultimately came to the conclusion that all his labors had been essentially futile, and wrote an extensive autobiography to prove how pointless his own career had been, and how out of sorts was the entire order of things that his family had done so much to establish. With the publication of this work, *The Education of Henry Adams*, immediately following the author's death, there came to Adams's memory the honor which he had never coveted. His autobiography attained the distinction of a "best-seller," and he himself was generally recognized as a man of genius who had given virtually final expression to one phase of American life. All that Barrett Wendell, writing in 1904, could say of Adams was that his *History of the United States* "combines accuracy of detail with grasp of subject and scale of composition in a manner which fairly achieves, in dealing with a limited epoch, what Macaulay did not live to achieve when he tried to deal with two English centuries." In 1921 Professor John Spencer Bassett, a historian not given to superlatives, put the case in quite a different way: "Two of [Adams's] books, the *Mont Saint Michel* and the *Education*, deserve to rank among the best American books that have yet been written." (*C. H. A. L.* III, 199.) The difference between the two statements fairly represents the difference between what Adams felt that he had accomplished, and what the world insists on crediting him with. In this discrepancy Meredith would have found something essentially comic. There is a further touch of Meredithian comedy, a comedy that shades perilously close to tragedy, in the fact that—as Paul Elmer Moore puts it—"the latest spokesman of the Adamses and of New England ended his career in sentimental nihilism."

This career can be easily sketched, though no one who finds himself interested in Adams will be content with the narrative in any form except that which he gave it himself in the *Education*. Born in 1838, the son of Charles Francis Adams, he graduated from Harvard College, and during the Civil War was private secretary to his father, whom Lincoln had appointed Minister to the Court of St. James's. When he returned to the United States in 1868, he spent eight years as editor of the *North American Review* and

assistant professor of history in Harvard, and then for a decade gave himself to writing various books dealing with American history.

By 1892, however, he had become so impressed with the futility of his efforts that he gave over the type of work in which he was engaged, and found relief in study of the Middle Ages, especially the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In 1904 he printed, privately, *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*, in which his historical and artistic enthusiasms were given full expression, and which is so well written that when it was finally published in 1913 it was recognized, over-night, as one of the masterpieces of American literature. In 1906 he allowed *The Education of Henry Adams* to be printed, but again, with characteristic reticence, circulated it only among his most intimate friends. In 1918, after Adams's death, the *Education* was published, and greatly exceeded the earlier work in popular favor. So far as American literature is concerned, Adams might well have limited himself to these two volumes.

Different as they may be from each other, the *Mont Saint Michel* and *Education* have certain traits in common. In both, one sees Adams as a keen observer, a conscientious scholar, an assured master of words. If the almost mystical enthusiasms of *Mont Saint Michel* seem difficult to reconcile with the cynicism and asperity of the *Education*, the fact only goes to show the many-sidedness of Adams's own personality, and to make more interesting the study of a man who felt himself to be of little significance to anyone.

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Mont Saint Michel and Chartres, Boston, 1913, and *The Education of Henry Adams*, Boston, 1918, are the two books which every student of Adams will read. His historical writings are listed in the *C. H. A. L.* Stuart P. Sherman's *Evolution in the Adams Family*, in *The Nation*, April 10, 1920, and Paul Elmer More's *Henry Adams*, in his *Shelburne Essays*, Eleventh Series, N. Y., 1921, are two admirable interpretations of Adams and his work.

NOTES

MONT SAINT MICHEL AND CHARTRES

913. The relatively few technical architectural terms which appear in this selection may be interpreted by referring to any good dictionary.
914. *a. 27.* True qui file, etc. The spinning sow and fiddling ass. Probably an allusion to two gargoyles on the cathedral which were known by these names.

WOODROW WILSON (1856-1924)

Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, and the sixth to

find representation in this volume, was born in Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856. He attended Davidson College, North Carolina, for one year, and then transferred to Princeton, where he received his A. B. degree in 1879. Two years later he completed the course in law at the University of Virginia, and began what was to prove a brief practice as an attorney. He then entered the Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student of history and economics, and received his Ph.D. in 1886. From 1885 to 1888 he taught at Bryn Mawr, and from 1888 to 1890 at Wesleyan University. In 1890 he returned to Princeton as Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy, and twelve years later was elected President of the University.

Until 1910 Wilson's connections with politics had largely been those of the scholar and historian. But in the autumn of that year, when he resigned the Presidency of Princeton, he was elected Governor of New Jersey, and began a term of service so distinguished that in 1912 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic party, and was elected by an overwhelming majority of the Electoral College, defeating both Roosevelt, the Progressive candidate, and Taft, the Republican. On November 7, 1916, he was again elected, defeating Charles E. Hughes by a narrow margin.

Wilson's second term began on March 4, 1917, when the United States was on the verge of entering the Great War. The events of the four turbulent years that followed his second inauguration are still too recent to admit of impartial interpretation. But one thing at least is certain: from the time of Wilson's War-Massage to Congress, April 2, 1917, until his appearance at the first session of the Versailles Peace Conference, January 18, 1919, as head of the American Commission, he exercised the almost dictatorial war-time powers of the President in masterly fashion, and came to occupy a position of unique and unbelievable prominence in world affairs. To Europeans, especially the rank and file of the people, he seemed the one man who had brought the United States to the aid of the Allied nations at a time when only that aid could have saved them. Furthermore, because of his many distinguished addresses and letters on the problems of international polity which the closing year of the war threw into the foreground, he appeared as the triumphant prophet of a new and better civilization, a civilization in which the common people, the "democracy" of the world, should have a larger opportunity for liberty and happiness.

It is a commonplace that Wilson's advocacy of the League of Nations, which he considered the best means of bringing about the new order, caused many Americans to lose faith in him, and gave his political enemies a weapon which they used vigorously and relentlessly. It is as clear that his acquies-

cence in the Treaty of Versailles, with its harsh measures of reprisal, lost him the admiration of many subjects of the Central Empires who had hoped that Wilson would be able to hold in check the old-school politicians most influential in framing the treaty. Once the document had been signed, however, Wilson returned to the United States to begin a nation-wide campaign looking to the ratification of the treaty by the Senate. In the midst of his first speaking tour his health gave way, and he returned to the White House incapacitated for further active participation in the gigantic struggle. He spent the rest of his second term as an invalid, and died on February 3, 1924, in Washington.

On Wilson's significance as a statesman it would be futile to comment either here or now. But something of his literary power is suggested by the two addresses printed on pages 917 ff., and it seems only fitting to indicate that he occupies a high and even unique position among the political writers of his country. In this connection it is essential to have in mind the changes in the style of the political address brought about by the development of the newspapers, especially as they grew in circulation at the time of the Great War. In the days of Webster and Calhoun the political address had been delivered chiefly for its immediate effect on a relatively small group of auditors. More recently, however, and especially during the last two decades, the political address has had to meet two demands: to compel the attention of the hundreds or thousands who actually heard it delivered; and, what is much more important, to satisfy the analytical study of the millions who would read it a few hours later in the daily papers—a reading which would have none of the speaker's voice or personality to make the address "carry."

Of this modern type of political address Wilson was a master. He had every advantage of academic training; he was practised in the arts of class-room exposition and political campaigning, as well as in the more exacting requirements of biographical and historical writing. Avoiding alike the ornate periods which may be lifeless and even tiresome to the ordinary reader, and the intricate argumentation which is sure to be over the head of the average listener, he combined a restrained but moving eloquence with a simple and convincing logic in proportions which made his speeches effective wherever newspapers circulated—that is, over the whole civilized world.

He came into power at a time when his own country, and the entire democratic world, needed a spokesman. His passionate enthusiasm for the cause of democracy was as sincere as that of Mrs. Stowe or of Lincoln. And for a time his speeches in advocacy of this cause made him the most influential figure in either Europe or America.

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EDITIONS. There is as yet no collected edition of Wilson's writings. The most important of them are *Congressional Government*, Boston, 1885; *Division and Reunion*, N. Y., 1893; *Mere Literature*, N. Y., 1893; *A History of the American People*, N. Y., 1902, 5 vols.; *Constitutional Government in the United States*, N. Y., 1908; *The New Freedom*, N. Y., 1913; *On Being Human*, N. Y., 1916. The speeches and letters that marked Wilson's eight years as President are available in the files of the daily papers, in the *Congressional Record*, and in various war-time booklets. His last published essay, *The Road Away from Revolution*, appeared in the *Atlantic* for August, 1923.

BIOGRAPHIES. William E. Dodd's *Woodrow Wilson and His Work*, N. Y., 1920, and William Allen White's *Woodrow Wilson*, Boston, 1924, are two admirable biographical studies.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. Two articles which the student will find different from the many controversial publications concerning Wilson are Bliss Perry's *Woodrow Wilson as a Man of Letters*, in *The Praise of Folly*, Boston, 1923, and Charles William Eliot's *Woodrow Wilson*, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1924.

NOTES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

917. Delivered at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916. Wilson had gone to Hodgenville to accept, on behalf of the nation, the gift of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

FLAG DAY ADDRESS

919. The most significant feature of this address is the care with which Wilson distinguishes between the German people and the "military masters" of Germany. The collapse of German power ultimately came about much as Wilson here prophesied.

WALTER HINES PAGE (1855-1918)

Walter Hines Page was born in 1855 in Cary, North Carolina, and studied at Randolph-Macon College and The Johns Hopkins University from 1872 to 1878. At the age of twenty-five he became editor of the *St. Joseph, Missouri, Daily Gazette*; by rapid strides he made his way to positions of increasing importance until he attained the distinction of editing *The Forum* (1890-95), *The Atlantic Monthly* (1896-99), and *The World's Work* (1900-1913). His *Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths* (1902) and his many delightful essays were well received; but it was his

wide experience with men and affairs which peculiarly fitted him for the honor and the grave responsibilities that came to him in 1913, when he was appointed Ambassador to Great Britain.

From 1913 until just before his death in 1918, Page performed his regular duties as Ambassador, and carried a multitude of special burdens due to the exigencies of the World War, with a combination of kindness, tact, and efficiency which cannot—and fortunately need not—be recorded here. His renunciation of literature in 1913 brought him, paradoxically, the international fame as a man of letters which, despite his creditable editorial career, he had not succeeded in winning, and which only came posthumously with the publication of his *Life and Letters*. Always a keen observer and brilliant letter writer, gifted with an unusual insight into the fundamentals of international relationships, Page came to occupy a position where his official and personal letters together constitute one of the most illuminating group of documents yet available on the most interesting period of world history. He died in 1918, soon after he had resigned his Ambassadorship on account of ill-health.

The three volumes which constitute *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* (Garden City, 1922 and 1925) owe their continuity to the skillful editorial hand of Burton J. Hendrick, whose contribution virtually entitles him to be considered Page's biographer.

HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN (1880—)

If anyone were to ask by what right Mr. Mencken is represented in a volume of American literature, the answer would be simple. He is here for the very good reason that he writes readable prose of a sort so unique that it cannot be overlooked. Whatever else one may say of him, one can not call him spiritless or dull. He may be unsound in his logic, careless of his facts, destitute of the loyalties that simple, unenlightened folk find worth cherishing. He may ultimately grow tiresome, through constant iteration of two or three prejudices with which the public is already well enough acquainted. But to read a single essay, yes, even half a dozen at a stretch, is to be convinced that he is an extremely vigorous writer. His pages are irritating, stimulating, sparkling, and unconvincing; they are never flat. To adopt for the moment the language of the college professor whom Mr. Mencken never tires of ridiculing, a few people would grade his work "A"; more would probably grade it "F." No one, however, would stigmatise it with a "C—," the symbol of correct and docile mediocrity.

One further consideration prompted the editors to ask Mr. Mencken's permission to represent his work in this volume. By com-

mon assent, he has come to be considered the arch-protestor of all the restless spirits who find themselves ill at ease in this world of American traditions and American establishments. One can apply to him the words once used to picture an even more formidable rebel than he,

"High on a throne of royal state . . .
[Mencken] exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence."

Throughout Mr. Mencken's career he has been intimately connected with journalism. Born and educated in Baltimore, he was writing for the *Morning Herald* when he was nineteen years old, and by 1905 was editor of the *Evening Herald*. He first found a thoroughly congenial medium for the expression of his views in the pages of literary criticism which for many years were the most entertaining feature of *The Smart Set*. Ultimately becoming co-editor of this journal, with George Jean Nathan, he won such popularity with certain elements in American life that when he recently (1923) launched his latest venture, *The American Mercury*, its immediate success was as well assured as were its readable quality and general character as a vehicle of indiscriminate protest. Thus by 1926 Mr. Mencken has "made a go of it" in journalistic writing. More than that, he has won for himself a definite "position" in American thinking—a statement that can be made concerning but few of his contemporaries.

That this position is what it is, and not one of greater distinction, is due, fundamentally, to his inability to measure up to his own standards. "A man must have acquired discipline over his feelings before he can write sound prose; he must have learned how to subordinate his transient ideas to more general and permanent ideas," he writes in the essay here reprinted. Precisely. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Mencken will some day take his own advice?

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Mr. Mencken's work is best illustrated in a series of volumes entitled *Prejudices*, published at various times since 1919, by Alfred Knopf, N. Y. A representative selection, of his own making, may be had in *Selected Prejudices*, which makes one volume in *The Travellers' Library*, London, 1926. In *The American Language* (N. Y., 1918), Mr. Mencken dropped the rôle of jester and essayed that of scholar, with a result which even scholars admitted was not negligible.

NOTES

THE POET AND HIS ART

927. b. 2. A. E. George William Russell (1867—) Irish poet and prose writer.

- b. 28. **He needs none of these things.** The fallaciousness of the statement is patent, despite the grain of truth that is discernible.
929. b. 19. **God's in His heaven.** Slightly misquoted from the well-known song in *Pippa Passes*.
- b. 23. **I am the master of my fate, etc.** From Henley's *Invictus*.
930. a. 15. **Will deliberately seek a rendezvous with death, etc.** A reference to the poem inevitably suggested by these lines, Alan Seeger's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, p. 1084, above, will show that the poet's idea is quite different from what is here suggested.

STUART PRATT SHERMAN (1881-1926)

It has seemed wise to include in the present collection at least one sample of the serious, one might almost say the academic, essays, in which American literature of the twentieth century has been rich. Such essays, while not associated with names as imposing as Emerson's, sometimes make quite as profitable reading as do the more oracular but less coherent utterances of the Concord philosopher. They are, of course, to be distinguished from the "familiar essays" in which Miss Repplier, Mr. Crothers, Mr. Morley, and a dozen others have been so whimsically entertaining. Among the writers of these academic essays Mr. Sherman has for some years occupied a prominent place. His discussion of *The Point of View in American Criticism* (p. 934) is representative of the class as a whole, and of his own work at its best: a serious consideration of a problem of national importance; the sort of essay which quite appropriately was delivered as a lecture at the University of Chicago, and found its first publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Sherman was born in Anita, Iowa, in 1881, graduated from Williams in 1903, and received the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. from Harvard. He began his academic career as an instructor in English at Northwestern University, but from 1907 to 1924 was on the faculty of the University of Illinois. Resigning his position there as Professor of English and Chairman of the Department in 1924, Mr. Sherman became literary editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, in which capacity he was serving at the time of his death in the late summer of 1926. His work as an essayist of distinction is well represented in three recent volumes: *On Contemporary Literature*, N. Y., 1917; *Americans*, N. Y., 1922; *The Genius of America*, N. Y., 1923.

NOTES

THE POINT OF VIEW IN AMERICAN CRITICISM

934. b. 35. **Antigone in the drama.** The play is *The Antigone*.

935. a. 20. **The vulgar Jacobinism of Thomas Paine.** Paine's point of view is briefly set forth in the selections from his writings, pages 158-165, and in the accompanying note, p. 1120.
- b. 32. **Coriolanus.** See Shakespeare's play of the same name.
936. a. 6. **Our most aggressive literary critic.** Mr. Mencken.
- b. 33. **The fourth eminent generation of the Adams family.** This astute comment on the Adams family amplifies what is said concerning Henry Adams on p. 1209.
937. a. 29. **Chief statesman, etc.** Lincoln, Grant, Whitman, Mark Twain.
- b. 38. **Savage criticism which Dickens had made.** Dickens's unpleasant impressions of the United States are best set forth in the American sections of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and in *American Notes*.
938. a. 47. **"A certain condescension in foreigners."** The title of one of Lowell's best-known essays.
- b. 52. **"The poet of the Sierras."** Joaquin Miller, some of whose poems appear on pages 1027-1033.
939. b. 41. **"Man with the hoe."** Edwin Markham's best-known poem, *The Man with the Hoe*, may be found on page 1037.
940. a. 3. **Thebes or Pelops' line.** The phrase comes from *Il Penseroso*, line 99, and connotes all that is most significant in the tragedy of ancient Greece.
941. b. 37. **As Pascal says.** Blaise Pascal (1623-1662), a French mathematician and philosopher.
942. a. 37. **A darkling plain, etc.** From Arnold's *Dover Beach*, lines 35 and 37.
- b. 23. **The Crocean philosophy.** Benedetto Croce (1866—), is an Italian philosopher whose *Aesthetics as the Science of Expression* (1908) brought him into immediate prominence.
943. b. 36. **Waiting for the hindmost.** It is interesting to note John Adams's expression of almost the same idea, in the letter of June 17, 1775, p. 156, above.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)

Walter Whitman, dubbed "Walt" at an early age to distinguish him from his father, Walter Whitman, was born in West Hills, Long Island, in 1819. His ancestors were of English and Dutch extraction with leanings towards Quakerism, his father's family especially coming under the influence of Elias Hicks (1748-1830), on whom Whitman wrote an appreciative essay. The poet's father, a carpenter and contractor, moved his family to Brooklyn about the year 1824, and there Walt passed his boyhood, going to school and working as a carpenter. Taking up type-setting in the office of the *Long Island Patriot*

and the Brooklyn *Star*, he occupied himself for some years as printer, school-teacher, and editor on Long Island. Various aspects of these early years are revealed in his poem *There Was a Child Went Forth* (above, p. 979).

His early reading (as listed in his essay *A Backward Glance*) included all of Scott's poetry, a thorough study of the Old and New Testaments, Shakespeare, *Ossian*, the best available translations of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, the *Nibelungenlied*, the ancient Hindoo poems, and Dante. Whatever influence the unnamed "Hindoo poems" may have exerted on his philosophy, there can be little doubt about the influence of the Ossianic poems and the prophetic books of the Old Testament on his subsequent style.

From 1841 to 1848 Whitman served as reporter and editor on various papers in New York City. His interest in the theatres, to which he had free access, in politics, music, art, and in virtually every phase of metropolitan life—admirably set forth in Chapter II of the standard biography by Bliss Perry (1906)—must have played an important part in his development as a poet of democracy. What the metropolis came to mean to him is suggested by the lines he published in 1856 on *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry* (above, p. 958). It is significant that his mystical vision of "the simple, compact, well-join'd scheme" of life began with the city and spread to include the country, while Wordsworth's mysticism began in the country and proceeded, with difficulty, to include the city.

In 1848 Whitman accepted the editorship of the new *Daily Crescent* of New Orleans, and in company with his brother Jeff, made the trip south through Pennsylvania and Virginia. After only a few months in New Orleans, the brothers returned by way of Chicago and the Great Lakes. Except for this broadening experience of travel, we know little about Whitman's life from 1848 to 1855; for the most part he lived with his parents in Brooklyn, editing, lecturing a little, and working on *Leaves of Grass*.

Of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1855), which contained a preface and twelve poems, Whitman printed less than a thousand copies; of this number only a few—probably not a dozen—were sold. Copies were sent free to the poet's friends and to famous authors whom he had never even met, but many of them were returned. Whittier is said to have thrown his into the fire. Emerson, however, wrote a personal letter of encouragement, from which Whitman excerpted a phrase and printed it (without permission) on the outside of the new and enlarged edition of *Leaves of Grass* in 1856: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career, R. W. Emerson!" The thirty-two poems of this second edition had enough vitality to start the "Whitman controversy," which has raged ever since. Though this second edition was

not remunerative, it was widely reviewed—some of the fairest criticisms being written by Whitman himself and printed anonymously.

From 1856 to 1873 Whitman enjoyed perhaps the richest years of his life. After bringing out the large 1860 edition of the *Leaves of Grass* (456 pages), he devoted himself with ceaseless energy to relieving the sufferings of wounded soldiers, chiefly in the hospitals of Washington. Though he was forced out of a government clerkship because of the alleged indecency of some of his poems, he found his writings had won him many warm admirers who helped him when he was in straits, and cleared his reputation from any taint of immoral purpose. His poems on the Civil War, published as *Drum Taps*, showed at last his full stature as poet: he was able to handle without "verbal superfluity" both his own long irregular lines and the more conventional stanza form of *O Captain! My Captain*; he had acquired a fresh power to treat themes of universal interest with an irresistible appeal; and he made it clear that, although he approved his own course in having written freely of sex, he had now turned finally from that topic. The vigor with which his early poems were still attacked gave zest to the reviews of each new and enlarged edition of the *Leaves of Grass*; but in the main his vogue increased. Then came the flood of European appreciation, when Whitman found he was receiving unstinted homage from English critics and men of letters, and began the extensive correspondence which brought him merited encouragement, and proved the solace of his old age.

For the last nineteen years of his life Whitman lived chiefly in Camden, N. J. A paralytic attack in 1873 greatly impaired his health; and though he was sometimes able to travel—once as far as Colorado—and to write prose and verse, his creative work was largely done. Of these years, however, details of great interest are now available in the series of volumes by Horace Traubel, published under the general title of *With Walt Whitman in Camden*. By the time of his death, in 1892, he was generally recognized in Europe as the most original and vital force in American poetry. No other American poet has been so violently attacked, or so ably defended; and no other American poet, unless it be Poe, has been so widely imitated here and in Europe.

In studying the life of Whitman, one must bear in mind that the Good Gray Poet was a mystic, influenced by the teachings and example of Elias Hicks, and that the spiritual crises of his early life have never been satisfactorily recorded. His own attempts to record them, as in the *Song of Myself*, are hopelessly obscure. We cannot know when, or how often, the "inner light" may have revealed to him glimpses of the divine plan. Between his poetry and the known facts of his life there is, naturally, a close relation-

ship; but one must always suspect that the unknown factors in his personality were more significant than the known.

The student will make sure that he understands not only two large subjects of controversy, but also the fact that he may accept Whitman's views, wholly or in part, on either one, while rejecting them, wholly or in part, on the other. The first, and simpler, topic is Whitman's theory of poetry: that rhythms should be freer than in standard verse, length of line being determined by the length of phrase needed to express an idea or a picture; that a detailed list of component parts is more effective than a selection of fundamentals,—a theory justifying long catalogues of nouns, participles, or parallel phrases; that the primary aim of poetry is to teach and inspire, and that style should be secondary; that simplicity is better than ornateness—specifically that rime and elaborate figures of speech are dangerous; that however exquisitely Poe carried out his theory of limiting poetry to "the rhythmical creation of beauty," that theory is fundamentally inadequate and unsound; that the subject matter of poetry should be as broad and inclusive as life itself. These (and other) views on the technique of poetry which Whitman specifically stated or implied by his practice, should be temporarily accepted while studying *Leaves of Grass*. One should search for the rhythmic effects (which—as Whitman pointed out—are often as regular as those of waves on a beach or branches waving in the wind) and should read the poems aloud with cadences and intonations similar to those generally used in reading the Psalms. Having done so much towards getting Whitman's feeling for poetry, one can form one's own opinion on the merits of the much-disputed question of the technique.

The second and larger topic of controversy deals with Whitman's whole concept of life. Only a few of his more striking views may be indicated here: that every created thing is a manifestation of the Divine, and hence worthy to be celebrated in verse; that the democratic spirit glorifies all men equally and hence is—or should become—the great contribution of the United States to the world; that fatherhood is as worthy to be celebrated in verse as motherhood; that the soul derives as much from the body, as does the body from the soul; that the poet who glorifies any individual—even himself—is glorifying all humanity; that men and women are equal; that death is but the beginning of a spiritual experience more satisfying than life. These are a few of the doctrines of *Leaves of Grass*; and even a rapid reading of such selections as are included in the present volume shows that they are more closely related than the foregoing synopsis would indicate. Seeing these and similar ideas carried vigorously to their logical extremes in the complete *Leaves of Grass*, the student

can understand why some of Whitman's poetry has been condemned as indecent, and can also understand why such a critic as Edward Dowden wrote: "We none of us question that yours is the clearest, and sweetest, and fullest American voice."

It is not yet possible to come to any sure conclusion concerning Whitman's ultimate position among the poets. Hardly a generation has passed since his death; we are still unable to see him in a fair perspective. It already seems clear, however, that a considerable amount of his work will be forgotten; like Wordsworth, he wrote too much, and was blind to inequalities that every reader detects in his pages. It is also clear that his poetic instinct often outran his artistic skill; many a time, even when dealing with some essentially poetic theme or incident, he failed to express his ideas in language of significance or beauty. It may be that his "free verse" will in the long run prove less satisfying than the regular patterns which experience has approved, and which he consciously avoided. But even after these concessions have been made, there still remains much for which no admirer of Whitman need apologize. Judge Whitman by *Out of the Cradle, When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd*, many sections of the *Song of Myself*, *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, *O Captain! My Captain*, and half a dozen of the Civil War poems, and there seems to be only one verdict possible. Here is poetry in which one finds that combination of emotional satisfaction and intellectual stimulus which only great poetry possesses. Here is poetry in which the facts of life, imaginatively interpreted, are set forth in language rich with sensuous imagery, and shaped into cadences that haunt one's memory like strains of music. Here, in other words, is the work of a great and original artist, of a man who has thought much about the perplexing experiences of life, has come to some conclusion concerning the significance of it all, and who has had the genius to express himself in such a fashion that other people may take both pleasure and profit from reading what he has written.

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EDITIONS. The many editions of *Leaves of Grass*, or of Whitman's complete poetical works, that have been published from time to time, have now been superseded by Emory Holloway's recently issued *Leaves of Grass, Inclusive Edition*, N. Y., 1924. Whitman's prose is available in *The Complete Prose Works of Walt Whitman*, N. Y., 1898, which, though by no means complete, contains his most significant work. *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, edited by Emory Holloway, N. Y., 1921, 2 vols., contains a considerable amount of work done by Whitman during his early years, in-

teresting chiefly in view of his subsequent development.

BIOGRAPHIES. A few biographical studies stand out from among the many. John Burroughs' *Whitman: a Study*, Boston, 1896, has an especial interest because of Burroughs' friendship for Whitman. Bliss Perry's *Walt Whitman: his Life and Works* (A. M. L. series), Boston, 1906, contains perhaps the best critical estimate. George Rice Carpenter's *Walt Whitman* (E. M. L. series), N. Y., 1909, contains chapters of particular interest on Whitman's verse-form and his "catalogue method." Léon Bazalgette's *Walt Whitman, L'Homme et son Oeuvre*, Paris, 1908 (translated 1920) is more of an impressionistic study than a formal biography. John Bailey's *Walt Whitman* (E. M. L., New Series), London, 1926, has much valuable criticism from the British point of view. The most recent important biography is Emory Holloway's *Whitman, an Interpretation in Narrative*, N. Y. and London, 1926. *The Magnificent Idler*, by Cameron Rogers, N. Y., 1926, is a pleasantly imaginative chronicle, based upon fact.

CRITICAL ARTICLES. From among the great mass of criticism listed in the *C. H. A. L.* the special student will select such titles as seem particularly pertinent. Horace Traubel's *With Walt Whitman in Camden* (N. Y., 1906-14, 3 vols.) is a *mélange* of fact, opinion and criticism, cast in the form of a diary, and should be consulted by whoever wishes an intimate picture of the poet's later years.

The whole story of the Whitman controversy is indicated in the trenchant, though prejudiced, comments in W. S. Kennedy's bibliographical volume, *The Fight of a Book for the World*, West Yarmouth, Mass., 1926.

NOTES

Emory Holloway's *Leaves of Grass, Inclusive Edition*, New York, 1924, has been followed as regards both text and order of arrangement of the poems. To supplement the following notes the student will consult the pertinent sections of Whitman's *Complete Prose Works*, especially *Specimen Days* and *The Wound Dresser*.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

946. First published 1860; final form 1867.

SONG OF MYSELF

First published 1855; final form 1881. The poem occupied the first forty-five pages of the first (1855) edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and, like the eleven other poems in that volume; was printed without title. In the second edition it was called *Poem of Walt Whitman, an*

American. The present title was first used in the seventh edition.

The poem may be considered as Whitman's triumphant announcement that at last he had come to understand himself, and that through understanding himself he had learned to understand other people, to see the meaning of life in the United States, and had even grasped the ultimate significance of existence. Much too long to be read with pleasure save by avowed disciples of Whitman, the poem gains rather than suffers by friendly cutting. The selections here printed indicate the nature of the poem as a whole, and show Whitman in his various rôles of speculative philosopher, sympathetic lover of mankind and of nature, imperturbable egotist ("he would patronize God himself," Lanier once said), mystic dreamer, almost overcome by the vision which his contemplation of the phenomena of life had evoked, and skillful handler of words and sentences.

To understand the poem, and, indeed, many others of the works here printed, one must keep in mind Whitman's mysticism, his power of identifying himself with other persons, of seeing the underlying unity behind the multiplicity of particular phenomena, and of coming into direct contact with that unity. One should think of him as belonging in the same class as Wordsworth and Emerson, so far as their fondness for "impassioned contemplation" is concerned. One should also remember the significant second clause in the sentence from Emerson: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start." The "long foreground" included Whitman's early days on Long Island, his experiences as carpenter, school-teacher, type-setter, journalist, his years of reading and "loafing," his intimate friendships with men and women of all sorts, his vague speculations concerning the mysteries of birth and death. All these, and more, he summed up in the *Song of Myself*.

949. 898. An old time sea-fight. The reader recognizes Paul Jones's most famous victory, that of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the *Serapis*.

THE BASE OF ALL METAPHYSICS

951. First published 1871; final form the same year. Like the succeeding poem, this centers around one of Whitman's favorite themes, "the dear love of man for his comrade."

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

- First published 1860; final form 1867.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

First published 1856; final form 1881. The poem opens as if it were to be a celebration of that sort of tramping through Vagabondia which Hovey and Bliss Carman celebrated. One soon discovers, however, that Whitman's journeyings lead him far from the "long brown paths," and that to travel with him is to voyage "on strange seas of thought."

CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY

958. First published 1856; final form 1881. The poem is autobiographically reminiscent of the author's life in Brooklyn and New York. In *Specimen Days* (1881) he wrote: "Almost daily I cross'd on the boats, often up in the pilot-houses where I could get a full sweep, absorbing shows, accompaniments, surroundings. What oceanic currents, eddies, underneath—the great tides of humanity also, with ever-shifting movements! Indeed, I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing, living poems."

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

961. First published 1865; final form 1881. The poem is one of Whitman's relatively few attempts—after his early work—to utilize a regular stanzaic form, though it does not, like *O Captain*, fall into either rime or a regular rhythmic pattern. The student will find it perhaps the clearest expression of Whitman's faith in the new civilization of the United States, a faith which he summarizes in the fourth stanza.

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

964. First published 1859; final form 1881. The original title was *A Child's Reminiscence*. The story of the birds, the "two feather'd guests from Alabama," is virtually an allegory of human life. Trying to find some clue to the significance of such experiences, the poet at last realizes that death, "the word of the sweetest song and all songs," will solve the riddle. See Whitman's treatment of the same idea in *Night on the Prairies* (p. 981), and *Good-Bye, My Fancy* (p. 982).
23. **Once Paumanok.** Once on Long Island. Whitman was fond of the Indian name.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

968. First published 1865; final form 1867.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS

First published 1865, in *Drum Taps*, a volume reminiscent of Whitman's contacts with the Civil War. Final form 1867.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

969. First published 1865; final form 1871.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER

First published 1865; final form 1867.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

970. First published 1865; final form 1867.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS HARD-PRESSED

First published 1865; final form 1867.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

971. First published 1865; final form 1867.

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS

972. First published 1865; not revised.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

973. First published 1865-66; final form 1881. The title originally was *President Lincoln's Burial Hymn*. Swinburne's pronouncement is famous: "The most sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

978. First published 1865; final form 1871. The most widely known of all Whitman's poems, partly, at least, on account of the use of rime and a regular rhythmic pattern.

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

979. First published 1855; final form 1871. The poem states, in the simplest of terms, Whitman's facility for identifying himself with the people whom he met or read about.

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON

980. First published 1869; final form 1881.

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

981. First published 1862-63; final form 1881. The poem is an allegorical study of man's effort to "get into immediate contact with self-transcending reality." The "bridge" (l. 9) is the mystic's means of direct contact with the Deity. On this matter see Rufus M. Jones's *The Inner Life*, especially chapter 7, which opens with this poem.

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES

First published 1860; final form 1871.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA!

982. First published 1883; final form 1888-89.

GOOD-BYE MY FANCY!

First published 1891; final form 1891-92.

A BACKWARD GLANCE O'ER TRAVELED ROADS

983. Originally printed as the preface to Whitman's volume of poetry entitled *November Boughs* (1888). The essay is notable as containing some of Whitman's most illuminating comments on his own work.

COWBOY SONGS

The songs that Mr. John A. Lomax has done so much to collect and preserve in his two volumes, *Cowboy Songs* (N. Y., 1910), and *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp* (N. Y., 1919), are certainly entitled to representation in any volume of American literature. Indeed, these artless and all but forgotten ballads, as indigenous as prairie grass, and as typical of a picturesque phase of American civilization as Mark Twain's best work, might well be accorded far more space than has been allotted them. But whoever reads the three here printed will turn to Mr. Lomax's collections, where the songs and ballads are to be had in generous numbers, and where Mr. Lomax's own comments may be found.

In addition to the two volumes listed in the preceding paragraph, the student should note Miss Louise Pound's collection, *American Ballads and Songs* (N. Y., 1922), where other types of popular verse are represented.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD
(1825-1903)

Stoddard was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1825, but after his tenth year lived chiefly in New York City. Leaving school at the age of fifteen, he spent nine years working by day with his hands and devoting his evenings largely to reading and writing poetry. For several years thereafter he tried, with little success, to support himself by writing, and at length he compromised by taking a position in the New York Custom House (1853-70) which allowed him a certain amount of leisure for writing and editing. He was literary editor of the *New York World* (1860-70), managing editor of the *Aldine* (1872-80), and literary editor of the *New York Mail and Express* from 1880 until his death in 1903. As a poet he achieved, like his friends Taylor and Stedman, a considera-

ble vogue which was at its height from 1852 to 1880.

For the most part Stoddard's verse is too imitative, too deficient in vitality, to interest readers not his friends and contemporaries. He wrote poems of the Orient, as did Taylor; but Stoddard's work lacks the vivid descriptive touch. His poetry is criticized today as being concerned less with life as it is, or may become, than with a dreamy picturing of what it might have been. Occasionally, as in *Without and Within* (p. 997), he succeeded in attaining a certain poetic realism, but there is no certainty that he will be long remembered as a poet.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Stoddard's poetical work is available in *The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard*, N. Y., 1880, which is the authorized collected edition. For biographical information one should consult Stoddard's *Recollections, Personal and Literary*, edited by Ripley Hitchcock, N. Y., 1903.

NOTES

IMOGEN

996. The material of the poem is drawn from Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, while the manner is somewhat comparable to that of Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886)

Hayne was born and brought up as a member of one of the most aristocratic families in Charleston, S. C., at a time when that city was the literary center of the South. Despite the early death of his father, a naval officer, he had every advantage of wealth and position; and he gave early promise of a career as distinguished in literature as was that of his uncle, Senator Robert Y. Hayne, in the field of politics. After graduating from Charleston College, he turned definitely to literature as his profession and brought out volumes of poems in 1855, 1857, and 1860. Joining with W. G. Simms and others of the coterie that frequented Russell's bookshop in the project of launching a literary magazine intended to rival the *Atlantic*, Hayne became editor of the ill-fated monthly known as *Russell's* (1857-1860).

The tragedy of Hayne's life was the Civil War. Though his frail health did not permit him to undertake active duty in the field, he supported the southern cause vigorously both by writing war poetry and by occupying a position on the staff of Governor Pickens. During the bombardment of Charleston his house, including his valuable library, was burned, and before the war was over he had been reduced from a position of com-

parative opulence to one of almost abject poverty.

Throughout the rest of his life he lived obscurely in a little cottage among the Georgia pines, where he managed to keep his living expenses within the narrow range of his earning power as a writer. Such being his unhappy situation, he was often forced to write from necessity rather than inspiration; and it is to his credit that his work, especially his "nature poetry," maintains such a high average. Despite the fact that this poetry suffers by comparison with that, say, of Wordsworth, there is an undeniable charm in much of it, and occasionally, as in *Unveiled*, a suggestion of the significance of Nature as a spiritual link between God and man.

Before his death in 1886 Hayne saw through the press his edition of his friend Timrod's poems, as well as his own *Legends and Lyrics* (1872), *The Mountain of the Lovers* (1875), and *Complete Poems* (1882).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hayne's own edition of his works, the *Complete Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*, New York, 1882, is a good and readily available edition. This contains a sympathetic but brief biographical sketch by Margaret J. Preston. J. T. Brown's article, *Paul Hamilton Hayne*, in the *Sevanee Review* for April, 1906, is worth reading. No adequate biographical study has yet been published.

NOTES

UNVEILED

1000. The tone of the entire poem should be compared to that of Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, and the "ante-natal music" of line 140 to the ideas expressed in his *Ode: Intimations of Immortality*.
1001. 47. Isis. An Egyptian goddess.
76. Titania grows. Fairy-like. From Titania, queen of the fairies in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

IN HARBOR

1004. It must not be supposed that this poem is in any way an echo of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, which first appeared in 1889, three years after Hayne's death.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)

The story of Lanier's life is a tragic one of genius buffeted by fortune and baffled by fate, but the tragedy is finally relieved by the achievement of his last years and by the survival of his poetry. Born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, the son of a lawyer who

had a taste for Shakespeare, Addison, and Scott, Lanier showed an early leaning towards music. While still a youth he learned to play the flute—an instrument from which he was seldom separated—as well as the piano, violin, organ, guitar, and banjo. When he was receiving a rudimentary education at Oglethorpe College (an institution now defunct, and to which he subsequently applied the epithet "farcical"), he found that playing the violin produced emotional effects so fatiguing that he would sometimes lose consciousness for hours. Accordingly he took his father's advice to curb his devotion to music as best he could, and found some consolation in graduating with high honors and laying plans for two years of graduate study at Heidelberg.

During the next decade Lanier was largely the victim of circumstances. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he volunteered as a private and remained in that capacity, despite three offers of promotion, in order to be near his brother. In his leisure, which was considerable, he substituted the writing of both prose and verse for the course of study in Europe now rendered impossible, and built high hopes of becoming a professional man of letters. After four years of service he was captured on a Confederate blockade runner, and although his confinement in Point Lookout Prison lasted only a few months, it completely shattered his already frail health. On returning to his home in 1865, he found his mother dying of consumption and his family and friends reduced to poverty. Forced to earn a living as best he could, he turned from poetry to an unimportant clerkship, taught school, published a novel, *Tiger Lilies* (1867), descriptive of his experiences in the war, and after his marriage to Mary Day in 1868 took up the study and practice of law with his father in Macon. Whatever success he gained in his legal work was largely offset by the lack of public interest in his poetry and the gradual decline of his physical powers. Ten years after the outbreak of the war he was forced to try the effect of the Texas climate, and as he left home with slight prospect of ever returning, he realized that his passion for music had been largely stifled, his poetic talent undeveloped, and his legal career cut short.

Yet during the winter of 1872-73 Lanier underwent a sort of artistic rebirth. His playing of the flute before the Männerchor of San Antonio was perhaps the turning point in his career; the success of his performance was so overwhelming that he determined to devote himself to music and poetry regardless of consequences. As a first step he went to New York, where, he gained immediate recognition as a musician. In a short time he was appointed first flutist of the new Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore, and began anew his efforts to infuse the spirit of music into poetry. His poems *Corn* and *The Symphony*,

which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1875, met with very general approval and won him influential friends. Among these was Bayard Taylor, who promptly had Lanier appointed to write the Cantata for the Centennial Exposition to be held at Philadelphia. But the struggle for bread and for health was severe, and what he regarded as his best work was often unappreciated. He persisted nevertheless, as his letters show, with the artist's sublime confidence in his ultimate accomplishment; brought out a volume of *Poems* in 1877, and became such an authority on English literature that he was called on to deliver at the Peabody Institute and Johns Hopkins University the lectures to which we owe his critical works entitled *The Science of English Verse* (1880) and *The English Novel* (published posthumously in 1883). But the hand of death was already upon him; he composed his great poem *Sunrise* with a fever temperature of a hundred and four, and those who listened to his lectures often had reason to fear that he would not survive to the end of the hour. By the spring of 1881 he was forced to retire to the mountains of North Carolina, where he died in September of the same year, a victim of the tuberculosis which his war-time experiences had fastened upon him.

As Lanier's musical genius lay in playing rather than in composing, it naturally came about that with the deaths of those who remember his marvelous performances on the flute, there could remain no adequate record of his instrumental triumphs. But the music which he infused into his poetry has survived to bring delight to an increasing number of readers. His *Science of English Verse*, though soon superseded as a technical treatise, was the point of departure for that large group of poets and critics who feel that in poetry the element of time is virtually as important as that of stress. And Lanier's achievement is the greater because in his own verse he succeeded in using the simple time relationships of music in a way that few other poets have duplicated.

Lanier's posthumous fame, when contrasted with that of other poets of the reconstruction like Timrod or Hayne, suggests that the only poet of the South worthy to be compared with him is Poe. And though Lanier's versification never took the public by storm as did that of Poe, his poetry has other characteristics which Poe never attained. Its range is admirably illustrated by the serene intellectuality of *The Crystal*, the simplicity of *A Ballad of Trees and the Master*, and the vigorous narrative of *The Revenge of Hamish*; while the combination of haunting sweetness and religious ecstasy in such a masterpiece as *The Marshes of Glynn* is unique. An unbiased estimate of the permanent value of his work may be had by a glance at the bibliography in the *C. H. A. L.*: the poems that were published in book form

only once during his lifetime (in 1877) came to be so much admired that for many years after his death a new edition was called for annually; while of the long series of books and articles on Lanier there listed, not one appeared until the poet had been in his grave five years, and practically all are of recent date. There could be no clearer indication of the merit of his work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The most complete edition of Lanier's verse is the *Poems by Sidney Lanier*, edited by his wife, and containing a brief biographical memoir by W. H. Ward, N. Y., 1884; new editions, 1891, 1892, etc. Morgan Calloway's *Select Poems of Sidney Lanier*, containing useful editorial and bibliographical material, appeared in N. Y. in 1895. The best biography is Edwin Mims's *Sidney Lanier*, Boston, 1905. The many special studies of Lanier, and critical articles concerning his work, are listed in the *C. H. A. L.*

NOTES

THE DYING WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON

1005. Written in 1865 and published posthumously in 1884 without the author's revision. Neither this poem nor the one that follows is to be regarded as an example of the technique which the poet achieved in his maturity.

NIGHT AND DAY

Written in 1866 and published in *The Independent* for August, 1884, without revision. (See the note on the preceding poem.)

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Written in 1877 and published the same year in *Scott's Magazine*.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

1006. Written in 1877, when the poet was seeking to recover his health in Florida, and published the same year in *Scribner's Magazine*. Lanier faced death with a fortitude of mind that was due in part to his deeply religious nature and in part to his confidence in the permanent value of his poetry. In one of his letters to his wife he wrote: "Let my name perish—the poetry is good poetry and the music is good music, and beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it."

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

This vigorous poem, contrasting strongly with the poet's usual style, has been extravagantly praised as "the finest ballad written on American soil." It was

written in 1878 and published the same year in *Appleton's Magazine*.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

1008. "If one had to rely upon one poem to keep alive the fame of Lanier, he could single out *The Marshes of Glynn* with assurance that there is something so individual and original about it, and that, at the same time, there is such a roll and range of verse in it, that it will surely live not only in American poetry but in English. Here the imagination has taken the place of fancy, the effort to do great things ends in victory, and the melody of the poem corresponds to the exalted thought. It has all the strong points of *Sunrise*, with but few of its limitations. There is something of Whitman's virile imagination and Emerson's high spirituality combined with the haunting melody of Poe's best work. Written in 1878, when Lanier was in the full exercise of all his powers, it is the best expression of his genius, and one of the few great American poems." (—*Sidney Lanier*, by Edwin Mims, 1905, p. 371). Lanier planned a series of six *Hymns of the Marshes*, but lived to complete only three of them.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

1012. Written in November, 1880, in the last year of the poet's life. "With all of Lanier's development . . . he retained a vital faith in the Christian religion. He reacted against the Calvinism of his youth to almost as great a degree as did some of the New England poets. . . . In his thinking he found no place for the rigid and severe creed which dominated his youth. . . . He lived the abundant life, and all the roads which he traveled led to God. . . . 'He was the most Christlike man I ever knew,' said one of his intimate friends." (—*Sidney Lanier*, by Edwin Mims, 1905, pp. 317-318.)

JOHN BANISTER TABB (1845-1909)

Father Tabb was born in Virginia, in 1845; and by the time he was seventeen years old was serving the Confederacy on board a blockade runner. Captured in 1864, he was sent to a military prison at Point Lookout, Maryland. "Here, in this hell-hole," he said later, "I met Sidney Lanier. One day, while I was lying in my cot, ill with fever, the distant notes of a flute reached my ears. . . . I said to myself, 'I must find that man.'" The friendship thus begun was maintained till Lanier's death, and meant much to the two men.

The first few years after the war Tabb spent in teaching, and in preparing himself for the Episcopal ministry. In September of 1872, however, he followed Newman's example and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. More teaching, this time in Catholic schools, occupied several years, and in 1884 he was ordained to the priesthood. From then till his death in 1909 he served as Professor of Literature in St. Charles College, Maryland, continuing his teaching even during the last three years of his life when he was totally blind.

To turn the pages of Father Tabb's best known publications, *Poems* (Boston, 1894), *Lyrics* (Boston, 1897), and *Later Poems* (N. Y., 1910), or of the *Selections from the Verses of John B. Tabb* which Mrs. Alice Meynell edited in 1906, is to find oneself in the presence of a poet whose epigrammatic terseness suggests the best work of Emily Dickinson, but who writes without ironic bitterness. His kindly humor, his sensitiveness to the beauty of Nature, his friendliness, his unclouded faith in God—these are the marks of his personality, as well as the distinguishing characteristics of the verse by which he is sure to be remembered.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The four volumes referred to in the preceding note contain the best of Tabb's poetry. Two biographical studies of importance are *Father Tabb, His Life and Work*, by his niece, Jennie Masters Tabb, Boston, 1921, and *Father Tabb: A Study of his Life and Work*, by Francis A. Litz, Baltimore, 1923. The latter contains a large amount of previously unpublished poetry.

EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886)

The publication in 1924 of *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, has lifted the veil from the character and personality of the most elusive American poetess of the nineteenth century. The complete seclusion of her last thirty-three years, combined with the fact that her poetry was not published during her lifetime, gave rise to many absurd and conflicting stories which found their way into reputable histories of literature.

Emily Norcross Dickinson was born in 1830 in Amherst, Mass., of the best New England stock. Her father was a lawyer and treasurer of Amherst College, but he never allowed mundane affairs to interfere with his stern Puritanism; he was feared and honored by his wife "after the manner of the Old Testament," and his one approach to worldliness was indicated by his often saying, "I always intend to have the best horse in town." Emily's girlhood was normal except that she was subjected to religious influences

which a later age would have considered austere. She went to public school with her brother and sister, and made a lifelong friend of Helen Hunt (Jackson); then at the age of seventeen she was sent to the South Hadley Female Seminary—"one of whose avowed objects was to provide mates for the missionaries sent out to the foreign field." She expressed her individuality in various harmless pranks, and appalled her teachers when she and her roommate proved to be the only girls out of three hundred who opposed observing Christmas as a day of fasting and solitary meditation!

At the age of twenty-three she spent a winter in Washington and Philadelphia with her father (then a Congressman), and at that time had the experience which—though only enough is told of it to occupy one page in Mrs. Bianchi's biography—evidently blighted the rest of her life. Fundamentally moral, yet tempted as only a woman of temperament can be by the love of a man already married, she fled to her home, and forever barred the door to her importunate lover. "There is no doubt that two predestined souls were kept apart only by her high sense of duty, and the necessity for preserving love untarnished by the inevitable destruction of another woman's life." The effect of her renunciation was to send her lover to a city "a continent's width remote," and to make her unable either to forget her secret grief or to force herself from the seclusion of her home. For the remainder of her life she was a recluse—spiritual, affectionate, social within the large family circle, and endowed with a brilliant turn of phrase and a piquant way of expressing herself that was revealed in her letters as well as her conversation. It was known to Colonel Higginson and a few others that she wrote poetry for her own satisfaction; but for the most part her life after 1853 was spent within the four walls of her father's house, and to the public it was a closed book. At the time of her death, in 1886, people realized that Amherst had lost a woman of rare charm, but her poems were still in manuscript. Beginning with 1890, small collections were published at short intervals, and all her extant verse is now available in the *Complete Poems* issued in 1925.

It would appear that the conscientious renunciation of her twenty-third year, with its inevitable sublimation of selfish impulses, had produced in her a compensating spiritual insight into life, a keener sense of its significance than is accorded to many writers of wider personal experience. Her poetry has a direct way of cutting to the heart of matters that is singularly modern. Its freedom from the paraphernalia of poetic ornament is likewise modern, yet its Puritanism is so strict, and at times so didactic, as to make it appear in some respects pre-nineteenth-century. On close study her work proves to be in its modest way "not of an age but for

all time"; the themes with which she deals in her characteristic subjective poems—love, self-sacrifice, time and eternity, religion and the feeling for immortality—are the ever-recurring ones of human life. Her verses are brief, to be sure, but often almost oracular in their wisdom, and their lack of lyric sweetness is offset by a poignant intensity of feeling which women have seldom succeeded in conveying in poetry. It may be too high praise to equate her work with that of Mrs. Browning, and yet when Conrad Aiken called it "perhaps the finest by a woman in the English language," an English critic in the London *Spectator* added, "I quarrel only with his 'perhaps.'"

BIBLIOGRAPHY

All earlier editions have been entirely superseded by *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Boston, 1925. The one valuable source of biographical information is *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Boston, 1924.

CELIA THAXTER (1835-1894)

Celia Thaxter was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1835. As a child of five she was taken to the Isles of Shoals, some ten miles off shore, where her father, Thomas B. Lighton, was keeper of the lighthouse, and where she spent the greater part of her life. Even after her marriage in 1851 to Levi Lincoln Thaxter, she usually lived for a part or all of each year at Appledore (the largest of the Isles), where she shared the beauties of her large flower garden and of the rugged island scenery with the many friends who came to visit her from the mainland. She always kept her girlhood fondness for the romance and the majesty of the sea, as well as for the less awe-inspiring beauties of her favorite nooks along the shore. The scenery is admirably described in her prose volume *Among the Isles of Shoals* (1873).

Her career as a poetess began with the appearance of *Land-Locked* (above, p. 1015) in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1861, and continued with such success as to warrant the publication of five volumes of verses: *Poems* (1872), *Drift-weed* (1879), *Poems for Children* (1884), *The Cruise of the Mystery and other Poems* (1886), and *Verses* (1891). She wrote for the most part what might be called a stock type of poem which begins by describing the beauties of the seacoast and commonly ends with some moral reflection of the sort that was popular in the mid-nineteenth century. The moralizing usually is as sweet and womanly in its sentiment as the flowers which she used to enclose in her letters. ("This pansy, with my dear love," happens to have survived in an old unpub-

lished letter now in the writer's hand.) But her poems would not stand out from the mass of contemporary sentimental verse were they not alive with the tang and murmur of the sea.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best edition of Celia Thaxter's poems is the *Appledore*, edited by Sarah Orne Jewett, Boston, 1895. One volume of prose, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, Boston, 1873, gives a semi-autobiographical account of her manner of life on Appledore. No formal biography of her has yet been written.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907)

(A brief biographical sketch of Aldrich is to be found on page 4197.)

NOTES

ELM WOOD

1020. Lowell's lifelong connection with Elmwood is indicated on p. 1170, above.
1021. 53. Beside the Manzanares and the Thames. A reference to Lowell's career as American Minister at Madrid and at London.

AN ODE

1022. 41. Roland. The hero of romance whose exploits are set forth in the *Chanson de Roland* and elsewhere.

LONGFELLOW

This poem, written for the centenary of Longfellow's birth, was appropriately read at Aldrich's own funeral.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
(1833-1908)

The *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman* (2 vols., 1910) sets forth with delightful intimacy what can only be hinted at here: among other things, his gay days at Yale (ending in expulsion), his vigorous romantic youth, his successful courtship of Laura Woodworth, his brilliant career as a war correspondent for the *World*, his long and varied business activities as a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and the futile struggle to make success in business compatible with great accomplishment in poetry. Although born in Hartford, he lived so long in New York City that he is to be regarded as a member of the metropolitan group, along with his friends Stoddard and Taylor. Like them he wrote readable lyrics for the most part so lacking in vitality as to hold little interest for the succeeding generation; but during the War he was some-

times roused, as in *Old Brown* (p. 1023) and *Wanted—a Man* (p. 1025), to express himself with greater passion. Once at least he drew from his business experience material for an exquisite poem, and the result, *Pan in Wall Street* (p. 1026) is probably his best known piece.

It was Stedman's aim to attain through his activities in Wall Street a financial independence sufficient to allow him full liberty to devote himself to literary work. But though he occasionally made considerable sums of money, the turns of the market often went against him, the public lost interest in the type of poetry he wrote, and he is remembered now less as financier and poet than as anthologist and critic. His love of poetry, his prose style, and his indefatigable zeal in editorial matters combined to make his most valuable contribution to poetry the anthologies and books of criticism which from time to time he edited.

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The Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman, New Household Edition, Boston, 1908, is the best one-volume collected edition of his verse. For biographical information one turns to *The Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman*, by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, N. Y., 1910, 2 vols. Stedman's work as editor and critic is well represented by *Victorian Poets*, Boston, 1876; *Poets of America*, Boston, 1885; *A Library of American Literature*, N. Y. 1889, 11 vols.; *An American Anthology*, Boston, 1900.

NOTES

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

1023. This poem, dated November, 1859, was greatly admired by Emerson; it combines indignation and sympathy in such proportions as to throw a most favorable light on the life of one of the most fanatical of the abolitionists.

WANTED—A MAN

1025. Dated September 8, 1862, when the lack of generalship among the Union forces was notorious. At that time the Confederate troops under General Bragg had started the invasion of Kentucky which resulted in the capture of Richmond, Lexington, Munfordsville, and Frankfort. In the east the Confederate leaders, Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet, were proving more than a match for McClellan, who on November 7th was superseded by Burnside. Burnside in turn gave way to "Fighting Joe" Hooker. (See Lincoln's letter to Hooker, p. 787, above.) Not till Grant was finally commissioned lieutenant-general and given supreme com-

mand of all the military forces of the United States, was the "man" finally discovered.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY"

1027. The title is from Hamlet's phrase, "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

"JOAQUIN" MILLER (1841-1913)

According to his own romantic story, which is not to be trusted as regards details, Cincinnati Hiner Miller had for his cradle "a covered wagon, pointed west." It is beyond dispute, however, that in the west he spent the years of his adventurous youth, and of the west he wrote his best poetry. As a young man he happened to write a public letter in defense of the much-abused Mexicans just at the time when Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican bandit, had been killed; and by a queer train of circumstances the bandit's name of Joaquin became attached to the author (as set forth by him in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, 1886). Miller had little recognition as a poet until the early seventies, when the publication in London, at his own expense, of his *Songs of the Sierras* brought him high praises from Browning, Rossetti, and the reviewers of the English press. This dramatic rise from obscure poverty to sudden fame in literary London may be understood by reference to the Introduction and the notes—many of which are little autobiographical essays—of the six-volume *Bear Edition* of the *Poems* (1909), and especially to the *Fragments from the English Press* (I, 119 ff.). But the promise of development and of improved technique which the critics saw in the *Songs of the Sierras* was never realized, despite the fact that Miller kept on writing verse as well as prose to the end of his life. When he brought the real west into English poetry, he went up to fame like a skyrocket; he came down, not like a rocket-stick, but slowly, like a balloon no longer able to hold its cargo aloft. Once the vivid narrative and accurate imagery of his western poems had lost their novelty, his later work was—or seemed as a rule to be—inferior. Notable exceptions to this rule, however, are *The Passing of Tennyson* (1892) and *Columbus* (1896); in the latter he showed in the spirit of Columbus the same steadfastness of purpose which had driven the American pioneers, including Miller himself, "on! and on!"

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Miller's *Collected Poems*, San Francisco, 1919, 6 vols., contain virtually everything that he wrote. Stuart P. Sherman's *Selected Poems of Joaquin Miller*, N. Y., 1923, omits

the large amount of trivial verse, and presents the best of Miller in convenient form. Mr. Sherman's introductory essay is a sane estimate of Miller's accomplishment and significance. No biography of an adequate sort exists; Fred L. Pattee's *American Literature since 1870* discusses Miller in chapter VI.

NOTES

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

1027. During his stay in London 1870-71, Miller asked Browning if he might "borrow the measure and spirit" of *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* "for a prairie fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river." The English poet acquiesced modestly by referring to Vergil as the source from which he himself had borrowed. As *Kit Carson's Ride* was originally published, the Indian bride was overwhelmed like Revels, in the fire, and the concluding lines were these:

"Sell Pache! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of—Blast you and your tin!"

Miller subsequently cut the poem down and changed it because he thought "it was too long for the tumultuous and swift action, and then the end was coarse and unworthy the brave spirit of Kit Carson."

EXODOS FOR OREGON

1030. These vivid descriptions of a life with which Miller had been familiar from earliest childhood are fairly representative of the sort of work which gave the Oregon poet his popularity.

COLUMBUS

1032. For other poems on Columbus, see Lowell's, above, p. 613, and pages 8-18 of Burton Egbert Stevenson's *Poems of American History* (1908).

EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, in 1850, but received his early education in Amherst, Massachusetts. He had three years of college training—at Williams, Knox, and the University of Missouri—and a few months of travel in Europe; in 1873 he mar-

ried, and soon settled down for life to the exacting duties of a journalist. He distinguished himself especially by his contributions to the *Denver Tribune*, and subsequently made "Sharps and Flats," his column on the *Chicago Record* (now the *Daily News*), famous the country over. With the publication of his best pieces in book form—a venture which began modestly with *The Tribune Primer* in 1882 and was continued with such well-known volumes as *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1889), and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales* (1890)—Field took a conspicuous place among contemporary humorists and writers of familiar verse. Since his death in 1895, he has been popularly classed with Riley, but there is a great difference in their literary range.

A clue to understanding this difference is the fact, pointed out by Wordsworth, that of two equally well executed compositions, one in verse and the other in prose, the former will be read a hundred times as often as the latter. Riley was a poet; Field was primarily a prose humorist who could fill his column day after day with such satire as this:—

Blue Cut, Tenn., May 2, 1885.—The second section of the train bearing the Illinois Legislature to New Orleans was stopped near this station by bandits last night. After relieving the bandits of their watches and money, the excursionists proceeded on their journey with increased enthusiasm.

But Field was also a poet, and already his prose is largely forgotten, while his verse, especially that dealing with childhood, has survived. The imitations and adaptations of Horace, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm* (1891), written in collaboration with his brother, Roswell M. Field, are unique and may perhaps be read longer than anything else he ever wrote.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field, N. Y., 1896-1900, 12 vols., is the standard edition. The poems are available by themselves in a complete edition, N. Y., 1910. A memoir of the poet by his brother, R. M. Field, is part of the twelve volume edition. Slason Thompson's *Eugene Field: A Study in Heredity and Contradiction*, N. Y., 1901, 2 vols., is the most exhaustive biographical and critical study.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1849-1916)

Riley was born in 1849 in Greenfield, Indiana. His father, a lawyer, looked with but little favor on the boy's interest in poetry, dramatics, and music; and as a preliminary to the grind of studying law, he gave his son two summers of hard work painting signs on

fences and barns. To this the boy submitted cheerfully, but once he came into actual contact with Blackstone, he ran away and joined the troupe of a travelling quack doctor. After such a display of independence the youth was allowed to make his own way by his pen, writing verses now for one paper, now for another, and eventually establishing a permanent connection with the *Indianapolis Journal*.

From the first publication of *The Old Swimmin' Hole* and *Leven More Poems* in 1883 the poet's vogue increased with amazing rapidity. He poured forth dialect poems by the hundred, and toured the country in company with celebrities like Mark Twain, Robert J. Burdette, and Bill Nye, reciting his own verses with such universal success that he was acclaimed "the people's laureate." A selection of his poems published in England under the title of *Old Fashioned Roses* (1888) considerably enhanced his international reputation; and after the turn of the century such universities as Yale, Pennsylvania, and Indiana vied with each other in conferring on him honorary degrees. Before his death in 1916 "Riley Day" had been celebrated in public schools throughout the country at the suggestion of the Secretary of the Interior, and at his funeral thirty-five thousand people gathered to do honor to his memory.

Riley had something of Burns's power to "touch the heart" by suggesting the pathos and the sweetness of home life in "the good old days"; as might be expected, his favorite authors were Burns and Dickens. But he frankly estimated the value of his poems by their respective power to grip an audience when recited by himself. Such a standard assured simplicity, directness, and emotional appeal—nothing more; it was at once his strength and his weakness. Of passion or depth or profound thought, his verse has but little; of maudlin sentiment, all too much. It aspires to reach the intellectual level of an average American audience gathered for amusement—and it seldom reaches higher.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Riley's work is available in many editions, best of which is the *Biographical*, Indianapolis, 1916, 10 vols. The critical apparatus in this edition is adequate for an understanding of Riley's life. There is an appreciative essay by Meredith Nicholson in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1916.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887)

Sill has been aptly compared to Emily Dickinson in spiritual isolation from his contemporaries. Frail in health and doubtful as to the choice of a profession on his graduation as class poet at Yale in 1861, he went to the Pacific Coast via Cape Horn; then, after

various failures to find a congenial occupation in the west, he returned to the east with the idea of 'becoming a minister. His religious doubts, however, always kept him out of the ministry, and the messages that might have found expression in sermons were compressed into poems. He eventually settled down in California to the life of a teacher and poet, occupying positions in different schools and in the state university. Several volumes of his poetry were published during his lifetime, and there has been a quiet but persistent continuation of interest in his work manifested since his death in 1887.

Sill himself in his *Principles of Criticism* (quoted in the *C. H. A. L.*, III, p. 57) sets forth his view that a poem should "be full of lovely images" and should bring us "troops of high and pure associations,—the very words so chosen that they come 'trailing clouds of glory' in their suggestiveness." Much of his work is frankly didactic, but fresh and spontaneous. In his youth, when he wrote *Morning* (p. 1035), he was already breathing the rarefied air of the spirit which is the essence of his best-loved poems. Of these *The Fool's Prayer* (p. 1036) has already taken its place among the American classics.

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The *Household Edition* of Sill's poems, Boston, 1906, is a satisfactory one-volume collection of virtually all his work. W. B. Parker's *Edward Rowland Sill, His Life and Work*, Boston, 1915, is the best source of biographical information.

KATHERINE LEE BATES (1859—)

Miss Bates was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, in 1859, and attended Wellesley, Middlebury, and Oberlin Colleges. As Professor of English at Wellesley for over twenty years, she has exerted a considerable influence on the writing and the appreciation of poetry, while her own poetical work has appeared from time to time in such volumes as *America the Beautiful and Other Poems* (1911), *The Retinue and Other Poems* (1918), and *Yellow Clover* (1922).

NOTES

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

1037. Miss Bates's best known poem was written in the summer of 1893 while she was making her first trip west, the opening lines coming into her mind as she looked out over the sea-like expanse of country visible from the top of Pike's Peak. The original four stanzas were written shortly afterwards and were first published in *The Congregationalist* July 4, 1895. The poem was at once set to music by Silas

G. Pratt, and subsequently by some sixty other composers. In 1904 Miss Bates re-wrote the poem, making the phraseology more simple and direct, and printed the new version in the *Boston Evening Transcript* November 19, 1904. Her final arrangement is that printed in this volume. (—Condensed from the author's own statement.)

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852—)

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852, and spent his boyhood in California. After an extensive school and university training he took up educational work in the state of his adoption, but since the publication of *The Man with the Hoe* in 1899 he has been best known as a poet. The extravagant praise which Mr. Markham's most famous poem aroused gave him a skyrocket reputation which, except for his *Lincoln, the Man of the People*, he has hardly sustained. After publishing *The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems* (1899) and *Lincoln and Other Poems* (1901), Mr. Markham moved to the east and subsequently has lived in or near New York City. Among his more recent volumes are *The Shoes of Happiness* (1914) and *The Gates of Paradise* (1920).

NOTES

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

1037. This poem, first published in the *San Francisco Examiner* January 15, 1899, met with immediate popularity and was quoted and reprinted throughout the English-speaking world. It voiced so vigorous a protest against the unprincipled exploitation of the laboring man, that it was hailed as "the battle-cry of the next thousand years."

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

1038. Published in 1901 and subsequently revised. The version here printed was selected out of two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems, and read in 1922 before an audience of a hundred thousand at the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C.

RICHARD HOVEY (1864-1900)

Richard Hovey was born in Normal, Illinois, in 1864, and spent his boyhood in Washington, D. C. After his graduation from Dartmouth College in 1885, he studied theology for a while and then shifted from one occupation to another with Bohemian independence. He was journalist, actor, and professor of English at Barnard College, but above all he was a poet. He planned, and in

part carried out, a comprehensive treatment, from a modern point of view, of the Arthurian romances. His *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894), were written in conjunction with Bliss Carman, as were the later collections *More Songs from Vagabondia* (1896), *Last Songs from Vagabondia* (1900), and *Echoes from Vagabondia* (1902). His sudden death in 1900 cut short what promised to be a career of great distinction.

Despite all that Hovey achieved towards making himself the poet of Arthurian romance, he never brought his more pretentious productions to the point of perfection reached by his less aspiring "vagabond" poems. In the latter there is evident a vitality, a youthful touch, and a modernity which have made them appeal to young people throughout the country; his *Stein Song* (p. 1039) is sung in colleges from coast to coast. Hovey's own view of the poet's calling is best set forth in his own words: "It is not his mission to write elegant canzonettas for the delectation of the Sybaritic dilettanti, but to comfort the sorrowful and hearten the despairing, to champion the oppressed and declare to humanity its inalienable rights, to lay open to the world the heart of man, all its heights and depths, all its glooms and glories, to reveal the beauty in things, and breathe into his fellows a love of it and so a love of Him whose manifestation it is."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hovey's plays, which originally appeared between 1889 and 1900, were republished in a uniform edition in 1907 (N. Y., 5 vols.). His "Vagabondia" volumes, from which all the poems here reprinted have been taken, are listed in the preceding note. What may be considered his final volume, *To the End of the Trail* (N. Y., 1908) is edited by Mrs. Richard Hovey. No biographical study of Hovey has yet appeared, but Odell Shepard's *Bliss Carman*, 1924, contains much information concerning Hovey's relations to his friend and collaborator. Bruce Weirick's discussion of the two men, in his *From Whitman to Sandburg* (N. Y., 1924), is sympathetic and illuminating.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909)

Richard Watson Gilder was born in 1844 at Bordentown, New Jersey, and educated at his father's schools at Bordentown and Flushing. His father was not only a schoolmaster but a minister, and subsequently an army chaplain. Richard volunteered for service in the northern army when he was only nineteen, and after the war took up journalism with such success that by 1881 he was editor-in-chief of the *Century*, a magazine which for some twenty-five years allowed ample scope for the employment of his un-

usual talents. His career as a poet of note began with the publication in 1875 of *The New Day*, a collection of sonnets and love songs written under the joint influence of Rossetti's poems and Gilder's own friendship for Helena de Kay, whom he subsequently married. During the rest of his life he produced poetry in sufficient quantity to bring his *Complete Poems* to nearly five hundred pages. In addition to his literary work, he was active in many philanthropic and artistic movements and received four university doctorates in spite of what he called his "total freedom from collegiate training." He made no secret, however, of the fact that his achievements as a poet meant more to him "than all the rest put together." His death in 1909 was a severe blow to American literature, but much of his personality has been preserved in the volume of *Letters* edited by his daughter and published in 1916.

Verse was to Gilder "a perfectly natural and inevitable medium of expression." Few American poets have achieved so perfect a feeling for *form* with so little conscious striving for it. He was a deft sonneteer and a natural master of various lyric measures. His admiration for Whitman's poetry was specifically qualified (See the *Letters*, *passim*) by the extent to which the Good Gray Poet made his rhythms effective; and his own use of the freer forms of verse, as in *The Night Pasture* and *In a Night of Midsummer* (pp. 1042, 1043), is extremely melodious. The best comment on his manner of composition is the reply which he himself made to the question as to how he wrote his poetry: "What I may call my own poetic mental habit is lyrical. As nearly as I can remember, each poem, or theme, or motif (as one would say in music) occurs to me almost simultaneously in both thought and form. A poetic phrase (made up of words in a certain poetic accent and diction) shapes itself in the mind. I do not realize at the moment what the metre is. I may, or may not, realize what the stanza or complete poem form is to be. I think that most of my lyrics have occurred to me 'on the road,' when moving about, going back and forth to my office, travelling, sometimes when I am reading. Sometimes a line or two will rest in my mind for years, and add other lines, like certain creatures of the lower order, spontaneously; it may be in distant scenes." (Written for *Researches on the Rhythm of Speech*, and reprinted in the *Letters*, p. 416.)

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The Complete Poems of Richard Watson Gilder, Boston, 1910, is the best single volume to which to turn for his verse. His *Letters*, edited by his daughter, Rosamund Gilder, appeared in 1916 (Boston). An essay by G. E. Woodberry, *Gilder as a Poet*, appeared in the *Century* for February, 1910.

STEPHEN CRANE (1871-1900)

In a brief life of twenty-nine years Crane won distinction in both prose and verse. As an undergraduate in Syracuse University he had his first taste of journalism while serving as correspondent for the *New York Tribune* (1890-1891). Leaving college without a degree, he began a career of free-lance writing which took him to Cuba and Greece in search of colorful material, and which eventually came to a close in England in 1900, when his untimely death occurred.

It was Crane's purpose to tell the truth as he saw it, and though at times his work became almost brutally realistic, the frank naturalism of his prose is on the whole one of its chief assets. *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895) is by general consent his chief work, and as a novel presenting the facts of war is virtually without an equal in the language. *The Little Regiment* (1896), a collection of short tales dealing with the Civil War, has almost as much merit.

As a poet, Crane belongs to the group of "modernists" who have departed far from the beaten paths in search for material and for new artistic effects. Had he written in 1920, when the new forms of verse had become widely known, it would have been easy to "account for" his work. But when one realizes that his two volumes of poetry, *The Black Riders* (1895) and *War is Kind* (1899) appeared long before the recent poetic revolt had got under way, one realizes that Crane anticipated the new movement in many respects, and was in all probability somewhat influential in bringing it about.

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Crane's *Works* are now available in a limited edition, edited by Wilson Follett, N. Y., 1925-26, 12 vols. The only authoritative biographical treatment is Thomas Beer's *Stephen Crane; a Study in American Letters*, N. Y., 1924. This volume contains an interesting preface by Joseph Conrad.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY (1869-1910)

Moody was born in Spencer, Indiana, and was connected with Harvard University as undergraduate, graduate student, and instructor in English. From 1895 to 1903 he taught at the University of Chicago with notable success, but abandoned teaching to devote himself exclusively to creative literary work. Always a great traveller and a thorough student of the world's best literature, he acquired a cosmopolitan view of life and a mastery of the technique of writing that suggest the literary breadth of Longfellow or Lowell. One of his prose plays, *The Great Divide* (1906), achieved a notable success; and the *History of English Literature*, written

in collaboration with Robert M. Lovett, is still regarded as standard. To poetry, however, Moody gave his best efforts, for he was by nature a poet. He declined President Harper's offer of a full professor's salary for lecturing during only one quarter of each year at Chicago, and subsequently resisted the lure of a publisher's fifty thousand dollar contract to re-write *The Great Divide* as a novel. His *Masque of Judgment* (1900) was followed the next year by a volume of *Poems*, with which he took his place among the few notable American poets of the new century.

A man of such independent spirit in his private life could hardly fail to achieve an independent style in his poetry. This individuality he manifested first by turning his back resolutely on the soothing sweetness which Poe, Keats, Tennyson, and Swinburne had had in common, and second, in attaining a power of vigorous expression on social and political topics without becoming a servile imitator of Whitman. He differed, too, from many of his contemporaries by recognizing that mere eccentricity is no sign of genius. Endowed, then, with an unusual skill in the technique of verse and a keen power of observing nature, Moody succeeded in writing a number of lyrical and reflective poems that have won him many admirers. Of his freedom from sentimentalism we may infer a good deal from the truthful, though flippant, remark in *The Menagerie*:

I'm not precisely an æolian lute
Hung in the wandering winds of sentiment;

but for his highest aspirations as a poet we must turn to the humble but fervent outpouring of his soul in lines 135-154 of *The Daguerreotype*. His pictorial phraseology has been justly criticised as being occasionally forced, and his moral earnestness is often above the level of popular intelligence; but his posthumous reputation seems to indicate that if any of the American poets of the first quarter of this century are to survive, Moody will be among them.

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The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody, edited by John M. Manly, Boston, 1912, 2 vols., is the one invaluable edition which the student will require. It contains the best life of Moody which has yet appeared. *Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody*, edited by S. G. Mason, Boston, 1913, supplements Mr. Manly's narrative. Herman Hagedorn's essay in the *Independent*, February 6, 1913, is an appreciative criticism.

NOTES

ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START

1045. This poem was the result of Moody's bicycle trip from Rome to Lake Como

in May, 1897; it was outlined at that time and completed later.

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

Published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1900, during the height of the agitation for Philippine independence. The transition from the theme of the sacrifice for liberty made in the Civil War to the principal theme of the poem is slow but correspondingly effective. Not till line 212 does the poet actually name "the island men."

GLOUCESTER MOORS

1049. Written at Gloucester in 1900 and published in *Scribner's Magazine* for December of that year. The accurate portrayal of external nature is blended with philosophic musings and reflections on society which have made the poem a favorite with workers in the slums; while the elaboration of the figure of the world as a ship, though by no means original, is singularly effective.

THE MENAGERIE

1050. Beneath the flow of grotesque humor is an undercurrent of serious suggestion about the evolutionary theory and the present incompleteness of the evolutionary process.

THE DAGUERRETYPE

1052. The perfect sincerity of the poem is vouched for by the facts of the poet's life as set forth in the Introduction to his *Poems and Plays* by John M. Manly, who calls the piece "a poem so deep of thought, so full of poignant feeling and clairvoyant vision, so wrought of passionate beauty that I know not where to look for another tribute from any poet to his mother that equals it." William Cowper's verses entitled *On The Receipt of my Mother's Picture* are in some ways comparable, but Moody's style is more like that of Browning.
1054. 138. To maiden Mary. The story of the Annunciation may be found in *Luke I*, 26-38.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869—)

Mr. Robinson, the son of a grain merchant, was born in Head Tide, and was brought up in Gardner—both in the state of Maine. After two years at Harvard he went to New York City, where the necessity of earning a living forced him into various unlitary occupations such as subway-construction; but de-

spite the many difficulties involved, he has succeeded in making the writing of poetry his life work. His first four volumes (1896, 1897, 1902, and 1910) contained nothing to bring him prominently before the public, though he did receive from President Roosevelt the American substitute for a pension—a position in the New York Custom House, which he held from 1905 to 1910. *The Man Against the Sky* (1916), marked a great advance in his work, and was followed in rapid succession by two long poems, *Merlin and Lancelot*, and the two collections called *The Three Taverns* and *Avon's Harvest*. When the contents of all these volumes had been gathered together into the edition of *Collected Poems* (1921) it was recognized, at least by the poets and critics if not by the general public, that Mr. Robinson had produced a body of carefully wrought and thoughtful verse which none of his American contemporaries had equalled. His variety of subjects and of treatment is so great as to preclude any generalization about his work, but the praise accorded by his fellow-poets is fairly represented by such a statement as Margaret Wilkinson's: "The reader may be sure of finding in his work the faultless meter, the vivid phrase, and the essential nobleness of gesture which is part of being a gentleman." In three of his recent volumes, *Roman Bartholow* (1923), *The Man Who Died Twice* (1924), and *Tristram* (1927), the poet has maintained his own high standard of excellence.

In spite of this achievement, Mr. Robinson's hold on the American public seems to be no stronger than that of Robert Bridges on the British public. He apparently rates the average reader's intelligence high—perhaps too high—and resolutely refuses to cater to the taste of an age that demands sensational effects. His style is so pure and his verse so perfect in technique that the lack of emotional intensity is doubly felt, while the cryptic implications of many poems leave the reader baffled. Occasionally, to be sure, the reader is roused to a sympathetic understanding, as in *Lancelot* and a dozen of the shorter poems, but more often he feels only a cold admiration.

One of the extraordinary facts of Mr. Robinson's work is that his interest in personalities is so great that some, though not all, of his men and women are detached from any background of time and place. The imagery of external nature is neglected for the study of the human soul; many of his people may have lived in almost any country, at any time these last two thousand years. One grasps—if one is fortunate—the significant point of some character-revealing episode or conversation, and struggles to retain it in a limbo of similar psychological studies. The idea carries by its own merit, or not at all. This is not popular poetry, but its very detachment from time and place assures the permanence of its appeal to the limited class

who agree with Browning that the only thing worth studying is the human soul.

Probably the highest praise that has been accorded Mr. Robinson by an English writer of any note is to be found in a stimulating essay by Theodore Maynard (*Our Best Poets*, 1924, pp. 153-168), which concludes with these words: "What is it that prevents him from being either simple, sensuous or passionate? Is it diffidence? Or his sombre temperament? I do not know . . . it is certain that something has been left out of Robinson's genius. If he had been able to abandon himself he might have become not merely the greatest poet of America (he has, I think, become that) but one of the half-dozen of the world's greatest poets."

All of the seven poems included in this volume are fairly representative of Mr. Robinson's best work of various types. *Cliff Klingenhausen*, *Richard Cory* (1896), and *Miniver Cheevy* (1910) are masterpieces of characterization which incidentally foreshadow some of Edgar Lee Masters' sketches in the *Spoon River Anthology*, while *Flammonde*, the man "from God knows where," (1916) is a deeper study of a more baffling personality; *The Return of Morgan and Fingal* (1902) is one of the characteristic ballads; *Partnership* (1902) is a monologue faintly suggestive of Browning; while *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford* (1916), with its leisurely piecing together of the mosaic of a man's soul, is regarded as the best study of Shakespeare in the whole realm of poetry.

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Virtually everything of Mr. Robinson's except his recent work is included in the *Collected Poems*, New York, 1921. Lewis Morris's *The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, 1923, contains helpful and stimulating comment on various phases of his work. See also the volumes referred to in the bibliography on "The New Poetry," p. 1232.

NOTES

BEN JONSON ENTERTAINS A MAN FROM STRATFORD

1061. The poem manages to bring together, without any parade of learning, the more important known facts about the life of Shakespeare and to express the vastness of his personality in language such as Jonson might actually have used.

3. Will put an ass's head in Fairyland. A specific reference to *A Midsummer-night's Dream*, Act. III, sc. 1.

35. I tell him he needs Greek. Line 31 of Jonson's poem *To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare* has become proverbial: "And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek."

1062. 88. He's all at odds with all the unities. Jonson himself believed in the unities of action, time, and place derived from statements in Aristotle's *Poetics*; Shakespeare disregarded the unities of time and place as unnecessary hindrances to dramatic expression, though he was doubtless not aware that these doctrines had been established through elaborations and misinterpretations of Aristotle.

1063. 142. Poor Greene. Robert Greene, a dramatist contemporary with Shakespeare, best known today for his jealousy of Shakespeare, whom he called "an upstart crow" in *A Groat'sworth of Wit*.

1064. 174. He's put one there with all her poison on. The reference is to the "Dark Lady" who figures largely in Sonnets 127-154.

180. Who seems to have decoyed him, married him. Anne Hathaway. She was eight years older than Shakespeare, who married her when he was eighteen. There is no evidence that she went to London to live with him there, and the only mention of her in the poet's will is the bequest to her of his second-best bedroom set.

206. Engines. "Natural capacities" is the probable meaning; but the word was also used (by Shakespeare himself) to mean "contrivances."

1066. 290-302. The ideas expressed are Shakespeare's, while the figures are Mr. Robinson's. The language is a masterly reproduction of Shakespeare's with a slight colloquial touch.

1067. 383. Katharsis. Aristotle's theory of *katharsis*, set forth in his *Poetics*, is that tragedy exercises a cleansing or purging influence through pity and fear.

AMY LOWELL (1874-1925)

and

THE "NEW POETRY"

It would be unjust to the memory of Miss Lowell to hold her responsible for all that has masqueraded under the name of "new poetry" since the year 1914, but it is convenient and not unjust to group together a discussion of her own work, and a consideration of various modern tendencies which are in large part due to her direct and indirect influence.

Looking back over the mass of "new poetry" published since 1914, it is now apparent that only a little of it is worthy the name *poetry*, and that of that little there are but few elements which can with honesty be called *new*. For the most part the characteristics which distinguish great poetry from mere

trifling in verse are lacking: the memorable phrase, the sense of form and plan which appeals to a well-ordered mind, a recognizable pattern of sound sufficient to heighten whatever emotional effect the poem may otherwise produce, and many other subtler elements which are perceived, though seldom analyzed, in all that the world has called great poetry from Homer to William Vaughn Moody. Leaving out of consideration, then, those ephemeral productions which aimed to attract attention by startling the reader and too often succeeded in amusing him, there is still a modest body of respectable poetry produced since 1914 worthy of serious consideration. That it is not wholly new is rapidly being recognized; and a few of the more evident foreshadowings may be briefly indicated.

(1) The use of freer forms of verse was anticipated by Whitman, who in turn derived from Macpherson's *Ossian* many hints which he used to advantage, the similarity being more evident if one prints Macpherson's measured prose in the long lines so common in *Leaves of Grass*. (2) The simplicity of diction may likewise be traced back through Whitman and a dozen others to Wordsworth, and beyond him to Burns. (3) The broadening of the range of subject-matter to include all phases of life has been an intermittent but powerful tendency ever since the middle of the eighteenth century; Burns' treatment of peasant life, Coleridge's poem *To a Young Ass*, Wordsworth's effusions both successful and unsuccessful, were only single manifestations of a movement that found fuller expression in such a comprehensive work as Browning's *Ring and the Book*. (4) The tendency to cut loose from sentimentalism and get down to the facts of life as it is, though more obviously modern, had been notably manifest in the poetry of Whitman and the prose of Hardy.

There are, nevertheless, certain currents in the poetry of these years so wholesome as to merit consideration. Most of them, as might be expected, are what it is popular to call "democratic." (1) The vocabulary has been largely freed from the artificial and florid expressions which often seemed to set the older poetry apart from real life; and the "poetic license" to depart from the logical word-order merely to suit the exigencies of versification has, apparently, become a thing of the past. Granted that this had been recommended and at times practised by Wordsworth in the *Lyrical Ballads*, it was not the uniform practice of the great poets of the nineteenth century. (2) The romantic versifier's tendency to idealize life, and to treat the world as a sort of fairyland, has been supplemented by the realist's fondness for giving to the sordid side of life at least its full share of prominence. (3) The anti-sentimental and anti-didactic tendency of the age has shown itself in a willingness to let the facts of life, as reproduced in poetry, speak

for themselves; and the result has often been in the direction of greater dramatic power and a more enduring form of art. (4) Critics and editors have shown an almost uniform tendency to recognize the worth of various patterns of sound not commonly employed by the older poets; and though the term "free verse" has caused much confusion, it is clear that certain freer rhythms (as indicated, for instance, in Bliss Perry's *Study of Poetry*, 1920, pp. 204 ff.) are worth experimenting with, and that some of the "new poetry" is indeed poetry of a high order.

Poetry has thus been made more democratic because it has been made easier to read, it has been brought closer to the experiences of every-day life, it has been freed from an unpopular didacticism, and it has been set loose (for better or for worse) from the more or less rigid traditions of versification. The day has passed when a critic of the standing of Poe dares condemn a line because it does not "scan" according to the "rules." In bringing about these changes the most successful and influential leader was undoubtedly Miss Lowell.

Miss Lowell was peculiarly fitted by birth and training to be a powerful force in our literature. A relative of James Russell Lowell, and sister of Abbott Lawrence Lowell, now (1927) President of Harvard University, she was born in Brookline in 1874, and during her early years had every advantage that could be derived from family associations and foreign travel. When she was twenty-eight, she definitely decided on a literary career, but wisely refrained from rushing into print; in fact, before venturing to publish her first volume of verse she devoted ten full years to the study of English and foreign poetry and to practice in writing. (A single sonnet, to be sure, had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1910.) In addition to her much-discussed work as a poet—of which more anon—she proved herself a critic of no little power; no one can deny that her propaganda for the Imagists and other unorthodox poets was often as sound as it was vigorous. Her ten years of preparation and her subsequent researches bore ample fruit not only in her public lectures but also in three volumes of criticism and biography which serve to illustrate the keenness of her mind and the wide range of her learning: *Six French Poets* (1915), *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* (1917), and *John Keats* (1925).

It is futile to discount Miss Lowell's influence by saying it was due to her having a wider newspaper publicity than any other American poet of her generation—that her personal eccentricities and the fervor with which she argued, and wept, for her theories when she was on the lecture platform made every wide-awake reporter her unpaid publicity agent. As a matter of fact, this gratuitous advertising was scarcely of a sort to predispose the public in her favor; with

many intelligent readers it was a handicap to be overcome. Nor can one even tentatively suggest that she used the freer forms of verse through inability to master the stricter ones, when she was constantly writing the strictest forms with technical correctness; the inclusion of twenty-eight sonnets in her first volume, *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass* (1912), should have been sufficient to forestall that slur, though it may have been applied with reason to some of her disciples. She was, however, subjected to much unfair, adverse criticism, until ridicule and petty abuse were definitely silenced by the appearance in 1925 of her life of Keats—a work which proved her a deep and thoughtful, though at times erratic, scholar.

Her first pronounced success in poetry was *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds* (1914), from which the first two poems printed in this volume have been selected. Two years later she further illustrated her unusual theories of versification, and at the same time showed an amazing advance in interest and power, with the publication of *Men, Women and Ghosts*. There is a flexibility and a dramatic power in such pieces as *Patterns*, *The Bombardment*, *Reaping*, and *Number 3 on the Docket*, which established her position as observer of life and as poet. With the later volumes, *Can Grande's Castle* (1918) and *Pictures of the Floating World* (1919), Miss Lowell maintained the position which had been accorded her, however reluctantly, by the whole English-speaking world—a position of respect for her poetical achievements if not always for her theoretical views of technique. Her death in 1925 removed the ablest and most uniformly successful of the entire group of "new poets."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The more important of Miss Lowell's works have been referred to in the paragraphs above: to these the student may add her posthumous poems, of which *East Wind* is a representative collection; but for a careful study of her work, and the work of the other poets with whom she is inevitably associated, the student should add to his reading from the lists which follow.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE "NEW POETRY"

COLLECTIONS—Both British and American poets are included in *The New Poetry: An Anthology*, edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, N. Y., 1917 (new edition 1923), and in Marguerite Wilkinson's *Contemporary Poetry*, N. Y., 1923; but a fuller representation of the Americans is given, with criticism and valuable biographical information, in Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry: A Critical Anthology*, third revised edition, N. Y., 1925. Other col-

lections are the well known volumes edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse and the annual *Anthology of Magazine Verse* by William Stanley Braithwaite.

The "Imagist" movement may best be approached through a series of three volumes edited by Amy Lowell: *Some Imagist Poets*, Boston, 1915, 1916, and 1917. The *Preface* of the 1915 collection is of special interest.

BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM—A convenient book for general reference is *Contemporary American Literature: Bibliographies and Study Outlines*, by John M. Manly and Edith Rickert, N. Y., 1922. Miss Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, N. Y., 1917, is still valuable for the earlier work, but should be supplemented by one of the more recent volumes of criticism: Louis Untermeyer's *American Poetry Since 1900*, N. Y., 1923; Clement Wood's *Poets of America*, N. Y., 1925; or Percy H. Boynton's *Some Contemporary Americans*, Chicago, 1924; or, for the British point of view, Theodore Maynard's *Our Best Poets*, London, 1924. For the relation of the modern poets to their predecessors, one should read the pertinent chapters in studies of broader scope such as John Livingston Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, Boston, 1919, Bliss Perry's *Study of Poetry*, Boston, 1920, and Bruce Weirick's *From Whitman to Sandburg*, N. Y., 1925.

NOTES

PATTERNS

1068. Probably the best known and most popular of Miss Lowell's poems.

THE BOMBARDMENT

1070. An example of what Miss Lowell and her imitators called "polyphonic prose."

VACHEL LINDSAY (1879—)

Few contrasts are more striking than that between the blatant rag-time verse for which (Nicholas) Vachel Lindsay is best known and the æsthetic trend of his education. One might infer from his poetry that he was a self-made man, with a frail structure of culture on a foundation of youthful crudity; but such is by no means the case. He was born in 1879 in Springfield, Illinois, in the house once owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith (Mrs. Smith was Lincoln's sister), where Lincoln had often been entertained. His mother told stories "with the literary accent of her idol, Jane Austen," wrote and staged amateur plays, lectured on Italian art, and brought into the boy's life all the best influences of wide reading and extensive travel. As we read in the *Autobiographical Foreword* of Lindsay's *Collected Poems* (1923), she had been courted by Dr. Vachel Lindsay "in the galleries of Dresden, Saxony, and Florence,

Italy, and in the gondolas of Venice" during a year which she spent "in the art galleries and cathedrals and pagan temples from Scotland to Sicily." From early infancy the boy Vachel was trained to be an artist. With that end in view he was given a good schooling, with special emphasis on drawing, and was encouraged to read the standard authors. Before he was fourteen he had read Poe's "complete works, criticism and all, through and through" and championed him "as a sage, and a high priest of every form of beauty, and not a jingle man." After attending Hiram College (1897-1900), he took a three years' course of study at the Art Institute of Chicago, and supplemented it by another year at the New York School of Art. He was engaged in "drawing architecture, drawing sculpture, trying to draw the Venus of Milo, and imitating the Japanese Prints and Beardsley, and trying to draw like Blake, and all such matters." Since those days his interest in art has been unflagging; as he significantly remarks in the same *Autobiographical Foreword*, "I have now, for eighteen years, walked the corridors of the Metropolitan Museum, for the most part alone. Each room echoes like a mausoleum."

The satiric implication of the words just quoted suggests the fact that Mr. Lindsay is a reformer, who has considered it his mission in life to preach "the gospel of beauty"—and various other gospels—to the unwashed millions. Ever since 1906 he has at frequent intervals roamed over the country, lecturing now on temperance, now on art, sometimes distributing a little pamphlet called *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread*; of late he has engaged in a number of "national reciting tours" which have made him one of the most picturesque figures in contemporary literature.

Mr. Lindsay's first two volumes of poems, *General Booth Enters Into Heaven* (1913) and *The Congo and Other Poems* (1914) showed what he could do at his best, and brought him well deserved popularity. The next two volumes, *The Chinese Nightingale* (1917) and *The Golden Whales of California* (1920), despite occasional purple patches, have met with little favor. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Lindsay has entertained so many thousands by chanting and reciting his poems that he has become steadily more of a national figure, and his publishers have brought out his *Collected Poems* (1923, and again in 1925) as well as the prose volumes *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914), *The Art of the Moving Picture* (1915), *A Handy Guide for Beggars* (1916), and *The Golden Book of Springfield* (1920).

If one intones such a poem as *The Congo*, or *The Santa-Fé Trail* in the manner indicated by the various sizes of type and the marginal directions (which are intended to suggest the author's own manner of delivery), one gets a clue to the success of his most

representative pieces. There is a thumping, pounding rhythm as vigorous as that of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and as tantalizingly contagious as the syncopated dance music of the twentieth century. Here we have a return to the primitive instinct for the communal chant, which is common to the life of ancient Greece and the negro districts of America. It is a reaction against all that is over-elaborate and difficult to follow in the varied rhythms with which sophisticated poets love to experiment—a movement back to *The Bells* of Poe, but carried further until even the most uncultivated ear must feel its rhythmic appeal.

If Mr. Lindsay had had the patience and discrimination to keep his work up to his own best standard, his permanent place among our poets would be assured. But after the success of the first two volumes he fell into a careless way of writing that has lost him many admirers. One critic (Clement Wood, *Poets of America*, pp. 238 ff.) piles up such phrases as "unintentionally funny," "perilously close to drivel," and tries to account for "the gradual degradation of a great gift." The fact that the English publishers of *The Golden Whales of California* renamed it (without the author's permission) *Daniel Jazz*, is also significant. The strong, elemental themes of negro life and Salvation Army ecstasy have given way to a futile, elementary, and even childish rant on politics, religion, and life in general. It would appear that Mr. Lindsay in attempting to coax the Philistine mind up to the level of poetry, has often succeeded in bringing his poetry down to the level of the Philistines.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mr. Lindsay's important publications have been listed in the preceding note. For further comment and criticism, consult the books referred to in the general bibliography on "The New Poetry," p. 1232.

NOTES

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

1075. The poem was written in 1912, shortly after the death of the founder of the Salvation Army. "In my poem," writes the author, "I merely turned into rhyme as well as I could, word for word, General Booth's own account of his life, and the telegraph dispatches of his death after going blind. I set it to a tune that is not a tune, but a speech, a refrain used most frequently in the meeting of the Army on any public square to this day."

THE CONGO

1076. "This poem, particularly the third section, was suggested by an allusion in a

sermon by my pastor, F. W. Burnham, to the heroic life and death of Ray Eldred. Eldred was a missionary of the Disciples of Christ who perished while swimming a treacherous branch of the Congo. See *A Master Builder on the Congo*, by Andrew F. Henesey, published by Fleming H. Revell.—Author's note. On the author's intimate knowledge of negro life, and on the various influences that led to the composition of the poem, see his *Collected Poems* (1923), p. 23; Louis Untermeyer's *New Era in American Poetry* (1919), p. 81; and Clement Wood's *Poets of America* (1925), p. 235.

1077. 37. Leopold's ghost. Leopold II (1835-1909), King of the Belgians and tyrannical ruler of the Congo.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

1080. Written in August, 1914. The Lincoln tomb is at Oak Ridge, near Springfield, Illinois, where the poet spent his boyhood.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS (1868—)

It is the paradox of Mr. Masters' career that the only part of his literary work which seems sure to live after him is a book of epitaphs. *Mitch Miller*, *Children of the Market Place*, and other attempts at prose fiction, plays, and poems of varied sort have all been cast into the shadow by his *Spoon River Anthology* (1915); even the magnificent conception of his *Doomsday Book* (1920) proved inadequate to carry the weight of mediocre verse. The *Spoon River Anthology*, on the other hand, has enjoyed an unusual popularity and is commonly said to have exerted a greater influence than any other recent volume of American poetry.

Mr. Masters was born in Garnett, Kansas, August 23, 1868, of an old Puritan family. He spent his youth in Illinois, where he studied law and wrote verses. As a Chicago attorney he had a successful career, but as a writer he enjoyed little success until 1914. His early verses, like those of Petit the Poet of his own *Anthology*, were suggestive of

Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick.

But in 1914—unlike Petit, who was blind to

Life all around [him] here in the village:
Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth—

Mr. Masters followed a hint from William Marion Reedy, considered the opportunity at his very feet, and printed in Reedy's *Mirror* for May 29, 1914, four epitaphs purporting to be written with perfect candor by the deceased themselves. In a short time the au-

thor was famous and his collection of epitaphs in book form (1915) had gone through several editions. His *New Spoon River Anthology* (1925) is a continuation of the plan of the original collection, and shows better work than the author has produced at any time in the intervening decade.

Now that the thing has been done, it seems very simple to have written the *Spoon River Anthology*: the Greek Anthology from which various hints were derived has been at the disposal of poets through the ages, while the fulsome misrepresentation of life in conventional epitaphs has been a matter of comment for centuries. Nothing seems easier than to reverse the usual process and let a person write his own obituary, setting forth the real facts about the crises of his life; but no American had successfully put the materials together until Mr. Masters did so, and his extension of the scheme to include virtually the whole life of a typical mid-western town was a stroke of genius. Further, Mr. Masters' vigorous realism gains a special effectiveness by its contrast with the effusiveness of the usual epitaph, and the fact that the majority of his more effective epitaphs deal with somewhat sordid lives provides another artistic contrast when some few of them prove to be aglow with the joy of existence. Of the poems printed in this volume, for instance, Lucinda Matlock's enjoyment of her ninety-six years is all the more vital if the reader comes upon it shortly after considering the grim views of life set forth by Knowlton Hoheimer and Jack McGuire.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In addition to the works listed above, Mr. Masters has published *Songs and Satires*, 1916, *The Great Valley*, 1916, and *Toward the Gulf*, 1918. The Preface to *Toward the Gulf* contains the author's own comment on the *Spoon River Anthology*, and account of how it came to be written. For further comment, see the works listed in the general bibliography of "The New Poetry," p. 1232.

CARL SANDBURG (1878—)

Mr. Sandburg was born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878, the son of a Swedish immigrant who changed his name from Johnson to Sandburg to avoid confusion with other Johnsons on the same payroll. The boy was able to attend school only until his thirteenth year, and then took up one after another of the occupations which have qualified him—at least so far as experience with work is concerned—to become "the laureate of industrial America." He drove a milk wagon, served as porter in a barber shop, shifted scenes in a theatre, washed dishes in hotels, made bricks, harvested wheat, and volunteered for service in the army during the Spanish-American

War. With a hundred dollars in his pocket when he was mustered out, he entered Lombard College and worked his way through with characteristic energy. As editor of the college paper he discovered a bent for journalism, which has been the most important of his many occupations since his graduation.

Mr. Sandburg first caught the attention of the public in 1914, when he published a collection of his poems in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and was awarded a prize of two hundred dollars for the now famous lines on Chicago (above, p. 1082). From that time to the present day he has been active both as journalist (he is now on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*) and as writer of the characteristic products of which several specimens are given in this volume. From the style of his *Chicago Poems* (1916) there was no great change in *Cornhuskers* (1918), nor in his more recent volumes *Smoke and Steel* (1920) and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* (1923); yet Mr. Sandburg's experience of life has been so broad and varied that there is no indication of his being written out. His *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* (1926) showed that he has the instincts of a scholar and historian as well as those of a poet.

The difference of opinion concerning the value of Mr. Sandburg's work is so great that the student will do well to consider for himself the three chief artistic questions involved: whether the varied rhythms are sufficiently effective to lift his work above the level of prose; whether the numerous slang expressions will be understood by another generation, or will relegate his work to the dime museum of verbal curiosities; and whether his type of realism is consistent with true art.

The first of these questions is inevitably bound up with the whole matter of free verse, and with the experimental attempts to give still wider application to the theories made popular by Whitman and his numerous followers; adequate discussion within the present limits of space is of course out of the question. It is fairly obvious, however, that the best of Mr. Sandburg's productions, when put to the test of being read aloud, possess a rhythmic structure and value that one does not associate with prose. The matter of slang, though debatable, is easier to decide: the critic who says that Mr. Sandburg's speech is "simple and powerful" and that he uses slang "freely and beautifully" is probably not so near the truth as is Clement Wood, who says (*Poets of America*, 1925, p. 260), "it limits the poet's audience to-day, and does more than decimate his admirers of tomorrow." So far as realism is concerned, there should be but one opinion; the same principles that may be deduced from a study of Chaucer or of Massfield are bound to control our enjoyment of Mr. Sandburg—both for better and for worse. Occasionally his work is of a sort that by no stretch of the imagina-

tion can be called poetical; it verges on brutality; but when his stark realism serves to set off by contrast something fine and beautiful, or when it gives fresh vitality to a significant idea, then the true poet emerges.

At his best, then, Mr. Sandburg is not only powerful but genuinely poetical, sketching with few and firm strokes some phase of modern life that has caught his attention, and conveying to the reader his own sense of the significance of what he has seen. Truth one finds often in Sandburg's best work, and in rich measure; when to that truth is added the occasional touch of beauty, or when that truth is so interpreted as to make it possible for the reader to add, vicariously, to his own store of human experiences, and to widen the range of his sympathies, then the result is a sort of work which—call it what you will—is worth reading, and reading again.

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For comment on Mr. Sandburg's work, see the books listed in the general bibliography on "The New Poetry," p. 1232. His chief publications have been noted in the preceding paragraphs. See in particular, for a statement concerning his conception of the nature of poetry, his own *Poetry Considered*, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1923. Of special value is the volume of his *Selected Poems*, N. Y., 1926, with a preface and editorial matter by Rebecca West.

ALAN SEEGER (1888-1916)

Alan Seeger was one of the promising poets whom the Great War cut off just as he had given evidence of his power. In 1913 he found himself in France, where he had gone to study and write after graduating from Harvard. When the war broke out he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion, and served for almost two years before he was mortally wounded on July 4, 1916, shortly after his *Rendezvous with Death* had been published.

He had already written enough to make some people rank him with Rupert Brooke. The comparison seems unwarranted, for Brooke had far greater power than Seeger had manifested at the time of his death. Nevertheless his best known poem, here reprinted, won a deserved popularity that was only in part occasioned by the dramatic circumstances of the author's own death.

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Seeger's work is available in *Poems by Alan Seeger*, N. Y., 1916. William Archer's introduction to the volume gives a sympathetic picturing of the author's brief life.

SARA TEASDALE (1884—)

(Mrs. Ernst Filsinger)

Sara Teasdale was born in St. Louis in 1884 and was educated in various private schools in that city; she subsequently travelled extensively in Europe and the Near East. Prior to her marriage to Ernst Filsinger in 1914, she published a little collection of *Sonnets to Duse* (1907) and a more pretentious volume entitled *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (1911). In the second of these she showed a masterful handling of blank verse, as well as the deft lyric technique which is an invariable characteristic of her later work. *Rivers to the Sea* (1915), from which comes the first selection here printed (p. 1085), established her position among the modern lyric poets. Two years later appeared *Love Songs*, largely a reprinting of her most exquisite *chansons d'amour*. *Flame and Shadow* (1920), from which three poems are here included, showed a greater maturity and a deeper confidence—as illustrated by such a poem as *August Moonrise*—in the triumph of love and beauty over death.

Few of the poets who have come into prominence during the past few years have avoided the bizarre and the sensational so studiously as Miss Teasdale. Her lyrics seldom thrill the reader into ecstasy, but as Theodore Maynard has remarked, they "are saved from being classed with the ordinary drawing-room song by their delicacy, their melodiousness and their epigrammatic flavour."

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

(1892—) 19

(Mrs. Eugen Boissevan)

Miss Millay was born in Rockland, Maine, in 1892 and graduated from Vassar College in 1917. As early as 1912 one of her most famous single poems, *Renascence*, appeared in a collection called *The Lyric Year*, by various writers; five years later the same poem was made the title-piece of her first volume. In 1920 she published the sophisticatedly naïve collection entitled *A Few Figs from Thistles*. The flippancies of this volume—enjoyed and disliked by various critics—gave way in 1921 to the more substantial values of *Second April*. At the same time Miss Millay showed a considerable dramatic skill, writing three plays, of which one in particular, *Aria da Capo*, has often been produced with success. Another play of note, *The King's Henchman* (also in opera form), was published in 1927. With *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems* (1924) Miss Millay gave further evidence of maintaining the high standard she had set for herself twelve years before.

The more enthusiastic of her critics find in

her reflective poems, such as *Renascence* and *God's World* (p. 1086) a philosophic grasp suggestive of Whitman; less enthusiastic admirers find at the lowest estimate the achievement of having written of love without being maudlin, and of having brought to inland readers the salt tang of the coastline at low tide. In this connection nothing could better illustrate the change in poetic fashions than a comparison of that most Victorian of Victorians, Celia Thaxter (p. 1015), with that most modern of moderns, Miss Millay. It is a matter of regret that insuperable copyright difficulties prevent the inclusion of more of her poetry in this volume.

ROBERT FROST (1875—)

Robert Frost, born in California, was brought at the age of ten to New England, where his ancestors had lived for eight generations. As student, editor, and teacher, but chiefly as farmer and would-be poet, he kept close to the soil of New England until 1912. Then, having failed to achieve poetical success at home, he moved to England for three years and found (as "Joaquin" Miller had done in 1870) the exact stimulus and sympathetic appreciation necessary to immediate recognition. His first collection of poems, *A Boy's Will* (1913) was followed a year later by *North of Boston*, a "book of people," which is now too well known to require comment. Mr. Frost's success as poet brought him flattering appointments at Amherst and the University of Michigan; with the latter institution he seems to have established a permanent connection which leaves him at liberty to carry on his writing. His third volume, *Mountain Interval* (1916), and his latest *New Hampshire* (1923), show an increase in power and maturity which makes him to-day perhaps America's foremost poet.

The outstanding characteristic of Mr. Frost's work is quiet power. Like the modern actor or orator who carefully shuns the theatrical ranting of an earlier day, Mr. Frost avoids all that is flashy or obviously calculated to produce a brilliant climax. But such a quality, largely negative, could not in itself account for the success of his poems. Rather, this element of dignity and repose combines with his strong feeling for the meaning of various phases of rural life, to produce something vital. With certain artistic aims apparently similar to those of Wordsworth, he has a keen faculty of selecting what is interesting and significant, and is thus able to avoid the peaceful dullness which is so common in poetry of rural life. *The Death of the Hired Man* is an admirable illustration: there are no rhetorical fireworks of any sort, but in less than two hundred lines of easy reading we get four distinct personalities, an amazing study of human sympathy, and a tragedy.

The ease with which one reads Mr. Frost's poems is another specific characteristic. It is due to various causes, among them: (1) the preservation of the normal order of words; (2) the use of a limited but expressive vocabulary; (3) the use of verb-forms contracted as in familiar (but grammatical) conversation; (4) a flexible rhythm well suited to the varying ideas. In the last of these qualities—a highly poetic one—Mr. Frost baffles the critic by the apparent ease of his technique. His unrimed iambic pentameter is so unlike the blank verse of Shakespeare or Milton or Tennyson that one hesitates to call it blank verse at all. Yet a careful study of this style (represented in the first four of the selections in this book) leaves no doubt that it is admirably suited to a variety of topics—indeed, to celebrate the amusing aspects of farm life in the organ tones of *Paradise Lost* would be a sin against art. Mr. Frost is so fond of his easy, familiar style that he uses it not merely when his characters speak but when he speaks himself in his own character as author:

I like to think some boy's been swinging them.

This tendency is a departure from the standard practice of most poets, and the future will doubtless show whether it is too colloquial or not.

The time is not ripe to attempt any comprehensive criticism of Mr. Frost's understanding of men and women or of his general philosophy of life. But even now, while he is still writing, one may give unstinted praise to his success in conveying the atmosphere of life in northern New England—a success epitomized in the oft-quoted statement that while other poets have written about New England, Mr. Frost is New England.

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Mr. Frost's four volumes have been listed in the preceding account of his work. For biographical and critical comment, one should consult the works listed in the general bibliography for "The New Poetry," p. 1232, and an article by G. R. Elliott in the *Nation*, December 6, 1909.

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